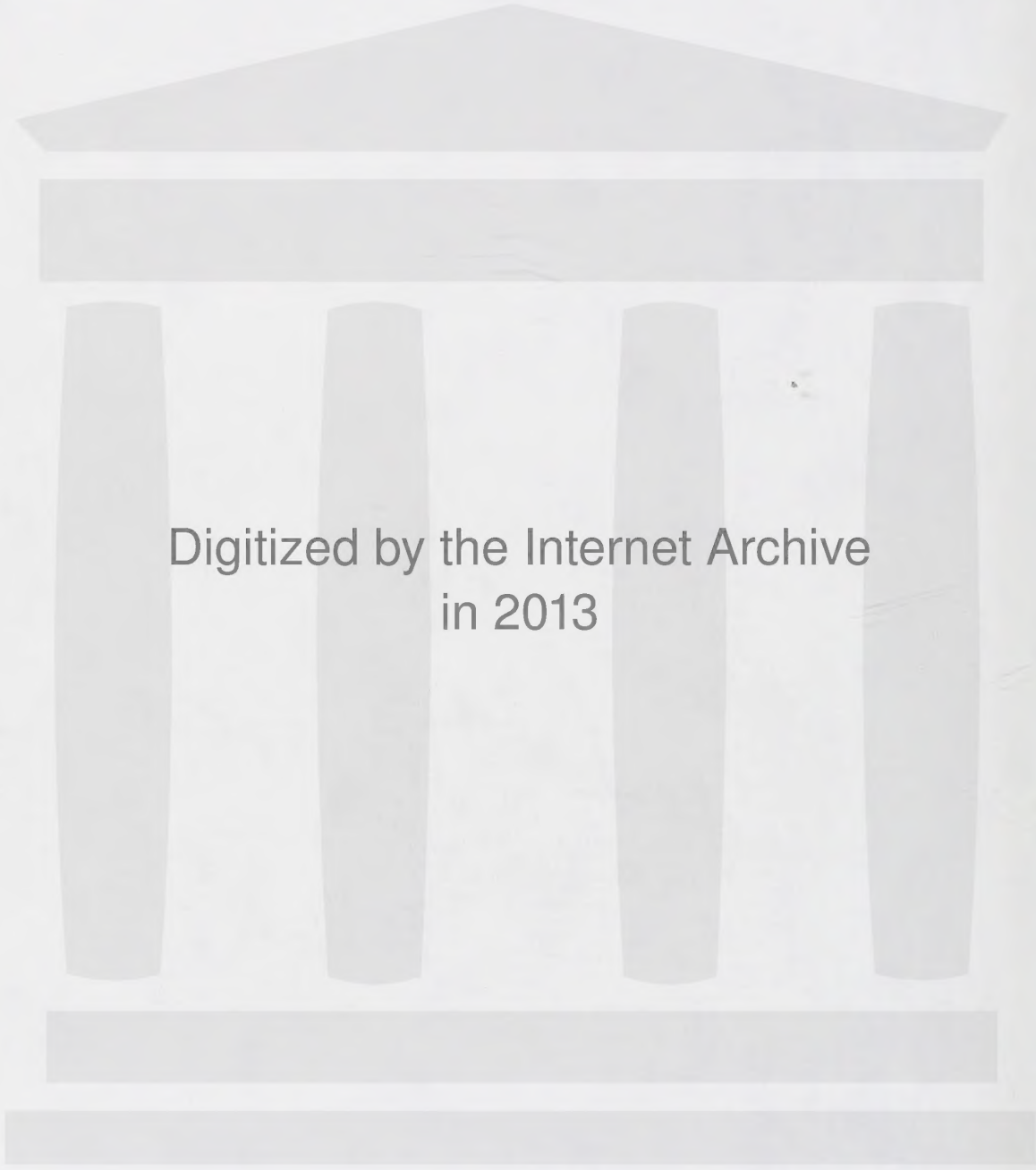

Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2013

http://archive.org/details/harpersmagazine280281jana

For Reference
Do Not Take
From the Library

Every person who maliciously cuts, defaces, breaks or injures any book, map, chart, picture, engraving, statue, coin, model, apparatus, or other work of literature, art, mechanics or object of curiosity, deposited in any public library, gallery, museum or collection is guilty of a misdemeanor.

Penal Code of California
1915, Section 623

RPER'S MAGAZINE
90 January

ANUARY 1990

3 9042 02349463 3

HARPER'S



WHAT'S WRONG WITH THE DEMOCRATS?
An Angry Discussion of Problems, Proposals, and Personalities
Bruce Babbitt Rep. Barney Frank Robert B. Reich
Kathleen Kennedy Townsend Benjamin Barber
Roland Burris Rep. Barbara Boxer

THE DECADE BY NUMBER
A Special Harper's Index to the 1980s

A FEW QUESTIONS FOR POINDEXTER
He Could Have Much to Say About Iran-Contra
By Christopher Hitchens

WITNESS
A story by Madison Smartt Bell

BURLINGAME
JAN 11 1990
LIBRARY

Milan Kundera,
its of Fay Ray's pups

#L55E ******** 3-DIGIT 940
#BRL7P1U60P09910?# 003E
HP DEC 90 1 01
BURLINGAME PUBL LIB
480 PRIMROSE RD
BURLINGAME, CA 94010



By any measure of the map this island does not exist. Yet to those who have sought it out, charted its existence, discovered its charms, it lives forever in a collection of memories as vivid as the break of day.

These fortunate island travelers will always remember the charming Scandinavian natives, the magnificent dining room, the artful creations of the European chefs.

They will forever recall a quiet corner of deck, the company of a good book, and the warm breeze off the Gulf Stream. Once again comes a tap at the door, a white-gloved waiter, and morning tea 300 miles from landfall.

ROYAL VIKING STAR

These are the priceless treasures routinely surrendered by this enchanted little island. Known as the Royal Viking Star, she represents one-fourth of the most lauded fleet of cruise vessels on earth, a fleet famed for carrying the crew *Travel-Holiday*



deemed the world's most courteous.

Every Saturday night from May to Octo
Star will be embarking upon a round trip passa
New York to Bermuda. Your friendly travel age
provide all the details, as can we at (800) 426

We look forward to seeing you on board

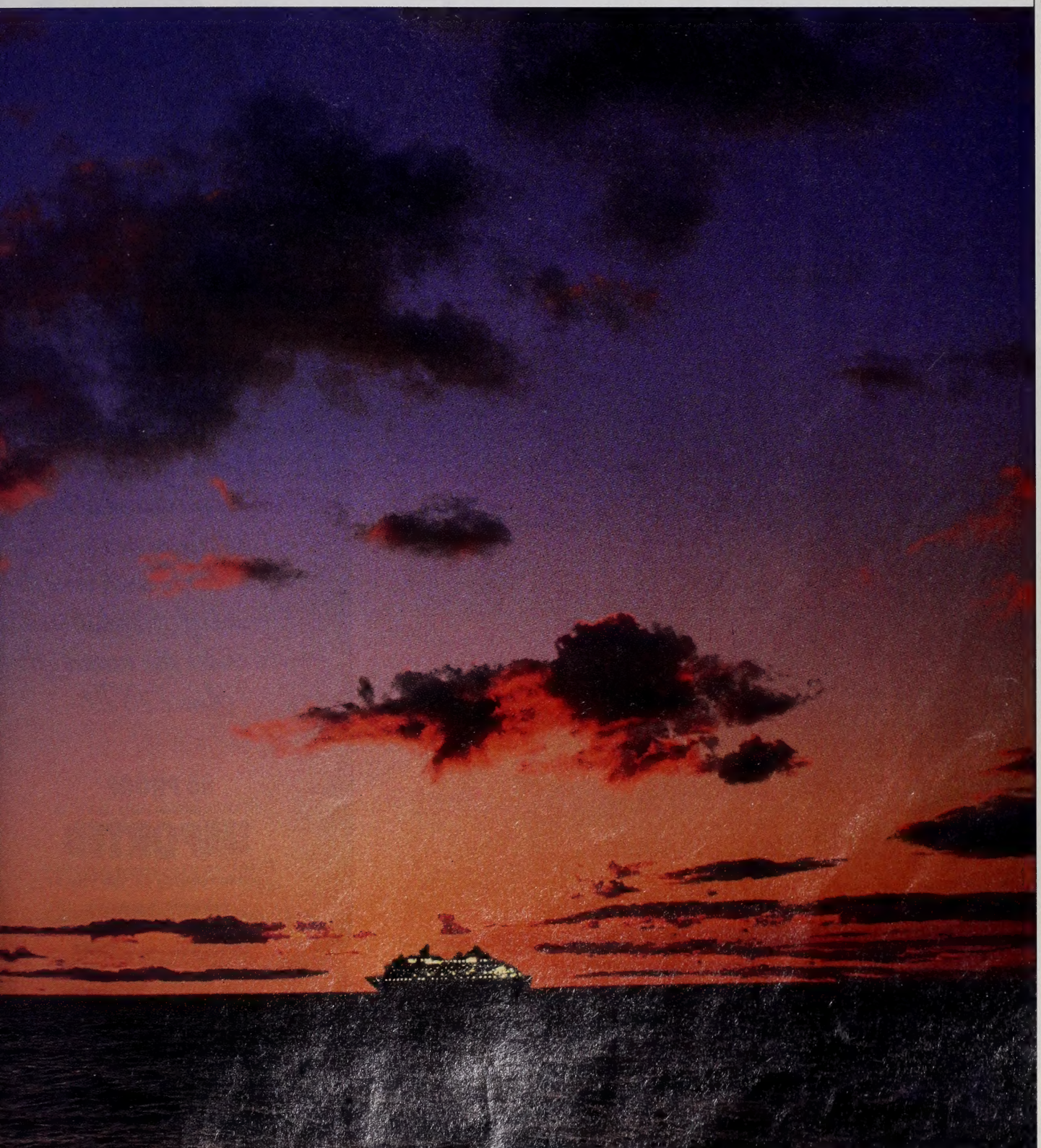


KUALA LUMPUR NEW YORK OSLO PIRAEUS LONDON PAPEETE BORDEAUX SYRACUSE WHITTIER HAMBURG BANGKOK QUEBEC

COPENHAGEN DUBROVNIK TOKYO GEIRANGER HELSINKI MANAUS HONG KONG BEIJING HONOLULU BERGEN VIGO GDANSK ST. CRUZ MOOREA LEITH MONTREAL ODESSA MAZATLAN

Halfway Between Manhattan And Bermuda, An Enchanted Island That Boasts The Best Of Both.

A



RE CALDERA SOUTHAMPTON MAUI PICTON FORT-DE-FRANCE SANTAREM CAPRI SAN BLAS ISLANDS BOMBAY SINGAPORE ROME

© Royal Viking Line 1989


ABSOLUT
Country of Sweden
VODKA®
This superb vodka
was distilled from grain grown
in the rich fields of southern Sw
It has been produced at the fam
old distilleries near Åhus
in accordance with more than
400 years of Swedish traditi
and sold under the name Abs
Since 1879.
80 PROOF
BOTTLED IN SWEDEN 1 LITRE (33.8 FL. OZ.)
IMPORTED
IMPORTER AND SOLE DISTRIBUTOR FOR THE U.S.
CARILLON IMPORTERS LTD., NEW YORK, N.Y.
ABSOLUT ATTRACTION
FOR GIFT DELIVERY ANYWHERE CALL 1-800-CHEER-UP (EXCEPT WHERE PROHIBITED BY LAW)
80 AND 100 PROOF / 100% GRAIN NEUTRAL SPIRITS (ABSOLUT COUNTRY OF SWEDEN™) © 1986 CARILLON IMPORTERS LTD., TEANECK, NJ.

HARPER'S

FOUNDED IN 1850 / VOL. 280, NO. 1676
JANUARY 1990

Letters 4 *Karen Owsowitz, Rhys Thomas*

Notebook 8
Annus mirabilis *Lewis H. Lapham*

Readings 13
When Worlds Collide *Allen Ginsberg and John Lofton*
Bidding Mr. Ovitz Adieu *Joe Eszterhas*
Newlyweds, Newly Considered *Jerome Stern*
One Europe, Under Criticism *Milan Kundera*
Train of Thought *Bernard Cooper*
Life With Father *a memoir by Itabari Njeri*
Fay Ray's Pups *photographs by William Wegman*
And . . . *Reverend Ike, Steve Allen,* The Random House Thesaurus of Slang

Harper's Index 41
THE DECADE BY NUMBER *The Editors*
An exacting enumeration of the 1980s

Forum 45
WHAT'S WRONG WITH THE DEMOCRATS? *Bruce Babbitt, Benjamin Barber, Barbara Boxer, Roland Burris, Barney Frank, Robert B. Reich, Kathleen Kennedy Townsend, Jack Hitt*
An angry discussion of problems, proposals, and personalities

Annotation 58
THIS TIME, IT COULD BE AIDS *John Preston*
An anxious gloss of a lab report

Story 60
WITNESS *Madison Smartt Bell*

Capital Letter 70
A FEW QUESTIONS FOR POINDEXTER *Christopher Hitchens*
He could have much to say about Iran-Contra

Memoir 76
BOUND UPON A WHEEL OF FIRE *Sallie Tisdale*
To burn for flames

Acrostic 83 *Thomas H. Middleton*

Puzzle 84 *E. R. Galli and Richard Maltby Jr.*

Cover: Detail of The Senate, *by William Gropper, 1935. Collection of the Museum of Modern Art, New York. Gift of A. Conger Goodyear. The painting, in its entirety, will appear in our next issue.*

Harper's Magazine is owned and published monthly by Harper's Magazine Foundation, 666 Broadway, New York, New York 10012. Allen Austill, Chairman. Copyright ©1990 by the Harper's Magazine Foundation. All rights reserved. The trademark *Harper's* is used by Harper's Magazine Foundation under license and is a registered trademark owned by Harper & Row Publishers, Inc. The trademark *Harper's Index* is a registered trademark owned by the Harper's Magazine Foundation. Printed in the U.S. Second-class postage paid at New York, New York. In Canada, second-class postage paid at Mississauga, Ontario. POSTMASTER: Send all address changes to *Harper's Magazine*, P.O. Box 1937, Marion, OH 43305. ISSN0017-789X. CHANGE OF ADDRESS: Please provide both address from last issue and new address. Allow six weeks advance notice. SUBSCRIPTIONS: $18 one year. Canada and U.S. possessions, add $2; other foreign, add $3 per year. Send orders to *Harper's Magazine*, P.O. Box 1937, Marion, OH 43305. SUBSCRIPTION PROBLEMS: Write *Harper's Magazine*, P.O. Box 1937, Marion, OH 43305, or call (800) 347-6969; Canada (614) 382-3322, M-F, 8 A.M.–4:30 P.M., Eastern time. All requests for PERMISSIONS and REPRINTS must be made in writing to *Harper's Magazine*, 666 Broadway, New York, New York 10012. *Harper's Magazine* will not consider or return unsolicited nonfiction manuscripts that have not been preceded by a written query. *Harper's* will consider unsolicited fiction. Unsolicited poetry will not be considered or returned. No queries or manuscripts will be considered unless they are accompanied by a self-addressed, stamped envelope.

HARPER'S

Editor
Lewis H. Lapham
Executive Editor
Michael Pollan
Senior Editors
Gerald Marzorati, Jack Hitt,
Darcy Frey *(acting)*
Managing Editor
Ellen Rosenbush
Art Director
Deborah Rust
Associate Editors
Charis W. Conn, Ilena Silverman,
Colin Harrison
Assistant Editors
Elliott Rabin, Paul Tough
Assistant to the Editor
Ann K. Stern
Interns
Patricia Pearson, Casey Seiler,
Shahram Victory

Contributing Editors
L. J. Davis, Mark Edmundson,
Francisco Goldman, Vicki Hearne,
Craig S. Karpel, Barry Lopez,
Peter Marin, George Plimpton,
Fred Reed, Bob Shacochis, Earl Shorris,
Jacqueline Simon, Eric Treisman,
Philip Weiss, Tom Wolfe

Washington Editor
Christopher Hitchens

John R. MacArthur, *President and Publisher*

Vice President and General Manager
Douglas E. Ellis
Vice President, Corporate and Public Affairs
Ellen Ryder
Vice President, Circulation
Patricia Hart
Jean Ferris, *Circulation Assistant*
Diane Kraft, *Assistant to the Publisher*
Staff
Joseph Malits, Noreen Assing,
Jolie Shulman

[redacted]
Victoria Reisenbach
[redacted]

LETTERS

The Secret to Secrecy

The article by Philip Weiss ["The Quiet Coup," September 1989] on the case of Samuel Loring Morison, the naval intelligence analyst who gave U.S. spy-satellite photographs to *Jane's Defence Weekly*, is a much more effective way of presenting issues of secrecy in the U.S. government than was your publishing the musty British spy memoirs of Anthony Cavendish ["Inside MI6," December 1988]. Weiss makes strong points about the effective use of political power to deepen government secrecy with his description of the selection of the Morison case by the Reagan administration, the judge's refusal to allow the defense to broaden the case by including leaks of the same information, and the tightening of controls around the national-security bureaucracy.

However, it is a disservice to history to lump Samuel Morison with Daniel Ellsberg, who exposed massive government lying, or with other whistle-blowers. It is not Morison's right-wing kookiness that eliminates him from this heroic category, but the fact that he did not expose any fraud or wrongdoing.

As for Morison's claim to be educating the American people: There certainly was no shortage of warnings and fearful prognostications about Soviet power during the early 1980s. Any analyst in the intelligence community who deals with the Soviets can amass a tall stack of scary facts about them and their unfriendly gestures toward the United States—it's part of the job. When the entire administration is busy defining each gesture in terms of Soviet aggression and mortgaging the future to buy new weapons without paying for them, what possibly justifies an unknown GS-11 breaking the law to make the same point? At the time of Morison's offense, Reagan administration rhetoric was so extreme that rational public discussion of the Soviet threat continues to be difficult. The congressional budget-makers whom Morison supposedly wanted to influence do not rely on *Jane's* for their assessment of Soviet capabilities.

So who was Morison? A calculating creep who figured nobody except the meticulous *Jane's* would care about satellite photographs of Soviet aircraft carriers, or a simple fool who sought to buy his way out of a miserable job situation with some sexy pictures and counted on his superpatriotism to protect him from espionage charges? Weiss admits that he was unable to figure out why Morison mailed the photos to *Jane's*. It is naive of Weiss to accept an altruistic motive and, worse, dishonest if he is proffering it.

Weiss describes the prevalence of government-by-leaks among policy-

Harper's Magazine welcomes Letters to the Editor. Short letters are more likely to be published, and all letters are subject to editing. Letters must be typed double-spaced; volume precludes individual acknowledgment.

makers and the existence of lower-level leakers who leak, according to Weiss, only to preserve the truth. Giving Weiss the benefit of the doubt on the integrity of most low-level leakers does not automatically stand Morison "firmly in this tradition," but it does raise another issue: Who does Weiss think should control specially designated information?

It is, and has been for a long time, illegal to give classified information to an unauthorized person. Weiss seems to be waiving questions of illegality and the rationale behind the law when he argues that a leaker's good intentions, a reporter's higher calling, or a layman's assessment of "overclassification" are adequate reasons to supersede the statute. To follow the logic of Weiss's argument, any GS-11 with strong feelings should be free to decide for himself which piece of classified information he will keep to himself and which he will share with the world. Most observers who see the need for classification of some information are willing to grant more senior members of the government the power to define who gets to see it.

And what about senior government officials who routinely leak classified information for their own ends? When I asked a mid-level official how she handles leaks that come from the White House, she looked down and shook her head slowly. "Those are 'policy,'" she explained.

In fact, it appears that the control of classified information is dominated by politics rather than law. In the Morison case, a right-wing administration, much given to trying to solve problems quickly and by force rather than patiently by analysis and amelioration, struck at a large, unmanageable bureaucracy of nearly four million people, many of whom had access to classified information that might counter or thwart the administration. It used a tool that already existed and got away with it because there has been a hemorrhaging of secrets—true espionage—by low-level, for-profit spies. And, fiendishly, the administration chose to prosecute a leaker who supported the goals of that administration. Indeed, a brilliant coup.

Karen Owsowitz
Bethesda, Md.

Does excessive idealism lead to corruption?

Join a Great Books reading and discussion group.

The Great Books Foundation
A nonprofit educational corporation
40 East Huron Street #A44
Chicago, IL 60611-2782

1-800-222-5870
In Illinois: (312) 332-5870

Cricket
the magazine for children

. . . is for very special children who are curious about their world, who love to read, who have adventurous minds and active imaginations . . .
children just like yours!



"A fine literary magazine for children, this monthly has no living peers. . . . Unfortunate, indeed, are those who pass through the years of 6 to 12 unacquainted with CRICKET."
–BOOKLIST

$14.95 for an EIGHT-ISSUE TRIAL subscription. Send no money. We will bill you later. *Save over $15.00 off the regular twelve-issue price!* Order now by calling toll free or by sending us the coupon below.

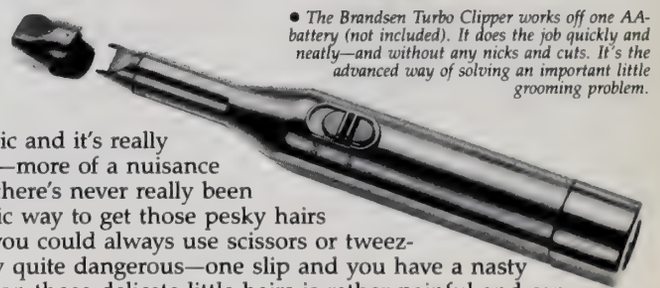
Name _____
Address _____
_____
City, State, Zip _____

1-800-BUG PALS (1-800-284-7257)
CRICKET, Box 52933, Boulder, CO 80322

5HME3

How to take care of a pesky little problem, with. . .

Brandsen™ Turbo Clipper
only $12.95*
But read this ad for an even better deal!



• *The Brandsen Turbo Clipper works off one AA-battery (not included). It does the job quickly and neatly—and without any nicks and cuts. It's the advanced way of solving an important little grooming problem.*

It's not the greatest topic and it's really not a serious problem—more of a nuisance perhaps, but until now, there's never really been a good, easy and hygienic way to get those pesky hairs out of your nose. Sure, you could always use scissors or tweezers. The former are really quite dangerous—one slip and you have a nasty little injury; and pulling on those delicate little hairs is rather painful and can easily give rise to infection. Your doctor would definitely veto it. The ***Brandsen™ Turbo Clipper*** is essentially a tiny hair trimmer—a mini-version of what your barber uses to trim your neck and shape your sideburns. It works like a charm. And it also does a great job on your ears, on your eyebrows and even to shape your mustache.

We are the exclusive importers of ***Brandsen™*** quality grooming instruments and import the ***Turbo Clipper*** in very large quantities. We can therefore bring it to you at the low price of just $12.95. We use it as a "customer getter," as a means to increase our buyers file by at least 25,000 names per month. But we have an even better deal: ***Buy two for $25.90, and we'll send you a third one, with our compliments—absolutely FREE!*** And we believe so strongly that this will be a revelation to you that we give you this guarantee: If you are not totally delighted, do not return the ***Turbo Clipper***. Drop us a note and say: "I didn't like it, and I've thrown it away." Your refund check will be in the return mail. (Sorry, if you buy three, we'll have to ask you to send two of them back—unused, please!)

This is an offer you can't refuse. There is no risk and no hassle, and you're in for a wonderful surprise. We can accept only mail orders, accompanied by check, with this offer (no phone, no charge). Please write your name and address on a sheet of paper; also write "**Code** A135." Tell us how many *Clippers* you want and include $2.95 for one (1) and $5.90 for three (3) for postage and insurance (plus sales tax for CA delivery). Take advantage of this outstanding offer. You will be delighted! Mail to ⟶

since 1967
haverhills®
131 Townsend Street, San Francisco, CA 94107

INTRODUCING
WEATHERBY'S
Music and Video Buying Service
CLASSICAL, JAZZ AND CLASSIC ROCK CDs Fine Films and Live Performance Videos
LOW PRICES
Weatherby's specializes in first-quality and hard-to-find compact discs and videos. We offer a wide selection of classical, jazz, classic rock and new age music, as well as movie classics, top hits and live performance videos. And you'll find our prices are hard to beat.
FREE CATALOGUE
☐ YES, please send my FREE Weatherby's Music and Video Buying Service Classics Catalogue!
Name
Street
City
State Zip
Cut out coupon and SEND to:
Weatherby's
Dept. A2X
P.O. Box 1131
Terre Haute, Indiana 47811

Weiss has written an excellent article. One of the astonishing events at the time the Supreme Court declined to review the Morison case was that the press, including the major metropolitan newspapers around the country, failed on their editorial pages to support their own right of access to government information and to comment on the shortcomings of the decision—despite the fact that many major media corporations and organizations filed a persuasive and articulate amicus curiae brief that argued against equating Morison's conduct with espionage.

"National security" was the password for excessive secrecy throughout the Reagan administration, and the Morison case was not just a government coup, as Weiss states, but the coup de grace—the culmination of an explosion of secrecy. During this period, spending on secret weapons projects grew from $5 billion to an estimated $22 billion, and a new executive order authorized the "reclassification" of information already in the public domain. Another executive order permitted the CIA to engage in domestic spying. Declassification schedules were eliminated. Hundreds of thousands of federal employees were required to sign secrecy contracts covering even unclassified information. President Reagan issued more than 300 classified National Security Council directives that Congress was not allowed to see and to which the Speaker of the House, James Wright, was denied access.

The bad news is that almost all of these measures remain in place.

Steven L. Katz
Washington

Worthy of Whitman

There are many reasons I read *Harper's Magazine*, and a chief one is Allan Gurganus. His story "Reassurance" [November 1989] is the most emotionally resonant and wisest piece of American short fiction to appear in many seasons. It is impossible to read the story without weeping with recognition and then gratitude. Your magazine previously has—if I've counted correctly—published two of Gurganus's stories, plus a chapter of his new novel, *Oldest Living Confederate Widow Tells All*. A recent article in *Publisher's Weekly* explains that over a period of seven years of composition, every chapter of this instant classic was rejected in turn by *The Atlantic*, *Esquire*, and *The New Yorker*. It was left to the little magazines and to *Harper's Magazine* to support this central and seminal work.

Literary history will, I believe, note how your magazine has supported the least fashionable and most important writers of our age. Please continue to take chances and to offer us works such as "Reassurance," works of compassion fully worthy of the story's inspiration, Walt Whitman.

Ian Dunham
Hilton Head, S.C.

Only for Love

Wendell Berry complains in his essay [Readings, September 1989] that the churches in his small Kentucky town are not forces for love but are merely "used by their denominations . . . to provide training and income for student ministers, who do not stay long enough even to become disillusioned."

As a seminary student and a pastor in Kentucky, I know that I and other students typically take twelve hours of graduate-level courses a semester, and then work in a church for up to thirty hours a week. We preach, teach, baptize, bury, and marry; visit the sick, the grieving, and the shut-in; evangelize, act as administrators, and represent our congregations in the community. At an average salary of $5,200 a year, it is preposterous to imagine that we are motivated by anything other than love.

Karen Leigh Stroup
Lexington, Ky.

Translating a Chuckle

All of us here at Berlitz International, Inc., got a chuckle out of "Berlitz From Hell" [Readings, September 1989], which showed a direct-mail letter disastrously translated from French into English. The pitfalls of translation, whether performed by human beings or machines,

are well known to us.

It is precisely because we recognize the subtle complexities of the task that Berlitz, the United States' largest commercial translator, employs the most painstaking care in editing and reviewing our work. We have utilized computers on some projects, but only as productivity aids for human translators—to look up definitions or synonyms, for example. At this stage in the evolution of computer technology, we would never rely on machines to produce a finished translation. Our work is at least as much an art as a science and therefore most definitely requires a human touch.

As Berlitz's vice president for North America, I hope we have not been overly sensitive about the use of our name in association with a poor translation, but the irony in the title—if it was irony—may have misled some of your readers about the level of professionalism they can expect from Berlitz.

Anthony F. Tedesco
New York City

Notes From the Memorabilia Underworld

I enjoy the Harper's Index, which is provocative and amusing. However, the October 1989 issue reports that the "amount paid at auction [in 1988] for the hat worn by the Wicked Witch of the West in *The Wizard of Oz*" was $33,000. That hat, sold at Sotheby's in New York City, was one of *three* witch hats produced by MGM and worn by Margaret Hamilton during the production of the movie. For collectors of Hollywood memorabilia, this distinction is important.

The hat in question was originally sold at the MGM auction in 1970 for $450; the two remaining hats—both in better condition—were taken from MGM prior to the auction by a Hollywood costumer named Kent Warner, along with *ten* gingham pinafores worn by Judy Garland as Dorothy and several pairs of her ruby slippers. All these items fell into the Hollywood memorabilia underworld, where they became highly prized artifacts passing from hand to hand in a weird but lucrative black market.

Warner, a fascinating character, was singularly responsible for saving much of this memorabilia from destruction at a time when the old studio system was breaking down and Hollywood was actively trashing its history. Rather than let these things be lost or destroyed, Warner took Oz items, as well as other famous costumes and props (Bogart's *Casablanca* trench coat, Ginger Rogers's dresses, the Maltese falcon, etc.), and put them in the hands of collectors and fans who would appreciate them. Sadly, Warner died in 1984, an early casualty of AIDS.

I mention all this because the story of Hollywood's material history is not fairly represented with just one mention of the selling of *a* hat. This is a magnificently tainted subject; but if not for the taint, so many of these costumes would not exist.

Rhys Thomas
Sherman Oaks, Calif.



NOW IS LOWEST

Of all soft pack 100's.
By U.S. Gov't. testing method.

Based on a comparison of nationally available brands.
ALL BRAND STYLES ABOVE ARE 100mm. © 1989 (4) R.J. REYNOLDS TOBACCO CO.

SURGEON GENERAL'S WARNING: Smoking Causes Lung Cancer, Heart Disease, Emphysema, And May Complicate Pregnancy.

Competitive tar and nicotine levels reflect the FTC method.

2 mg. "tar," 0.2 mg. nicotine, av. per cigarette by FTC method.

NOTEBOOK

Annus mirabilis

By Lewis H. Lapham

The essential matter of history is not what happened but what people thought or said about it.

—Frederic Maitland

On the day that the holes appeared in the Berlin Wall I was surprised by a sudden lightness of spirit that was as inchoate as it was unexpected. Together with the crowds dancing under the arches of the Brandenburg Gate, I was content to revel in the feeling of exaltation and the conviction that somehow, as of that moment and for reasons still opaque, the world had been unalterably transformed.

For most of the first day and the better part of the second, I didn't question either the emotion or the jumbled sequence of hastily formed ideas supporting the weight of a historical certainty. It was enough to read the papers, to marvel at the images drifting across the surface of the television news, to rejoice in a newly awakened sense of boundless possibility.

By the afternoon of the third day, nearly two million people had passed from East to West Berlin, and I began to assemble a list of random notes and observations. Because I hadn't thought myself capable of being so forcibly moved by so distant an event, I was curious to know how and why I had arrived at so uncharacteristic a state of optimism. My cheerfulness had nothing to do with the European future, which I expect to be anything but easy or democratic or safe, or with the prospect of a reunified Germany, which I believe to be a consummation best avoided. Were I charged with the task of redrawing the map of Europe, I unhesitatingly would return the Germanies to the boundaries of 1837, dividing them safely into the kingdoms of Saxony, [illegible]

[illegible]

den, Hannover, Schleswig-Holstein, Würtemberg, and Mecklenburg.

What delighted me was the feeling of a lucky escape from the jail of the past. The holes in the Berlin Wall informed me that the First World War was at last ended, that both Hitler and Stalin were dead, that the twentieth century had run its ignoble, bloodstained course. No longer would I read the works of Brecht or Orwell or Joyce in quite the same way that I read them as recently as last week. Nor would I look in the same way at the paintings of Picasso and Paul Klee, at the architecture of the Bauhaus, at the films of Fritz Lang, or at the art deco lamps in the lobby of the Royalton Hotel. It wasn't that the Holocaust had been lost to memory, or that Estragon wasn't still waiting for Godot, but rather that a habit of thought and a manner of speaking suddenly had receded into the past tense.

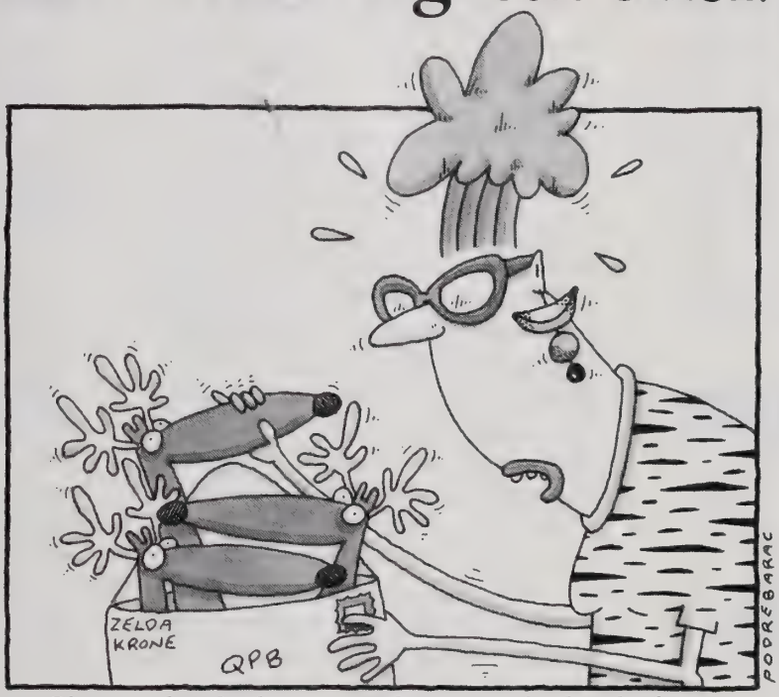
The shift in the line of sight is undoubtedly a function of my age. In 1945 I was ten years old, and although Hitler presumably had died in a bunker near the Potsdamer Platz, and the world, once again, supposedly had been made safe for democracy, I wasn't old enough to be weaned from the belief in a state of permanent war. By the time I was twelve, Stalin had been assigned Hitler's role as the archvillain of the century, and the managers of the international political theater resumed advertising continuous performances of the familiar crusade under the posters of the Cold War. For the next forty years I found myself looking at a Wagnerian stage set, backlit and gray, engineered for atonal sound effects and storms of Russian snow.

At American universities in the 1950s the curators of the best-selling truths insisted on the great modernist principle of dehumanization—history reduced to a game of checkers played by anonymous socioeconomic forces, diplomacy translated into the problems of logistics, philosophy presented as a set of variations on a theme for solo and alienated violin. All the authorities bore witness to the unhappy news that in the twentieth century the womb of time had spawned ill-omened and monstrous births. The professors of literature taught the canon of modernism, and from Pound and Eliot I learned that the age had gone bad in the teeth, that the torrents of the poetic imagination had evaporated in a desert of dry stone. The custodians of the history of art told the same pallid story—the richness of nineteenth-century form wrecked on the shoals of cubism, the once-adventurous figure of the artist changed into a frightened rabbit hiding in the thickets of increasingly impenetrable symbolism.

Scored for the brass ensemble of the mass media, the thesis of despair sustained the grimly operatic melodrama of the Cold War. Against the suspicions and reinforced police powers of the modern state, no mere individual dared entertain the romantic hope of a life of one's own. Because the state held the monopoly not only on the nuclear fire but also on all the instruments of credit, only Princeton sophomores could be pardoned for failing to profess allegiance to the doctrine of Mutual Assured Destruction.

If as a child watching World War II newsreels I concluded that most of the trouble in the world was the fault of Nazi Germany, by the time I reached the age of forty I was inclined to think that the fault could more properly be assigned to imperial Germany, to Kaiser Wilhelm and his preposterous military uniforms, to Moltke and Bismarck and Nietzsche, to the idiot confusion of the summer of 1914, and

QPB. The book club for people who can't resist a great offer.

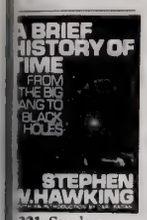


Choosing three books was easy, but getting the three bucks into the envelope proved to be beyond Zelda Krone's capabilities.

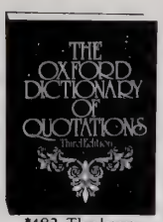
3 books, 3 bucks. No commitment. No kidding.

Actually, with QPB you don't have to send the bucks up front. Simply choose any three books from this page; we'll bill you later for $3, plus shipping and handling.

As a member you'll receive the *QPB Review* every 3½ weeks (15 times a year). It will keep you up to date with the latest books, a refreshingly unusual selection of softcovers—priced at up to 60% less than their hardcover counterparts. And for every book you buy, after this special offer, you'll earn Bonus Points. These can be traded in for free books—you pay just shipping and handling. And of course, with QPB, you're under no obligation to buy any more books. So why wait? Just choose your three books now—and send the bucks later.



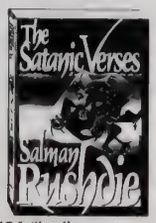
321. Stephen Hawking offers a convincing big picture of the origins of the cosmos.
Hardcover: $18.95
QPB: $9.50



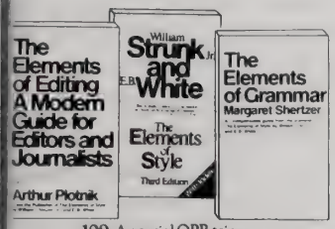
***482.** This latest edition of the famous dictionary has 40,000 memorable quotations.
Hardcover: $45
QPB: $18.95



47. A hilarious new collection from the author of *Lake Wobegon Days.*
Hardcover: $18.95
QPB: $9.50



***406.** "A rollercoaster ride over a vast landscape of the imagination" —*London Guardian.*
Hardcover: $19.95
QPB: $9.95



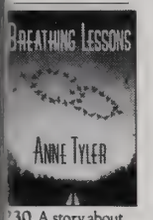
109. A special QPB trio: *The Elements of Style, The Elements of Grammar, The Elements of Editing.*
3-volume set
QPB: $10.95



***117.** Over 1600 problem-solving drawings with explanations on every aspect of home repair.
Hardcover: $24.95
QPB: $12.95



211. Take a trip down Larson's memory lane with over 300 color and black-and-white cartoons.
QPB: $10.95



230. A story about marriage and what it means to spend a lifetime with another person.
Hardcover: $18.95
QPB: $9.95



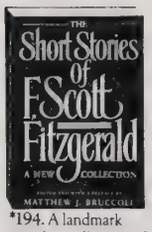
***716.** From the pages of *Rolling Stone,* a documentary of the past 20 years.
Hardcover: $24.95
QPB: $12.95



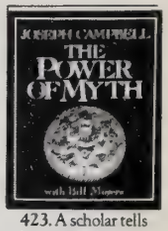
601. The evolution of beliefs throughout history. Illustrated.
Hardcover: $29.95
QPB: $12.95



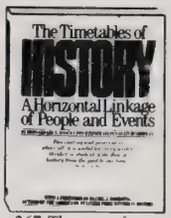
297. Soothing therapeutic techniques. 150 graphic photographs.
QPB: $9.50



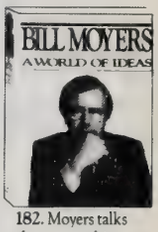
***194.** A landmark omnibus collection of 43 of Fitzgerald's best short stories.
Hardcover: $29.95
QPB: $13.95



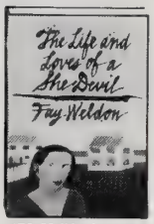
423. A scholar tells how myths have shaped our lives. A PBS TV series.
Hardcover: $27.50
QPB: $15.95



267. The story of civilization in a unique chart format.
Hardcover: $29.95
QPB: $15.95



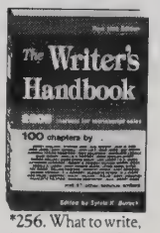
182. Moyers talks about everything from morality to science
Hardcover: $29.95
QPB: $15.95



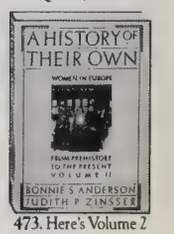
178. Hell hath no fury like a woman scorned—at least in this bitingly funny novel.
Hardcover: $13.95
QPB: $6.95



***330.** An award-winning food writer offers more than 600 recipes for your microwave oven
Hardcover: $19.95
QPB: $9.95



***256.** What to write, how to write it, where to sell it.
Hardcover: $27.95
QPB: $13.75



473. Here's Volume 2 of a landmark study of European women from the Renaissance to the present.
Hardcover: $27.50
QPB: $10.95

***QPB Exclusive:** The only softcover edition now available.

How QPB Membership Works.

Selection: Each *Review* lists a new Selection. If you want it, do nothing —it will be shipped automatically. If you want another book or no book at all, complete the Reply Form always enclosed and return it by the specified date. (A shipping and handling charge is added to each shipment.)

Return Privilege: If the *QPB Review* is delayed and you receive the Selection without having had 10 days to notify us, you may return it for credit.

Cancellations: You may cancel membership at any time by notifying QPB. We may cancel your membership if you elect not to buy at least one book in any six-month period.

OK. Send me my 3 books for $3. No commitment. No kidding.

Quality Paperback Book Club,® P.O. Box 8804, Camp Hill, PA 17011-8804

Please enroll me in *QPB* and send me the 3 choices I've listed below, billing me only $1 each, plus shipping and handling charges. I understand that I am not required to buy another book. You will send me the QPB *Review* (if my account is in good standing for at least six months. If I have not bought at least one book in any six month period, you may cancel my membership.

0-16

Indicate by number your 3 choices

Name *(Please print clearly)* QB067-1-0

Address Apt

City State Zip

QPB® **Quality Paperback Book Club**

Prices are generally higher in Canada. © 1990 Quality Paperback Book Club. All orders subject to approval.

BE A SUCCESSFUL WRITER

Make money writing & earn while you learn

The British-American School of Writing shows you how to write articles, short stories, novels, romances, children's stories, radio and TV scripts. Professional writers give you **individual instruction** on how to write what's fresh, readable—and saleable!

You get **personal advice** on where and how to sell your material, and if you do not sell enough material to cover your tuition, we'll refund your tuition fees.

Write or phone today for our *FREE* book that tells you all about "*Writing for Pleasure and Profit*". No obligation. No salesman will call.

Mail Coupon or Call Toll Free 1(800) 541-6002 /24 hrs.

The British-American School of Writing,
Dept.BE17,
P.O. Box 425,
Ansonia Station,
New York, N.Y.
10023-0425



NAME

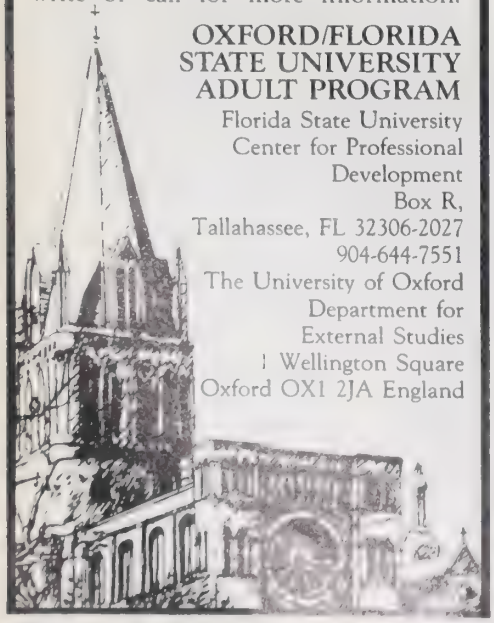
ADDRESS

CITY/STATE/ZIP

A DIVISION OF LEISURE STUDY GROUP

OXFORD
FLORIDA STATE UNIVERSITY
SUMMER PROGRAM

The prestige. The tradition. The unsurpassed academic quality. Spend Summer '90 living the Oxford experience at historic Christ Church. Study in residence with Oxford tutors ... earn course credits ... take field trips to famous sites ... get to know England in a way few outsiders can. July 1-21 and July 22-Aug. 11, 1990. Please write or call for more information.



OXFORD/FLORIDA STATE UNIVERSITY ADULT PROGRAM
Florida State University
Center for Professional Development
Box R,
Tallahassee, FL 32306-2027
904-644-7551
The University of Oxford
Department for External Studies
1 Wellington Square
Oxford OX1 2JA England

to the failed peace treaty signed five years later at Versailles.

Similarly, whenever I questioned the tenets of modernism, whether with a political or aesthetic motive (or simply because I couldn't bear Woody Allen's amateur cynicism or Philip Johnson's architectural imitations of Albert Speer), I invariably found myself forced back on what had been said and thought in Vienna or Berlin during the first two decades of the twentieth century. No matter where I picked up the lines of inquiry—with a character in a novel by Le Carré, with a newspaper explanation of America's Soviet policy, with a progression of minor chords in one of Stephen Sondheim's musicals—I soon found myself (if in Berlin) at the Hotel Adlon or the Café Josty or (if in Vienna) at the cafés Landtmann or Central in the company of the century's Ur-texts, i.e., with Gropius, Kraus, Freud, Ernst, Brecht, Einstein, Reinhardt, Von Braun, Schwitters, Canetti, Hesse, Hindemith, Heisenberg, and Goebbels. The voices of the German wars sounded in concert with the voices of the modern cultural imperium.

If the breach in the Berlin Wall marked the end of the war set in motion by the kaiser's generals in August of 1914, so also it opened the prospect of a new horizon of thought and feeling. As of November 9, 1989, I could imagine the possibility of an aesthetic in no way beholden to Kafka's cockroach or Reichsmarschall Göring's passion for emeralds.

Watching the crowds pressing against the lighted shopwindows on the Kurfürstendamm, it occurred to me that the Wall had crumbled as easily as if it were made of sand, and I was prompted to laugh at the vanity of statesmen who imagine that they control events with the solemnity of children running electric trains. As recently as last June I attended one of those conferences in Washington at which the synod of policymakers admires the beauty of its own wisdom. The conference took up the question of the NATO alliance, with specific reference to next season's planting of nuclear weapons in German soil, and a procession of self-important gentlemen took their turns at the microphone to say that the world would never change. They adduced as reasons for their certainty their suburban faith in a status quo beyond the reach of mortal men. No matter what anybody did or said, nothing could be done because history followed upon the play of historical abstraction, and it refused to recognize anything so hopelessly behind the times as an individual's will, courage, or imagination.

But Mikhail Gorbachev had made nonsense of the Marxist theory of history. Working my way eastward in space and backward in time from the crowds in the Kü'damm, I couldn't help but come to Gorbachev's willingness to stake his own safety (not to mention the destiny of nations) on what amounted to a throw of the dice. I know that it's customary to say that Gorbachev sought an end to the Cold War because he was frightened by the militant visage of American resolve—by America's willingness to spend $300 million a day for weapons and the fierce iconography of President Reagan's fantastic Star Wars. But I suspect that Gorbachev wasn't in the least frightened, that Reagan's bluster inclined him to precisely the opposite conclusion, i.e., that the Americans were merely posturing, that they had no wish to make trouble, and that they preferred to fight a war only if it engaged an enemy no more dreadful than Libya, lasted no longer than three days, and could be fitted into the script of a heroic miniseries made for prime-time television.

Impressed by America's weakness instead of its strength, and knowing that the Soviet Union scarcely could afford its military pretensions (to say nothing of its hope for a satisfactory civilian economy), Gorbachev in 1985 made so bold as to strike the stage set of the Cold War. Within the remarkably small space of four years Poland dismissed its communist regime, Hungary declared itself a republic, and the Berlin Wall was broken up into souvenirs.

If one individual could accomplish so much, then what remains of the theory of the puny anonym, of the system inevitably triumphant, of the man in the gray flannel suit, of society's victim and the hapless fool lost in the lonely crowd?

If so much can be done against such long odds in police states well versed in the arts of repression, then how much more might be done under governments nominally democratic? If they can do that there, then what can we not do here? Who is to say that the American political system cannot be redeemed, or the schools reformed, or the balance of justice redressed? I look at the television footage of an East German child staring at a chocolate cake, and for the first time in ten years I wonder why I haven't written an essay saying that the barometer of change is rising toward the promise of the new.

The old idea of a frontier suggested something solid and heavy—a wall, a barricade, a fence, a pile of stones. Frontiers were meant to preserve the past, to hold in check the movements of peoples and the passage of time. But, given the systems of modern communication, who can defend a border or define a sphere of influence? Foreign habits of thought pass as easily between cultures as do the labels on Japanese watches and Mexican T-shirts. The frontier dissolves into the lightness of air, and the world is full of holes.

The traditional practice of foreign policy assumes the presence of a world in which it is easy to tell who or what is, in fact, foreign. The old portfolio of theories doesn't fit the new set of facts. The weight of mass immigration joined with the velocity of modern communications yields a new equation of human energy. It is an equation that presents the rulers of large and supposedly sovereign states with a hard problem in political mechanics. If nothing is foreign, and nobody is an alien, then on what principle does the state design such a thing as a foreign policy?

The Cold War imprisoned the nations of the earth in the attitudes of fear. It wasn't only the threat implicit in the weapons, although the weapons were many and terrible; it was also the pattern of thought bent to the service of slogans. The brutal simplifications made it hard to conceive of a world that was anything other than a military campground. But let the nations of the earth rescue themselves from their paralysis and inhibition, and with their newfound freedom of mind they might find a use for the moral as well as the political imagination. It turns out that the world is a far more beautiful place than it had been represented to them in the story told by the prison guards—far more beautiful and by no means simple. To the extent that the twentieth century has rescued itself from barbarism, it is because the hopes of ordinary people have prevailed over the interests of the state. The state defines power as the power inherent in things—in tax revenues, barrels of oil, and miles of road. The people define power as the power inherent in dreams—in laughter, photograph albums, and songs. For the time being at least, in the moment of profound change at the end of the Cold War, the advantage lies not with the policies of fear and restraint but with the reaching of the human spirit. ■

1990 Faculty

Rick Bass
Ted Conover
Paul Fleischman
William Kittredge
David Kranes

"What can I say? I'd love to keep this wonderful conference hidden high in the Utah mountains, a complete secret. Each year it cleanses me, readies me. But I owe the conference too much to stay mum-it's helped me tremendously. So--I'm obliged to share the news: Writers at Work is tremendous."
Rick Bass

"How odd. A conference in Utah that's five years old and has connected dozens of writers and agents and editors and helped dozens of books. They'll never keep me away."
Ron Carlson

"I like Writers at Work very much. Its efforts were dedicated to its contributors and participants, which is the way it ought to be."
Richard Ford

"Lively, various, loads of talk, plenty of good testimony, and an escape route into the mountains--it had pzazz."
Marvin Bell

WRITERS AT WORK

June 10-16

Park City, Utah

Fiction and Poetry Fellowship Competition
1st Prize $750
2nd Prize $200
Deadline March 15,1990

For more information contact
Writers at Work
Jennifer Kohler, Director P.O Box 58857 Salt Lake City, Utah 84158 (801) 649-3181

1990 Faculty

Ron Carlson
Jack Myers
Carol Oles
and more writers, editors and agents

"Writers at Work is , in my experience, the best such conference offered in America today-big, varied, rich, fun! I recommend it!"
Gordon Weaver

"I loved being part of Writers at Work. I couldn't believe the range of seminar topics-all backed by a terrific faculty of writers and editors. I'd encourage any serious writer to go there, because it's all there-the art of writing, the pragmatics of getting published, and a mountain setting that inspires the writer in all of us."
Amy Tan

"What writers! The pinnacle of writers' conferences!
Janet Burroway

"Too often, an enterprise such as a writing conference, or a writing colony, or a writing workshop, has an aspect about it of gilded punishment, or of a not quite sound investment, and can only be endorsed with ambivalence. Not so, however, for Writers at Work, and the extended family it has inspired."
Bob Shacochis



SCIENCE ADDED YEARS TO HER LIFE. NOW IT'S ADDING LIFE TO HER YEARS.

At Allied-Signal, we believe living longer isn't enough. That's why we've awarded more than $3 million to organizations and individuals dedicated to improving the quality of life for older Americans.

This year we're making a $500,000 challenge grant to the National Parkinson Foundation for further research in slowing the progression of Parkinson's Disease.

Since 1984, our grants have helped establish bio-medical research programs for Alzheimer's Disease, osteoarthritis, osteoporosis, deafness and stroke.

Our 1989 individual Achievement Award recipients are: **Professor Edward J. Masoro,** University of Texas Health Science Center, for achievements in bio-medical research; and **Rear Admiral Faye G. Abdellah, R.N.,** Deputy Surgeon General, U.S. Public Health Service, for leadership in public policy and health care services.

Allied Signal

© 1989 Allied-Signal Inc.

READINGS

[Interview]

WHEN WORLDS COLLIDE

From "The Puritan and the Profligate," an interview with Allen Ginsberg in the December issue of Chronicles: A Magazine of American Culture, *published in Rockford, Illinois. The interview was conducted by John Lofton, a former columnist for the* Washington Times.

JOHN LOFTON: In the first section of your poem "Howl" you wrote: "I saw the best young minds of my generation destroyed by madness." Did this also apply to you?

ALLEN GINSBERG: That's not an accurate quotation. I said the "best minds," not "the best young minds." This is what is called hyperbole, an exaggerated statement, sort of a romantic statement. I suppose it could apply to me too, or anybody. People who survived and became prosperous in a basically aggressive, warlike society are in a sense destroyed by madness. Those who freaked out and couldn't make it, or were traumatized, or artists who starved, or whatnot, they couldn't make it either. It kinda cuts both ways. There's an element of humor there.

LOFTON: When you say you suppose this could have applied to you, does this mean you don't know if you are mad?

GINSBERG: Well, who does? I mean everybody is a little mad.

LOFTON: But I'm asking you.

GINSBERG: You are perhaps taking this a little too literally. There are several kinds of madness: divine madness—

LOFTON: But I'm talking about this in the sense you spoke of in your 1949 poem "Bop Lyrics," when you wrote: "I'm so lucky to be nutty."

GINSBERG: You're misinterpreting the way I'm using the word.

LOFTON: No, I'm asking you a question. I'm not interpreting anything.

GINSBERG: I'm afraid that your linguistic presupposition is that "nutty," as you define it, means insanity rather than inspiration. You are interpreting, though you say you aren't, by choosing one definition and excluding another. So I think you'll have to admit you are interpreting.

LOFTON: Actually, I don't admit that.

GINSBERG: You don't want to admit *nuttin'!* But you want me to admit something. Come on. Come off it. Don't be a prig.

LOFTON: I'm just trying to understand what you meant by what you wrote. But this question of madness—

GINSBERG: There's also another background. In Zen Buddhism there is wild wisdom, or crazy wisdom, crazy in the sense of wild, unlimited, unbounded. Or as in jazz, when someone plays a beautiful riff or extemporizes, they say, "Crazy, man."

LOFTON: But I am interested in this question of your possible madness. It's not a gratuitous question. There is a history of madness in your family.

GINSBERG: Very much so.

LOFTON: Your mom died in 1956 in a mental institution. Before that, in 1949, when you

were twenty-three, you spent eight months in the Columbia Psychiatric Institute. What was this psychiatric disability and why did you spend just eight months in this institute?

GINSBERG: Well, I had a sort of visionary experience in which I heard William Blake's voice. It was probably an auditory hallucination, but it was a very rich experience.

LOFTON: This happened while you were masturbating, right?

GINSBERG: Yes, but *after*.

LOFTON: I want to ask you about this psychiatric disability.

GINSBERG: No, no, no, no, no, no, no, no. Sir, first of all your tone is too aggressive. You have to soften your tone, because there's an element of aggression here. There's an element almost like a police interrogation here.

LOFTON: But that's not all bad. The police, in some instances, do a good job, particularly in dealing with criminals.

GINSBERG: Sir, in this case it's a little impolite. You're being a little harsh and unfriendly and making it very difficult for me to relate to you gently and talk unguardedly and candidly.

LOFTON: There's no doubt that from what I've read about you, I don't like what you have stood for over the years. I don't like your politics, the kind of sex you engage in. So if you mean there's a hostility here toward what you are, absolutely there is.

GINSBERG: But you're talking to me as if I'm an object of some kind and not a person in front of you. I'm asking you, in a sense, to watch your manners.

LOFTON: That's interesting, because I'm not asking you to respond in any particular way. Why are you telling me how to ask questions? So, can we return to my question? What was this psychiatric disability that put you in an institute for eight months?

GINSBERG: Well, I'm not sure it really was a disability to begin with. So I can't answer the question the way you pose it.

LOFTON: But I'm asking you if it's true, that you had this disability?

GINSBERG: It's neither true nor not true.

LOFTON: But it is true that you were in an institute?

GINSBERG: Yes, I was. I had a kind of visionary experience relating to a text by William Blake, "The Sick Rose." It went: "O rose, thou art sick! / The invisible worm / That flies in the night, / In the howling storm, / Has found out thy bed / Of crimson joy, / And his dark secret love / Does thy life destroy." So, it's a very mysterious, interesting poem that keyed off a kind of religious experience, a [illegible], a hallucinatory experience—whichever way you want to interpret it. All three descriptions are applicable and possible. Reality has many aspects.

LOFTON: Were you using drugs while you masturbated [and had this experience]?

GINSBERG: Not at all. I had been living very quietly, eating vegetarian diets, seeing very few people, and reading a great many religious texts: St. John of the Cross, the Bible, Plato's *Phaedrus*, St. Teresa of Avila, and Blake. So I was in a kind of solitary, contemplative mood.

LOFTON: Did you put yourself into this institute?

GINSBERG: More or less. Because I questioned my own sense of reality and I couldn't figure out the significance of the illuminative experience, whether it was a kind of traditional religious experience, where there is a sudden sense of vastness and ancientness and respect and devotional awareness or sacredness to the whole universe. Or whether this was a by-product of some lack-love longing and projection of my own feelings, or some nutty breakthrough.

LOFTON: Do you think you were better when you got out of there?

GINSBERG: I think they said I wasn't ever really psychotic or crazy, just an average neurotic.

LOFTON: Did you go to anywhere else besides this institute?

GINSBERG: Oh, later—I'm going to a psychiatrist now.

LOFTON: I assume you're going to a secular humanist–type psychiatrist.

GINSBERG: I never inquired about her religious beliefs.

LOFTON: Really? So you're going to someone whose religious beliefs, whose presuppositions, you know nothing about?

GINSBERG: I know some, through body language and the response to the immediate situation in front of me, which is what I am really interested in rather than, say, this conversation. I'm dealing with you in terms of how you display yourself here, not the history of your thoughts. I'm trying to deal with the evidence or manifestation of how you present yourself here—your harshness, aggression, and insistency and—

LOFTON: Why not call it my perseverance? Isn't that a nicer word? Or guts? Or tenacity?

GINSBERG: I would say there is a little element of S&M in your approach. Power.

LOFTON: No, I would say this is more like the kind of sex you like.

GINSBERG: And I would say this is the kind of power relationship you like, judging from your behavior.

LOFTON: Well, that's certainly what S&M is all about—power.

GINSBERG: And you seem to like that, don't



From Shepherd Express, *a Milwaukee weekly.*

you? Have your sexual fantasies ever involved that kind of power relationship?

LOFTON: No, not to my knowledge. I'm a Christian. So I don't fantasize.

GINSBERG: Do you ever have sexual fantasies?

LOFTON: No.

GINSBERG: None at all?

LOFTON: No, I said I am a Christian.

GINSBERG: You've never had *any* sexual fantasies?

LOFTON: Before I was a Christian, I had them, absolutely.

GINSBERG: And since you're a Christian you don't?

LOFTON: No.

GINSBERG: And when you had them, did they involve any dominance/submission fantasies?

LOFTON: Mine were pretty orthodox heterosexual kinds of fantasies. But there's no doubt they were bad. And I am so glad that Jesus Christ delivered me from them.

GINSBERG: You have no erotic dreams now, at all, that you remember?

LOFTON: None that don't feature my wife, no.

GINSBERG: Yeah.

LOFTON: It's an amazing thing what Jesus can do for a person.

GINSBERG: Uh-huh.

LOFTON: Let's talk about some of your feelings over the years and see if they should be respected. In 1978, when you were on a Boston TV show, you shared your sexual preference for "young boys," and this caused an instant irate reaction from mothers who had children home on vacation from school. Is it true that you have a sexual preference for "young boys"?

GINSBERG: No, no, no. It's not accurate in the context of the broadcast.

LOFTON: Did you say you had a sexual preference for young boys?

GINSBERG: We're not on trial here. I'm trying to explain—

LOFTON: But, in a way, we're all on trial.

GINSBERG: Well, then you must excuse me if I don't adopt the submissive attitude you wish. I got on the air and said that when I was young I was approached by an older man and I don't think it did me any harm. And that I like younger boys and I think that probably almost everybody has an inclination that is erotic toward younger people, including younger boys.

LOFTON: How young were the boys?

GINSBERG: In my case, I'd say fourteen, fifteen, sixteen, seventeen, eighteen.

LOFTON: That you had sex with?

GINSBERG: No, unfortunately I haven't had the chance. *[laughs]* No, I'm talking about my desires. I'm being frank and candid. And I'm also saying that if anyone was frank and candid, you'd probably find that in anybody's breast.

LOFTON: But why? Why do you persist in imputing your own rottenness to other people?

GINSBERG: One moment. Your question is: Why do I persist in imputing my own *rottenness* to other people?

LOFTON: That's right.

GINSBERG: You realize that you're using language that could be considered insulting.

LOFTON: I hope so. I think it's a rotten preference to want to have sex with young boys. And I don't think it's true that most people want to have sex with younger people.

GINSBERG: I didn't say that. You're putting words in my mouth. What I said was that most people have erotic *desires* for young people.

LOFTON: You mean a fantasy they don't want to act on?

GINSBERG: Most don't act on it. Of course not. But most people have in their breasts an erotic pleasure for younger people. This is a part of the general spectrum of human charm and emotion rather than sin or rottenness.

LOFTON: Do you now have a desire to have sex with young boys?

GINSBERG: I have a sexual desire for them, I must say, yes.

LOFTON: Still?

GINSBERG: Oh, the older I get, the more.

LOFTON: And after years of therapy, too. This therapy must *really* be doing a good job.

GINSBERG: You know what the therapy does?

LOFTON: It probably tells you it's fine, just get comfortable with it, right?

GINSBERG: No, not quite. Usually it's a discussion of where this comes from and trying to find the origin of it. And find what conditioning affected me that I arrived at this particular orientation. That's all.

LOFTON: How about sin? Is it a possibility that you are a sinner?

GINSBERG: That doesn't come into play. The attempt is to understand the situation, not categorize it with knee-jerk words like *sin*.

LOFTON: But this sexual preference for young boys doesn't seem to be something you want to be delivered from. You smile when you talk about it. You don't want to be cured of this, do you?

GINSBERG: I should say my sexual preference is not just for boys, but also for middle-aged men, straight men, and women. I've occasionally had fantasies about making out with trucks as well as beasts. And maybe I'll be making out with you before it's all over. *[laughs]*

LOFTON: Well, maybe I could drive that truck while you make out with it, perhaps an eighteen-wheeler, with the pedal to the metal.

GINSBERG: Now there's your fantasy. *[laughs]*

LOFTON: Excuse me, but *you* raised the idea of having sex with a truck.

GINSBERG: You extended it.

LOFTON: I'm just trying to accommodate you. I even offered to drive the truck. And you attacked me. But to hell with you. I *won't* drive the truck. Get your own truck.

GINSBERG: Oh, you can't get out of it that easily. You've already driven the truck in my mind. Gosh, you're funny. But you've got

[List]

EDUCATIONAL CALLING

From a list of specialty phone services called by public-school employees in two New York City school districts in 1988 and 1989. A city investigation found that school funds had been used to pay for more than $17,000 worth of these calls. The list appeared in the October 26 New York Newsday.

Wrestling / Fantasy Girls
Jean Simpson's Hot Numbers
Auto Loan Store
I Confess
Credit Information Line
The Latino Connection
Sports Trivia Game
Lottery Information Line
Tarot Card Reading
Soap Scope Info On-Call
550-CHAT
550-GENT
550-GIRL
The Man to Man Line
The Hugg Line / Teen Talk
The My My Line
The Urban III Line / Cross Dressing
Spanish Dial-A-Porn
Marilyn Chambers Advice Line
The Sensuous Switchboard
News & Moral Beliefs
City of Sluts
Fonetasia
Dirty Joke Line
Dial-A-Hunk
Party-Party-Party Line
USA Freddy
Star Trek
Dial-An-Insult
Hardcore Trivia Line
The Skin Line
Ernie Luntati's Horoscope
Scary Story Line
[illegible]
[illegible]

The International Preview Society



Invites you to accept The ultimate in sound... The ultimate in savings...

3 COMPACT DISCS OR CASSETTES FOR JUST $1 plus shipping and handling with Club membership

With No Obligation To Buy Anything...*Ever!*

Dvořák, Symphony No. 9 (From The New World) Cleveland Orch./Dohnányi. London 15065

Stravinsky, Petrouchka; Song Of The Nightingale; 4 Studies Montreal Symphony/Dutoit. London 15331

Heifetz: The Decca Masters, Vol. 2 • Lullaby (w/Bing Crosby), Summertime, more. MCA 00605

Zimerman: Chopin, The 4 Ballades • Plus Barcarolle & Fantasie in F Minor. DG 15332

Beethoven, Symphony No. 9 (Choral) • Kenny, Walker, Power, Salomaa. London Classical Players led by Roger Norrington. Angel 00467

Van Cliburn: Liszt & Grieg, Piano Concertos • The Philadelphia Orch./Ormandy. RCA 00606*

Berlioz, Symphonie Fantastique • The Philadelphia Orchestra/Muti. Angel 54244

The Digital Fox • Organist Virgil Fox plays Toccata & Fugue in D Minor, many more. Bainbridge 62889

Mozart, Piano Concertos Nos. 20 & 21 • Bilson, fortepiano. Gardiner cond. Archiv 25208

Sound The Trumpet English ceremonial music by Purcell, others. Newport Classic 00990

Perlman: Brahms, Violin Concerto • Chicago Symphony Orch./Giulini. Angel 63343

Viennese Bonbons • Vienna Philharmonic/Maazel. Tales From The Vienna Woods, more. DG 15287*

Horowitz Plays Liszt • Sonata in B Minor, Consolation No. 3, Funérailles, Ballade No. 2, more. RCA 00511*

Ravel, Boléro; La Valse; Rapsodie Espagnole; more Montreal Sym./Dutoit. London 15199

Handel, Water Music • The English Concert/Pinnock. "Vital" —Ovation Archiv 15306

The Academy—By Request Academy of St. Martin/Marriner. Sheep May Safely Graze, Pastoral Sym., more. Angel 54094

Pavarotti At Carnegie Hall Songs and arias by Schubert, others. London 15311

Segovia Plays Bach Chaconne, Siciliano, 3 Pieces For Lute, many more. MCA 63600

Rubinstein: Brahms, Piano Concerto No. 2; more • RCA Sym./Krips. RCA 14760

Perlman: French Violin Showpieces • Havanaise, Tzigane, Carmen-Fantasy, more. New York Phil./Mehta. DG 15457

Rimsky-Korsakov, Scheherazade • Vienna Philharmonic Orchestra/Previn. Philips 15415

Simon Rattle: The Jazz Album London Sinfonietta. Rhapsody In Blue, Dardanella, more. Angel 72226

Gregorian Chant • Schola of the Hofburgkapelle. 10 Propers from the "Graduale Romanum", more. Philips 15434

Vivaldi, The Four Seasons Simon Standage; English Concert/Pinnock. Archiv 15356

Rachmaninov, Symphony No. 1 Concertgebouw Orchestra/Ashkenazy. London 15347

Fête à la Francaise • Sorcerer's Apprentice, many more. Montreal/Dutoit. London 25235

Itzhak Perlman: Brahms, Violin Sonatas; more • Vladimir Ashkenazy, piano. Angel 33760

Ute Lemper Sings Kurt Weill Mack The Knife, Speak Low, I'm A Stranger Here Myself, more. London 15163

Finian's Rainbow • Original cast. Old Devil Moon, How Are Things In Glocca Mora?, more. RCA 00835

Copland, Appalachian Spring (Complete); more • St. Louis Sym./Slatkin. Angel 54176

Bach, Organ Works, Vol. 1 Ton Koopman plays Toccata & Fugue, more. Novalis 01137

Strauss, Also sprach Zarathustra • Chicago Symphony/Reiner. 63627*

Pachelbel Canon & Gigue More by Haydn, Purcell, others. Pinnock cond. Archiv 25036

Rachmaninov, Piano Concerto No. 2; more Evgeny Kissin, piano. RCA 00915

Reich, Sextet; 6 Marimbas Steve Reich & Musicians with Manhattan Marimba Quartet, others. Nonesuch 00520

Ravel, Piano Concertos; more Argerich & Béroff, pianos. Abbado cond. DG 15462

Adams, The Chairman Dances; more • San Francisco Symphony/deWaart. Nonesuch 00491

James Galway's Greatest Hits Memory, Angel Of Music, Sabre Dance, more. RCA 73233

Respighi, Pines Of Rome; Fountains Of Rome; Roman Festivals • Phila. Orch./Muti. Angel 34443

Ashkenazy: Rachmaninov, Piano Concerto No. 1; more Haitink cond. London 25153

Andrés Segovia Plays Rodrigo, Ponce & Torroba Fantasia para un Gentilhombre, more. MCA 63579

Rhapsody In Electric Blue J. R. Baker, synthesizers. Newport Classic 34647

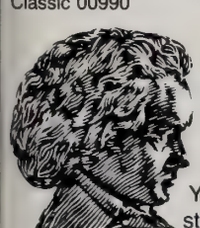
Mozart, Overtures • Magic Flute, Marriage Of Figaro, more. Marriner conducts. Angel 34267

Mozart, Clarinet Conc.; Horn Conc. 1 & 4 • Neidich, Jolley; Orpheus Chamb. Orch. DG 15481

Mussorgsky, Pictures At An Exhibition; more • Montreal Sym./Dutoit. London 25314

INSTANT HALF-PRICE BONUS PLAN

SAVE 50% Unlike other clubs, you get 50%-off Bonus Savings with every CD you buy at regular prices, effective with *your first* full-price purchase!



This remarkable $1 offer is being made to introduce you to an outstanding classical music membership—with never any obligation to buy.

You'll find hundreds of outstanding albums in each issue of the Society's magazine, which will be sent to you approximately every 4 weeks. That gives you 13 convenient, shop-at-home opportunities a year. But there is no obligation to accept any offering at any time.

You choose only the music you want!

If you'd like to accept the Main Selection, you need not do a thing. It will be sent automatically. If you'd prefer an alternate selection or none at all, just mail back the Notification Card by the specified date. You'll always have at least 10 days to decide. But if you don't, you may return your Main Selection at our expense. You may cancel your membership whenever you wish, simply by writing to us. Or, remain a member and take advantage of future money-saving bargains.

Substantial savings with our bonus plan.

For every regular purchase you do make, you'll receive bonus certificates good for discounts up to 50% off. (Shipping/handling added to each shipment.)

3 Compact Discs or Cassettes for just $1!

Begin your membership now by choosing any 3 albums shown here for just $1 plus shipping and handling. Send no money now. We want you to judge for yourself before you decide to become a member. If not delighted, return your 3 selections at the end of 10 days without obligation.

IPS 537, IPS/6650 E. 30th St./Indianapolis, IN 46219

The International Preview Society

P.O. Box 91406 • Indianapolis, IN 46291

☐ **YES!** Please accept my membership in The International Preview Society and send me, for 10 days' FREE examination, the 3 selections I have indicated below, under the terms of this offer. I may return them after 10 days and owe nothing, or keep them and pay only $1 (shipping and handling added to each shipment). I understand that I'm not obligated to buy anything...*ever!*

Please send all selections on ☐ **Compact Disc** ☐ **Cassette***

Write Selection Numbers Here:

***Note: Selections marked (*) are available on CD only.**

☐ Mr.
☐ Mrs.
☐ Miss First Name Initial Last Name (PLEASE PRINT)

Address Apt.

City State Zip

Telephone ( ) Area Code

Signature

Members who select CDs will be serviced by the BMG Compact Disc Club and will receive *CD Discovery* 19 times a year. Full membership details will follow with the same 10-Day, no-obligation, no minimum purchase privilege. Current BMG CD Club members not eligible for this offer.

PGN (PJ)

ZAPGN (BF)

Limited to new members, continental U.S.A. only. One membership per family. We reserve the right to request additional information or reject any application. Local taxes, if any, will be added.

this sort of contentious obsession—God knows what's underneath all that.

LOFTON: Well, yes, He does know.

GINSBERG: You've got to remember that I'm talking on the basis of the experience of remembering my unconscious. And maybe you're not as aware of what's going on in your mind as I am about what's going on in mine. And therefore when you condemn impulses or fantasies that I'm willing to be candid about, you may not be so familiar with your own mind as to know that you do contain—

LOFTON: Mr. Ginsberg, the Book of Jeremiah says that the human heart is *desperately* wicked. You don't have to tell me—a born-again Christian, Calvinist, Reformed, Puritan—about the variety of evil fantasies human beings have. I read the Bible, sir.

GINSBERG: But you don't read your unconscious, the contents of your mind, very carefully. You don't remember your dreams, your daydreams, subliminal thinking.

LOFTON: You know why?

GINSBERG: Why?

LOFTON: Because I'm not like you. You're a heathen who imagines vain things. You have an overactive imagination, a mental cancer.

GINSBERG: No, it's not quite like that. Do you know anything about meditation practice?

At this point Ginsberg offers to show Lofton how to meditate. Lofton agrees but asks Ginsberg if he plans to take off his clothes. Ginsberg says no. They meditate. They resume the interview.

LOFTON: The 1970 *Current Biography* says that you aren't a proselytizer for homosexuality. What does that mean?

GINSBERG: I'm observing my own mind and consciousness and reporting on that and trying to be candid. Walt Whitman, who was a very great poet and, incidentally, gay, said he thought that for poets and orators of the future the great quality would be candor, frankness, truthfulness.

LOFTON: Well, Walt Whitman suffered from, if I may say so, what might be called terminal candor—not unlike yourself.

GINSBERG: You don't like Whitman?

LOFTON: No.

GINSBERG: Have you read Whitman?

LOFTON: Some.

GINSBERG: Do you remember the name of the poem you read?

LOFTON: Yes, one that says something like: "So I make mistakes. I contradict myself. So what? I contain all things." This is absurd. Talk about arrogance.

GINSBERG: Dig this.

LOFTON: I'm diggin' it.

GINSBERG: He says: "Do I contradict myself? Very well. I contradict myself. I am large. I contain multitudes." Do you know what he meant by that?

LOFTON: Probably nothing good. And I doubt if he knew what he meant.

GINSBERG: Yeah, he did. I know what he meant.

LOFTON: How do you know what he meant?

GINSBERG: *[laughs]* Because I am large. I contain multitudes.

LOFTON: But you might contradict yourself.

GINSBERG: Yes. And I certainly will contradict myself.

LOFTON: This will be one of your multitudes—the ability to contradict yourself.

GINSBERG: That's what Whitman is saying—

LOFTON: It's gibberish.

GINSBERG: That our own minds are so vast that we can wind up contradicting ourselves without having to freak out about it. It's very similar to what the poet John Keats said about negative capability. He said the quality of a very great poet like Shakespeare was his ability to contain opposite ideas in the mind without an irritable reaching out after fact and reason. Meaning that that part of the mind which judges, and irritably insists on either

[Checklist]

PRAYERS A LA CARTE

From a direct-mail fund-raising letter sent by the Reverend Ike, senior minister of the United Church in New York City. The letter offers a list of personal "needs" and urges recipients to check off their own and send a donation. The reverend promises to include donors' requests in his prayers at a special service.

- ☐ A closer walk with God
- ☐ Better appetite
- ☐ Crying spells
- ☐ Problems sleeping
- ☐ Back trouble
- ☐ Foot trouble
- ☐ Skin trouble
- ☐ Female trouble
- ☐ Gall bladder
- ☐ Hay fever
- ☐ Prostate
- ☐ Underweight
- ☐ Nervous
- ☐ Bad habits
- ☐ Mental oppression
- ☐ Anorexia
- ☐ Hemorrhoids
- ☐ Indigestion
- ☐ Colon
- ☐ Eczema
- ☐ Fainting spells
- ☐ Past-due bills
- ☐ Peace of mind
- ☐ Ulcers
- ☐ Need a job
- ☐ Better job
- ☐ Increase in pay
- ☐ New home
- ☐ Car (what make)

TAKE ANY 3 FOR $1 EACH

Plus a 4th at the low Member's price. **NO RISK, NO COMMITMENT.**

EMPIRES AND THEIR LEGACIES

A History of Private Life, Volume I: From Pagan Rome to Byzantium *Edited by Philippe Aries, Georges Duby and Paul Veyne*
4374. $29.50/**$19.95**

Maya: The Riddle and Rediscovery of a Lost Civilization *by Charles Gallenkamp.* Incorporates a century of research. **2535.** $22.95/**$16.95**

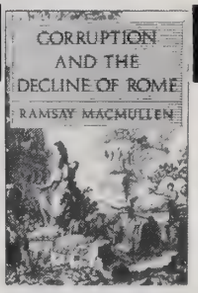
A History of the Vikings, Revised Edition *by Gwyn Jones* **1172.** $25/**$16.50**



1859. $15/**$10.50**



7005. $39.95/**$21.50**



5975. $25/**$17.95**



5884. $27.50/**$18.50**

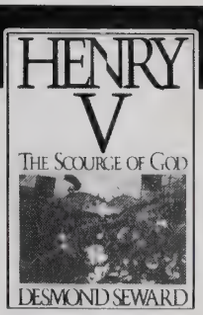
STATESMEN, GENERALS and THE RULING CLASS

Catherine the Great *by John T. Alexander*
1073. $24.95/**$18.95**

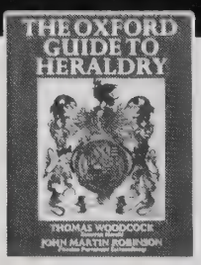
The Autobiography of Henry VIII *by Margaret George.* A riveting story of a king overcome by power and its peril. **3509.** $19.95/**$15.95**

Eleanor of Aquitaine and the Four Kings *by Amy Kelly* **7187.** $20/**$14.50**

Frederick the Great: The Magnificent Enigma *by Robert B. Asprey* **3244.** $29.95/**$19.95**



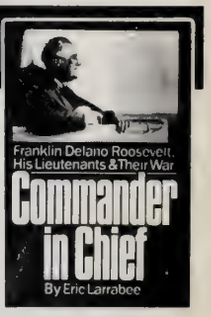
7641. $19.95/**$16.50**



8185. $35/**$26.50**



6627. $24.95/**$17.95**



6270. $25/**$17.95**

TIMELESS ISSUES, ENDURING IDEAS

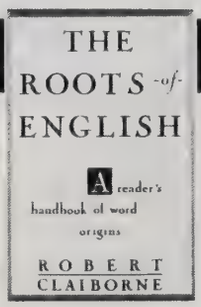
The Bible as History, 2nd Revised Edition *by Werner Keller.* Archaeology and science document biblical history. **3012.** $14.95/**$10.95**

Technology and War: From 2000 B.C. to the Present *by Martin Van Creveld*
1024. $22.95/**$17.95**

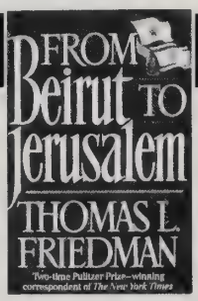
Testament: The Bible and History *by John Romer* **1560.** $35/**$24.95**



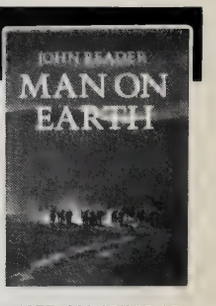
1792. $22.95/**$18.50**



1933. $18.95/**$15.95**



1925. $22.95/**$17.50**



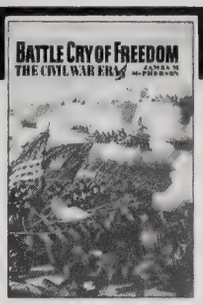
1677. $29.95/**$22.95**

THE WARRING WORLD

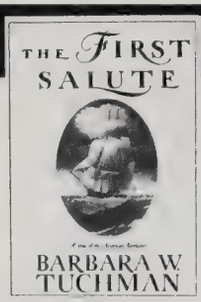
Two Great Rebel Armies: An Essay in Confederate Military History *by Richard McMurry*
9282. $22.50/**$16.95**

A Bright Shining Lie: John Paul Vann and America in Vietnam *by Neil Sheehan*
1495. $24.95/**$18.50**

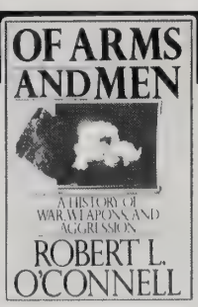
The Price of Admiralty *by John Keegan*
1297. $21.95/**$17.95**



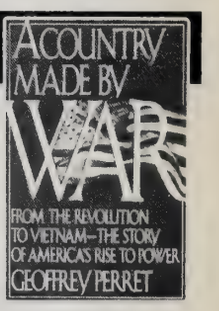
3988. $35/**$19.50**



6080. $22.95/**$17.50**



1578. $24.95/**$18.95**



1719. $22.50/**$17.95**

(First price is Publisher's List. **Boldface** is Member's price.)

Save on the best recent history titles.

No matter what area of history you enjoy reading about most, you'll find that History Book Club offers some of the finest selections being published today. And no book club we know offers greater savings–as much as 30% off publishers' list prices.

You can save even more by taking advantage of our Introductory Offer. Select any three books on this page for $1 each when you take a fourth book at the low Member's price, plus shipping and handling. Thereafter, you're not obligated to order any more books. You may cancel membership at any time by notifying History Book Club. We may cancel your membership if you elect not to buy at least one book in any six-month period.

How the Club works. You'll be able to choose from 150 to 200 books featured each month. History Book Club always offers its members well-made, long-lasting editions.

You'll receive our *Review* and a dated Reply Form 14 times a year (about every 4 weeks), plus up to 4 more offers of special selections. If you want the "Editors' Choice," do nothing–the book will come automatically. If you want another book, or no books at all, return the Reply Form by the date specified. A shipping and handling charge is added to each shipment.

Your HBC Guarantee: If you receive an unwanted "Editors' Choice" because you had less than 10 days to decide, simply return it and pay nothing.

History Book Club®
Camp Hill, PA 17012-8805

Please enroll me in History Book Club according to the no-risk, no-commitment terms outlined in the accompanying ad. Send me the four books whose numbers I have listed below. Bill me $1 each for the 3 choices on the left, and the fourth at the low Member's price, plus shipping and handling.

H067-1-0

☐ ☐ ☐ ☐

0-13

Name_____
(Please print clearly.)

Address_____ Apt. #_____

City_____ State_____ Zip_____

All orders subject to approval. Prices generally higher in Canada.
© 1990 History Book Club, Inc.

black or white, is only a small part of the mind. The larger mind observes the contradiction, and contains those contradictions. The mind that notices that it contradicts itself is bigger than the smaller mind that is taking one side or the other.

LOFTON: You speak very confidently about this. Where do you get your ideas about what the mind is?

GINSBERG: By direct observation through meditation practice.

LOFTON: But, at most, this would tell you only about *your* mind, wouldn't it? You were making statements about *the* mind.

GINSBERG: I should say I noticed this about my mind and John Keats noticed it about his mind. Sure, you might want to check out which side is right, but when you get irritable about it and insist on one or the other, black or white, it's likely you'll eliminate some information from both sides.

LOFTON: Is *nothing* black-and-white?

GINSBERG: Nothing is completely black-and-white. Nothing.

[Thesaurus Entry]

CHOOSE YOUR WEAPON

From The Random House Thesaurus of Slang, *compiled by Esther and Albert E. Lewin. The thesaurus lists 150,000 slang words and phrases.*

GUN n. artillery, cannon, blaster, gauge (shotgun), gat, piece, iron, rod, snubby, snub nose, snub noser, snub-nosed automatic, lug, Saturday night special, six-gun, six-shooter, bean shooter, peashooter, popper, pop, equalizer, difference, speaker, mister speaker, persuader, convincer, hardware, heater, heat, Betsy, patsy, Bolivar, Oscar, roscoe, mahoska, jerry, canister, canojerod, hog's leg, forty-five, deuce-deuce, trey-eight, smokepole, smoke wagon, zip gun, slim, belly gun, snug, spud, potato, stick, boom stick, tool, noise tool, toy, works, business, blow, bark, barker, bow wow, boom boom (WW II), biscuit, pickle, prod, copper-dropper, crowd-pleaser (police), scatter gun, bear insurance, chopper, chatterbox, Chicago piano, grease gun, burp gun (submachine), dumb gat, gagged gat, hush hush, sissy rod (silencer), stun gun, taser (electric shock), hang (balance).

[Letter]

BIDDING MR. OVITZ ADIEU

Excerpted from a letter sent in October by the screenwriter Joe Eszterhas to his agent, Michael Ovitz, the chairman of Creative Artists Agency. After receiving the letter, which recounts threats Ovitz allegedly made to Eszterhas, Ovitz replied that his own memory of their conversation "bore no relationship" to Eszterhas's recollection. Faced with possible sanctions by the Writers Guild of America, CAA then agreed to a statement that any threats to a writer's career opportunities would be "a serious breach" of guild rules; the guild did not allow CAA to deny Eszterhas's allegations. Eszterhas wrote Flashdance, Jagged Edge, *and* Music Box.

Dear Mike,

Two weeks ago I walked into your office and told you I was leaving CAA. Not for any reason that had to do with CAA's performance on my behalf; I was leaving, I said, because Guy McElwaine [of International Creative Management] was back in the agency business and Guy was my oldest friend in town. He was one of my first agents; he was responsible for the biggest breakthrough in my thirteen-year career. . . . My decision, I told you, had to do with loyalty and friendship and nothing else.

I knew when I walked in that you wouldn't be happy—no other writer at CAA makes $1.25 million a screenplay—but I was unprepared for the crudity and severity of your response. You told me that if I left, "my foot soldiers who go up and down Wilshire Boulevard each day will blow your brains out." You said that you would sue me: "I don't care if I win or lose, but I'm going to tie you up with depositions and court dates so that you won't be able to spend any time at your typewriter." You said: "If you make me eat shit, I'm going to make you eat shit. . . ." You said: "If somebody came into the building and took my Lichtenstein off the wall, I'd go after them. I'm going to go after you the same way. You're one of this agency's biggest assets. . . ."

You said all these things in a friendly, avuncular way. "I like you," you said. "I like your closeness to your family. I like how hard you work. I like your positive outlook. I like the fact that you have no directing or producing ambitions. You write original screenplays with star parts. Your ideas are great and so are your scripts. I like everything about you," you said, "except your shirt." You said I reminded you of one of your children. The child would build these wooden blocks up high and then would knock all the blocks down. "I'm not going to let



Landscape in Forward Motion, *a painting by Stephen Fox. From a show of his work last fall at the O. K. Harris gallery in New York City. Fox's work will be shown at the Virginia Museum of Fine Arts next fall.*

you do this to yourself," you said.

That night at a dinner, Rand Holston [another CAA agent] was friendly, too, but he described the situation more specifically. Rand said you were the best friend anyone could have and the worst enemy. What would happen, I asked Rand, if I left CAA? "Mike's going to put you into the fucking ground," Rand said. Rand listed the particulars: If I left CAA, no CAA star would play in any of my scripts. "You write star vehicles," Rand said, "not ensemble pieces. This would be particularly damaging to you." In addition, Rand said, no CAA director would direct my scripts.

But perhaps most important, Rand said, is that you would go out of your way with studio executives and company executives to speak about me unfavorably. . . . "There's no telling what Mike will say when he's angry," Rand said. "When I saw him after the meeting with you, the veins were bulging out of his neck." Even worse, Rand said, was that you would make sure the studio people knew that I was on your "shit list." And since most studio executives anxiously want to use CAA's stars in their pictures, these executives would avoid me "like the plague" to curry favor with you and your stars. . . .

To say that I was in shock after my meetings with you and Rand would be putting it mildly. What you were threatening me with was a new version of the old-fashioned blacklist. . . . You were threatening to destroy my career because I refused to turn my back on a friend.

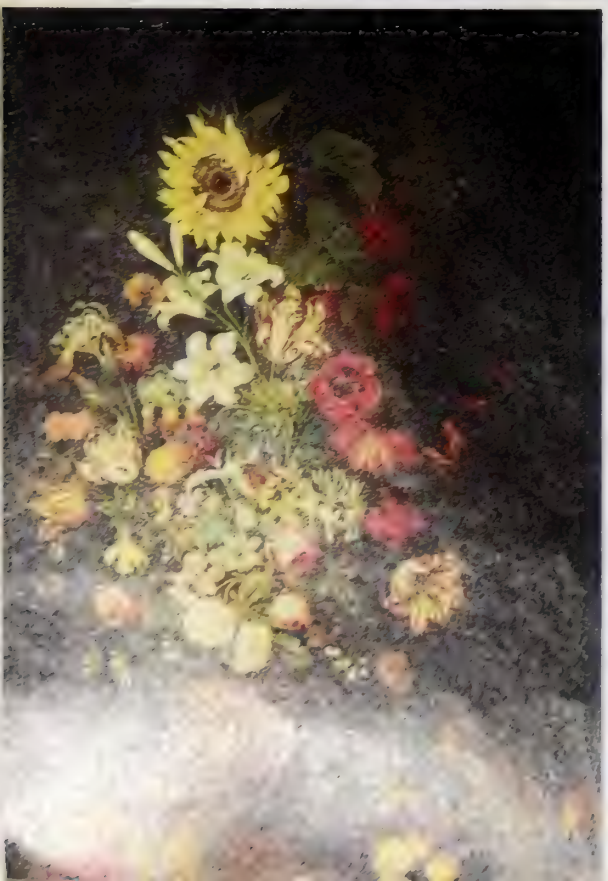
I live in Marin County; I spend my time with my family and with my work; I've avoided industry power entanglements for thirteen years. Now I felt, as I told my wife when I came home to think all this over, like an infant who wakes up in his crib with a 1,000-pound gorilla screeching in his face.

In the two weeks that have gone by, I have thought about little else than the things you and Rand said to me. Plain and simple, cutting out all the smiles and friendliness, it's blackmail. It's extortion, the street-hood protection racket we've seen too many times in bad gangster movies. If you don't pay us the money, we'll burn your store down. . . . Even the dialogue was out of those bad gangster movies: "blow your brains out" and "put you into the fucking ground" and "If you make me eat shit, I'm going to make you eat shit."

As I thought about what had happened, I continued, increasingly, to be horrified by it. You are agents. Your role is to help and encour-

The Brilliant









Bequests.





It was an unprecedented idea. The year was 1816, and Richard, seventh Viscount Fitzwilliam of Merrion, wanted the University of Cambridge to have its own art museum. His bequest began the Fitzwilliam Museum, considered by many to be the finest small museum in Europe.

Now we can see why in a remarkable exhibition entitled "Treasures from the Fitzwilliam Museum: The Increase of Learning and Other Great Objects." The exhibition is as exceptional for its diversity as for its quality. It is virtually a guided tour through the history of art, with highly selective stops along the way. Pause to see a lion's ferocity on an ancient Persian coin. Leap forward a few centuries and see the power of paintings by Titian and Rubens. Stop by a drawing by Rembrandt or a print by Degas. Spend some time with sculpture from ancient Greece, or furniture from 19th-century England. In every case, what we see is what caught the discerning eye and passionate interests of generations of Cambridge-educated scholars and collectors.

We wanted to give this exhibition our support. It is rare that such collections travel, and to see this one is immensely enriching. There's the immediate benefit in seeing the finest art from other civilizations, but there is also the more lasting benefit — inevitably, we want to learn more.

National Tour: National Gallery of Art, Washington, DC, March 19-June 18, 1989
Kimbell Art Museum, Fort Worth, TX, July 15-October 15, 1989
National Academy of Design, New York, NY, November 15-January 28, 1990
High Museum of Art, Atlanta, GA, February 20-May 6, 1990
Los Angeles County Museum of Art, Los Angeles, CA, June 21-September 9, 1990

The exhibition is organized by the Fitzwilliam Museum and the National Gallery of Art, Washington, DC.

Philip Morris Companies Inc.

Philip Morris U.S.A.
Philip Morris International Inc.
Kraft General Foods
Miller Brewing Company
Mission Viejo Company

(Clockwise Top Left) DECANTER, 1865, William Burges. THE LAST OF ENGLAND, 1860, Ford Madox Brown. TWO MEN'S HEADS, circa 1600, Camillo Procaccini. (Bottom Right) CHARLES, 7TH EARL OF NORTHAMPTON, 1758, Pompeo Batoni. RECUMBENT HORSE, 17th-century Chinese, black and grey jade. VASE OF FLOWERS WITH A MONKEY, circa 1635, Ambrosius II Brosschaert.

age my career and my creativity. Your role is not to place me in emotional turmoil and threaten to destroy my family's livelihood if I don't do your bidding. I am not an asset; I am a human being. I am not a painting hung on someone's wall. . . . I am not a child playing with blocks. This isn't a game. It's my life.

What I have decided, simply, after this period of time, is that I cannot live with myself and continue to be represented by you. I find the threats you and Rand made to be morally repugnant. I simply can't function on a day-to-day business basis with you and Rand without feeling myself dirtied. Maybe you can beat the hell out of some people and they will smile at you afterward and make nice, but I can't do that. I have always believed, both personally and in my scripts, in the triumph of the human spirit. I have abhorred bullying of all kinds—by government, by police, by political extremism of the left and the right, by the rich. Maybe it's because I came to this country as a child and was the victim of a lot of bullying when I was an adolescent. But I always fought back; I was bloodied a lot, but I fought back.

I know the risks I am taking; I am not doing this blithely. Yes, you might very well be able to hurt me with your stars, your directors, and your friends on the executive level. . . . But I will risk all that. Rich or poor, successful or not, I have always been able to look at myself in the mirror.

I am not saying that I don't take your threats seriously; I take your threats very seriously indeed. But I have discussed all this with my wife, with my fifteen-year-old boy and my thirteen-year-old girl, and they support my decision. After three years of searching, we bought a bigger and much more expensive house recently. We have decided, because of your threats and the uncertainty they cast on my future, to put the new house up for sale and stay in our old one. You told me of your feeling for your own family. Do you have any idea how much pain and turmoil you've caused mine?

I think the biggest reason I can't stay with you has to do with my children. I have taught them to fight for what's right. What you did is wrong. I can't teach my children one thing and then, on the most elemental level, do another. I am not that kind of man.

So do whatever you want to do, Mike, and fuck you. I have my family and I have my old imperfect manual typewriter, and they have always been the things I've treasured the most.

My attorney will officially notify you that I have left CAA, and from this date on Guy McElwaine will represent me.

Sincerely,
Joe Eszterhas

[Guidelines]

PUTTING ON THE SQUEEZE

From a set of instructions sent by the office of entertainer Steve Allen to a Nashville television station before he appeared on a show last summer.

Although Mr. Allen's hosts are generally known for the hospitality they extend, he does not wish anyone to go to the expense of setting up any kind of hospitality bar in his hotel suite.

Mr. Allen prefers *fresh-squeezed* fruit juices—orange juice, grape juice—and perhaps a supply of apples, bananas, oranges—that sort of thing (enough to last throughout his stay). Also, please make sure they're *in his suite when he arrives,* not sent up hours later, as sometimes happens. (I know that Mr. Allen is NOT particularly fond of orange juice made from concentrate. If they have only that kind of orange juice in your town, well, of course, I'm sure he'd rather have that than none at all. But you can get real juice just about anyplace these days, so please do that if you can, and buy the concentrate only as a last resort.)

Another odd problem that sometimes comes up, out of what I'm sure are lovely motives, is that certain host groups lavish upon Mr. Allen enough juice and fruit to support a family of six for a week. In situations where he might be in residence at a particular hotel for several days, it does make sense to provide enough fruit and juice to last that long. However, since juices sometimes turn quickly, no great amount should be available when he arrives. There have been recent situations in which hotels have provided several bunches of grapes, a dozen or so oranges, eight or ten apples, two or three pineapples, a coconut, papayas, kiwifruit—well, I'm sure you get the idea.

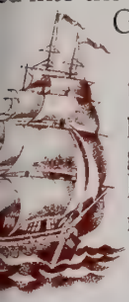
SPECIAL NOTE: As may have already come to your attention, in recent years there has been a serious collapse of efficiency in America across the board. We see this reflected in Mr. Allen's personal experience, particularly when he travels. For example, the simple instructions above—having fruit juice and fruit available in his hotel room when he arrives—have, in recent years, only rarely been properly attended to.

At the risk of sounding dramatic, therefore, I must emphasize the *importance* of this detail.

Formerly, employers were able to attend to it by simply giving instructions to a hotel staff, usually the Room Service department. The day when that sort of instruction could be depended upon is, as I say, apparently long past. Accordingly, it will be necessary for you—or someone

IN THE HANDS OF ONE STUBBORN SWEDE, THEY BECAME A PERFECT CUP OF COFFEE.

Over 100 years ago, fleet
per ships laden with choice
bica coffee beans regularly
ed into the small port of
Gävle, Sweden.



There they unloaded precious beans gathered from East African mountainsides and steamy South Amer- forests into the Nordic
l. Horse-drawn carts trans-
ed the exotic cargo over cob-
streets, to the quarters of
or Theodor Engwall & Co.

What happened next is
gend we invite you to dis-
r for yourself—by tasting
ee we believe to be the
t perfect in the world:
alia® Kaffe.

Engwall spent years stub-
nly roasting and blending
tasting and testing the
finest beans. Until
finally, he created
coffee so rich and
aromatic it has
received the Royal
Seal from three
generations
weden's Kings.



Th. Engwall

You can taste his obses-
with perfection in every
of Gevalia Kaffe. It lives
n the precision, low-heat
ting process. The demand-
palates of our coffee tasters.
l in the rich blending of
yan AA, Costa Rican,
ombian, Guatemalan—
o six varieties of choice
bica beans.

The result is coffee so
le, so rich in
ee essence,
nnot be cap-
d in words alone,
ust be experienced
hand.

NJOY OUR PERFECT COFFEE, YOUR WAY

Gevalia Kaffe is not
in stores in the U.S. But
you can be among a small
up of American coffee
rs who have Gevalia
conveniently delivered to
their homes and offices by the
Gevalia Kaffe Import Service.

Gevalia is a whole bean
coffee which we will grind for
you if you prefer. You may
also order Gevalia naturally
decaffeinated. We employ a

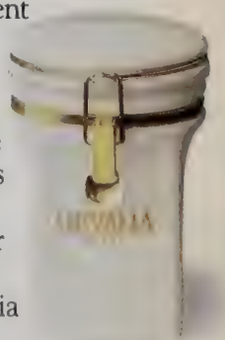


patented process which uses
the same ingredients found in
sparkling water to remove caf-
feine naturally, while leaving
the full flavor intact.

To preserve freshness,
each batch of Gevalia is
vacuum-sealed in half-pound
golden pouches within sec-
onds after roasting.

THE REGAL GEVALIA KAFFE CANISTER— YOURS AS A GIFT
(Retail Value $25.00)

When you order your
Trial Shipment
of Gevalia
Kaffe, we'll
send you a
gift to assure
the freshness
of Gevalia
Kaffe in your
home: the
Regal Gevalia
Canister.



Of porcelain-glazed
black or white ceramic, this
imported canister is inscribed
in gold lettering with the
Royal Crest of Sweden, and
is the same as the one
which graces the Swedish
Royal Palace. Its ingen-
ious closure device locks
in freshness by creating
an airtight seal.

In your hands, the order
form attached can bring our
rich coffee to your home. Or
secure your trial shipment and
free Canister by calling, toll-
free, **1-800-678-2687.**

If another coffee lover has already used the reply form, please write to: Gevalia Kaffe Import Service, P.O. Box 11424, Des Moines, IA 50336 or call, toll-free, **1-800-678-2687** for full details.

G · E · V · A · L · I · A K · A · F · F · E

A SWEDISH OBSESSION

you designate—to personally *supervise* this one detail.

If there is the slightest question in your mind about this, please feel free to discuss the matter with me by phone. Naturally, neither Mr. Allen nor any other entertainer ought to have to be personally concerned about making inquiries about such things when he arrives in your city, so I would really appreciate it if you could just arrange to have the juice and fruit waiting in his room, the way it was for many years.

THANK YOU!

[Opinion]

AND JUSTICE FOR DOGS

From "Dogs Caught in Divorce," by Justice David B. Saxe, in the August issue of Dog World. *Saxe is a New York State Supreme Court judge in Manhattan.*

Just as children sometimes become pawns in matrimonial litigation, pets often are the focal points in bitter divorce proceedings. As a judge who is sensitive to animals, especially dogs, I would look at certain factors in determining who should get custody of the family dog if the parties can't agree. For example, I would try to find out which party could best care for the animal. I would want to know the dog's living arrangements, how often it would be walked, and—if a remarriage was in the future—what types of conflicts might arise with new children and pets in the household. Whose dog it was before the marriage would *not* be of great importance.

There are some innovative couples who attempt a system of joint custody in which the dog is shuttled back and forth between ex-spouses on a weekly basis. As with joint child-custody arrangements, joint pet arrangements generally don't work unless the former mates get along—a highly unusual state of affairs!

Divorce often makes the pet expendable. Sometimes the warring parties may put aside their rancor and make intelligent provisions for their faithful companion; other times a judge will have to intervene. And when it's this judge, I will make sure that the party who gets the dog is the one who is best able to

[How-to]

SUCCESSFUL MINGLING

From "Strategy #5: Great Opening Lines," in How to Work a Room: A Guide to Successfully Managing the Mingling, *by Susan RoAne, published by Shapolsky Publishers.*

The quest for the perfect opening line may be as old as humankind—yet there is no such thing. It is far better to say *something* than to wait for the perfect clever remark. Even if what you say isn't going to change the world, don't lose the opportunity to begin a conversation.

One opener that's been suggested to me is, "Are you alone by choice or by chance?" The response will give you a clue about how to proceed.

Some other good areas on which to comment are:

1. the facility
2. the food
3. the organization
4. the traffic and parking
5. the guest of honor
6. the charity/community that will benefit from the event

But what do you actually say?

Look around the room. Observe the situation. What is happening? Does there seem to be a good crowd? Do they seem to be enjoying themselves? Was the traffic or parking difficult? Observations about any of these things might be good conversation starters. Saying something humorous or unexpected is even better.

The questions you ask should be relevant. Do your homework to find out about the group and the people who will be attending the event. Questions should be open-ended enough to encourage a response. Here are some sample questions for various events:

Political Fund-raiser:

What made you decide to support this candidate?

How long have you been involved in the campaign?

Charity Benefit:

How did you get involved with the March of Dimes (Lung Association, etc.)?

Professional Association Banquet:

Are you a member of this association?

How long have you been active in this organization?

Neighbor's Daughter's Wedding:
Do you know the bride or groom?
How did you meet him or her?

Jogging Track:
How often do you run here?
How does this compare to the other tracks you've run?

[Monologue]

NEWLYWEDS, NEWLY CONSIDERED

By Jerome Stern. This monologue aired August 1, 1989, on All Things Considered, *National Public Radio's daily news broadcast. Stern's monologue "What They Learn in School" appeared in the August 1989 issue of* Harper's Magazine.

I am watching *The New Newlywed Game.*
The host has just asked the wives to tell what their husbands will say when the husbands are asked what article of her clothing is most likely to make them say, "Va va voom."
We already know how long they knew each other before they first made whoopee.
The couples joyfully betray each other for outdoor barbecue sets.
I think of them selling their most private acts, their personal intimacy, to the audience, which is laughing at their crossed stories and public squabbles.
"You don't remember that time in the kitchen?"
The audience whoops with salacious delight.
These people are clowns, with no sense of shame, no sense of privacy, of middle-class dignity.
I sink deeper into my depression at their eagerness to tell the world whether on their first date she was as slow as molasses or as easy as pie.
This is the ultimate in American tastelessness.
Then I begin to realize something.
These are not the people who have been fooled into believing that their lives are insulated by two-acre lawns and uniformed doormen.
The new newlyweds know that from elementary school on they've been measured and quantified, that in order to get their jobs, what jobs they have, they have been credit-checked, background-checked, and foreground-checked.
And they live lives of urine tests and blood tests and lie-detector tests and school transcripts and police records and intimate questionnaires and they have to give their social security numbers to anyone who asks them or go without what they want.
Every purchase they've ever charged, every blouse and jacket and motel bill, is on the computer. Their medication, their polyps, their bladders, their anxieties and depressions are all recorded as permanently as their dental X rays.
And should anyone believe they are of any significance, their neighbors will be questioned, their family investigated, and their old friends quizzed.
And the new newlyweds know this and manifest their lack of privacy with liveliness and vigor.
And their exhibitionism defies taste and dignity, and redeems them.
The new newlyweds know they've been tagged, they've been bagged, they've been itemized, they've been inventoried, they've been weighed, they've been assayed, and they've been betrayed, and the only aspects of their lives that they control they control by saying them first.
What we give, you can't take.
These people are not fools,
For they understand the present and they foretell the future.
The new newlyweds act out our reality.
It is not a game. It is prophecy.
The only difference between us and you is that we're getting an outdoor barbecue.

[Stockholders Report]

DEATH TAKES A SABBATICAL

From the 1989 second-quarter report to shareholders of the Loewen Group, a company that operates funeral homes, cemeteries, crematoriums, and ambulance services in the United States and Canada.

According to various provincial departments of vital statistics in Canada, and the U.S. National Center for Health Statistics, there has been a decrease in the death rate across North America in 1989 of approximately 4 to 6 percent in various regions of Canada and approximately 3 percent in the United States. There are no discernible causes for this abnormal decrease in the death rate, and the company expects a return to normal levels. Earnings for the first six months of 1989 were on target, however, and reflect management's recognition of and timely response to this trend.

[Essay]

ONE EUROPE, UNDER CRITICISM

From "On Criticism, Aesthetics, and Europe," by Milan Kundera, in the Summer issue of The Review of Contemporary Fiction, *published in Elwood Park, Illinois. Kundera's essay is excerpted from his introduction to* La Littérature contre elle-même, *by François Ricard. Translated from the French and edited by Lois Oppenheim.*

A work of art does not need a specialist to be understood. Unless foolish or insensitive, anyone can understand both *Madame Bovary* and *The Castle*, and that is why experts attempting to explain what the writer wanted to say irritate us so. On the other hand, grasping the *value* of a work requires the utmost knowledge and competence, and this is why dilettantes who like to pass judgment without the least bit of modesty irritate us even more. To define the value of a novel, of a film, is to try to grasp what is new and irreplaceable in what it contributes, to articulate what previously unknown aspects of existence it has discovered. Let us consider the critic, therefore, as a *discoverer of discoveries*.

Given that the discovery contained in a work of art is by definition unforeseen and unpredictable, there exists no generally applicable method for seizing it; critical thinking is essentially *nonmethodical*. Just as a novel restores (contrary to the scientific mind) the irreducible and concrete character of life, literary criticism renders us sensitive to that which, in a work of art, is unique and therefore unforeseeable, therefore incalculable by a method.

Not only can the critic be wrong (and actually is wrong), but in no way can his judgment be verified: Everything he says remains his personal wager, his risk. However erroneous his thinking may be, nevertheless, if supported by true competence, it loses none of its usefulness; it provokes and engenders other thinking and thereby assists in constituting a *meditative background* that is indispensable to art.

Indispensable, for the work of art cannot be limited to mere contact with the public. The public is splintered and, hence, silent; no echoes reverberate from it. Without criticism, the discoveries effected by art go unnamed and thereby remain absent from the history of art, for a work enters history and becomes *visible* there only if its discoveries, its innovations, are specified and recognized. Without the meditative background that is criticism, works become isolated gestures, ahistorical accidents, soon forgotten. . . .

But does literary criticism (and art criticism in general) still exist? Nothing is less sure. This doubt has nothing to do with the traditional disdain of an author for critics. There are some among them that I admire and like. If, nonetheless, I doubt the very existence of criticism, it is because the forces of time, it seems to me, divert its function and inevitably transform it into a servant of the topical.

Books are published, they need to be sold, and the public finds itself more and more at the mercy of an enormous advertising and mass-media manipulation. Confronted with this situation, the honest critic tries to save what can still be saved, and he hastens to say as quickly as possible (to not lose out on the decisive moment of the campaign) and in the simplest way (to not lose out on the public at large) that he recommends or rejects whatever book has just appeared in the bookstores. It is therefore *thanks* to his sense of responsibility (for I am speaking of the honest critic), it is *thanks* to his goodwill, that he is drawn, little by little, into the advertising game, that he becomes a journalist among journalists, that he renounces all real thinking (for the accelerated rhythm of the market leaves him no time to think), so that the work, even if it is not wanting for buyers, suddenly finds itself on an empty stage, without any meditative background that could transform it into a historical fact and allow it to endure.



One of Europe's failures . . . consists . . . in its not having come to think of its literature, ex-

SMALL

MEDIUM

LARGE

EXTRA LARGE

If you're not sure what size sweater to order, ask your operator.

She'll make sure you get the one that fits.



Sharon, or Judy, or Marion, or Janice—yes, even Ed or Bob or Mike—any of our more than 300 operators who man (or woman) our Lands' End phones on any one shift, can reassure you as to size, or even color, or fit, or availability. We encourage all of our more than 1,000 operators to be well-informed about the clothing and soft luggage in our catalog. And they are.

The fact is, they enjoy being helpful, so they stay abreast of most of our products and procedures. Including our unconditional, two-word guarantee: GUARANTEED. PERIOD.®

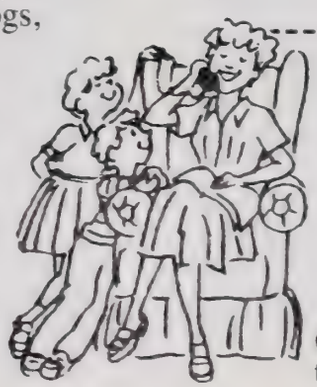
If you already have one of our catalogs, you'll find it convenient to have it at hand when you call. If not, why not ask for one? Or, if you prefer, mail back the coupon below. It's free—the catalog, that is.

Remember, you can call us toll-free any hour of the day or night, at 1-800-356-4444. One of us will answer. We certainly don't want you to talk to a machine. Never have, never will. Furthermore, we impose no time limit on calls. They last as long as it takes to satisfy you.

Repeating: 1-800-356-4444. It's even an easy number to dial!

LANDS' END® DIRECT MERCHANTS

© 1989, Lands' End, Inc.



Please send free catalog.

Lands' End, Inc. Dept. XX-23
Dodgeville, WI 53595

Name _____

Address _____

City _____

State _____ Zip _____

Or call toll-free: **1-800-356-4444.**





These photographs of icebergs in Greenland were taken by Lynn Davis and appeared in Ice, *a show of her work last fall at the Simon Lowinsky Gallery in New York City.*

cept in a few cases, as *European literature*. This is to say that Europe has yet to think of its literature not as the *sum* of various national histories but rather as a single history, a *single* uninterrupted and indivisible quest that Goethe, long ago, called "world literature," a concept that, according to him, should have, from then on, oriented all thinking on art. Of course, world literature, in the literal sense of the phrase, does not exist, or else it exists only as the disparate accumulation of literatures of diverse civilizations. Indeed, the word *world*, in Goethe's sense, meant a concrete and near "world": the Europe of modern times that, ever since, has enlarged its culture beyond its geographical borders. . . .

That is why he who lives in the city of the "world" novel must automatically and naturally be drawn to the enigma of Europe. . . . It is not necessarily in the great European capitals that Europe is most profoundly created; most profoundly, Europe is conceived where there is greatest need of her: in the Weimar of Goethe, for example (at the time a provincial town no larger than an Evreux or a St. Brieuc), or in Buenos Aires (where Witold Gombrowicz, by nostalgia, is becoming one of the rare knowingly and doggedly European writers), or in Quebec. . . .

The people of Quebec are living in a privileged moment: Their culture, young and unfinished, has yet the possibility of creating itself (of [illegible] as Sartre would have said), of laying its foundations, of defining itself. Nothing would be easier than to let this privileged moment slip by. I cannot help but think here of Gombrowicz, of his *Diary*. He, too, thinks only of this: *of not missing the privileged moment*. Indeed, says Gombrowicz, the privileged moment of Poland is precisely the possibility of remodeling (and remodeling means violating) Polishness, remodeling it so that Poland (or Quebec) might fully enter into Europe, for if it turns back onto itself, it is not Europe. And if it imitates Europe, it is not then Europe either. It will only be Europe if it contributes to her something irreplaceable, unforgettable, something that the intellectual history of Europe can no longer be without.

I have tried to define criticism as a meditation attempting to grasp and specify the discovery contained in a work; in so doing, criticism transforms the work into a historical fact, it makes of art the history of art. Thus, reflection on criticism and reflection on the belonging of Poland (or Quebec) to Europe converge and focus on the same question: Is Europe still capable of new intellectual and artistic discoveries? And if it is, is it also capable of recognizing, grasping, understanding them in order to make a history of them and to continue its adventure? Viewed in this perspective, the survival of literary criticism is, for the future of Europe, more decisive, without a doubt, than all the sessions, past and future, of the European Parliament in Strasbourg.

[Essay]

TRAIN OF THOUGHT

By Bernard Cooper. From the Summer 1989 issue of The Gettysburg Review, *a special issue on trains and railroads. Cooper's memoir "Dream House" appeared in the July 1989 issue of* Harper's Magazine. Maps to Anywhere, *a collection of his essays, is forthcoming from the University of Georgia Press. Cooper lives in Los Angeles.*

I searched through *Brewer's Dictionary of Phrase and Fable* to find information on the expression *train of thought* but found nothing under either *train* or *thought*. Certainly the origin of that expression couldn't have predated the invention of the locomotive in 1801. Before 1801, when a person was alert to a clattering onslaught of thoughts, big overloaded boxcars of thought, thoughts linked together and barreling by, what expression would that person have used? Take Voltaire, for instance, who was reputed to write while consuming over thirty cups of coffee a day (no wonder Candide endures misfortunes from pratfall to flogging in a mere ninety pages). Perhaps Voltaire, pen ashudder, likened his thoughts to stampeding horses or swarming bees. Had there been trains in the 1700s, it's not impossible that Voltaire himself would have been the one to coin the phrase *train of thought,* though *coin* is far too sluggish a verb to describe how that metaphor would have heaved itself upon him, careened through his imagination, preceded and followed by a dozen ideas of equal interest, as he paced in the dining car, coffee cup in hand, Parisian townships surging past the window, blurred as drops of gouache in water.

The reason for my sudden interest in the etymology of this expression is because it seems a product of the industrial age—that reign of clanking mechanical contraptions, pistons pumping, conveyor belts conveying—but a sadly lacking expression for the postindustrial age, when voluminous amounts of information are flicked across continents in nanoseconds and practically every day physicists proclaim the existence of a subatomic particle that is smaller and more elusive and shorter-lived than the particle thought to be the fundamental building block of matter the day before. And what with frequent technological advances in the rapid transmission of words and images, even the *lightning* in the term *lightning fast* seems inadequate, a waning glow in our vocabulary.

So the question is how to update the phrase *train of thought,* how to dust it off, streamline its antiquated angles, how to make it purr like a monorail, swoop through the beleaguered imagination with the thrust of the Concorde surpassing sound. You can replace the cowcatcher with a nose cone, use plutonium instead of coal, fit the caboose with a booster rocket, but that won't make it modern for long. At the rate science proceeds, rockets and missiles will one day seem like buffalo—slow, endangered grazers in the black pasture of outer space.

It was only twenty years ago that my father read me asleep from *The Big Book of Trains.* Each illustrated page explained the function of a single car—hopper, tank, flatcar, stock car—and I'd pull away from the station of my waking toward the blue, improbable twilight of dreams. In the realm of dreams there was a train of thought too, but wheeling freely off its track, strange fumes spewing from the smokestack. In one seminal dream from my childhood, I was on a train with a woman who was dressed in an enormous satin skirt. I was sitting on her lap, and we ladled cupfuls of cool water into each other's mouths. Her petticoats crackled each time I lifted the cup to her lips. "Where are we going?" I asked. "To the city," she said, "where the rustling of a woman's skirt sounds the same as the rain." I remember that dream because it was the first one from which I awoke with a phrase intact, a phrase that withstood the morning light, and I fell in love with words.

Watching TV when I was ten, I saw a lengthy succession of freight rolling past a boy my age. After it passed, he recited for a reporter the product name and serial number imprinted on the side of each car: Alpine Timber, 56782; Dromedary Products, 92301; Bandy Bros. Cattle, 94933. I envied the reach and precision of his memory, even after I learned that the boy was incapable of tying his shoelaces or naming the country in which he lived, even after I learned the meaning of the term *idiot savant.* I wonder, would it be so bad to find yourself stunted in the face of ordinary tasks if one, just one, train your entire life rumbled by and scored your mind with its indelible impression, its manifold numbers and assonant names, its raucous livestock, ripe oranges, mounds of ore, its pattern of sunlight bursting through the slats?

So many streets in downtown Los Angeles are imbedded with unused railroad track. On rainy days they gleam like the trails a snail leaves, veering off, aimless tangents, miles of metal sunk in puddles. Perhaps if you viewed them from the fortieth floor of the new Conoco Corporation headquarters, they would form the letters of a brief lament, a poem composed of cursive rails, about history washed away by rain, about the city's relentless change, the wrecking balls, boarded windows, haunted train yards, extinct machines.

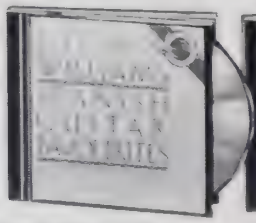
CLASSIC



Jean-Pierre Rampal—Music, My Love (CBS Master.) 383·349



Mahler: Symphony No.2 "Resurrection." Gilbert Kaplan, London Symphony(MCA Classics) 376·517/396·515



John Williams—Spanish Guitar Favorites (CBS Master.) 378·646



Luciano Pavarotti—Pavarotti in Concert (CBS Master.) 373·548



Portrait of Wynton Marsalis (CBS Master.) 373·

TAKE ANY 8 COMPAC



Placido Domingo—At The Philharmonic (CBS Master.) 379·289

Liszt: Piano Sonata; 3 Petrarca Sonnets; more Vladimir Feltsman, Piano (CBS Master.) 388·538

Yo-Yo Ma/Stephane Grapelli—Anything Goes *Mostly Cole Porter Tunes* (CBS) 387·845

Placido Domingo—The Unknown Puccini (CBS Master.) 387·829

Samuel Ramey—Opera Arias (Angel) 387·761

Liszt: Hungarian Rhapsodies. Zubin Mehta and Israel Philharmonic (CBS Master.) 386·607

Philip Glass: Solo Piano (CBS Masterworks) 386·581

Bob James—J.S.Bach: Concertos For 2 & 3 Keyboards & Synthorn. Guher & Suher Pekinel, Pianos (CBS Masterworks) 386·565

CBS Masterworks Dinner Classics—The Viennese Album (CBS Master.) 386·508

Stravinsky: Firebird; Jeu de Cartes. Esa-Pekka Salonen, Philharmonia (CBS Master.) 385·203

Sibelius: Symphonies Nos. 3 & 7. Simon Rattle, Birmingham Symphony 385·146

The King's Singers—20th Anniversary Celebration 386·327

Mozart: Requiem 383·364



The French Collection—Jazz Impressions Of French Classics by Ravel, Debussy, Faure, Poulenc, Satie (Angel) 386·623

Bach: Brandenberg Concertos: etc. Ransom Wilson, Gerald Schwarz, L.A. Chamber Orchestra 372·367/392·365

Lotte Lenya—The Lotte Lenya Album (CBS Master.) 371·138

Lotte Lenya Sings Kurt Weill. 3 Penny Opera, etc. (CBS Master.) 371·112

Gershwin: American In Paris; Cuban Overture; etc. Slatkin, St. Louis Sym (Angel) 371·096

The Bernstein Songbook—selections from West Side Story, On The Town, etc. Bernstein cond. (CBS) 371·088

Leonard Bernstein, Conductor—The Encore Collection, Vol. I (CBS Master.) 371·047

Rimsky-Korsakov: Scheherazade; Russian Easter Over.; Mehta, Israel Phil. (CBS Master.) 371·021

John Arpin—Scott Joplin's Greatest Hits 370·221

Schumann: Symphonies [illegible] Comissiona, Houseton

[illegible] Williams— [illegible] 369·769

[illegible] 365·244

[illegible] Marsalis— [illegible]

Sibelius: Symphony No. 5. Esa-Pekka Salonen and Philharmonia Orchestra (CBS Master.) 358·135

Tchaikovsky Waltzes—Comissiona, Houston Sym. (Pro Arte) 357·871

Beethoven: Piano Conc. No. 5. Perahia; Haitink, Concertgebouw Orch. (CBS Masters.) 357·657

Gershwin: Rhapsody In Blue; etc. Tilson Thomas, L.A. Philharmonic (CBS Masters.) 339·226

Mozart: Symphonies Nos. 40 & 41 (Jupiter). Kubelik, Bavarian Radio Symphony (CBS Master.) 339·044

Chopin: Impromptus; Barcarolle; Berceuse; etc. Murray Perahia, piano (CBS Master.) 337·550

Bach: Sonatas For Flute & Harpsichord (cpl); more. Rampal, Pinnock.(CBS Master.) 336·578/396·572

Maria Callas—The Unknown Recordings 1957-1969 (Angel) 364·596

Brahms: Piano Concerto No. 1. Peter Serkin; Robert Shaw, Atlanta Sym.(Pro Arte) 363·127



Dvorak: Violin Concerto; Romance; Carnival Over. Midori; Mehta, NY Phil. (CBS Master.) 386·573

Brahms: Double Concerto. Isaac Stern, Yo-Yo Ma; Abbado, Chicago Sym.(CBS Master.)367·250

Mendelssohn: Violin Concerto; **Saint-Saens:** Intr. & Rondo Capriccioso; **Massenet:** Meditation Nadja Salerno-Sonnenberg (Angel) 366·872

Gilbert & Sullivan: H.M.S. Pinafore. Phipps, New Sadler's Wells Opera Chorus & Orch.(MCA Classics) 366·831/396·838

Canadian Brass—Bach: Art Of The Fugue (CBS Master.) 366·740

Beethoven: Symphony No. 9. Norrington, The London Classical Players(Angel) 365·619

Placido Domingo—A Love Until the End of Time (CBS) 365·262

Vladimir Feltsman—American "Live" Debut (CBS Master.) 365·254/395·251

Verdi: Requiem Mar[illegible] Rinaldi, Chorus & Orch. [illegible] 244

[illegible] Marsalis— [illegible] 365

Copland: Clarinet Concerto; Quiet City; Music For The Theatre; more. Schwarz, N.Y: Chamber Sym.(Angel) 383·299

Mendelssohn: Symphony No. 4 (Italian); Overture & Incidental Music to "A Midsummer Night's Dream." Mackerras, Orch. Of The Age Of Enlight. (Virgin Classics) 383·190

Beethoven: Symphony No. 3 (Eroica). Norrington, London Classical Players(Angel) 382·754

Great Sopranos Of Our Time (Angel) 381·335

Great Tenors Of Our Time (Angel) 381·319

Barber: Symphony No. 2; more. A. Schenck, New Zealand Symphony (Stradivari Class.) 380·014

Portrait Of Yo-Yo Ma (CBS Master.) 379·941

Canadian Brass—Gabrieli, Monteverdi —Antiphonal Music (CBS Master.) 379·933

Andres Segovia, Guitar—Segovia Collection, Vol. 5 (MCA Classics) 379·297

Enrico Caruso—Opera Arias and Songs. Milan 1902-1904 (Angel) 379·255



Mozart: Symphony No.41 (Jupiter); Divertimento No.1,K136. Muti, Berlin Phil.(Angel) 386·466

Beethoven: Complete Sonatas For Piano & Cello. Yo-Yo Ma, Emanuel Ax(CBS Master.) 362·913/392·910

Andres Segovia Collection, Vol. 1. Music by Bach (MCA Classics) 362·293

The Jazz Album—Simon Rattle, London Sinfonietta; Peter Donohoe, piano; Harvey & The Wallbangers. A Delight! (Angel) 362·004

Paul O'Dette—Robin Is To The Greenwood Gone Elizabethan Lute Music (Nonesuch) 361·758

Gilbert & Sullivan: Highlights from "The Mikado" English National Opera (MCA Classics) 359·968

Gershwin: Overtures J. McGlinn And The New Princess Theatre Orch (Angel) 359·752

Tchaikovsky: Violin Concerto; etc. Zukerman; Mehta, Israel Philhar. (CBS Master.) 336·461

Debussy: La Mer; Three Nocturnes. Andre Previn, London Symphony(Angel) 335·679

Beethoven: Overtures (Fidelio; Leonore No.3; more). Tennstedt, London Phil.(Angel) 335·075

Tchaikovsky: Suites From The Ballets: Swan Lake & Sleeping Beauty. Muti, Philadelphia Orch.(Angel) 334·680

Mahler: Symphony No. 4. Kathleen Battle, Soprano; Lorin Maazel, Vienna Phil.(CBS Master.) 332·866

Brahms: Symphony No. 1. Tennstedt, London Philhar.(Angel) 332·668

Bizet: Carmen and L'Arlesienne Suites 1 & 2. Ozawa, Orch. Nat'l De France(Angel) 331·595

Prokofiev: Peter & The Wolf; **Saint-Sains:** Carnival Of The Animals. I Perlman; K&M Labeque; Mehta, Israel Philharmonic (Angel) 331·322

Mozart's Greatest Hits—Theme From Elvira Madigan; Rondo Alla Turca; more. Various artists (CBS Master.) 330·613

Wagner: Overtures. Tannhauser; Lohengrin; Die Meistersinger; more. Tennstedt, Berlin Phil.(Angel) 330·134

Handel: Water Music. Jean-Claude Malgoire and La Grande Ecurie (CBS Master.) 329·615



Mussorgsky: Pictures At An Exhibition. The Original Piano Version *and* The Ravel Orchestration. Philippe Entremont (Pro Arte) 385·187

Vladimir Horowitz Plays Schumann: Toccata; etc (CBS Master.) 357·236

Brahms: Piano Pieces, Op. 76 & 119; Fantasies Op. 116 Richard Goode(Nonesuch) 357·145

Kiri Te Kanawa Sings Gershwin(Angel) 359·745

Mozart: Symphonies No. 35 (Haffner); No. 3[illegible] (Linz); No. 32. Saraste, Scottish Chamber Orch (Virgin Classics) 376·

Ravel: Bolero; Rapsodi Espagnole; Ma Mere L'Oye. Thomas, Londor Sym.(CBS Master.)376·

Andre Watts At Carnegie Hall—25th Anniversary Recital. Haydn, Mozart Schubert, Brahms (An 376·

Anthony Newman—Beethoven: Four Great Sonatas (Newport Class 376·

French Impressions—Tortelier and English Chamber Orch. play mi of Debussy, Faure, etc. (Virgin Classics) 376·

Andres Segovia Collection. Vol. 4. Baroque guitar (MCA Classics) 375·

Alexander Schneider—Viennese Waltzes (CBS Master.) 374·

Canadian Brass—The Mozart Album (CBS Master.) 374·

E. Power Biggs—Bach Great Organ Favorites (CBS Master.) 374·

Jascha Heifetz—The Decca Masters (Vol.1). Prokofiev, Shostakovich Brahms, Tchaikovsky, e (MCA Classics) 374·

Kronos Quartet—Win Was Hard (Nonesuch) 373·

Beethoven: Symphon Nos. 1 & 6. Norrington, London Classical Playe (Angel) 373·

Sibelius: Valse Triste; Finlandia; etc. Bergluno Phil. Orch.(Angel) 373·

Copland: Appalachian Spring (complete); John Henry; Letter From Hon etc. Slatkin, St. Louis S (Angel) 373·

Chopin: 4 Scherzos; Mazurkas. Emanuel Ax (CBS Master.) 372·



Carlos Kleiber—New Year's Concert 1989 Vienna Philharmonic (CBS Masterworks) 385·823/395·

S·ON·CD



anawa—Verdi &
rias (CBS Master.)
343·269



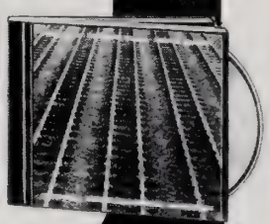
Vladimir Horowitz In Concert, 1967-1968 (CBS Master.) 386·532



The Movies Go To The Opera—Various artists (Angel Studio) 372·342



Berlioz: Symphonie Fantastique. Norrington, London Classical Players (Angel) 382·747



Steve Reich: Different Trains - Kronos Quartet / Electric Counterpoint - Pat Metheny (Nonesuch) 380·071

ISCS FOR ONLY 1¢ PLUS A CHANCE TO GET ONE MORE CD—FREE!

plus shipping and handling

: Music For The reworks; others. e, La Grande Ecurie aster.) 346·015

ven: Overtures. n Davis and n Radio Orch. aster.) 345·199

d: Rodeo, Billy The tkin, St. Louis ngel) 344·184

The 4 Seasons. Members Of The Nat'l Orch. asters.) 343·715

y: Nocturnes; M.T. Thomas, Am- Singers, Philhar. aster.) 343·665

s: Symphony ceanides. Rattle, ham Symphony ngel) 343·467

Goldberg ns. Glenn Gould aster.) 343·251

vsky: 1812 Over.; Slav; etc. Ozawa, hil.(Angel) 343·244

la, cello—Bach: Unaccompanied BS Master.) 339·713/399·717

Heroines—Kiri wa, Eva Marton, S Master.) 339·242

Wynton Marsalis—Works by Purcell, Handel, Torelli, Fasch, Molter. Leppard, English Chamber Or. (CBS Master.) 329·607

Mozart: Piano Concerto 26; Rondos. Perahia, English Chamber Orch. (CBS Master.) 328·740

Placido Domingo—Great Love Scenes with Kiri Te Kanawa, Ileana Cotrubas, Renata Scotto (CBS Master.) 326·553

Wagner: Orchestral Music. Mehta, N.Y. Phil. (CBS Master.) 323·733

Beethoven: Symphony No. 5; **Schubert:** Symphony No. 8 (Unfinished). Maazel, Vienna Philharm. (CBS Masters.) 321·570

Mozart: Overtures. Marriner, Academy of St. Martin-In-The-Fields (Angel) 321·224

Stravinsky: Petrouchka (complete). Zubin Mehta, New York Philharmonic (CBS Master.) 304·469

Greatest Hits Of 1720—Kapp, Virtuosi Of N.Y. (CBS Master.) 282·582

Stravinsky—Rite Of Spring. Mehta, New York Phil. (CBS Master.) 281·493

Tchaikovsky: Symphony No. 4; Romeo & Juliet. Abbado, Chicago Sym. (CBS Master.) 378·679

John Williams—The Great Guitar Concertos (CBS Masterworks) 378·638/398·636

Portrait Of Vladimir Horowitz—Mozart, Beethoven, Chopin, etc. (CBS Master.) 378·604

Wagner: Scenes From Tannhauser; Tristan und Isolde; etc. Jessye Norman; Tennstedt, London Phil.(Angel) 378·075

Borodin: Sym. No. 2; Prince Igor Overture & Polovtsian Dances. Batiz, Sym. Orch. Of Mexico (Musicmasters) 378·034

Stephen Hough—My Favorite Things. Virtuoso Encores For The Piano (Musicmasters) 377·465

Schumann, Grieg: Piano Concertos. Murray Perahia; Sir Colin Davis and Bavarian Radio Orch. (CBS Master.) 377·440

Elgar: Enigma Variations; Pomp & Circumstance Marches. Andrew Davis, Philharmonia Or. (CBS Master.) 376·905

Vladimir Horowitz—Favorite Chopin (CBS Masters.) 355·156

Beethoven, Bruch: Violin Concertos. Performed by Isaac Stern (CBS Master.) 353·177

Chopin: Piano Concerto No. 1. Murray Perahia; Zubin Mehta, N.Y. Phil. (CBS Master.) 352·955

Puccini: Madama Butterfly. Scotto, Domingo, etc; Maazel, Ambrosian Opera Chorus, Phil. Orch. (CBS Master.) 352·880/392·886

Dvorak: Slavonic Dances, Opp. 46 & 72. Maazel, Berlin Philharm. (Angel) 379·248



Katia And Marielle Labeque—Bernstein: West Side Story For Two Pianos and Percussion, etc. (CBS Master.) 383·323

Midori—Paganini: Caprices (CBS) 389·791

Piano's Greatest Hits—(Vol.1). Various Artists (CBS Master.) 389·635

Rampal, Stern, Rostropovich—Trios Of Mozart, Danzi and Reicha (CBS Masterworks) 388·785



Dvorak: Symphony No. 9 (New World); American Suite. Pesek and Royal Liverpool Philharmonic (Virgin Classics) 383·182

Tchaikovsky: The Nutcracker. Previn, Royal Philharmonic (Angel) 355·941/395·947

Ravel: La Valse; Rapsodie Espagnole; Pavane; etc. Previn, Royal Phil.(Angel) 355·172

Vladimir Horowitz, Piano—Favorite Encores (CBS Master.) 355·164



Rossini—Overtures. Marriner, Academy Of St. Martin (Angel) 378·695

Mozart: Requiem. Jean-Claude Malgoire, cond. (CBS Master.) 351·601

Kathleen Battle Sings Mozart. Previn, Royal Phil.(Angel) 350·587

Mahler: Symphony No. 1. Maazel, Vienna Phil. (CBS Master.) 349·936

Bernstein: Fancy Free & Facsimile (Complete Ballets); Candide Over.; etc. Slatkin, St. Louis Sym.(Angel) 349·688

Pachelbel Canon—Other Digital Delights. Davis, Toronto Chamber Orch. (Fanfare) 348·649

Leonard Pennario Plays George Gershwin's Song Book & Other Music For Piano Solo(Angel) 347·567

e of CD sound is here—and the classical ou love so much has never sounded more t, more lifelike, more exciting! Indeed, lis- to CDs at home is almost like being in the t hall itself.

now, to help you quickly build your own of Classical CDs, or to add to your present on, you are invited to take any 8 of the ons offered here—all 8 are yours for only shipping and handling. And in exchange, ply agree to buy 6 more CDs (at regular rices) in the next 3 years—and you may your membership anytime after doing so.

he Club works. About every four weeks es a year) you'll receive your personal f *Command Performance*, the Club's infor- classical magazine. In it, you will find the on of the Month, plus scores of alternates, g from the Baroque to the Modern. In n, there's a selection of latest hits and old es from other fields of music. And up to six a year, you may receive offers of Special ons, usually at a discount off regular Club for a total of up to 19 buying opportunities. u wish to receive the Selection of the you need do nothing—it will be shipped atically. If you prefer an alternate selec- r none at all, fill in the response card s provided and mail it by the date speci- fied. You will always have at least 10 days in which to make your decision. If you ever receive any Selection without having 10 days to decide, you may return it at our expense.

The CDs you order during your membership will be billed at regular Club prices, which currently are $12.98 to $15.98—plus shipping and handling. (Multiple-unit sets may be somewhat higher.) After completing your enrollment agreement you may cancel membership at any time; if you decide to continue as a member, you'll be eligible for our money-saving bonus plan. It lets you buy one CD at half price for each CD you buy at the regular Club price, or you may take a cassette or record free with your regular price selection.

10-Day Free Trial: We'll send details of the Club's operation with your introductory shipment. If you are not satisfied for any reason, return everything within 10 days and you will have no further obligation.

Extra Bonus Offer: As a special offer to new members, take one additional CD right now for only $6.95. This discount purchase entitles you to choose an extra CD as a bonus FREE. And you'll receive your discounted CD and your bonus CD with your 8 introductory selections—that's 10 CDs in all! Send no money now—just mail the application today!

© 1989 CBS Records Inc.

Selections with two numbers contain 2 CDs and count as 2—so write in both numbers.

CBS CLASSICAL CLUB: Terre Haute, IN 47811

CBS CLASSICAL CLUB, 1400 North Fruitridge Ave. P.O. Box 1129, Terre Haute, Indiana 47811-1129 164/S90

Please accept my membership under the terms outlined in this advertisement. Send me the 8 CDs listed below and bill me only 1¢, plus shipping and handling. I agree to buy six more selections, at regular Club prices, in the coming three years—and may cancel my membership at any time after doing so.

SEND ME THESE 8 CDs FOR 1¢		

Send my ☑ CLASSICAL CDs to the following address:

Mr.
Mrs.
Miss Print First Name Initial Last Name

Address _____ Apt. _____

City _____

State _____ Zip _____

Do you have a VCR? (04) ☐ Yes ☐ No
Do you have a credit card? (03) ☐ Yes ☐ No LY5/F6 LY6/59

☐ **Extra Bonus Offer:** Also send one more CD now, for which I will be billed only $6.95

...and I'm entitled to get this extra CD FREE!

Note: we reserve the right to reject any application or cancel any membership. These offers not available in APO, FPO, Alaska, Hawaii, Puerto Rico, write for details of alternative offer. Canadian residents serviced from Toronto. Applicable sales tax added to all orders.

[Interview]

ONE-WAY TICKETS

From an interview in the 100th issue of the Duplex Planet, *a journal of interviews with the elderly published in Saratoga Springs, New York. David B. Greenberger, the editor, asked senior citizens at community centers in Schenectady, New York, "Where in the world would you like a one-way ticket to?"*

VILJO LEHTO: Helsinki.

LEONA QUANT: I'd probably go to see my granddaughter in Michigan. Of course, I'd have to be sure I had enough money to come back.

ETHEL SWEET: I'm just like her: I wouldn't want a one-way ticket. I love to take short trips, but I always like to come home.

TONY VILLANO: I want to just keep traveling, like I do now. I'm like a gypsy. I was telling some of the girls that I get a new car every year because I put on so many miles. I've had this car nine weeks and I've got 12,000 miles on it. All I do is go, go, go! The car I traded in was an '86. I put 70,000 miles on it in less than two years. My wife picked that one out before she passed away.

MILDRED MAKOFSKY: Well, could I take your one-way ticket and then pay my own way home? *[laughs]* I'd like to go to England, but I'm not sure that I'd like to stay there. My grandmother came from there, and when I was a little girl she told me so many stories about it. But England never appealed to my husband, so I never got there. Being a widow, I'm afraid to travel alone now. I kind of like a male escort when I go.

SYLVIA NOVOTNY: You can always pick one up along the way! *[laughs]*

ETHEL: You can't pick them up that easy.

SYLVIA: Oh? You having a problem? *[laughs]*

ETHEL: Especially Millie, and especially me—I'm awful fussy, and she's awful fussy! We expect too much.

SYLVIA: There are some good ones somewhere.

MILDRED: Oh, I'm not really looking for a man.

DAVID B. GREENBERGER: How about you, Sylvia?

SYLVIA: What? Am I looking for a man, or where do I want to spend eternity? *[laughs]* Let's see. Three places I've always wanted to go are [illegible] the Grand Canyon. I've always wanted to spend the rest of my years in a cabin in the mountains, though, and live with nature's creatures. The foothills in Pennsylvania kind of appeal to me. I think I could settle for that.

BEATRICE MOROS: You ever watch that *Dating Game?* They take you to nice places.

ANTHONY: *Dating Game?*

BEATRICE: Yeah. The girl picks a man and they send them on nice trips.

ANTHONY: What channel is that on?

BEATRICE: Channel ten, seven o'clock. I like it. It's interesting, and all the fellows are dressed so nice. Suits and ties.

[Memoir]

LIFE WITH FATHER

Adapted from Every Good-bye Ain't Gone, *by Itabari Njeri, to be published next month by Times Books. Njeri is a reporter for the* Los Angeles Times. *This is her first book.*

Daddy wore boxer shorts when he worked; that's all. He'd sit for hours reading and writing at a long, rectangular table covered with neat stacks of *I. F. Stone's Weekly, The Nation, The New Republic,* and the handwritten pages of his book in progress, *The Tolono Station and Beyond.* A Mott's applesauce jar filled with Teacher's scotch was a constant, and his own forerunner of today's wine coolers was the ever-present chaser: ginger ale and Manischewitz Concord grape wine in a tall, green iced-tea glass.

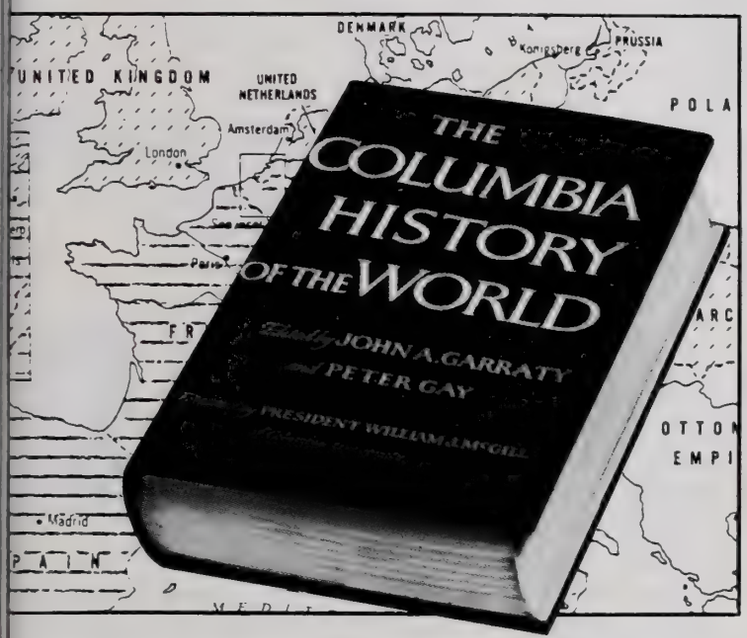
As he sat there, his beer belly weighing down the waistband of his shorts, I'd watch. I don't know if he ever saw me. I hid from him at right angles. From the bend of the hallway, at the end of a long, dark, L-shaped corridor in our Harlem apartment, it was at least thirty feet to the living room where my father worked, framed by the doorway. I sat cross-legged on the cold linoleum floor and inspected his seated, six-foot-plus figure through a telescope formed by my forefinger and thumb: bare feet in thonged sandals, long hairy legs that rose toward the notorious shorts (I hated those shorts, wouldn't bring my girlfriends home because of those shorts), breasts that could fill a B cup, and a long neck on which a balding head rested. Viewed in isolation, I thought perhaps I'd see him clearer, know him better.

Daddy was a philosopher, a Marxist histori-

Columbia University Presents

The History of the World in One Brilliant Volume!

This classic work represents the best efforts of Columbia University's most renowned scholars. Its scope is monumental, covering all aspects of our history from the beginning of the universe to the modern age. Add to this its remarkable depth, quality and balanced vision, and the result is a volume of unrivaled scholarship and authority.



The Story Behind the *Columbia History*

The creation of the *Columbia History* was among the most important scholarly projects of recent years. A team of 40 Columbia professors collaborated on it, including historians, economists, political scientists, sociologists, biologists and astronomers. Each scholar contributed sections on his subject or period of expertise. Editors Peter Gay and John A. Garraty, both eminent historians and writers, interwove the material into a cogent narrative of the world's history.

A Book of Permanent Value—for Only $9.95

Unlike most books today, the *Columbia History* has enough reading material for several lifetimes of reading. Over the years, you'll turn to the *Columbia History* to explore new areas of interest and reread the sections that have always fascinated you. You will have an ever-growing understanding of Western civilization's origins and progress, plus an expanding awareness of non-Western history and culture. *The Columbia History* is a perfect addition to anyone's library because it is both a well-written historical narrative and an authoritative reference work.

Most books of this scope, size, and permanent value sell for exorbitant prices, but thanks to Barnes & Noble's 60% discount, the *Columbia History* costs only *$9.95*. Surely, that's a small price to pay for a life-long investment in learning and a reference you'll turn to often.

Why Everyone Needs a World History

Let's face it—most of us, whatever our educational credentials, have large gaps in our knowledge of history. There are whole eras and countries we know nothing about; even in familiar subjects, we're sometimes a bit hazy on the sequence of events. A book of world history, particularly an excellent one like the *Columbia*, can fill the gaps in our learning and give us a solid chronological framework. Nearly 100 distinctively drawn and rigorously reasearched maps visually document the world as it evolved from the ancient past to the brooding present. 1,237pp.

SPECIAL OFFER
60% Discount
Published at $25.00
NOW ONLY $9.95

Barnes & Noble Unconditional Guarantee
You must be completely satisfied with every item you order from Barnes & Noble by mail, or you may return it to us, for a full refund

Barnes & Noble
Booksellers Since 1873

DEPT. C213
126 FIFTH AVE.
NY, NY 10011

1041631. Please rush me _____ copies of the **Columbia History of the World** at your special sale price of $9.95 (plus $1.75 postage and handling). **Add sales tax for deliveries to CT, MA, MN, NJ, NY, PA, & CA (6%).**

Name _____

Address _____ Apt.# _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

☐ Check ☐ Mastercard ☐ VISA ☐ American Express

Expiration Date Month/Year ☐☐☐☐

Credit Card Number ☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐

Signature _____

an, an exceptional teacher, and a fine tenor. He had a good enough voice to be as great a concert artist as John McCormack, one of his favorites. The obstacles to that career couldn't have been much greater than the ones he actually overcame.

The state of Georgia, where my father grew up, established its version of the literacy test in 1908, the year he was born. If you substituted Georgia for Mississippi in the story that Lerone Bennett Jr. relates in *Before the Mayflower: A History of Black America,* the main character could easily have been my father: A black teacher, a graduate of Eton and Harvard, presents himself to a Mississippi registrar. The teacher is told to read the state constitution and several books. He does. The registrar produces a passage in Greek, which the teacher reads. Then another in Latin. Then other passages in French, German, and Spanish, all of which the teacher reads. The registrar finally holds up a page of Chinese characters and asks: "What does this mean?" The teacher replies: "It means you don't want me to vote."

Apocryphal, perhaps, but the tale exemplified enough collective experience that I heard my father tell virtually the same story about a former Morehouse College classmate to a buddy over the phone one afternoon. At the punchline, he fell into a fit of laughter, chuckling hard into a balled fist he held at his mouth. Finally, he said, "Fred, I'll have to call you back," then fell back on the bed, in his boxer shorts, laughing at the ceiling.

He claimed he burst out laughing like this once in a class at Harvard. A law professor, discussing some constitutional issue in class, singled out my father and said, "In this matter, regarding men of your race—"

"Which race is that?" my father boomed, cutting him off, "the 50 yard or the 100?" But it seemed to me he always related that particular tale with a sneer on his lips.

He'd been at Harvard studying law on a postdoctoral scholarship from 1942 to 1943. After receiving his Ph.D. in philosophy from the University of Toronto ten years earlier, he had headed toward the dust bowls others were escaping in the mid-1930s and became the editor of a black newspaper, the *Oklahoma Eagle,* in Tulsa. He eventually returned to academia and by 1949 was the head of the philosophy department at Morgan State University in Baltimore. That's where he met my mother, a nurse many years his junior.

My mother—who commits nothing to paper, speaks of the past cryptically, and believes [illegible] best kept under a rug—[illegible] he and my father took me to a parade in Brooklyn when I was about three. We were standing near the arch at Grand Army Plaza when he suddenly hauled off and punched her in the mouth, with me in her arms. My mother, a very gentle and naive woman, said the whole thing left her in a state of shock. My father had never been violent before.

They separated, and I seldom saw my father again until my parents reunited when I was seven. We moved into my father's six-room apartment on 129th Street, between Convent Avenue and St. Nicholas Terrace. It was certainly far more spacious than the apartment I'd lived in with my mother on St. James Place in Brooklyn. The immediate neighborhood was an attractive, hilly section of Harlem, just a few blocks from City College. All things considered, I hated it. More precisely, I hated my father, so I hated it all.

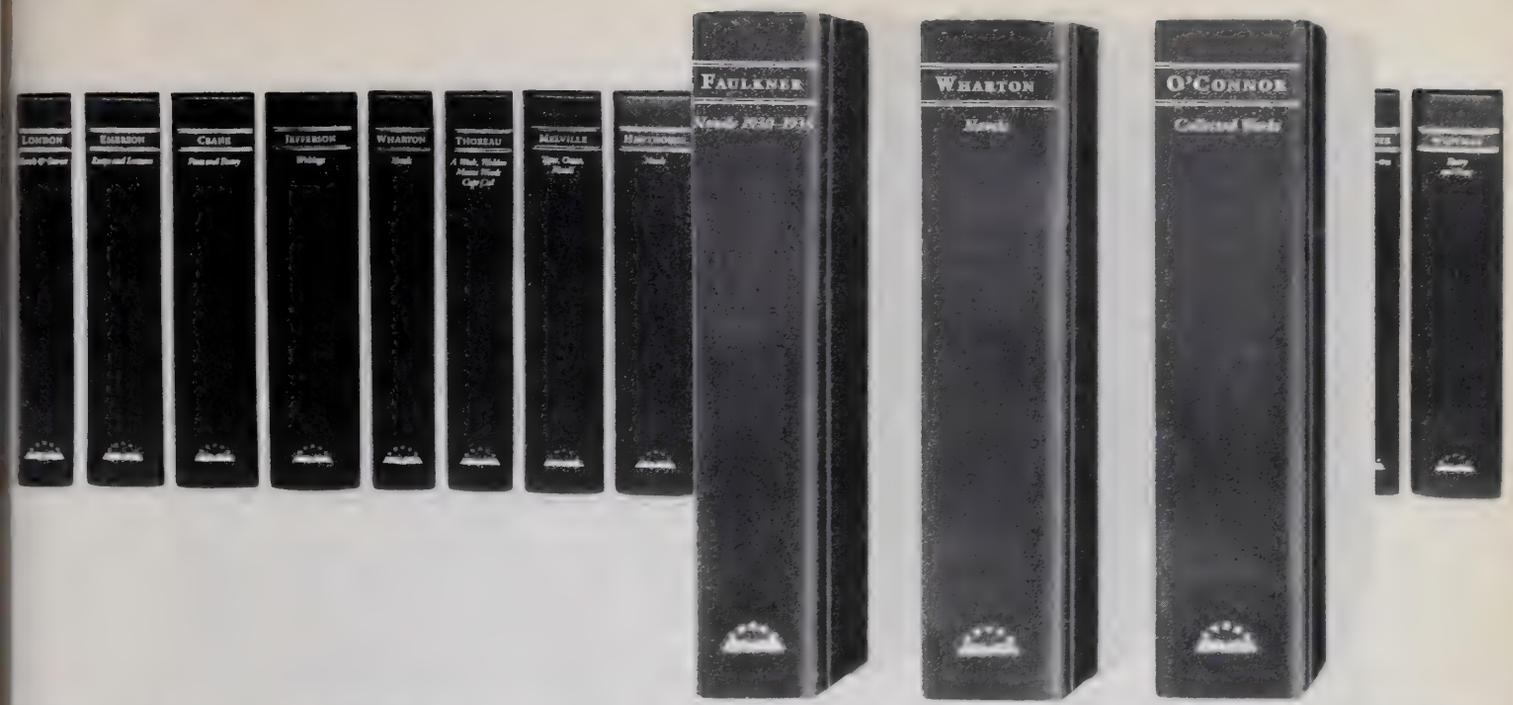
Because of his past leftist political affiliations, Daddy had lost his government and university jobs. Now, out of necessity but also desire, he decided to devote his time to teaching younger people. He wanted to reach them at a stage in their lives when he felt he could make a difference. He joined the faculty of a Jersey City high school and began teaching journalism, history, and English. He also taught English at night to foreign-born students at City College. His students, I came to learn, loved him; his daughter found it hard to. I made the mistake of calling him Pop—once. He said, "Don't ever call me that again. If you don't like calling me Daddy, you can call me Dr. Moreland."

Once, my mother deserted me, leaving me alone with him. She went to Atlanta for several weeks with my baby brother to tend my ailing Grandma Hattie, my father's mother. Since I hadn't known this man most of my seven years on the planet, and didn't like him much now that I did, I asked him if I could stay around the corner with a family friend, Aunt Pearl. "If she asks you to stay, fine. But don't ask her," he told me. Naturally I asked her.

When he asked me if I had asked her, I hesitated. But I was not a child inclined to lie. So I said, "I don't want to lie. I asked her." I got a beating for that, a brutal beating with a belt that left welts and bruises on my legs for months.

My father felt children should be hit for any infraction. Further, they should be seen and not heard, speak only when spoken to, etc. From the day he hit me, the latter became my philosophy, too. I never consciously decided to stop speaking to my father, but for the next ten years, I rarely initiated a conversation with him. Later he would tell me, "You were a very strange child."

But if I would not accept him as a father, my curiosity would not let me deny him as a teach-



Faulkner, Wharton and O'Connor, all for $19.95

(Total pub. price $100.00)

Save over $80 and enjoy a spellbinding welcome to award-winning Library of America, with no obligation to buy future volumes.



Here's an exceptional opportunity to enjoy the best American writing of the 20th century—and of earlier eras as well—at substantial savings. Right now, The Library of America is offering the rare opportunity to acquire three of its acclaimed volumes for less than the retail price of one:

William Faulkner. Four novels that first brought him worldwide renown: *As I Lay Dying, Sanctuary, Light in August, Pylon*. 1034 pages.

Edith Wharton. American society in the Gilded Age: *The House of Mirth, The Reef, The Custom of the Country, The Age of Innocence.* 1328 pages.

Flannery O'Connor. Her complete fiction, including *Wise Blood* and *The Violent Bear It Away*, together with revealing essays and letters. 1281 pages.

Right now, you can buy all three volumes for just $19.95 (a single volume regularly retails for up to $35). In the future, you may, if you wish, take additional volumes at our subscriber discounts—as much as 29% off retail. You'll always have a 15-day free examination period, and you're under no obligation to take any volume.



This special offer is our way of introducing you to one of the boldest publishing programs ever undertaken in the U.S.—The Library of America. With support from the National Endowment for the Humanities and the Ford and Mellon foundations, we set out to preserve the collected works of America's greatest writers. Once, these works could be found only in disintegrating old paperbacks or cumbersome anthologies—when they could be found at all. Now they are being made available in handsome, authoritative new editions.

Every work is complete, every word as the author intended.

Scrupulously accurate, unabridged texts are the hallmark of every Library of America volume. Already available are comprehensive editions of Herman Melville, Walt Whitman, and Eugene O'Neill; collected writings of Franklin, Jefferson, and Lincoln; novels by Henry James and Mark Twain, histories by Henry Adams, essays by Henry David Thoreau, and more, with new volumes appearing every year.

The editions are uniformly beautiful. They're hardbound in natural cloth, with Smyth-sewn bindings (not merely glued) and strong spines that allow the books to open easily and lie flat for



comfortable reading. Each volume has up to 1,600 pages of fine, opaque, acid-free paper—equal to three, four, even five ordinary books. Elegant and compact, they're a pleasure to hold and to read.

Great savings, and no obligation now or ever.

Let us send you Faulkner, Wharton, and O'Connor. Examine these volumes at no cost for 15 days. If you are not delighted with them, just mark the invoice "Cancel," return the books and owe nothing. Or keep all three volumes for just $19.95 plus shipping and handling, and enjoy the privilege of reviewing other volumes under special subscribers' terms: buy only the ones you want, always at a discount. Could there be a better way to discover the pleasures of The Library of America? Place your order today: mail the coupon or **call toll-free 1-800-321-6640.**

The Library of America
5 Norden Lane
Huntington Station, New York 11746

Please send me three volumes: *Faulkner, Wharton,* and *O'Connor.* I may keep all three for only $19.95 (total pub. price $100) plus $3.50 shipping and handling. Or I will return all three, and thus end the matter. I have 15 days to decide. If I decide to keep them and subscribe to The Library of America, I will receive a new volume about every other month for 15 days' free examination. I understand each volume costs $24.95 plus $3.50 shipping and handling (a substantial savings off the bookstore price). There's never any obligation to buy and I may cancel at any time simply by notifying you.

Name_____

Address_____

City_____ State_____ Zip_____

☐ Bill me later

Charge my ☐ Visa ☐ MasterCard

Card No_____ Exp._____

Offer limited to new subscribers, one per address. Future prices may change. All orders subject to approval. 8H1H

★★★

er. One day, a question about the nature of truth compelled a thaw in my emotional cold war—nothing less could have. Truth changes, a classmate in the seventh grade had insisted that day. It is constant, I argued, and went to my father for confirmation.

People's perceptions change, I explained. New information debunks the lies of the past, but the truth was always there. And I told my father what I had told my mostly white classmates in a Bronx junior high school at the height of the civil rights movement: Black people were always human beings worthy of the same rights other Americans enjoyed, but it took hundreds of years of a slave system that dehumanized the master as well as the slave and a social revolution before most white Americans would accept that truth.

My father turned from his worktable, took off his glasses, with their broken right temple piece, and released a long and resonant "Yesssss." And then he spoke to me of a rational cosmos and what Lincoln had to do with Plato. When our philosophical discussion ended, we each went to our separate corners.

My father had a beaten, black upright piano in the parlor, badly out of tune. But its bench was a treasure of ancient sheet music: Vincent Youman's "Through the Years," with a picture of Gladys Swarthout on the frayed cover. And I loved the chord changes to "Spring Is Here."

I ventured from the sanctuary of my blue-walled room one summer afternoon, walking down the long hallway toward the kitchen, then stopped abruptly. I heard my father in the kitchen several feet away; he was making an ice-cream soda, something as forbidden to him as alcohol since he was a diabetic. I heard the clink of a metal spoon against a glass as he sang, "For I lately took a notion for to cross the briny ocean, and I'm off to Philadelphia in the morning." It was an Irish folk song made famous by John McCormack. I backed up. Too late. He danced across the kitchen threshold in his boxer shorts, stopped when he spotted me in the shadows, then shook his head. He smiled, lifted one leg and both arms in a Jackie Gleason "and away we go" motion, then slid off.

Minutes later he called me. "Jill the Pill, you know this song?" I knew all the songs and wrote down the words to "Moon River" for him. Then he asked me to sing it. I was always ready to sing, even for my father.

He sat on the edge of his bed with the lyrics in his hand as I sang. When I finished the phrase "We're after the same rainbow's end, waitin' round the bend, my huckleberry friend," my daddy looked at me and said what others would tell me years later but with far less poetry: "My girl, you have the celestial vibration." And then he asked me to sing it again and told me it was "wonderful." Then I left him.

For days, maybe weeks, a tense calm would reign in the apartment. Then, without warning, the hall would fill with harsh voices. My father stood in the narrow, shadowy space hitting my mother. "Put it down," he yelled. "Put it down or I'll . . ."

My mother had picked up a lamp in a lame effort to ward off his blows. His shouting had awakened me. I'd been sick in bed with the flu and a high fever. When he saw me open my bedroom door he yelled, "Get back in your room." I did, my body overtaken by tremors and the image of my mother branded on my eyeballs. I swore that I would never let anyone do that to me or to anyone else I had the power to help. I had no power to help my mother. It was an oath with terrible consequences, one I'd have to disavow to permit myself the vulnerability of being human.

I know my father's fury was fueled by his sense of insignificance. He felt himself to be an intellectual giant boxed in by mental midgets. Unlike Ralph Ellison, Paul Robeson, or Richard Wright—all contemporaries and acquaintances of my father's—he was never acknowledged by the dominant culture whose recognition he sought. He could be found, Ellison once told me, pontificating in Harlem barbershops, elucidating the dialogues of Plato for a captive audience of draped men, held prone, each with a straight-edge razor pressed against his cheek.

My father's unreconciled identities—the classic schizophrenia of being black and an American, the contradictions of internalizing whole the cultural values of a society that sees you, when it sees you at all, as life in one of its lower forms—stoked his alcoholism. And since my father at once critiqued the society that denied him and longed for its approbation, he lived with the pain-filled consciousness of one who knows he is a joke. I think sometimes he laughed the hardest, so often did I stumble upon him alone, chuckling into his balled fist at some silent, invisible comedian.

When his drunken rages ended, he slept for days, spread out on the bed wearing only his boxer shorts. I watched him on those days, too, daring to come closer, safe with the knowledge that Morpheus held him. I examined his face, wondering who he was and why he was. As I watched, he'd lift his head off the pillow, then fall back muttering: "Truth and justice will prevail."



These photographs by William Wegman appeared in issue No. 21 of Parkett, *an art journal published in Zurich. The puppies are part of a litter of eight born to Fay Ray, a weimaraner Wegman has photographed for four years. Wegman's earlier work is included in a group show at New York City's Whitney Museum of American Art, through February 18.*

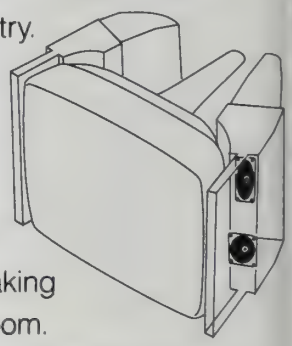


Prism Television Monitor. Award-winning picture. And exclusive Dome Sound System.

Once broadcast standards stood for the highest possible quality. Prism Television Monitors can exceed those standards.*

Video Review recognizes the technical triumph of Prism TVs. They were so impressed with the high resolution picture they voted last year's 31-inch (diagonal) model the Best Television Monitor of the Year.

This Prism TV can create an incredible stereo image, thanks to the exclusive Dome Sound System. Its elaborate sound chamber and high-fidelity speakers lie hidden within the sleek cabinetry. It fills the room with sound without taking up a lot of room.



And to make owning a Prism Television even better, we created the Prism Club. Its privileges include priority in-home service and toll-free information hot lines.

Once you view Prism from Panasonic, your standards for television will never be the same.

*Depending on source. TV picture simulated.

PRISM. ITS PICTURE EXCEEDS BROADCAST STANDARDS. ITS SOUND SYSTEM IS EVEN MORE IMPRESSIVE.

PRISM
Panasonic®
just slightly ahead of our time.®



HARPER'S INDEX TO THE 1980s

Not every decade can be assessed using the simple reckonings of time and value and weight. But the 1980s were characterized by a deep materialistic faith, and the age—the age of Reagan, Trump, and Cosby—was always busy counting things. The decade knew itself by what it cost, and calculated its happiness in market shares and rates of consumption. Because the Harper's Index is itself a product of the period, we decided that a special, expanded version would be the most fitting way for the magazine to memorialize the decade. The 1980s offered an especially wonderful assortment of characters, excesses, atrocities, and surprises—and more than enough numbers to take their measure.

GM's job is to make everything in this picture affordable.



The automobile. Clear skies. Clean air. Everyone is best served when all are of the highest quality.

At General Motors, we recognize the effects that cars and their manufacture have on the environment. We understand the relationship better than any other carmaker in the world.

For more than eighty years, GM has applied its resources to making the lives of our customers more comfortable. Improving the utility of their vehicles. Expanding their access to affordable transportation.

In the last three decades, GM has brought these same tools—science, technology, engineering, and marketing of fuel-efficient [illegible]—to bear in behalf of the environment. To understand better the complex interrelationship between man and nature. To identify problems and propose solutions.

We believe our job is to help make a healthful environment ever more affordable.

Since the late 1950s, scientists at the GM Research Laboratories have conducted pioneering studies on atmospheric chemistry, air quality modeling, acid deposition, long-range transport of pollutants, and visibility. For this work, the American Meteorological Society gave the Laboratories its 1989 award for Outstanding Services to Meteorology by a Corporation. Both the work and the award are measures of the strength and depth of GM's commitment.

GM

MARK OF EXCELLENCE

Percentage of the current members of the U.S. Congress who were in office in 1980 : 47

Number of the 1,614 electoral votes cast in presidential elections since 1980 that have gone to Republicans : 1,440

Percentage of all blacks who voted in the 1984 presidential election who were first-time voters : 11

Chances that a black American man was in state or federal prison in 1980 : 1 in 56

In 1989 : 1 in 36



Number of South African blacks who have lost their jobs since 1980 as a result of divestment : 3,520,000

Estimated number of Americans who work for Japanese companies in the United States : 284,600

Net foreign debt owed to U.S. government, businesses, and citizens in 1981, per American family : $2,500

Net foreign debt owed *by* U.S. government, businesses, and citizens in 1989, per American family : $11,000

Percentage of the 1989 earnings of U.S. companies that went to interest payments : 71

Percentage increase, since 1980, in the average number of shares traded each day on the New York Stock Exchange : 274

Average number of corporate mergers per business day during the 1980s : 12

Portion of all MBAs ever awarded by U.S. universities that were awarded during the 1980s : 1/2

Percentage of Americans who said in 1985 that they had never heard the word *yuppie* : 39

Percentage increase, since 1981, in use of the term *postmodern* by the *New York Times* : 237

Number of Elvis impersonators hired for the celebration of the centennial of the Statue of Liberty in 1986 : 200

Number of times Edwin Meese used some form of the statement "I don't recall" during his Iran-Contra testimony : 340

Number of times since 1987 that President Reagan has been quoted as saying "doveryai no proveryai" ("trust but verify") in the *New York Times* : 11

Rank of celebrities, politicians, and family members, among the people mentioned most often in Nancy Reagan's memoirs : 1,2,3

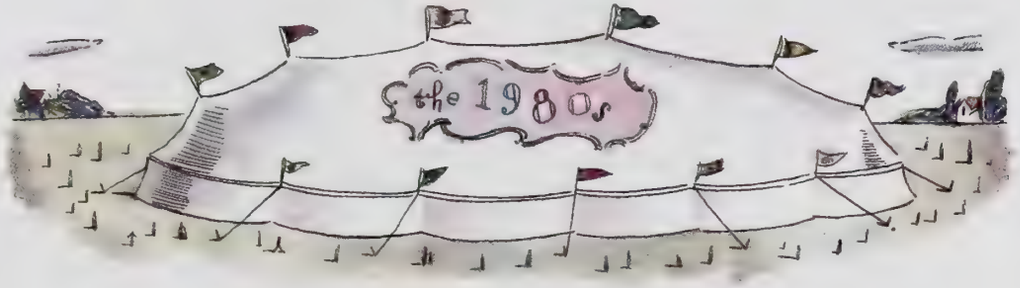
Exclamation points in *The Bonfire of the Vanities* : 2,343

Lines of coke done in *Bright Lights, Big City* : 48

Percentage of Pepsi drinkers who say they would switch to Coke if it contained oat bran : 74

Number of suckers born during the 1980s, according to P. T. Barnum : 5,260,320





Illustrations by Barry Blitt

Figures cited are the latest available as of November 1989. Sources are listed on page 78.
"Harper's Index" is a registered trademark.



Fact: GM is the only American car-maker to offer a bumper-to-bumper warranty for 3 years or 50,000 miles on every car or light truck we make. [illegible] dealer for details.

GM

MARK OF EXCELLENCE

Chevrolet, Pontiac, Oldsmobile, Buick, Cadillac, GMC Truck

WHAT'S WRONG WITH THE DEMOCRATS?

The real problem with the Democratic party is not the lingering popularity of Ronald Reagan or the trivialization of American politics. The problem is the Democrats themselves and whether they have the will to repair their divisions and agree upon a presidential message.

In the last two presidential elections, Walter Mondale and then Michael Dukakis came across less as political visionaries than as vouchers for sundry special interests. Democrats in Congress seem to be held captive to even narrower interests—a wife in need of a job or a campaign contributor seeking a contract. The most prominent Democrat today may well be a black preacher who has held no public office and who a good many Democrats fear will make a third run for the presidency. Unable to confront the contradictions in their party, Democratic leaders now speak in a code burdened with euphemism and, when before the cameras, strike game but unconvincing poses.

To goad the Democrats toward recovery, *Harper's Magazine* recently invited seven prominent Democrats to a smokeless back room to candidly discuss the party's problems and to try to discover a promising message for the race in 1992.

The following forum is based on a discussion held at the Tabard Inn in Washington, D.C. Jack Hitt served as moderator.

JACK HITT
is a senior editor of Harper's Magazine.

BRUCE BABBITT
is a partner in the law firm Steptoe and Johnson. He was a Democratic candidate for the presidency in 1988 and was governor of Arizona from 1978 to 1987.

BENJAMIN BARBER
is Walt Whitman Professor of Philosophy at Rutgers University and the author of Strong Democracy *and* The Conquest of Politics.

BARBARA BOXER
represents the Sixth District of California in the U.S. House of Representatives.

ROLAND BURRIS
is comptroller for the State of Illinois and was vice-chairman of the Democratic National Committee from 1985 to 1989.

BARNEY FRANK
represents the Fourth District of Massachusetts in the U.S. House of Representatives.

ROBERT B. REICH
is a professor of political economy and management at Harvard University and the author of The Resurgent Liberal and Other Unfashionable Prophecies.

KATHLEEN KENNEDY TOWNSEND
is director of the Maryland Student Service Alliance and was the 1986 Democratic nominee in the congressional race for the Second District seat from Maryland.

The Sum of the Parts

JACK HITT: The Democrats have been an opposition party, on the national level, for a decade now. In that time, President Reagan's tactic in dealing with the Democrats was confrontation. President Bush's tactic is co-optation. Both approaches appear to have worked. While there have been certain victories, the Democrats haven't launched a real offensive.

BRUCE BABBITT: That's true because our success as a congressional party is precisely our weakness as a presidential party. Our success is in what I call the politics of disaggregation, or discrete issues. The presidency is about larger themes, particularly the national economy and national security. That's where we are weak.

ROLAND BURRIS: Our problem begins with the loss of House Speaker Jim Wright and majority whip Tony Coelho in the House. We don't have cohesion among the leaders. Speaker Tom Foley is a good man, but he's not a tough politician like Wright was. The question is, Are the new leaders going to set a national agenda?

ROBERT REICH: That is the issue. The Democrats do well locally because they are the party that delivers public services—everything from high[illegible] education to pork. But they are no longer perceived as the party of national strategy. When I ask myself why, I think of Gertrude Stein's dictum about Oakland: "There's no 'there' there." Democrats have no philosophy that enables them to articulate thinking on the economy and national defense.

KATHLEEN TOWNSEND: It's worse than that. Democrats are not doing a good job of delivering services, particularly education.

BARBARA BOXER: I disagree with the premise. It's difficult to articulate great national issues when you don't have the White House. So you become the loyal opposition. We *are* doing that well. Take the off-year elections. Why do you think we are winning these things?

BURRIS: Barbara, when we deliver two presidents in twenty-four years, there is a problem.

BOXER: We haven't had any great candidates.

BABBITT: Excuse me, we've had *great* candidates. *Nominees* . . . well?

REICH: We've had one very intelligent candidate, and I mean that sincerely, Bruce. But Democrats don't know how to be an opposition party. One of the great political sleights of hand in the 1980s has been the ability of Republicans

to distance themselves from government while running it. Democrats, instead of sticking the Republicans' feet to the fire on issues such as the savings-and-loan scandals, act as if they're still running the government. They seem defensive.

TOWNSEND: Well, they should be. A lot of the S&L scandals involve Democrats. If we're going to become Republicans and take large amounts of business political action committee money, we can't blame the S&L scandals on Republicans.

BARNEY FRANK: Not true. Kathleen, did you take PAC money when you ran?

TOWNSEND: Yes.

FRANK: Were you going to be in thrall to the PACs if you got elected?

TOWNSEND: I hoped not.

FRANK: Exactly. I take PAC money and I am not. I wish we had public financing, but let's not beat ourselves up because we don't. I don't believe taking PAC money is a serious problem, distinct from taking private money from individuals. PAC money is not a useful intellectual construct. The issue is public versus private financing.

REICH: Barney, Tony Coelho went to the business community in the mid-1980s with a message: "You will do better to invest in incumbent Democrats than in challenger Republicans, because Democrats are in control and here to stay."

FRANK: And certain people got some intervention in *individual* cases. As far as public policy is concerned, there is not much influence. The clout of the S&Ls stems from grass-roots lobbying, not money. Money follows votes, not the other way around. I've tried to think of an issue where we were deterred from doing what we should have done because of PAC money. I can't.

HITT: I can: Democrats voting to cut the capital-gains tax—a cut that benefits the wealthiest.

FRANK: Capital gains was about ideology, not corruption. You engage in intellectual reductionism when you say that. Democrats who voted for capital gains thought it was a good idea.

HITT: Barney, how would you answer the many people who believe that PACs have shifted the constituency of the Democrats away from the working man and closer to, say, Charles Keating, the head of Lincoln Savings & Loan who donated hundreds of thousands of dollars to Democrats and received a delay in the investigation of his failing S&L?

FRANK: Part of it is bad history. Democrats were never a crusading, populist, stick-the-money-in-your-ear crowd. Already the 1950s exist as a golden age, and it's always dangerous to set up a golden age. Lyndon Johnson, Sam Rayburn—who are we talking about here?

BENJAMIN BARBER: To me, the great paradox of this era is that the Republicans have found a way to sell the interests of the wealthiest as the national good so that people think, This is a good for me too. The Democrats, who actually represent majoritarian concerns, have found those issues denigrated as special interests. And they have not found a way to conceptualize them as a coherent national interest.

TOWNSEND: Part of the problem, Ben, is that the Republican party has exploited racism and that most blacks are in the Democratic party. This is a divisive issue that exists sub rosa. Reagan launched his campaign in Philadelphia, Mississippi. He didn't have to say that he was pro-white; it was implicit. Bush used Willie Horton as an emblem of crime, but the racial message is there. On the other hand, there is a connection between crime and race. In Maryland, more college-age black men are in jail than in school. So, you can pretend race and crime isn't an issue or you can acknowledge that people have something to fear. In the past presidential campaign, the Democrats didn't respond, and therefore the people don't trust us.

BURRIS: That's costing us. Look at the South—Republican governors in Alabama and South Carolina. There has been a flight of white voters *because* Democrats have reached out to blacks.

BOXER: I don't buy this. Reagan begged the South to give him a Republican senate in 1986. They gave him a Democratic one.

BURRIS: With 35 percent of the white vote and 95 percent of the black vote.

BOXER: So be it; it's a coalition we can win with.

BABBITT: If the problem is how to reslice the pie, you enlarge the pie. Now, you can't do that with more programs. You must start making sensible budgets and tax and investment decisions that, however painful today, will give us a chance to win an election in two years.

REICH: Historically, the party has functioned best when we can say that we're all in the same boat—during war, depression, or some crisis.

BABBITT: And when we are in a period of stability, we latch onto the us-versus-them rhetoric. The problem is, something's changed: There used to be more of "us"; now there's more of "them."

REICH: As the party of inclusion, we have traditionally needed a them. The them has either

been a foreign power—Russia, Nazi Germany, Japan—or an economic elite. I don't think that defining us by defining them is a good strategy. Unfortunately, without a major economic or international crisis, you're almost thrown into defining us by targeting them. And I see Democrats in the future setting up either Japan or the top 10 percent income group as the them. It's either jingoism or populism.

FRANK: I disagree. Enlightened nationalism is a reasonable way to pull together a majority.

BARBER: There's one problem: Democrats love to advertise their parts. They talk about inclusion, but they prove it by playing to their separate parts—blacks, Hispanics, gays, radicals, women, conservationists. Republicans point to the whole. Now, it may be an illusory whole, but Americans believe in it. And those who don't belong feel that one day they will.

FRANK: Democrats don't point to the parts; the parts insist on being pointed to. This goes back to the '68 and '72 fights, when we learned that party activists would much rather punch another Democrat than beat a Republican. I remember Jack Newfield's great line that the NDC—the New Democratic Coalition—actually stood for "November Doesn't Count." None of these issues will work unless the different factions of the party—the gays, the blacks, the peaceniks, the radicals—leave the nominee alone after the convention so he can chase swing voters.

The Jesse Factor

BURRIS: You're really talking about blacks. None of those other groups offer 95 percent of their vote to the Democratic party.

FRANK: Some of them—peaceniks and others—do make up that much of the vote in other places. But what you say to those people is, "We'll do you no good if we lose." I remember Jesse Jackson saying at the 1984 convention, "Everybody got something but us." I said, "No. None of us gets anything unless we win." So to black voters I say, "Fight like hell in the primary. But once the primary is over, decide which of the two candidates will best advance your issues." If the black voters don't think that Walter Mondale is better for them than Ronald Reagan, or that Michael Dukakis is better than George Bush, then we won't win.

HITT: We've arrived at the Jesse Jackson question. [illegible] Do you want him to run? If [illegible] would you tell him not to?

[illegible] Dukakis is talking about running again. I would not hesitate to say, "Michael, it wouldn't be good for the party."

HITT: My fifteen-year-old nephew could tell Dukakis not to run. Jesse is an entirely different conversation.

BOXER: I would say to Jesse, because of his unique situation of running twice for the nomination and losing, "You run the risk of becoming a Harold Stassen."

BURRIS: But the problem is the black vote. We need a strategy that will reach out and capture that black vote regardless of Jesse's candidacy. Consider that Dukakis lost Illinois by only 95,000 votes. Not Chicago, but Illinois. A lot of black voters sat on their hands because of the mistreatment of Jesse.

FRANK: Jesse was not mistreated. He didn't win.

BURRIS: People made a lot out of Dukakis not calling Jackson about the vice presidency.

FRANK: Then I'd say to the black voters, "If you are going to refuse to vote for someone for president who'll act demonstrably more in your interest because somebody didn't phone somebody, I wash my hands of the situation." I am serious. We have encouraged people to be self-indulgent in our various groups. I say, "You have it in your power to keep us from winning if you react this way. If you do, there's nothing I can do about it; we will never win."

BURRIS: Right now the party says, "We don't want to highlight or flaunt a Doug Wilder or an Andy Young or a Bill Gray."

FRANK: Roland, look at the party. Ron Brown is the chairman, Bill Gray the House whip.

BURRIS: We do not market that to the black community.

BOXER: Our *convention* markets our diversity. How many million Americans watch that on television?

BURRIS: We may see Jesse and all of this togetherness onstage, but if Jesse says, "I was mistreated—"

BOXER: That's *his* problem.

BURRIS: It's *our* problem! Treat it that way, and I say we will never win the presidency.

FRANK: There *has* been a recognition of black Democrats in many positions. That's as much as can be done by any *institution*. When you say that they don't market it, there is no "they." The *individuals* themselves have to do it.

BURRIS: There's now a move to undercut Ron Brown. He has run into power plays, and he's

not been given proper status as the chairman of the party.

FRANK: You're setting an impossible standard and, by that standard, we will fail.

TOWNSEND: I don't understand, Roland. Do you want more black leaders to go out and speak to blacks? To whites? I mean, blacks *are* in the Democratic party.

BURRIS: We must have a strategic outreach program that encourages blacks to stick with the Democrats even if they do not have a black leader "running out there." Then we've got to bring Southern whites back into the party and convince them that having blacks in the party is no threat to them. As a black statewide-elected official who gets more white than black votes, I have the credentials to do that. That's why I, for one, go to white voters and deliver that message. It can be done. Representative Mike Espy and Governor Ray Mabus, both of Mississippi, did it. We can get 'em, but we need a strategy.

FRANK: No one is stopping blacks from doing that, Roland. That's my point. People who want to do that will do it. This notion that there's somebody withholding support is just wrong.

BURRIS: There's no concerted strategy.

FRANK: That's American politics.

BARBER: Again, if we talk about the parts rather than the whole, we're lost. The question is, Is America going to become black or are blacks going to become equal citizens in America? Right now, Americans think the Democratic party is about selling America to blacks or gays, not about including blacks and gays in an America we all belong to. Right now, the rhetoric is separatist: Vote Democratic if you want to give America to blacks. Vote Republican if you want to give America not to whites but, in that rhetoric, to all Americans. The Democrats need a language that speaks to the whole, not the parts; a language of inclusion, not separation.

Reading Lips

HITT: Let's try another tough one. What's the new Democratic message on taxes?

BURRIS: No taxes.

FRANK: Reallocate resources from the military.

REICH: That's the coward's way out.

BARBER: We're not asking people to be better than they are; we need to do that.

FRANK: Is the goal to win the 1992 election or the 2012 one?

HITT: Governor Babbitt, tell us your view—and, please, keep your seat.

BABBITT: By 1992 the budget may be really out of control, and there may be an opening to—

FRANK: We've been saying that for ten years.

BABBITT: Okay. Maybe a Democratic candidate says that he strives for a balanced budget, not along Gramm-Rudman lines but by changing priorities, reducing expenditures, and raising revenues. It works at the state level because it's being done in an atmosphere of fiscal restraint, new priorities, and exhaustion of other alternatives.

BURRIS: We can raise revenue on the state level because we can blame *federal* cutbacks. Washington can't use that excuse.

BOXER: Why not propose a pay-as-you-go plan, an idea of California Representative George Miller's? We don't have to pinpoint exact taxes, but we can say, "From now on we will hold our budget to the same overall dollar amount. For anything we add, we either subtract a program or find a revenue source for it." We don't have to go into the details, and we can be smart and honest at the same time.

"OUR ISSUES WILL NOT WORK UNLESS THE GAYS, THE BLACKS, THE PEACENIKS, THE RADICALS LEAVE THE NOMINEE ALONE AFTER THE CONVENTION SO HE CAN CHASE SWING VOTERS."

FRANK: Robert, I want to tell you how unhappy I am with your cowardice quip. It's an unworthy intellectual concept. Is it not possible that someone might disagree with you and argue that an appeal to raise taxes would be counterproductive?

REICH: If you're a coward, you're a coward.

FRANK: You're debasing the discussion.

REICH: There is a difference between wise strategy and failed leadership. Both may dictate that you avoid hard issues. The line between the two is very thin.

BURRIS: Robert! Barney's right. There's no way in the world we're going to bring down an incumbent by saying that we've got to raise taxes. Now I like Barbara's pay-as-you-go plan. Let's

make the federal government accountable for the dollars that the people send to Washington. With that language, I guarantee you we will make headway.

REICH: See, there are two insidious parts to the Republican strategy. First, they have created the budget deficit, which makes it impossible to spend public money. Second, through the HUD scandal, the S&L fiasco, and the malfeasance of military contractors, they have created profound doubts about the capacities of government to undertake anything. This puts us in a box, unless we are willing to tell Americans, "We have to invest more, privately and *publicly*." More federal money must be spent on public investment. And we must increase private savings by going after leveraged buyouts and takeovers, encouraging corporate savings, creating more Keoghs, and maybe even increasing taxes. Unless we change the configuration of savings and investment, we're lost.

FRANK: Robert, it must be nice sitting there, feeling all that bravery and saying, "This is what I'll say." But 250 million Americans will not file by and ask for a seven-minute discourse. So the media will translate your message for you, and they will say, "Reich favors more taxes."

TOWNSEND: And please, when we use words like *investment* and *infrastructure,* my eyes glaze over. You're going to need crisp, graphic language if you're going to win on taxes, especially if you think Americans will vote to raise taxes.

BABBITT: Didn't San Francisco impose a tax surcharge for earthquake relief?

TOWNSEND: Yes.

BABBITT: Does that suggest anything to you?

FRANK: Yes. If we have a *national* earthquake, we can raise taxes.

Taking off the Hair Shirt

HITT: Robert Reich, you once wrote that the difference between the parties is that Republicans "have a story to tell that is compelling for people." In 1980 it was the story of a threat to America—from communism, from a bloated government, from criminals, from social engineers. Can anyone at this table come up with an encompassing narrative for the 1992 Democratic nominee to tell?

FRANK: Here's what he says: America has spent the forty-five years since World War II carrying the burden for the rest of the world, some of which was appropriate. But we should no longer [illegible] in NATO and elsewhere, for our competitors—West Germany, France, England, Holland, Japan. Today, East Germany, Hungary, and Poland are leaving the communist bloc. We can now say, "Harry Truman, we succeeded. Containment has worked, the Marshall Plan has worked, and the occupation of Japan has worked." It's time to come back home. We can reorient those resources toward education, improve our international competitive strategy, and be nicer to ourselves. And we can make it clear that we are doing this out of a sense of American triumphalism, not beating up on American imperialism.

BOXER: "America's Time Has Come."

BABBITT: We're talking renewal, investment, education, basic science, and research. Be careful of jingoism. If we then blame our problems on, say, Japan, it's negative populism, the politics of despair. Use the sense of opposition to Japan to channel our national concern into an opportunity to renew our society.

BOXER: The 1990s should be "The Decade for America." We've done a good job defending the world. We've won. Communism is a failure. Now we have more resources for *our* children. Recently *Fortune Magazine*—no Democratic mouthpiece—argued that for the next ten years, for the good of the country, we should cut $10 billion a year from defense and transfer it to our own people.

FRANK: And, unlike weapons systems, there are no congressmen protecting pork in NATO.

BABBITT: I disagree. This is the fallacy of demobilization after World War II and the fallacy of the Vietnam peace dividend. There may be some marginal military savings, but it's no panacea. There can be some reorientation of money, but it doesn't make up for our economic policies. We ought to be giving more foreign aid, not less. We must integrate into a world economy.

FRANK: I disagree sharply. The savings are more than marginal. Foreign aid, yes. But 300,000 troops in Europe is preposterous. We're talking billions of dollars here. Let's muster 'em out.

REICH: There are two ways to tell this alternative story. One is to talk about reallocating resources from national defense in order to rebuild the country's infrastructure and schools. The other story is populist. Here we advocate a progressive income tax, reining in Wall Street, and we talk about the wealthy getting wealthier and the poor getting poorer. There are dangers in both stories. Enlightened nationalism easily deteriorates into jingoism. And populism very easily transmogrifies into soak-the-rich demagoguery.

BABBITT: We could reduce U.S. responsibility in

Europe. But we can't lower our military presence in the Pacific by even one airplane.

FRANK: Oh, Bruce.

BABBITT: Ask the Chinese, the Japanese, the Soviets if they want a reduced American presence!

BOXER: Can the Japanese afford it?

FRANK: Who are the Soviets, the Chinese, and the Japanese afraid of? The Indonesians?

BABBITT: Each other.

FRANK: Why is it my responsibility to starve kids in America and deny people medical care because these countries are afraid of each other?

BABBITT: Because it works for us too.

FRANK: It *worked* for us. Let's change it.

BABBITT: Withdraw?

FRANK: Not withdraw. Reduce.

BURRIS: I am also for redirecting resources out of Europe and Asia as communism crumbles. But it looks like we're weak on defense again.

FRANK: America is winning, Roland! The message is not anti-American; it's pro-American.

BOXER: I think it can work. Bush is a status quo president. He doesn't want to look at opportunities. Democrats should seize the initiative. We have a $300 billion defense budget. That is up 100 percent from 1980. Transfer 5 percent from that budget and make us stronger by doing it. Does that mean we're not prepared if Gorbachev is overthrown and some Neanderthal takes over? We're still the strongest military power in the world. That's the context in which we say let's make this the decade for America.

BARBER: Swords to plowshares, great. But if this nation had the *will* to do something for education, we wouldn't wait to cash in some soldiers to buy more teachers. That we have no will is partly the Democrats' fault. If the only way we can get the people to do anything is to reach into military coffers, we have not solved the problem. Maybe there is no solution, but to me, this condemns us to ongoing cynicism.

FRANK: What's your answer?

BARBER: If Americans wanted it, they could tax themselves a bit higher. We're the lowest-taxed nation in the world.

FRANK: If you think taxing ourselves is equivalent to bringing soldiers home from Europe, you don't make any sense.

BARBER: We have not yet found a way to convince Americans of the importance of these issues the way we once convinced them that they had to pay out of their hides, if necessary, to protect themselves from communism. That's the issue.

BABBITT: What do you think would happen if the president, with rich rhetoric and passion, went to the people and said, "It's time to rebuild this country to assure another American century. I am going to give the following sums to rebuild university laboratories, to give scholarships, and to establish a national Head Start program. And I am asking every American to agree to a 5 percent increase in the gas tax"?

FRANK: We tried it; it didn't sell.

BABBITT: Who tried it?

BOXER: Senator Bob Dole.

TOWNSEND: I don't think Democrats, right now, should ask the people to raise taxes.

"THE 1990s SHOULD BE 'THE DECADE FOR AMERICA.' COMMUNISM IS A FAILURE. WE'VE WON. NOW WE HAVE MORE RESOURCES FOR OUR CHILDREN."

BABBITT: You don't think Democrats could make headway with an education program and an earmarked revenue source?

REICH: In the election of 1936, FDR said, "No American should have an income over $25,000"—roughly $200,000 today. Congress didn't go along entirely, but it did pass a progressive tax bill. By contrast, we now have the lowest tax rate on high incomes of any industrialized nation in the world.

FRANK: A fine ideological point, Bob, but sell it!

REICH: There are two sources of revenue; one is military, the other is—

FRANK: Bob, you're debating the merits, not the politics. We agree on the merits, but—

BARBER: You only want to win elections, Barney! That's what's wrong.

FRANK: No. It's about making public policy.

BARBER: If you become Ronald Reagan in order to win, then you end up Ronald Reagan.

FRANK: No one said that. You're talking nonsense. Saying that something won't sell and therefore

should not be advocated does not make you like Ronald Reagan. This is mindlessness.

BARBER: You only want to win.

FRANK: We want to win to effect public policy.

BOXER: In telling our story of America winning, we could also point out that the Republican story had some very sad endings. One in five kids lives in poverty—

FRANK: No, we can't. We are always preaching doom and gloom; we sound like we are wearing hair shirts. We are a bit like the guy with the sign that says, "The world's going to end on Thursday." Well, it's the following Tuesday afternoon.

REICH: Put it in terms of preparing ourselves and our kids for a future in which we have control over our destinies, a future of great opportunities. This concern for future generations is a powerful theme, and it implies accurately that we have been squandering that future.

TOWNSEND: Exactly. Don't talk about squandering; imply it, and talk about future generations.

BARBER: The task of leadership is precisely to *allow* people to care about the things that they *need* to care about.

"SUPPOSE WE TALK ABOUT A NEW PATRIOTISM, ONE THAT DOES NOT DEPEND UPON GUNS AND B-2 BOMBERS BUT UPON BRAINPOWER. THE COLD WAR HAS BEEN SUPPLANTED BY A COLD PEACE."

TOWNSEND: It's going to be tough to come up with the language. "Good schools" is very boring. Everybody wants good schools. We should have high expectations for students and insist that all children can learn, can achieve. And not just academically but in their character as well. We should insist that children be taught to act with decency and honor, that they have a sense of self-respect, that they love their country and perform community service. You hear about the land ethic in the language of the environment because people feel they have a special relationship to the land. People want something spiritual, something beautiful in their lives. Think of FDR's WPA: That wasn't just a work program. It created something beautiful. The Democrats can also speak of exploration, opening up space, and curing diseases. These issues enrich our lives and reveal us to be a party *eager* for the future. There has to be something in the Demo- [illegible] that lifts us up.

BURRIS: The Republicans created a deficit and a housing shortage, so we need only come up with a language that pushes the positive. We will reach the voters the same way the Republicans did with confetti and the flag.

REICH: That's close. Suppose we talk about a new patriotism, one that does not depend upon guns and B-2 bombers but upon brainpower. The Cold War has been supplanted by a Cold Peace, in which nations compete on the basis of brains and capacities. The new patriotism means sacrificing a bit for our kids.

BABBITT: Children are really a metaphor for the future. Children are not perceived as welfare programs or property of the state. They represent future, investment, and education.

BARBER: How's this for a Democratic slogan: "Today's Party for Tomorrow's America." Tomorrow, the future, is a significant theme because Reagan and Bush's vision is really about today. Reagan said, "You are individuals and customers. Consume and spend." That may create a productive economy, but that's the language of today. The language of tomorrow is about cooperation, not competition. It is a rich and resonant language, and we don't use it much. The Republican language is also about *taking:* It's okay to take; it's good for the economy. The powerful language of giving has not been used. All the discussion of service today comes out of that neglected need to give. *Invest*—you use that word all the time, Bob—is part of this language. To a Republican the voter is a consumer. Well, let's talk about the citizen. Civic language is an open language for the Democrats to seize upon. It's a language of participation and engagement and empowerment. And a full set of issues flows from that language—education, environment, space, technology, risk taking. Those are issues of the future, and they constitute an alternative vision to trickle-down economics.

BOXER: I like Bob's "new patriotism." Only maybe it's "renewed patriotism," so that people won't ask, "What's wrong with the old patriotism?" But I am worried about ideas like cooperation. I want to stress the individual in some way. Think about abortion and the pro-choice issue.

FRANK: I agree; that has to be resolved. I like these ideas as long as we are clear that we are telling people *they* will be the beneficiaries. You can't preach sacrifice over the long haul.

REICH: The children will be the beneficiaries.

FRANK: No, it's not just children. There are people who aren't worried about children. There are old people and others. We can't tell them the payoff is in twenty years. I think enlightened self-interest is the best you can get. There is room to do both. Ronald Reagan believed in free enterprise the way some people believe in unicorns. He believed in it even when it wasn't there. He thought it would solve the environmental problem. Democrats believe in free enterprise, and we know what it does and doesn't do. We know there are values and goals in our society that free enterprise can't achieve. But you express it all in terms of self-interest. You can't say one in five lives in poverty, because the other four don't care. Don't beat people up and tell them they've been rotten and selfish and mean. Democrats do that. We must say, "Yes, we're going to have all these programs," but in the context of "We're doing a terrific job but we can do better."

BURRIS: As we strive to pull in the middle class, let's not forget the underclass, one of our traditional constituencies.

BABBITT: None of us is advocating that the underclass be abandoned; that concern is the essence of being a Democrat. But we must admit that much of the welfare state has been an utter failure. Advocacy for the underprivileged must now be cast in terms of the opportunity state; not checks, but opportunity. That's why saying one in five children lives in poverty is critical: It implies that we will reach out and, through education, create the opportunity. That's why the health-care issue remains alive and important; it's an enabling issue.

BOXER: Let me point out that the business community fears what's happening to kids in poverty. They see a future work force that is not prepared. We're hearing powerful CEOs say, "Invest $10 billion in our children right now."

The Populist Story

REICH: The narrative of investing in the future is one story. But remember there's also the populist story, and it's about—

FRANK: —beating each other up.

REICH: The Democratic party represents the underdog—Joe Lunchbucket—not the global corporations, not the rich. We stand for worker participation, control over pension funds, and a progressive income tax.

BARBER: A teacher of mine at Harvard, Louis Hartz, argued that in the American liberal tradition, we have bought into a Lockean consensus: that we are one country, not a class-war country, and that parties that try class warfare fail.

BABBITT: The populist issue of the Thirties was labor versus management. Today, the populist issues are worker participation, worker ownership, and worker-controlled pension plans.

REICH: What about worker control over pension plans? It's a very specific idea, and I haven't heard the Democrats—

FRANK: It was on the floor; we voted on it. Don't assume that because it hasn't been on the front page of the *New York Times* that it hasn't happened. The bill was put forward; it became a partisan issue; and we lost—

REICH: You're talking programs. I know the bill, I testified—

FRANK: So don't say nobody's talking about it. We did; no one listened.

REICH: But it's not part of the Democratic story.

FRANK: Who's telling this story? You have this view that someone is telling the Democratic story and not saying what you like. There is no one person; there is no voice from the burning bush saying, "Worker control of pensions."

BABBITT: We've conceptualized it as a program rather than as a value, as pension reform rather than worker participation.

FRANK: Well, Bruce, you're wrong. That's how it *was* conceptualized: worker participation.

REICH: The issue should be part of a constellation of issues where the whole is greater than the sum of its parts. Party leaders are not saying, "Here are ten issues the Democrats really believe in and together they stand for the following principles: worker participation, workplace democracy, standing up for the little guy."

BARBER: And why that matters is because we are a nation of neighbors. This country was built by neighbors, not by individuals. You work that into your story.

FRANK: That won't work. It leads to class warfare. I remember Louis Hartz's Gov. 203, too. He said it is hard to get Americans, including working people who might benefit, to think of themselves in class terms. Remember McGovern? He went after the inheritance tax in 1972. It backfired because most Americans believe that one day they will be rich. But I want to stress the point that there's no mechanism to get fourteen diverse Democrats to say the same thing.

BURRIS: Has Speaker Foley sat down with the leadership—

FRANK: What leadership?

BURRIS: —the Democratic Caucus—to explain his vision of—

BARBER: Fat chance!

FRANK: His vision of what?

BURRIS: —what's going on in America?

FRANK: Foley has not; Senate majority leader George Mitchell gave a big speech laying out his program, and—

BURRIS: Did Mitchell talk to the Senate or the Democrats?

FRANK: You're not getting the answers you want so you're turning this into a prosecution.

BURRIS: You don't even know where I'm going.

FRANK: I don't like you playing district attorney.

HITT: Gentlemen, please.

BURRIS: I'm trying to ask—

FRANK: Then ask a question, instead of playing district—

BURRIS: If you want to answer my question, fine; if not, shut up.

FRANK: I have answered it: Mitchell did; Foley didn't. You don't like the answer.

REICH: Let me try something. The purpose of a vision is to ensure that the sum of programs is greater than the individual parts. Now, the Republicans have had a vision into which they fit their programs. It was grounded in part on social Darwinism and neoclassical economics.

FRANK: No. What was the unified Republican vision in 1979? There wasn't one.

BURRIS: "Get the government off people's backs."

REICH: It was a vision based on the government screwing things up, particularly Great Society programs. It stood for trickle-down economics and a strong defense. It was like the big lie. Say it over and over again, supply enough anecdotal evidence, offer a few programs, and it begins to sound coherent and truthful.

FRANK: You're talking about the whole Republican party, but you've only described Reagan. Bush and Dole weren't saying any of that in 1979.

BURRIS: But it didn't come out of a vacuum. It came from the Heritage Foundation. They polled continuously until they found a message to craft.

BARBER: But you know why? Because they *believed* in something. We don't believe. We think they're wrong, but they believed. They didn't say, "How can we win?" or "Can we sell it?"

FRANK: Ben, that's just distortion. Have you heard anyone say that there's a particular value they care about that they're ready to sacrifice for winning? I haven't.

BARBER: Every time someone makes a suggestion, Barney, you say, "We tried it; it won't sell."

FRANK: I'm talking about strategy, not programs.

BARBER: Barney, you and Bob are wrong to underestimate the Republican story by calling it the big lie. To the extent that Americans felt better about their nation, recovered from Vietnam, believed they were making more money—even if they weren't—it was not a big lie. It worked.

REICH: In the 1980s, it *was* the big lie: This is the only economic recovery we've had in our history in which average Americans are worse off now than they were before.

BARBER: But how people *feel* counts. What they *believe* counts. Symbols count.

BURRIS: They made the white conservative voter feel good by saying, "Don't let this black person get near you." So we traded high interest rates and inflation for a bigger deficit and unemployment. There have been no economic gains. We're living on a damn credit card rather than on high interest rates and inflation. But you can't sell that, because the Republicans know that when a person uses a credit card he doesn't give a damn how much is owed on it.

BOXER: That trade-off, Roland, was won by the politics of fear. We must counter with the politics of hope, the spiritual uplifting Kathleen spoke about.

TOWNSEND: I'll ask this one more time. What do they fear? Drugs, disarray, and crime—especially crime.

FRANK: Democrats have to admit to a mistake first. We have intimidated ourselves out of saying that people who hit other people over the head—no matter what their childhood was like—are rotten people who ought to be locked up. Poverty and racism may explain, even predict, violent crime, but they do not excuse it.

BURRIS: Put the criminals in jail.

HITT: That's what Republicans say.

REICH: Go beyond that. You could say that the black community is suffering more than the white community.

FRANK: Don't say that.

BURRIS: *I* can say that.

FRANK: You're right. You can.

American Mythology

REICH: Let's back up. There are mythological stories that both Democrats and Republicans *have* to tell. One has to do with what I call the "mob at the gates," and the other is the "rot at the top." For Republicans, the mob at the gates has been communists and criminals; and the rot at the top has been liberal intellectuals and bureaucrats. Now, what are the Democrats' stories for the mob at the gates? The Japanese? And for the rot at the top? Wall Street speculators?

HITT: For rot at the top, the Democrats could say, "For years Republicans have said Democrats throw money at problems. Now we know where *they* throw money—at each other."

TOWNSEND: Problem is, every time you look at corruption, there's a Democrat involved.

FRANK: As an issue, corruption cancels out. The public believes both parties are suspect. Watergate gave one party a onetime advantage. As a general rule, though, corruption doesn't work.

TOWNSEND: What about the idea of government itself as an issue? If you've tried to get anything out of government recently, you will be disgusted and horrified at how frustrating it is.

BABBITT: Charles Keating did pretty well.

TOWNSEND: We should say, "We are going to make government work again; no more unresponsive bureaucrats fouling the works."

FRANK: You're right, Kathleen. We are sometimes too pro-government for our own good.

BURRIS: Especially when the Republicans are in power; we should run *against* government.

HITT: What's the language? How do you win with the message "Put Democrats back in charge of government"? You've got to be kidding.

BARBER: Republicans are always crying, "Get government off our backs." My slogan is, "Get government off our backs and put it back into our hands." In other words, make it a citizens' government, the instrument of cooperation. Let's get rid of big government.

FRANK: At the federal level, that becomes very conservative.

REICH: Is that a populist platform, Ben?

FRANK: That's Ronald Reagan's 1980 inaugural.

REICH: Wait. If we're talking about empowerment and worker ownership, that implies a decentralized government. But if we are also telling the story of investing in America, that implies a more centralized government. How do we square the two?

FRANK: It's contradictory; you're right. That's why empowerment doesn't work. The voters hear that word and think feminism and race.

BARBER: They can both work if you use the integrating theme of interdependence. Issue a Declaration of Interdependence. Individuals are interdependent. Communities are interdependent. Now interdependence is the reality, even globally.

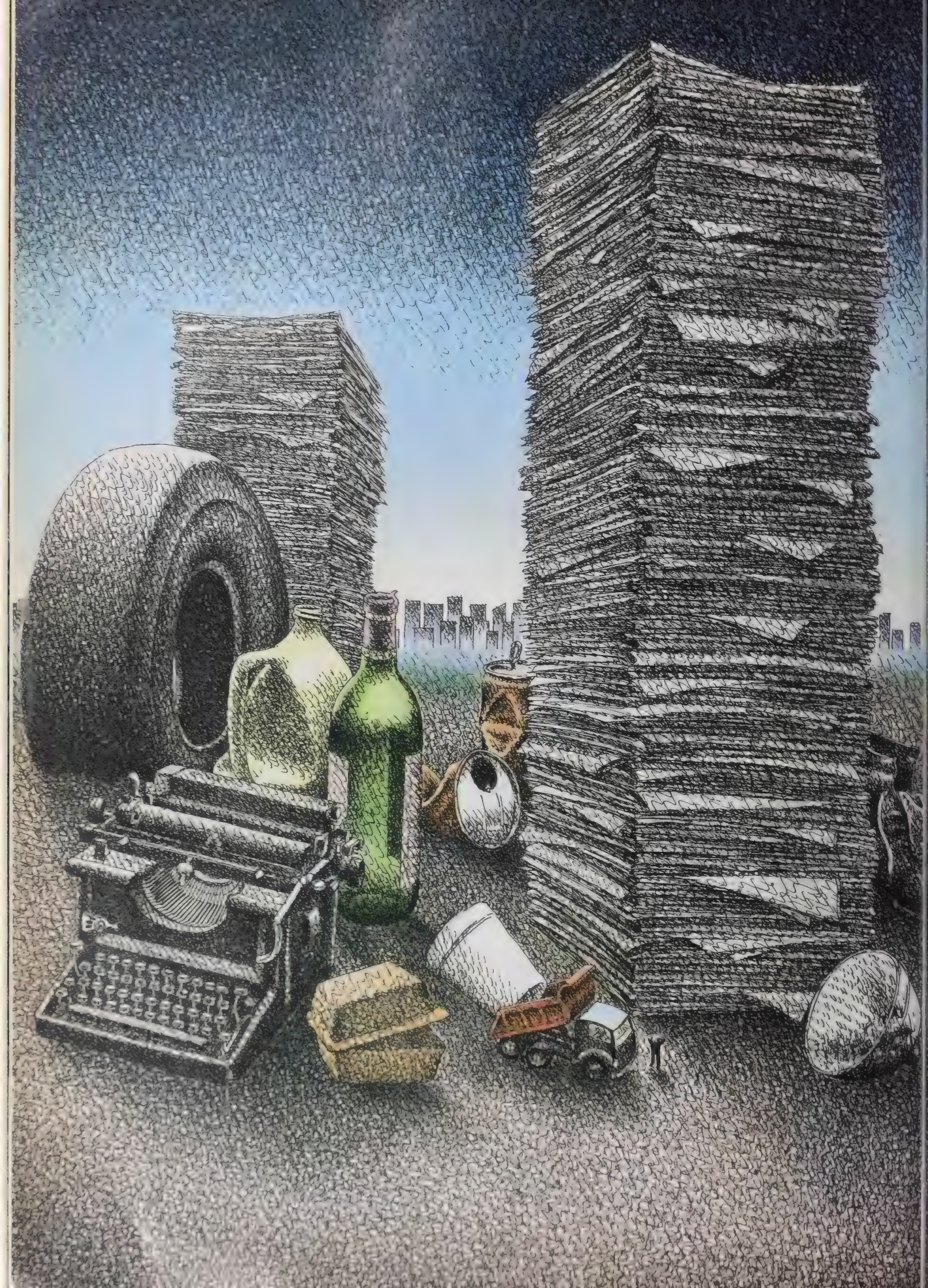
BABBITT: The most interesting example of a populist movement is the environment. It is a cause that has departed Washington and is now taking root in neighborhoods and communities. It's a populist and local issue. States all over this country are way ahead of Washington, D.C. In fact, Washington is reactionary compared to the states.

FRANK: Empowerment works on the municipal or state level. It is harder to sell on the federal level without becoming very antigovernment.

BABBITT: That's not true. Why is one issue local and populist and another national and populist? It relates to what economists call externalities, the hidden costs we all bear. These are local issues that sweep everybody up in a sense of common benefit. The civil-rights movement was one: a national populist concern. We Democrats must free up community power to handle issues where there are common benefits to which everybody can be awakened.

FRANK: I agree. But I'm not talking about beating the Republicans on many of these issues, only tying them. Someone in 1984 said the Democratic party had a whole that was smaller than the sum of its parts. If we go program by program, we win. So I say we tie them on the values, move on to programs, and beat 'em.

BARBER: If you equalize, you don't necessarily neutralize. You can't just say, "Yeah, we believe that, too." You've got to provide an alternative story. Take crime. You could just echo the Republican position of being tough. Or you could say something like this: "Today's criminals you deal with tough. Put 'em in jail. But what about tomorrow's criminals? They are today's dropouts. And the day-after-tomorrow's criminals are today's second-graders who see the older boys selling crack on the street. What are we doing about tomorrow's criminals?" That puts the issue right where we want it; it's about tomorrow, about the future, about children, about education. It fits into an overall vision, in a context, and doesn't just sound like imitation Republicanism. ■



Let's dig a little deeper into the notion that much of our garbage is made up of plastics.

America's growing waste problem is monumental. We generate 160 million tons of garbage a year.

Our nation's landfills are being filled up. In five years 2,000 of our remaining 6,000 landfills will be closed.

A lot of well-intentioned solutions are being offered. One is that foam plastics, plastic bottles and plastic packaging should be banned.

The fact is that plastics make up less than 8%, by weight, of our nation's waste. Paper and paperboard make up about 36%, glass and metal about 9% each, all by weight. Plastics are naturally lighter, but still, when compressed, account for only about 20% by volume.

If plastics were banned, the need for packaging wouldn't go away. The idea is to substitute other materials which are assumed to be biodegradable, so a landfill would take longer to become full. Studies show, however, that paper and other materials decompose so slowly in today's landfills that the lives of the landfills are not extended.

Recycling must play a part.

In addition to environmentally secure landfills, and more state-of-the-art waste-to-energy incinerators, we believe that a significant answer to America's waste problem lies in recycling. Everything recyclable should be recycled. Yard waste. Paper. Metal cans. Glass bottles. And plastics.

Although plastics recycling is in its infancy, plastics are potentially more recyclable than alternative packaging materials.

In South Carolina, one company recycles 100 million pounds of 2-liter plastic soft drink bottles a year into everything from fiberfill for ski parkas to scouring pads to automobile distributor caps.

In Chicago, another company processes 2 million plastic milk jugs a year into thousands of boards of "plastic lumber" for boat docks, decking, park benches and fences.

In Tennessee, another company processes plastic containers into bathtubs, shower stalls and sinks.

What Amoco Chemical is doing.

Amoco Chemical is playing an active and meaningful role in recycling.

We're sponsoring a demonstration recycling program in New York State showing that used polystyrene foam food service containers from schools and restaurants can be recycled into products like insulation board for commercial construction, cafeteria trays and home and office products.

We're participating in a consortium with other major plastics manufacturers which will support construction of regional recycling plants as part of a nationwide attempt to increase the recycling of polystyrene.

In Portland, Oregon, we renovated a 10-acre environmental learning center with a new wetlands walkway, signs, kiosks and benches made from recycled plastics partially collected from local recycling programs.

We're encouraging the start-up of new plastic recycling efforts, we're helping to find new ways to collect and sort recyclables, and supporting efforts to create markets for products made from recycled plastics.

At Amoco Chemical, we believe we're only beginning to see the benefits of recycling. In the not-too-distant future, it can turn our solid waste from a national problem into a national resource.

For a free copy of "Recycling. Do It Today For Tomorrow," write Amoco Chemical, 200 East Randolph Drive, Chicago, IL 60601.

Recycling. Do It Today For Tomorrow.

AMOCO

Amoco Chemical

© 1989 Amoco Chemical Company

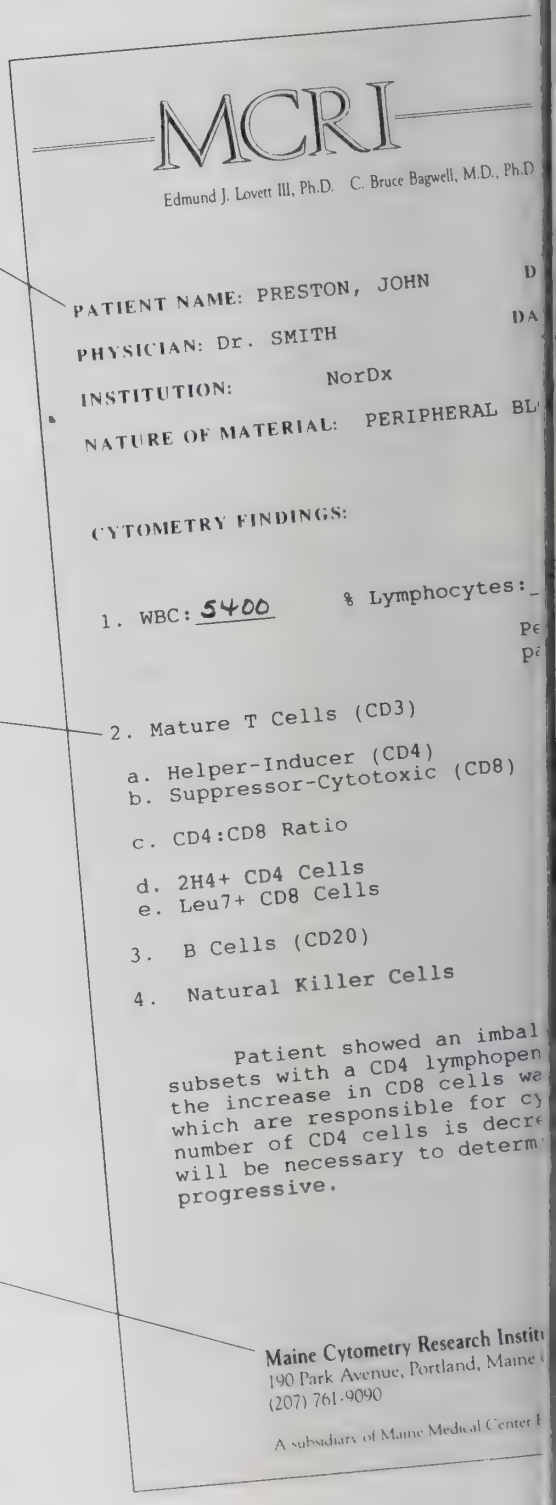
THIS TIME, I

An anxious gloss o

I am one of the estimated 1,000,000 to 1,500,000 people in the United States whose blood carries antibodies for the human immunodeficiency virus (HIV). The antibodies are an ominous signal: Researchers suspect that 20 to 40 percent of us will develop, in the next seven years, acquired immune deficiency syndrome (AIDS). No one knows why some of us will contract AIDS only months after infection while others won't develop symptoms for years, perhaps never. I found out two years ago that I'm HIV-positive. Every three months I have my blood drawn and tested to monitor my condition. It takes a week for the results to come back. This period of waiting arouses great anxiety. Will the lab results tell me I'm getting sick? If I do get sick, will my friends be able to take care of me? Will I die soon? How much time do I have?

I've been forced to learn more biochemistry than I'd ever dreamed of. I now know that mature T cells, B cells, and natural killer cells are all indexes of my body's response to infection. Most of these measurements are high; my body knows something is going on and is mounting a defense. But the very low ratio of helper to suppressor cells indicates the problem. Helper cells activate the immune system; suppressor cells slow it down. By attacking the helper cells, HIV is throwing my immune system into disarray. My ratio is much lower than normal, the lowest it's ever been.

It's expensive to find out if I am getting sick. This report cost me $270, not including the office visit. I usually donate my blood to a research institute in order to avoid this expense. Many of us infected with HIV have made this kind of trade, turning ourselves into test subjects in return for experimental drugs or high-tech lab work we couldn't otherwise receive or afford. Like many other people with HIV, I don't want to alert my insurance company about my status until it's necessary or submit a claim for this test as long as I can afford not to. In every state but California, insurance companies have the legal right to deny health insurance to applicants who test positive for the virus. The longer my insurance policy is in effect, the harder it will be for the company to deny me benefits. The cost of AIDS treatment is enormous, and I fear that the insurance company will refuse to pay for my care if given any way to do so.



MCRI

Edmund J. Lovett III, Ph.D. C. Bruce Bagwell, M.D., Ph.D

PATIENT NAME: PRESTON, JOHN D

PHYSICIAN: Dr. SMITH DA

INSTITUTION: NorDx

NATURE OF MATERIAL: PERIPHERAL BL

CYTOMETRY FINDINGS:

1. WBC: 5400 % Lymphocytes:

2. Mature T Cells (CD3)

a. Helper-Inducer (CD4)
b. Suppressor-Cytotoxic (CD8)

c. CD4:CD8 Ratio

d. 2H4+ CD4 Cells
e. Leu7+ CD8 Cells

3. B Cells (CD20)

4. Natural Killer Cells

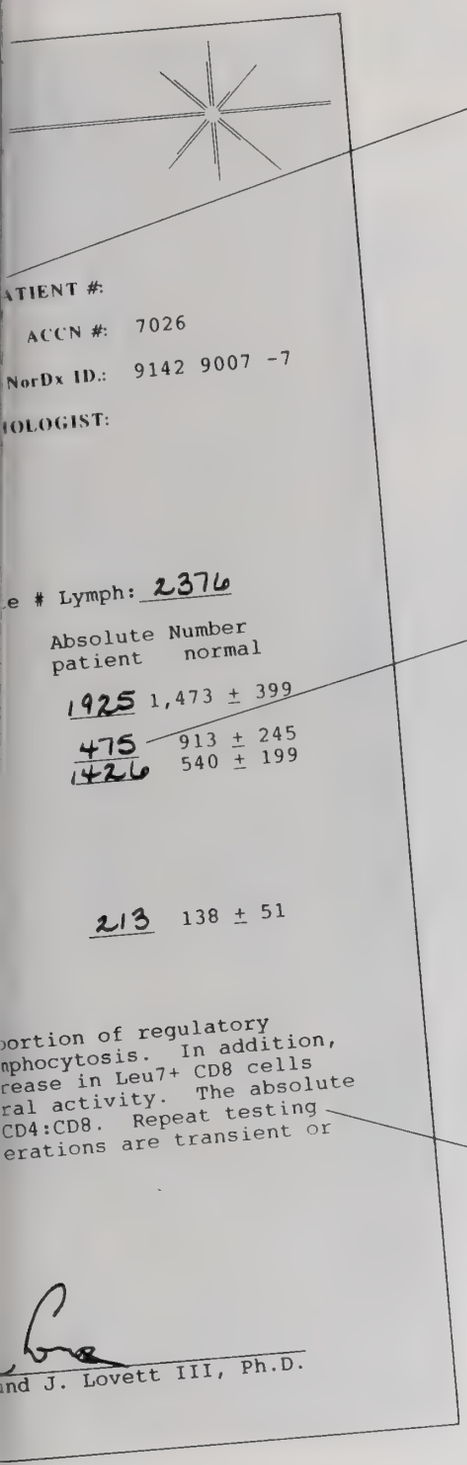
Patient showed an imbal
subsets with a CD4 lymphopen
the increase in CD8 cells wa
which are responsible for cy
number of CD4 cells is decre
will be necessary to determ
progressive.

Maine Cytometry Research Institu
190 Park Avenue, Portland, Maine
(207) 761-9090

A subsidiary of Maine Medical Center

OULD BE AIDS

ort, *by John Preston*



I'm forty-four. I know dozens of people infected with HIV; I've known dozens who have died of AIDS. I'm the oldest of us all.

This is the number I really want to know about. The absolute count of the helper-inducer cell—often called the T4 cell—is used to measure the actual strength of the immune system. T4 counts can be maddeningly volatile. The wide use of this test gives the impression that this is a definite measure of mortality, an impression hard to ignore when one is HIV-positive. I panicked the time my score went below 300, sure I was about to become ill; I was euphoric the one time it went over 700, hoping against all scientific belief that I might beat the infection. In fact, no one test can be trusted. What's important is the trend. My tests have generally stayed in the high 400s. That stability provides some encouragement. My count is about one half of normal, just what's expected of someone who is HIV-positive but has not shown symptoms of AIDS. It indicates that my immune system is still adequate to fight off disease. As with many other people, my system won't tolerate AZT. If the count falls below 200, I'll be eligible for experimental drugs. A count below 100 usually signals full-blown AIDS.

Repeat testing is a way of life for me. I can relax for a while now. But in three months I'll again go through my week of wondering and once again have to live with the fear that my body is going to fail me, that I may be developing AIDS.

John Preston is writer-in-residence at the AIDS Project in Portland, Maine. He is the editor of Personal Dispatches: Writers Confront AIDS, *which was recently published by St. Martin's Press.*

WITNESS

By Madison Smartt Bell

The day he heard that Paxton Morgan was released, Wilson had been planning to revise a will. It was a slack period for him and he didn't expect to be in court until late in the following week, but he'd come in early just the same. The door to his inner office was open on the lateral hallway, and he could hear the whisk of a letter opener as Mrs. Veech, behind the front desk, sliced into the morning mail. Mostly bills or offers of subscriptions; he'd glanced through it quickly on his way in.

There was a jingle as the front door opened and Wilson raised his head to listen, but it was a man he didn't want to see, and Mrs. Veech denied his presence. A grumble, sound of pacing, scrape of a match, and a faint distant odor of tobacco. Mrs. Veech coughed. The voice grudgingly inquired if the smoke bothered her. Mrs. Veech said nothing but coughed again, more significantly. Her allergy to cigarettes was highly selective: Wilson, for instance, smoked himself. When the front door released a jangle of departure, he picked up his pencil and went back to the will. Mrs. Veech, he could hear, was dealing with the remains of the mail.

"Mister Wilson, did you know they were letting Pax Morgan go?" He heard her voice without immediately understanding it, registering only the anxiously rising note at the end. The task in his hand was complicated, though almost entirely frivolous, the testament of a woman some forty years old who would probably live at least forty more, revising her bequests more or less semiannually. Still, it was an amusement she could afford if it pleased her, harmless enough, and he had use for the fee.

He drafted another two lines on the long yellow pad and broke the point of his pencil. Then the sense of Mrs. Veech's question reached him and he stood up, taking a cigarette from his shirt pocket as he stepped into the hall. Mrs. Veech sat bolt upright in her desk chair, clamping some sort of form in both her hands. Wilson took it from her and walked to the front window, setting the unlit cigarette in the corner of his mouth as he moved. It was a slick gray photocopy of a release from Central State, with the name of Paxton Morgan typed along with other information and the illegibly scrawled signature of some doctor or official in the lower right-hand corner. He noted that the box for the date was not filled in.

"They might have already turned him out," Mrs. Veech said.

"Or they might just still be thinking about it." Wilson turned to face her. Round, plain, and comfortable, she was a clean fifteen years older than he and normally unfazeable, though now she seemed perceptibly disturbed.

"I wonder who sent us this," he said.

"There wasn't any cover letter." Mrs. Veech frowned. Wilson stepped across and picked up the slit envelope from the stack of circulars on the desk and paced back to the window, turning it over in his hands. It was letterhead stationery from the hospital with his own address unremarkably typed and a postmark from two days before. Absently he folded it in three and peered out the window, through the hanging vines of the plants Mrs. Veech had insisted on stringing up there. The office was on the ground floor at the corner of the square, and sighting

Madison Smartt Bell's last story for Harper's Magazine *was "Customs of the Country," which appeared in the February 1988 issue and was selected for* The Best American Short Stories 1989. *A new collection of stories,* Barking Man, *will be published by Ticknor & Fields in April.*

through the letter O of his own reversed name on the glass, Wilson could see a couple of cars and one mud-splattered pickup truck revolving lazily around the concrete Confederate soldier on his high pedestal at the center. Opposite, the usual complement of idlers lounged around the courthouse steps. The office had a southern exposure, and he could feel a faint sunny warmth on the side of his face, through the pane.

"Well, damn their eyes," he said. And then, as he noticed Mrs. Veech again, "Excuse me."

Back in his inner office, Wilson lit the cigarette and set it in an ashtray to burn itself out, then began dialing the phone with the end of his pencil. In some fifteen minutes he had variously heard that Pax Morgan had already been released, was not going to be released at all, and had never been admitted. He hadn't expected to discover who had sent the anonymous notification and so was not surprised when he didn't. Although he did learn that a Dr. Meagrum was supposed to be presiding over the case, he could not get through to him. He left a message that his call be returned. The central spring of his revolving chair squealed slightly as he leaned back, away from the phone. On the rear wall of the room, behind the triangle of clients' chairs, bookshelves rose all the way to the high ceiling, bearing about half of Wilson's law library. Hands laced behind his head, he scanned the top row of heavy books as though looking for something, though he was not. After a moment he tightened his lips and leaned forward again and made the call he had been postponing.

He had the number by heart already because it had once been his own, the Nashville law firm where he'd formerly worked. In those days Sharon Morgan would likely have answered the phone herself, but they used her more as a researcher now and had hired a different receptionist. She was good at the work, and with the two children there was no doubt the better pay made a difference. Still studying for her own law degree, part-time; Pax had never liked that much. Wilson asked for her and waited till she came on the line, her voice brisk, as he remembered it. It had been some months since they had spoken and the first few exchanges passed in pleasantries, inquiries about each other's children, and the like. Then, a pause.

"Well, you never called just to pass the time," Sharon said. "Not if I know you."

Wilson hesitated, thinking, What would she look like now? The same. Phone pinched between her chin and shoulder, a tail of her longish dark hair involved with the cord in some way. Chances were she'd be doing something on her desk while she waited for him to continue, brown eyes sharp on some document, wasting no time.

"Right," he said. "Have you heard anything of Pax lately?"

"And don't care to," she said, her tone still easy. "Why would you ask?"



Illustration by Mark Strathy

The chair spring squeaked as Wilson shifted position. The distant sound of a typewriter came to him over the line. He flicked his pencil with a fingernail and watched its bevels turning over the lines of the yellow pad. "And not from the hospital either, I don't suppose."

"*Oho,*" Sharon said. He could hear her voice tightening down, homing in. She took the same grim satisfaction in any discovery, no matter its purport, which was part of what made her good at her job. "Is that what it is?"

"I'm afraid," Wilson said. "They're letting him out, if they haven't already."

"And never even let me know. There ought to be a law—"

"—but there doesn't appear to be one," Wilson said. He picked up the hospital form and read off to her its most salient details. A stall, he thought, even before he was through with it. "The morning mail," he said. "No date, and I don't even know who sent it."

"Then what are you thinking to do?" she said.

"I've been calling the hospital," Wilson said. "If I ever get through to the right doctor, maybe I can convince them to hold him, if he's not already gone."

"*If,*" Sharon said sharply. "All up to them, is it?"

"I would call it a case for persuasion," Wilson said. "So, did you have any plans for the weekend? I should be able to get in touch . . . "

"I'm taking the children out to the lake."

Wilson plucked another cigarette from his breast pocket and began to tamp it rhythmically on the old green desktop blotter. "I don't know," he said. "Why not go to your brother's, say? Instead."

"What would we want to do that for?"

"Look, Sharon," he said. "You know, it's to hell and gone from anywhere, that house on the lake. And nobody even out there, this time of year."

"I will *not* run from that—" She interrupted herself, but he thought the calm of her voice was artificial when she went on. "The kids are packed for it. They're counting on it. I don't see any reason to change our plans."

"You don't, do you?" Wilson said, without sarcasm, and put a match to his cigarette. He supposed he'd been expecting this, or something a whole lot like it.

"Why don't you get a peace bond on him?" Sharon said. "If he really is out, I mean. Something. Because it ought to be *his* problem. Not mine."

"I could do that," Wilson said. "Try to, anyway. You know what good it'll do, too. You know it better than I do." There was silence in the receiver; the phantom typewriter had stopped. Pax Morgan had been under a restraining order that night back before the divorce decree when he'd appeared at the house in Nashville he and Sharon had shared and smashed out all the ground-floor windows with the butt end of his deer rifle; he'd made it all the way around the house before the police arrived.

"Well, devil take the hindmost," Wilson said. "I'll let you know what I can find out. And you take care."

"Thanks for letting me know."

"Take care, Sharon," Wilson said, but she had already hung up, so he did, too. Shifting the cigarette to his left hand, he picked up the pencil and began jotting a list at the foot of the pad. Often he did his thinking with the pencil point; he'd discovered that sometimes a solution would appear in the interstices of what he wrote. There were only two items on the list.

JUDGE OLDFIELD—INJUNCTION P.M.
DR. MEAGRUM—CENTRAL STATE

He added a third.

CALL BACK S.M.

The pencil doodled away from the last initial. The list was obvious and complete, and when he had acted on it nothing would be solved. A long ash was sprouting from his cigarette, but he didn't notice until the spark crawled far enough to burn his knuckle.

For the rest of the morning he worked abstractedly on the will, with imperfect concentration. Every twenty minutes or so he interrupted himself to make some fruitless call. Dr. Meagrum was perpetually "on rounds" or "in consultation." Judge Oldfield was spending his morning on the bench. Wilson's own phone rang occasionally, but always over something trivial. When he called Oldfield's chambers again around noon, he found that the judge was gone to lunch. He tightened his tie, got his seersucker suit coat down from the hat rack, and with a word or two to Mrs. Veech went out himself.

Circling the square counterclockwise, he passed the Standard Farm Store, the bank, the courthouse steps, where one man or another raised a broad flat palm to greet him. It was warm out, an Indian summer heat wave, though the leaves were already beginning to turn. A new asphalt path on the southbound street felt tacky under his shoes as he crossed. A couple of blocks west of the square he was already verging on the edge of town; beyond the long low roof of Dotson's restaurant there were woods, turned fired-clay red, patched with sere yellow, a few deep green cedars standing anomalously among the other trees.

The fans were on inside the restaurant, revolving on tall poles, fluttering the corners of the checked oilcloths on the small square tables. Judge Oldfield sat toward the rear, alone for a wonder, behind a plate of fried catfish, hushpuppies, and boiled greens. As Wilson approached he put down his newspaper and smiled. "What wind blows you here, young fellow my lad?"

"An ill one, I'd say—" Wilson sat down on a ladder-back chair. "Do you remember Sharon Morgan? A Lawrence she was, before she married."

"Married that crazy fellow, didn't she?"

"That's the one." Wilson ordered an iced tea from the waitress who'd appeared at his elbow, and turned back to the judge. "They're letting him out of Central State, at least that's what it looks like." He ran down the brief of the morning's activity, while Oldfield grazed on his catfish and nodded.

"It worrying you personally?" the judge said when he was done. "For yourself, I mean?"

"Oh, no," Wilson said. "Not hardly. It wasn't me he said he'd kill, was it? I doubt he'd remember much about me, I never knew him any too well. Even while the divorce was going, it was just her he was mad at."

"So it's the wife—ex-wife, I mean. She's the one with the worry."

"She's the one." Wilson frowned down at his hands. There was a small watery blister where the cigarette had burned him, surprisingly painful for its size. He turned the cold curve of the iced-tea glass against it. "She asked me to get an injunction on him. That's why I came hunting you."

Oldfield took off his fragile rimless glasses, rubbed them with a handkerchief, and put them back on. "That's tricky, old son," he said. "When you don't know for sure if he's loose or he's not."

"Hard to get good information out of that place, don't you know?" Wilson said. "Seems like a lot of them are crazy, doctors and patients alike."

"Must be that's why they call it a madhouse," Oldfield said, with a faint smile. "Well. She does live in the county now? Full-time?"

"She moved here right after the divorce," Wilson said.

"Just to oblige you, now," Oldfield said, "I could sign you a paper. You draw it up. It happens he *is* out, you let me know and we'll sign it and serve it right away. It won't be much of a help to her, though."

"Don't I know it," Wilson said. "But what else do you do?"

"Not a whole lot that you *can*," said Oldfield. "You really think she's got call to worry? Not just fretful, is she?"

"Not her," Wilson said. "I'm the one fretting. I'm wondering, How can I get a deputy to watch over them for a couple of days?"

"You know you can't set them on her," Oldfield said. "Not without she asks for it herself."

"She won't."

"She was a pretty thing, as I recall," Oldfield said irrelevantly. He took off his glasses and rubbed at the bridge of his nose. "And knew her own mind, or seemed to."

"You mean she's stubborn."

"Yes, that's right."

Wilson stood up. "I thank you," he said. Oldfield smiled myopically up at him, his eyes a light watery blue.

"You ought to stay and try the catfish."

"Well, I believe not," Wilson said. "Not much of an appetite today."

"A young man like you?" The judge shook his head. "Must be this heat."

"Your wife called," Mrs. Veech reported. "She'll call you back. And that man from Central State, he called. Doctor Meagrum."

"He would have, wouldn't he?" Wilson said, shrugging out of his jacket. "Wait till I was gone, I mean."

Mrs. Veech sniffed. "In a tearing-down hurry, too," she said. "He was right cross to find you not here."

"He'll get over it," Wilson said. "All right then, would you make sure for me that Pax Morgan still has his house in Brentwood? We might want to serve a paper on him a little later in the day."

In the inner office it was a little too warm, though not quite oppressive. He put his coat on the hat rack, cracked the single window, and paced for a moment at the far side of his desk. It was a shallow room, and the high wall of dark bookbindings seemed uncomfortably close. With a sigh he went back to his seat, lit a cigarette, picked up the will, put it down, lifted a list of the other items on his immediate agenda, and then let that drop too.

The urge to pick at the blister seemed irresistible. He tore loose an edge of it, reviewing, in spite of himself, what little he really knew about Pax Morgan. They'd gone to the same high school, but two years apart; Wilson was the younger. Pax had played football—he remembered that—without distinction, in the line. Later on he had inherited money and started dabbling in real estate, or insurance, neither making nor losing much at whatever it might be. Grown, he was a loud, bluff fellow, with a ruddy face and crinkly, almost yellow hair. At the large parties where Wilson would occasionally run into him, he was known for drinking

too much and becoming not just mush-mouthed but crazily incoherent. The drinking was said to be a factor in his later, more serious breakdowns.

Wilson had gone to Sharon's wedding, but he couldn't think if it was before or after it that he'd had the one brush with Pax he remembered with real clarity. Another party, undoubtedly some Christmas gathering, for Pax was wearing an incongruous Santa Claus tie and had managed to get quite drunk on eggnog. Shuffled together by the crowd, they somehow became embroiled in an argument over deer hunting. Wilson shot duck and dove, rabbit and squirrel, and on his father's farm he might shoot what he had to, to protect the livestock, but he had no taste for shooting deer, which now appeared to be Pax's ruling passion. Wilson was trying to get off the subject, but Pax wouldn't let it drop.

"You've never been blooded," he said thickly. "That's your trouble, you've never been *blooded.*" He took hold of Wilson's lapel and twisted it, drawing himself unpleasantly near, and Wilson was a little startled by what he himself did next, a trick someone had showed him in the army. He took hold of Pax's thumb and squeezed the joints of it together, so that the sudden sharp pain made Pax flinch and let go. Reflexively, Wilson took a step backward, jostling someone behind him in the crowded room, but Pax's face went from surprise to a total blank, like a television switched to an empty channel, and so the whole episode was amputated.

Real craziness there, or an early sign of it. Wilson pulled the dead skin back from the blister, creating a small red-rimmed sore. By the time of the divorce, there were many worse examples, enough to fill a dossier. Wilson had never cared for divorce work much, but Sharon was both a colleague and sort of a friend, and also it was in the first thin stage of his independent practice. But once it was over he swore off friends' divorces altogether, no matter how badly he might need the work. It had been an easy case in the sense that the outcome was not in real doubt, but it was angry and ugly on Pax's side, and there'd been some bitter squabbling over property. Sharon had held out for the house on the lake, impractically, as Wilson thought, surrendering the Nashville residence to Pax, who'd later sold it. Reaching for the phone to call the hospital one more time, he wished again she hadn't done that.

His game of telephone tag with Central State went on for a couple more hours, unpromisingly. When the phone finally rang back, after two-thirty, it was his wife.

"Not interrupting, I hope," she said. "Is it [illegible]

"Not so you'd notice," he said. "It's been pretty quiet."

"Well, we need a gallon of milk," she said. "And cornmeal. Would you stop on the way home?"

"I'll do it," Wilson said, scribbling on the pad. "Lisa driving you crazy today?" Their daughter was four years old, and frantic.

"How should I describe it?" she said, and laughed. "This time next year she'll be in school. I'll miss her, though."

"That's the spirit," Wilson said. The light on his phone began to flash and Mrs. Veech called down the hall, "It's that Doctor Meagrum!"

"I've got to take this call," Wilson said. "I'll be home on time, I think—" He pushed the button. Dr. Meagrum seemed to be already *in medias res.*

"—there's an issue of doctor-patient confidentiality here, Mister, uh, Wilson. I don't know who could have sent you that form, but he did so without my authorization . . ."

"Did they?" Wilson said, catching his breath. "As you may know, I represent Mister Morgan's ex-wife, and given the circumstances of the case, it seems to me appropriate that *both* of us should have been informed."

"I can't agree with you there," Dr. Meagrum snapped.

"All due respect to your point of view," Wilson said, trying to collect himself. The conversation had taken an adversarial turn too soon. "I take it that Mister Morgan *has* in fact been released from your, ah, custodial care."

"My records show that Mister Morgan has been responding favorably to a course of medication and was transferred to outpatient status two days ago."

"I see," Wilson said. "What medication, may I ask?"

"I'm sorry, but that's confidential."

"And what assurance do we have that he will actually *take* this medication?"

"He's in our outpatient program now, and we'll be monitoring him on a biweekly basis."

"Biweekly, you say. That's *every two weeks?*" Wilson creaked back in his chair, gazing up at the join of his bookcase and the ceiling. "Doctor Meagrum, I would like you to consider—" He paused, thinking over the jargon as if fumbling for a key. "—consider returning Mister Morgan to *inpatient status.* Temporarily, shall we say. In the interests of the safety of his ex-wife and family."

"Our file shows that any such step would be contraindicated," the doctor said. "Not in the patient's best interests."

A white flash, something like heat lightning, burst over Wilson's mental horizon, obscuring his view of the bookcases. He found he was

Celebrate America in Song

with the musical legacy of

COLE PORTER

h dazzling with and elegant style, Cole Porter gave America and the ld some of the greatest songs ever written. And now these songs be yours to treasure always in…

"COLE PORTER"
from THE COLUMBIA MUSIC COLLECTION

's over 2 hours of magical music on 2 double-length CDs or cassettes—Cole Porter classics in all. Performed by legendary recording artists like ry Martin ("My Heart Belongs To Daddy," "Anything Goes"), Tony Bennett ist One Of Those Things," "Ev'ry Time We Say Goodbye"), Billie Holiday asy To Love"), Johnny Mathis ("I Concentrate On You," "Begin The Beguine"), is Day ("Night And Day," "I Love Paris"), the Dave Brubeck Quartet ("What his Thing Called Love") and Dinah Shore ("Always e To You In My Fashion," "So In Love"). All digitally astered for today's cleanest sound. Plus, a fascinating, rmative booklet describing Cole Porter's life and sic. All presented with the quality and value 've come to expect from the Columbia sic Collection.





SPECIAL INTRODUCTORY OFFER!

EVIEW "COLE PORTER" RISK-FREE
you're not delighted, return it within 10 s, and owe nothing. Or keep it at our **cial Introductory Price** of only $9.95 (plus 50 shipping and handling) for your choice of double-length CDs or *two* double-length ettes. Then, approximately every 4-6 weeks, ll send you a new volume in *The Great erican Composers* series at the regular price of just $24.95 for *two* ble-length CDs or $19.95 for *two* double-length cassettes (plus $2.50 ping and handling.) Each will be devoted to a single American nposer—like Irving Berlin, George and Ira Gershwin, and Rogers Hart. And each will include over two hours of classic American gs performed by leading recording artists, as well as a handsome klet about the composer and his music.
here's no risk, and you may cancel your subscription at any time. send today for your 10-day risk-free preview of "Cole Porter."

GREAT AMERICAN COMPOSERS INTRODUCTORY OFFER

Mail today to: The Columbia Music Collection,
Dept., L-35, P.O. BOX 1134, Terre Haute, Indiana 47812

YES. Please send me "Cole Porter" to audition for 10 days risk-free. It's mine to keep if I choose at the Special Introductory Price of only $9.95 (plus $2.50 shipping and handling.) Future volumes will be sent to me under the terms described in this ad.

Please send all my recordings in (choose one):
☐ Compact Discs ☐ Cassettes NK NP 778522

Name_____

Address_____

City_____

State_____ Zip_____

Note: We reserve the right to reject any application or cancel any subscription. Applicable sales tax will be added to all orders. Please allow 3–4 weeks for delivery.

SEND NO MONEY NOW • MAIL TODAY

clenching the receiver in a strangle grip and talking much louder than before. "Sir, you are describing a *piece of paper* to me, and I am talking to you about a man who has threatened to kill his wife, not once but many times—"

Dr. Meagrum harrumphed. "Yes, someone with this type of pathology might make such a threat, but I wouldn't suggest that you take it too seriously—"

"He came to her house with a thirty-ought-six rifle," Wilson said. "A *loaded* rifle—I'm now referring to the police report. They found him and the gun and they found her barricaded in an upstairs bedroom. With her two children, I should say. The boy is six now, Doctor Meagrum, and the little girl is seven. Your *outpatient* has threatened to kill them too."

Dr. Meagrum resorted to the imperial *we*. "We have no record that this patient is violent. We see no reason to alter the treatment program at this time."

With a mighty effort, Wilson established a greater degree of control over his voice. "Very well," he said frostily. "I do sincerely hope you'll see no reason to regret the course you've taken."

By dumb luck his next call caught Judge Oldfield between cases in his chambers, on the fly.

"I'm asking the impossible now," Wilson said. "Let's have him picked up. An APB. Lock him up and have a look at him. Just for a day or so."

"You're right," Oldfield said. "That's impossible. I couldn't do it if I wanted to. This is Williamson County; we haven't got a police state here."

"It's a free country, isn't it?" Wilson said. "Well, I had to ask."

"I wonder if you did, at that," Oldfield said. "You're acting mighty worked up about this, old son. Don't you think you might be making a little much of it all? He's been out two days already, so you say, and what happened? Nothing. The lady didn't even know until you called her. Simmer down some, think it over. Go home early; it's Friday, after all."

"All right," Wilson said. "Might give it a try."

"You get me that injunction and I'll pass it on to the sheriff direct," Oldfield said. "I can't do any more than that."

"I know," Wilson said. "Not until something happens. Well, I appreciate it."

He hung up and dialed Sharon Morgan at the office but she was gone, gone for the weekend, had left half an hour before to pick up the children from school. He plopped down the phone and tried, forcibly, to relax. Try it. Judge Oldfield was no fool, after all. Wilson picked up the pencil with a fleeting idea of listing off what he was thinking, feeling, but that was a ridiculous notion; probably that was how they spent their time at Central State. Possibly nothing would happen anyway. Possibly. He looked up Sharon's home number and dialed it, but there was no answer, though it rang twenty times.

In ten minutes he had scratched out the requisite injunction and handed it to Mrs. Veech with instructions to type it and walk it over to the courthouse when she was done. After she had gone out, he sat doing nothing but covering the phone, which didn't ring. The jingle of Mrs. Veech's return up front moved him to at least pretend to work. But he'd had it with the will for the day, though it still wasn't quite finished. He dragged his agenda toward him across the desk and ran his pencil point down, item by item. There were two boundary disputes and a zoning complaint. A piece of frivolous litigation to do with somebody's unleashed dog. There was a murder case where the defendant would plead, draw two-to-ten, and count himself lucky. A foregone conclusion, Wilson thought in his present skeptical mood, though matters had not yet reached that stage. At the foot of the list was a patent case that would make him and his client rich if he could win it. This one was the most remote, no court date even set for it yet, but at the same time the most intriguing, as much for its intricacy as its promise. He swiveled and dug in the cabinet for the file.

At four he called Sharon Morgan at the lake and got no answer. For another half hour he studied the patent case, though he was losing interest at an exponential rate. When he next called there was still no answer, and he was out of the chair and snatching his coat down from his peg before he even knew he meant to leave. On the highway bound for Keyhole Lake, he began to feel a little foolish. He'd been presuming, counting the time from three o'clock, when school let out. It was not more than an hour from Nashville to the lake house, but he hadn't considered that she might have stopped by home on the way, or taken the children to a movie, or simply for a drive. Now it appeared to him that his every move that day had been an error. It was unlike him to have lost his temper with that doctor. Patience had always been his strength; he left it to his opponents to make mistakes in anger. Then, too, that last call to Judge Oldfield was something he'd have to live down, and on top of all that he had wasted the day and would need to come back in Saturday morning to recover the lost time.

All foolishness, and yet the thought did not comfort him. He drove carefully, a hair under the speed limit, sighting through the windshield across the burn mark on his knuckle. For no rea-

STACKABLE BEECHWOOD BOOKSHELVES
At a price you'd expect to pay for plastic



STACK-A-SHELF is the most versatile shelving system you'll ever own. Choose from any of three styles—the ***Basic Bookshelf***, the specially designed **Record and Cassette Rack**, or, for the finishing touch, the **Corner Unit**—and start stacking!

Stack Them...They're Interlocking

Every unit is designed to stack and interlock securely with the others, so you can actually create your own wall unit. For example, stack the bookshelf on the record and cassette rack and you've got an entertainment center sturdy enough to hold your stereo, 400 records and 120 cassettes, yet attractive enough to rival shelving systems sold for twice the price. If you move, just fold them up and take them with you—they're free-standing and portable.

A Beautiful Complement to Any Decor

This quality shelving system is made of natural European beechwood—a hardwood tough enough to be used for flooring and beautiful enough to be used in fine furniture.

STACK-A-SHELF has a place in every room, whether it's to show off your library or just to organize unsightly clutter. And the STACK-A-SHELF system is perfect for showcasing your personal treasures. Everything from vases to pictures can be proudly displayed on these good-looking, versatile and above all, affordable units. You can even paint, stain or varnish your STACK-A-SHELF system to match your own decorating needs.

3 STYLES TO CHOOSE— NEW LOW PRICE

The Basic Bookshelf
Ⓐ ONLY $ 39.95
LIST $59.95

Perfect for books, display or storage. Sturdy, stackable, sets up without tools and is completely portable. Each unit measures 27¼"w×37"h×11½"d.

The Record & Cassette Rack
Ⓑ ONLY $ 39.95
LIST $59.95

A practical and inexpensive solution to the problem of your ever-expanding collection. Holds up to 400 records and 120 cassettes. Each unit measures 27¼"w×37"h×11½"d.

The Corner Unit
Ⓒ ONLY $ 29.95
LIST $44.95

The finishing touch for your Stack-A-Shelf unit or decorative corner piece—ideal for that little corner in your home or apartment. Each unit measures 37½"h×11¼"d.

Sets Up In Seconds ...Without Tools!

No tools, screws or glue required. Just take the unit out of its flat carton, fold the sides out and the shelves practically fall into place. Nothing could be easier. And, for a limited time, Barnes & Noble is offering all our STACK-A-SHELF units at a savings of **33% off the retail price.** So don't pile—decorate in style. With affordable beechwood shelving from **Barnes & Noble.**



1 Comes in flat carton



2 Slides open on hinges



3. Shelves fall into place.

ORDER TOLL FREE 1-800-242-6657 CALL ANYTIME, DAY OR NIGHT

Barnes & Noble

GUARANTEE

If for any reason you are not completely satisfied with your purchase, return it to us for a full refund.

Barnes & Noble

Booksellers Since 1873

126 FIFTH AVENUE, DEPT. K290, NEW YORK, NY 10011

Qty	Item #	Style	Our Price	Total
Ⓐ	#1066018	Original Bookshelf	$39.95	
Ⓑ	#1288893	Record & Cassette Rack	$39.95	
Ⓒ	#1110139	Corner Unit	$29.95	
			Total	

MEMBER DIRECT MARKETING ASSOCIATION

Please add sales tax for delivery in CT, MA, MN, NJ, NY, PA, & CA(6%)

Please add $6.95 per unit for [illegible]

ORDER TOTAL

NAME

ADDRESS APT.#

CITY/STATE/ZIP

SIGNATURE

☐ CHECK OR MONEY ORDER ENCLOSED

☐ AMERICAN EXPRESS EXP. DATE

☐ MASTERCARD ☐ VISA MO./YR.

CREDIT CARD NUMBER

son he could think of, he let the car roll past the Morgan mailbox and coast to a stop on the shoulder, where he got softly out. There was a little lip to climb before he could see down the driveway to the steeply pitched roof of the A-frame house and the blue lake distantly visible out past it. It was cooler here; the weather was turning, or else it was a chill coming off the water.

Below him, the drive was matted with fallen leaves. A staining fall of sunset light came slanting through the tree trunks on either side, as the wind rose and combed the red leaves back, bringing a few more falling from the branches. Except for the wind it was utterly still, only across the lake the dogs in Jackson's kennel were barking, their voices echoing off the flat expanse of the water. But probably they were barking all the time. That was not the problem. What was wrong was that the passenger door of Sharon's orange Volkswagen had been left hanging open, sticking out stiffly like a broken arm. The car was pulled around parallel to the back porch, and over its roof he saw that the sliding glass door to the house had been left open, too.

He walked to the dangling car door and stopped. Just past the edge of the drive, not more than three yards from him, there lay a child's blue tennis shoe, a Ked, with maple leaves spread around it like the prints of a large hand. Some twenty paces farther on he found the second shoe and then the little boy, barefoot, lying face down in a pile of sloppily raked leaves. Wilson thought that his name had been Billy, but he couldn't quite be certain of it, which bothered him unreasonably. The child had been shot in the base of the neck; the entry wound was rather small. Beyond the leaf pile, a wide swathe of dun lawn swept down to the lakeshore where a canoe, tethered to a little dock, rocked softly on the water.

A strip of almost total darkness fit into the gap of the glass door. The porch floor moaned as Wilson crossed it, and, glancing down, he saw a brass shell casing caught in a crack between two boards. He bent to pick it up, then stopped himself and put both hands in his pockets. Through the door was a large living room, with no ceiling, only the peaked roof and the rafters. At this time of day it was very dim within, and it took Wilson's eyes a moment to adjust. The daughter (he was almost sure her name was Jill) sprawled on a high-backed wicker chair as if flung there by some strong force. There was a single wound in her chest. Her mouth was open slightly and her eyes showed a little white. Wilson thought it more than likely that Pax had shot her from a standing position on the porch.

It took him only a quarter turn of his head to locate Sharon's body at the far end of the long room, lying across a wide flight of steps that rose to the kitchen and dining area. Pax might well have shot her from the doorway; he was a marksman, the proof was plain, and efficient with his shells. Wilson crossed the room to the steps and paused. He couldn't tell just where she'd been hit, though she'd bled very heavily. She lay crooked, twisted over at the waist, the fingers of one hand folded over the overhang of a step. Her hair had fallen full over her face, and Wilson was grateful for that, but her position looked so uncomfortable that he was tempted to turn and straighten her. His hands were still jammed in his pockets, however, and he left them there.

He went up the steps almost on tiptoe, careful to avoid bloodying his shoes, and made a turn to the left that brought him up against the metal kitchen cabinets. His breath was coming very short, each intake arrested as though by a punch in the midsection. He was aware of the tick of his wristwatch, and that was all. There was a telephone on the kitchen counter, and presently he detached a paper towel from a roll neatly suspended beneath the line of cabinets, wrapped it around the receiver, and called the sheriff's office.

At the opposite end of the kitchen, a smaller set of sliding doors opened onto a deck overlooking the lawn and the lake. With another paper towel twisted around the handle, he slid back the door and went out and sat on a bench to wait. The lake's surface had a painful metallic glitter, with the sunset colors spreading across it like corrosion. He had left his sunglasses in the car, and being in no mood to retrieve them, he simply shut his eyes. In Korea, where the army had sent him, he had seen some action, as they say, but afterward he had thought very little about what he had seen. In some quietly ticking corner of his mind a speculation was going forward as to how the bodies had come to be positioned as they were, and now it came to him that after they were all inside the house the boy must have missed his shoes and gone back to the car—He opened his eyes with a jerk and looked up. A solitary, premature firefly detached itself from the treetops on one side of the yard and floated dreamily across and into the treetops on the other.

It was twilight by the time he had parked his car behind the square, and for some reason he bypassed his office and walked on down Main Street as far as Saint Paul's Episcopal Church. More leaves had carpeted the white stone steps, and Wilson stood looking at them, one hand curved around a spear of the iron fence, and then turned back. The sidewalk was empty but

or him, and he could hear the dry leaves crisping under his every footfall.

The streetlights were coming on by the time he had returned to the square. The windows of his office were dark, but he could hear the telephone ringing as he came up the steps. Mrs. Veech had of course locked up before she left, and while he was searching out his key the phone stopped ringing. He went inside and pressed the light switch. Again the phone began to jangle, and he reached across Mrs. Veech's typewriter to pick it up.

"Mister Wilson? It's Don Trimble here. I had your paper to serve on Paxton Morgan?"

"Yes," Wilson said.

The deputy cleared his throat. "I thought you might like to know we picked him up. He'd gone straight back to his own house, you know, like they do."

"Yes," Wilson said again.

"We got him cold, if it's any comfort," Trimble said. "Blood on his shoes, and you can still smell the gun."

"That's all right," Wilson said. "He'll plead insanity."

He was not often here at night, and the overhead light was harsh and bright, bouncing blurred reflections from the flat black of the windowpanes, making his inner office look too much like a cell. But if he used only the desk lamp, the shadows reached toward him so. And yet he was still afraid to go home! He shouldn't have said what he had to Trimble, though at the moment, he could hardly bring himself to feel regret for it. And he was late by now; he'd better call.

"Daddy, you're late," Lisa said.

"That's right, kiddo," Wilson said. "Where's your mother?"

"She's outside," Lisa said. "We were, both of us."

"Doing what?" Wilson said.

"I don't know," Lisa said, in the tonal equivalent of a shrug.

"You don't?" Wilson said, not quite playfully; he wanted to know.

"I'll go call her," Lisa said.

"No, you don't need to," Wilson said. It didn't matter what exactly. "Just tell her I'll be home shortly. Say I still have to stop by the store, though." Hanging up, he glanced at his watch. A fine evening like this his wife would certainly spend outdoors, not bothering to watch the evening news.

Flushed with relief, he pictured their long curving yard, thick with fireflies as it would be now, green pinpoints flashing and hovering in the dark. The lights of the house glowed warm behind the calm silhouettes of his wife and his daughter, and inside the kitchen steamed with the scent of supper waiting. Upstairs, beside his bedside lamp, lay the copy of *War and Peace* he'd been rereading this fall; at a half hour or so a night, it would last him to Christmas or longer. He thought now of Prince Andrey lying wounded on the battlefield, looking up into the reaches of the sky, that radical change in his perspective.

Still, he was not quite ready to leave. He picked up his pencil and tapped the butt of the dried eraser on the pad. At home, tonight or tomorrow or whenever he finally had to tell the story, the murders would be absolutely realized and the alternative of their somehow not having happened would be permanently shut off. Above, the fluorescent fixture made a sort of whining sound; Wilson thought that he could feel it in his teeth.

He turned the pencil over in his hand and set the point on the pad, but there was nothing much to write. The yellow paper was down at the bottom of a long pale shaft, stroked with faint parallel lines that signified nothing. If he could note down all the ingredients of the episode, then they could be comprehended, wrapped in a parcel of law and so managed. Wilson was a believer in due process. Without meaning to, he had become a bystander in this case.

It was only dizziness because he had skipped lunch, undoubtedly, and when he remembered that, the pad came floating back up toward him and the desk flattened and held still. There were some scratch marks on the paper, as if during his vertigo he had been trying unsuccessfully to draw a picture. Now he wondered if he had *known* what would happen, and if he had *known,* what then? He had left no legitimate measure untried, but still he could picture himself crossing the lip above the lake house with a gun in his own hands, seeing the Volkswagen door still closed, the glass door of the house pulled to, and Pax Morgan outlined against the glimmer of the lake like a paper silhouette.

The pencil slipped from his fingers and hit the desk with a clacking report that broke the fantasy. Pax was alive and the others were dead. His freedom was better protected than their safety—that would be one way of putting it. Simple. It was time to go home. Wilson turned off the desk lamp, stood up, and pulled his coat down from the hat rack. Safer and better to have no freedom maybe; but no, you wouldn't say that. The humming stopped when he flicked the light switch by the door. No, you wouldn't say that, would you? In the dark of the hall he could not see his way; he went toward the vague light of the front window with one hand on the wall. No, you wouldn't, but then what would you say? ■

A FEW QUESTIONS FOR POINDEXTER

He could have much to say about Iran-Contra

By Christopher Hitchens

There is no dialect or accent to betray a resident of federal Washington, but there are revealing quirks of usage. Here, the word *perception* means not insight but image. And here the word *history* is used as an insult. For instance, the organized assault on the Constitution that Washington dubbed Iran-Contra is considered to be this kind of history—out of style, milked of interest, void of drama, *history*.

Simply to bring up Iran-Contra is to risk having oneself perceived as history, as I found out at a Washington dinner party last fall. I was chatting with a woman, a young member of Senator Ted Kennedy's staff, and happened to start droning on about Congress's virtual connivance in both the affair and the cover-up. Had it not avoided both "Iran" and "Contra" and instead fixed on the hyphen? "I don't know," she said with perfect gravity. "I only do Massachusetts and South Africa."

Iran-Contra entered Washington-type history last July, after the sentencing of Lieutenant Colonel Oliver North. In a farcical and frivolous trial, where ignorance and indifference were stipulated conditions for jury membership—free citizens being empaneled only if they could prove that they were truly as ill informed about Iran-Contra as, say, our own President Bush now claims deceitfully to have been—North was convicted on the nugatory counts of shredding government documents, misleading Congress, and accepting an illegal gratuity. His sentence lighter than that pronounced later in the year on Zsa Zsa Gabor for slapping a traffic cop, his Marine pension voted to be restored by the very senators he had lied to and then, on national TV, intimidated, he spends his time (and earns great sums) on the lecture circuit, where he has supplanted G. Gordon Liddy, the original Washington geek.

For devotees of law and the old-fashioned history, however, there does remain the trial of Admiral John Poindexter, national security adviser to Ronald Reagan, scheduled as I write to begin January 22. If Poindexter has slipped from your mind—with his blandness, his life of ostentatious austerity, this is understandable—let me remind you that he is a man known to his Navy peers to be devoted to hierarchy, a man Alexander Haig has said could not cross a street without first getting an order, and a man whose service records as produced in evidence praise him for a remarkable memory. For these reasons, he may just be the man to illuminate the many still-dark, detailed recesses of Iran-Contra.

I talk here of details because the stark outlines of what Theodore Draper has called the Reagan White House junta, and what I will call the parastate, seem clearly discernible, despite the fogged and cowardly investigations conducted by the Tower commission and then by the House and Senate select committees, which held their public hearings in the spring and summer of 1987. In those months, one barely ever heard in Washington the word *unconstitutional*, a word used mostly by our elected officials when it is demanded of them that they disclose the decisions they've secretly (unconstitutionally) made or funds they have furtively (unconstitutionally) raised and spent. To bring up the word during the hearings might have led to someone quietly uttering *impeachment*. A particularly apt

Christopher Hitchens is the Washington editor of Harper's Magazine.

moment to shout both, I thought, was when Poindexter testified that if Reagan had known of the diversion of funds to the Contras from the sale of arms to the Iranians, he would have approved. On what basis he drew this conclusion Poindexter was carefully not asked. Perhaps during his criminal trial, before a jury and a judge who could jail him, he might volunteer his reasoning.

But, as the Chinese say, when the finger points at the moon, the idiot looks at the finger. It was only *after* the North trial that John Keker, chief prosecutor in the case and a former Marine with a military record rather superior to that of the weepy, lying defendant, felt able to touch on the central absent matter of the para-state. "The lesson [of Iran-Contra]—if there is a lesson," he told a convocation of California lawyers, "is who is going to decide in this country who can make war on people."



Since Keker's remarks to the lawyers went all but unreported, let me add what he so aptly had to say about the moral atmosphere of Reagan-Bush Washington. Keker recalled how, in preparing his case, he had to work with FBI agents who assumed that anyone from his hometown, San Francisco, was "communist, homosexual, or subversive." He described the nation's capital as a place where "everything is political. Sex is political. Everyone is introduced by their title. Everyone is either in or out. It's like high school." And he could not fail to notice that those in the jury pool lived in a different world from those toiling in places like the White House Situation Room. Washington is "a totally segregated city," he said, on the pattern of the cities of South Africa—a state that we now know, thanks to Keker's hard work on the North case, was among those approached for money or arms by representatives of the para-state when *it alone* decided to make war on the people of Nicaragua.

The Poindexter trial could differ from the North trial because of one central fact: Whereas North was essentially a free lance, beloved by Reagan and given plenary indulgence to roam the corridors and recruit Bircher-type fanatics and sleazy weapons dealers for the better private franchising of American foreign policy, Poindexter was a high presidential appointee with a titled and well-defined position in the apparatus of the legally accountable state. That is, he worked in the light as well as in the dark. For this reason, Poindexter was deemed by Judge Harold Greene of the U.S. District Court for D.C. to have the requisite credibility to be given leave to subpoena Reagan's White House papers and diaries in order to prepare his own defense.

An interesting circumstance, it may turn out, but also a shameful one. Why shameful? Because since the Iran-Contra scandal emerged in November 1986, *this will be the first subpoena of any White House document.* The select committees, in the course of their investigation, never subpoenaed so much as a single memo from the para-state's bunker. From the first, Congress adhered to a sickly gentlemen's agreement holding that the White House was as eager as everyone else to get to the bottom of the thing and, in the unintentionally revealing argot of the day, "to put the crisis behind us." The corollary from Capitol Hill went something like—well, let me quote Senator Sam Nunn, who, when asked by the *New York Times* in late November 1986 about the intent and scope of the pending investigations, stated, in no uncertain terms: "We must help the President restore his credibility."

To put the crisis behind them and restore the president's credibility, official and elected Washington left the issue of the existence of the para-state and its secret war to a handful of out-of-the-mainstream journalists and to the tireless staff of the National Security Archive, an independent research organization devoted to the secret and classified. Attention was concentrated instead on the narrow and hopeless issue of what, if anything, the president knew of the diversion scheme—narrow because all of what went on under the roof of his White House was simply and constitutionally his responsibility; hopeless because it was difficult and always will be to *prove* actual cognition on Reagan's part. America could watch a televised videotape of Reagan being told about the scheme, or, for that matter, about Contra supply drops inside Nicaragua being flown over by pilots who also transported drugs, and remain convinced that he was unaware of these operations, that there

Illustration by Steve Brodner

is no smoking gun. One of Reagan's greatest triumphs was to transmute a seeming disadvantage—his stupidity—into a folksy trait and then, in his last two years in office, into what amounted to a plea bargain.

It is crucial to remember when "knowledge of the diversion" was first defined as the central question, and by whom—respectively, November 25, 1986, and the most discredited attorney general of this century. One press conference and the entire press corps, followed hard by Congress, went haring down the track indicated by the chubby, quivering digit of Ed Meese. Is it now not becoming clear that the diversion was itself the diversion? Meese's media bombshell would seem to have had two purposes and succeeded in both of them. It kept the FBI (or at least its honest agents) off the case for a while longer. And, most important, it (as we say in Washington) *framed the issue*. Not secret war or quid pro quo or unconstitutional actions, but diversion. Not, Did the White House of Ronald Reagan shelter a para-state? but, Did the president know of the diversion? One day, the facile ingestion and regurgitation of this question will make a history in itself.

Now, if Poindexter takes the stand and is questioned with any persistence in his coming trial, it ought to be possible to broaden the question some and show that our former president, and our current one, too, knew what they seem, on evidence already laid out, to have ordered. For instance, I hope the trial attorneys are as interested as I am in the kinds of things Poindexter told congressional investigators on May 2, 1987. Let's pick it up from the deposition:

> Q: That brings me to a question. Do you recall that you gave Colonel North a code word that he could use to communicate directly with you?
>
> *Poindexter:* It is a poor choice of words.
>
> Q: It [the code word] was "blank check"?
>
> *Poindexter:* "Private blank check."

It might seem to you, as it does to me, that "private blank check" has to do with private support for the Contras and freedom for North to do what he saw fit to do to get the job done. It might also seem to you, as it does to me, that "blank check" implies not only the individual for whom it has been drawn up (North) but an entire array of "depositors," "trustees," "officers"—a system. The investigators saw hints of no such thing and never asked Poindexter about this. Interestingly enough, as the questioning proceeded on its leisurely, lenient way, Poindexter himself stumbled on the notion of a system, sort of:

> *Poindexter:* I don't mean to be pejorative or critical about Colonel North, because I have the highest regard for him. But Colonel North did have a tendency to be a little bit expansive in describing things. As you read through the [National Security Council's] PROF notes [the computerized interoffice mail system], he uses the word[s] "our" and "we." I am not trying to distance myself from that, but I think you are going to need to be very careful, if I can offer advice, in analyzing exactly what he did or what somebody else was doing and he was reporting it as we and our.

Well, our admiral had never before been troubled by the pronouns "we" and "our." I mean, he had been chatting with North through the PROF system for *years*. ("I knew how the system worked. I am a kind of computer buff," he testified before the select committees in mid-July 1987.) And at no time do any of the PROF notes reveal him cautioning North about his use of the incriminating "our" and "we." What one tends to find transmitted from the White House to the bearer of the blank check are an extraordinary number of "well dones" and other encomiums.

But all right, let's set aside for a moment the tiring matter of a secret government operating out of the White House and take up that crucial issue of the president's knowledge of the diversion. Again, to the deposing Poindexter:

> I knew that it [the diversion scheme] would be a controversial issue. I had at that point worked with the President for about five-and-a-half years, and for three of those five-and-a-half years, very directly, meeting with him many times a day, often spending hours every day with him. So I not only clearly understood his policy, but I also thought I understood the way he thought about issues. I felt that I had the authority to approve Colonel North's request. I also felt that it was, as I said, consistent with the President's policy, and that if I asked him, I felt confident that he would approve it.

Is Poindexter saying, or is he not, that he, too, had a blank check from the only man who could have issued him one? He continued:

> But because it was controversial, and I obviously knew that it would cause a ruckus if it were exposed, I decided to insulate the President from the decision and *give him some deniability*; and so I decided—I told Colonel North in that meeting, after thinking about it for several minutes, to go ahead and proceed ahead with it, that it was a method of essentially providing bridge financing to the democratic resistance until we could get the legislation passed, and I decided at that point not to tell the President. [Italics mine.]

Which I do not believe for a minute—note how he slipped back into the naughty "we" so naturally—but let us hear Poindexter himself tell us why I should not. Observe how he meets the one question he must above all have anticipated:

> Q: Are there some things that in order to protect the Commander in Chief you would lie about?
>
> *Poindexter:* No. *At this point, there are not.* [Italics mine.]

Alas, there is no follow-up (again) as to the qualifying of time frame and the choice of present tense. But uninterrupted by his interrogators, Poindexter does go on to say this:

> I do feel—well, let me put it this way. I always felt as the National Security Adviser—and this goes back to—well, I had two commissions. I think it is important that that be understood. I had a commission not only as a naval officer, as a flight officer, an Admiral in the Navy; but I also had a commission as assistant to the President.

It was Robert Lowell, addressing an antiwar gathering in 1968, who warned what might result if citizens did not challenge the warfare state. "I fear," he said, "a reign of piety and iron." Amusing, when not frightening, to see a devout, uniformed man working for Reagan—who ushered in the age feared by Lowell—talking

of his role, of his two commissions. Fealty to the commander, fealty to the service, no mention of the law.

Poindexter is seen hardly at all in Washington these days. But he was quite a presence during the Reagan years. Such declassified documents as the Reagan and now the Bush White House have deemed it proper for us to see place him at almost every significant meeting at which illicit funding for the Contras was discussed and planned. Were I able to question Poindexter at his trial, I would like to bring up one document in particular, a memo dated October 30, 1985, in which is proposed a scheme of North's for U-2 surveillance flights over Nicaragua and arms drops to the Contras. Addressed from North to then national security adviser Robert McFarlane, it bears the words "President approved" in Poindexter's writing and is embellished further with Poindexter's careful initials. Could this be what Reagan meant when he blurted during the time of the congressional hearings that the para-state's secret war had been "my idea to begin with"?

I would also like to pursue with Poindexter a line of questioning laid out by Lawrence Weschler of *The New Yorker*: Now, Admiral, did you tell the president about the diversion? *No.* (This and the answers that follow are what Poindexter told Congress. His testimony, made under a grant of immunity, is not admissible in his criminal trial, but let's assume he decides to give the same answers.) As far as you knew, until the scandal broke, who besides yourself was aware of the diversion? *Colonel North.* But you now know that CIA chief William Casey knew too, yes? *Yes, Colonel North told him of it.*

Fine. Now, let us get more speculative. Let us deduce what we can from this—deduce what Weschler rightly called "something damn near" proof that Reagan knew of the diversion. I quote here from an op-ed piece by Weschler that in the summer of '87 no newspaper would run:

> Poindexter didn't know about Casey's knowledge, *but Casey knew about Poindexter's* (via North). Either Casey

You deserve to know the facts about . . .

Israel and Human Rights

How does Israel behave in the face of Arab uprising?

The so-called "intifada," the uprising of the Arab population in the territories administered by Israel has been going on for almost two years. In that time, over 500 Arabs and many Israelis have been killed and wounded. Another ever-increasing number of Arabs are being tortured and murdered by their own people—often because of alleged "cooperation" with Israel, but in many cases in order to settle personal scores. The U.S. State Department, in its Report on Human Rights, has been critical of some aspects of Israel's human rights posture.

What are the facts?

■ Israel is a society based on law. Every measure taken by civilian or millitary authorities is scrutinized by the country's legal authorities. In dealing with the "intifada," Israel is faced with a difficult problem—the uprising of a civilian population. This is a problem very similar to that faced by the British in Northern Ireland, by the Filipinos in its southern islands and the Spanish in the Basque provinces. Responsible government has the obligation to maintain order and to preserve law and to do so with as little loss of life and with as little injury to the civilian population as possible.

■ Israel has done just that. The loss of over 500 Arab and Jewish lives is of course a tragedy—every human life is precious. But seen in context, the number of casualties is really very small and a reflection on the care and restraint of the Israeli military. Israeli soldiers are confronted daily with violent riots—massive stonings and fire bombings of persons and moving vehicles, attacks with iron bars, chains, knives, Molotov cocktails and other lethal weapons. Such violence is meant to kill. Israeli soldiers and civilians have lost their lives. Almost 1300 Israelis have been injured, some of them critically.

■ The task of the IDF (Israeli Defense Forces) is made more difficult by the tactics of the Arabs in having their able-bodied adult men stay behind and having their children and their women confront the IDF. It is a no-win situation for the Israelis. They try to avoid death and injury at all cost. But death and injury are sometimes unavoidable in riot situations. Since Israel is an open society, reporters and television crews from all around the world have access to the happenings, quite a few of which are staged for their benefit. Obviously, it is a public relations disaster for the Israelis to have the world see their troops confronting women and children. Those women and children, however, wish to inflect as much damage as they possibly can. They mean to kill.

■ The IDF, one of the finest armies in the world, is trained to defend the country's borders, and not for riot control. Therefore, almost inevitably, errors were made in the initial phases of the uprising. But from the very beginning, detailed instructions were given to the troops on how to react to any given provocation. The orders under which Israeli military personnel operate are specific and well known to every soldier. Those who break the rules are subject to military trial and punishment. The principles of restraint and gradual response are applied. Tear gas is used to control riots. Live bullets are fired only in life-threatening situations. But to some, every means of riot control used by the Israelis, including police batons or rubber or plastic bullets is objectionable.

■ Those residents of the territories who are suspected to have committed serious security offenses are dealt with in full accordance with international law and the humanitarian provisions of the Geneva Conventions. All residents have full access to the Israeli legal system—even to the Israeli Supreme Court. Prisons are unhappy places in every society. But Israeli prisons and detentions centers in which those arrested for security offenses are held, are fully comparable to and adhere to the standards of those in other advanced Western democracies. Certainly, not even the most rebellious Arab detainee in Israel would prefer to serve time in a Syrian, Jordanian, Iraqi or Saudi prison instead.

Within the context of massive human rights abuses throughout the Arab world, the focus on Israel seems to be entirely out of perspective. Other countries in the Middle East lack the most basic elements of human rights—freedom of speech, freedom of the press, free elections, equality for women, freedom of religion, freedom of association. Opponents, instead of facing television cameras, face execution. Those countries do not have to defend themselves against foes who are single-mindedly intent on their destruction. Yet, those nations do not draw the enormous degree of attention that Israel receives. Israel adheres to the highest moral and legal principles. It does so, surrounded though it is by implacable enemies, and consistent with its own security requirements and with its obligation to the international community to maintain law and order in the territories it administers.

This ad has been published and paid for by

FLAME

Facts and Logic About the Middle East

Gerardo Joffe, President

(fly. Western Regional Director of CAMERA)

P.O. Box 590359 ■ San Francisco, CA 94159

FLAME is a tax-deductible, non-profit educational 501(c)(3) organization. Its purpose is to combat media inaccuracies, through public education and publicity. Your tax-deductible contributions are welcome. They enable us to pursue these goals and to publish these messages in newspapers and magazines. Our overhead is minimal. Almost all of our revenue pays for our educational work and for these clarifying messages.

Yes, I want to help in the publication of these ads and in clarifying the situation in the Middle East. I include my tax-deductible contribution in the amount of

$ _____. H/21A

My name is _____

I live at _____

In _____ State _____ Zip _____

Mail to: FLAME, P.O. Box 590359, San Francisco, CA 94159

was or wasn't sharing knowledge of the diversion with his close personal friend, the President. But if he wasn't, if he (like Poindexter) had decided to shield the President from such knowledge, he would have had to have touched base with Poindexter to make sure that he was doing likewise; otherwise there wouldn't have been any point in his own doing so. Casey would have had to have gone up to Poindexter, who he saw on a fairly regular basis, and said something along the lines of, "Look, Admiral, I know, and you know, and I know that you know, but let's neither of us tell him so as to afford him deniability."

But Poindexter has testified that no such conversation ever took place. Perhaps Casey *assumed* Poindexter would be keeping mum without having to be advised to do so, as a matter of standard procedure—except that Poindexter has testified that this particular instance of his keeping his President in the dark resulted from an extremely unusual, indeed unique, judgment call on his part (one that Casey, at any rate, could not have assumed he would make). Or perhaps Casey didn't feel that he himself needed to tell Poindexter not to tell the President because he'd conveyed such instructions through his man North; but in fact North has testified that he kept sending memos up to Poindexter suggesting that he *do* keep the President informed.

No, far and away the most likely explanation for the fact that Casey apparently felt no need to hold such a colloquy with Poindexter is the probability that he himself had been keeping the President apprised of the diversion all along as it was developing.

Is there an attorney involved in the Poindexter trial willing to take up this line of inquiry?

There are, of course, many important aspects of Iran-Contra that will not be explored at Poindexter's trial, or any other criminal trials, should they come to pass. It was the job of Congress to press Bush on his complicity, which the record establishes. It was Bush's own senior aide, Craig Fuller, who gave to the Tower commission the memo establishing that Bush had been told as early as July 29, 1986, by the Israeli "counterterrorism" chief Amiram Nir, of the massive transfer of arms to "radicals" in Iran. And Bush was heavily involved, as the North [illegible]

in the quid pro quo coercion of Honduras that led to the construction of Contra bases and resupply airstrips in that hapless "democracy."

At a White House meeting of November 10, 1986, we find all the officials of the para-state: Reagan, Poindexter, Shultz, Weinberger, Casey, Donald Regan, and Bush. Regan's notes of the meeting show Bush to be a bit queasy about what might be risky or exposed as unlawful—a man looking to November '88.

The subject under discussion (of which Bush shows detailed, very-much-in-the-loop knowledge) is the trial in New York City of eighteen men alleged to have sold $2 billion worth of arms to Iran. From Regan's notes, we have Bush asking: "Is NY case a private or public endeavor to sell arms to Iran?" An answer comes from Meese: "Probably private with public knowledge."

No proof he heard this answer? No proof he knew? Well, then, I suppose you are unconvinced by the husky awfulness of Bush's Thanksgiving card of 1985, which I cherish especially and quote here:

> Dear Ollie,
>
> As I head off to Maine for Thanksgiving, I just want to wish you a happy one with the hope that you get some well-deserved rest. One of the many things I have to be thankful for is the way in which you have performed under fire in tough situations. Your dedication and tireless work with the hostage thing and with Central America really gives me cause for great pride in you, and thanks. Get some turkey.

Get some turkey! That's what *we* got.

In light of all this, it's peculiar that so many professional Washingtonians will tell you that "putting it all behind us" is better for the republic, for democracy. And so, by this queer logic, it is better that, during the congressional hearings, Senator Daniel Inouye disallowed a question Congressman Jack Brooks attempted to put to North. Brooks had wanted to ask North about his role in the Federal Emergency Management Agency (FEMA) from 1982 until the spring of 1984. According to a magnificent series of articles written by Alfonso Chardy of the *Miami Herald*, North had spent much of this period drawing up contingency plans for martial law and the overt (rather than surreptitious) suspension of the Constitution. The "contingencies" included nuclear war, mass civil unrest—and also widespread opposition to an American military action overseas.

North's plan gave FEMA broad powers to appoint military governors and to run state and local governments. Attorney General William French Smith, not a particularly fastidious man, was sufficiently unsettled by this proposal to label it legally dubious and to ask McFarlane not to forward it—in its executive order form—to the president. Smith disliked the idea of North or anyone else assuming the title of what he called "an emergency czar"—a happy choice of term, to be recalled with relish as we embrace czarism for the purpose of a "war" on the kinds of drugs that Oliver North helped the Contras ship to this country.

North also spent time at FEMA working up a draft of a defense resources act, with censorship of the media, seizure of property, and a ban on strikes among the measures to be taken should there be protest to an American military invasion of an unspecified Central American country. North got as far as helping FEMA put on a national-emergency simulation in April 1984. Code-named Rex 84 Alpha, it was staged simultaneously with the first Pentagon invasion exercise, code-named Big Pine and carried out in pliant Honduras.

The director of FEMA at this time was one Louis Giuffrida. As the country's hurricane and earthquake victims have learned too well, Giuffrida had little interest in government plans for disaster relief. He had attracted the (favorable) attention of Reagan and Meese during the former's tenure as governor of California, largely for authoring a tract called "National Survival—Racial Imperative," which advocated internment camps as a solution to what was perceived as growing black militancy. In 1985, he resigned after a House report accused him of contract favoritism, undertaking personal travel at government expense, receiving kick-

backs—the *other* aspect of Reagan-team criminality. Like North, then, Giuffrida took a little for himself . . . but just hold on there if what you're talking about is laying rough hands on our Constitution.

By the time Giuffrida became history, North was already traveling the world with the blank check handed him by Poindexter.

The para-state had its own budget, raised from arms sales and hostage trading and drug dealing. It had its own foreign policy. It had its own air force and its own police. It had its own diplomats. It had commodious quarters in the Old Executive Office Building and in the White House. Its officials and its mercenaries lied to the elected representatives of the American people. It waged a war Congress did not declare. Most of all, the para-state had the same president as the legitimate state. Yet when last May Congressman David Obey thought it might be a good idea to hold up some moneys until his House Subcommittee on Foreign Operations got a few answers about all this—he had learned, as all of us had, of certain key documents having never been provided to the select committees—he was told by the Democratic leaders in Congress that he should stop being silly. There was, said Congressman Lee Hamilton, "no general interest."

In one of the few observations to emerge from this sordid affair that deserve to be remembered (it hasn't been), Congressman Obey replied: "I didn't swear to uphold the Constitution until I got bored."

Yet everywhere in Washington there is boredom. Iran-Contra is not history but *history*. In such a climate, the trial of Poindexter may well follow a circumscribed course, and he, too, like North, could soon be advising Washington's youth to *stay the course*. We may have to wait years to learn exactly how it was that, in the age of piety and iron, a group of men short-circuited Congress, suborned the Justice Department, debauched the Treasury, all in order to strengthen the hand of the Ayatollah and to slay Nicaraguans they had never met or cared about and . . . but forget it. Forget it if you can. ■

~~$1499~~ $1799 NOW $ 1099 Inc. FREE Airfare !!!

SPECIAL* 7 DAYS

Caribbean or Mexico

Limited Supply Available

Please choose and ask for cruise by letter:

A. Miami - Nassau - San Juan - St. John - St. Thomas

B. San Diego - Cabo San Lucas - Mazatlan - Puerto Vallarta

C. Key West - Cancun - Cozumel

WE WILL NOT BE UNDERSOLD ON:
Alaska o Bermuda o Hawaii
Trans Canal o The Orient
South Pacific o Mediterranean

WE DISCOUNT EVERYTHING !

NEVER PAY RETAIL AGAIN
NATIONS *ONLY* COMPLETE SHOP AT HOME SERVICE

CALL TODAY
TOLL FREE: 1-800-633-6211

SAH

SHOP AT HOME CRUISES

* Cabins are inside with double bed or 2 lower beds
* Outside cabins for $1199.
* Port Tax Additional



HEAD OF ZEUS (c.460 B.C.)

A face that is superhuman in its spiritual beauty—a head that is appropriate for the almighty god ZEUS. Reproduced from the heroic bronze figure (sometimes called Poseidon) in the Nat'l Museum, Athens. Made from chloride magnesia, bronze like in appearance. 9¼" on marble base $112 ppd. Check, VISA, MC. Unconditional guarantee. **Artbook color catalogue $6.**

ELEGANZA LTD. *Importers of Fine Statuary*
Magnolia Village • 3217 W. Smith #1071
Seattle, WA 98199 • 206/283-0609

SOLUTION TO THE DECEMBER PUZZLE

	N	O	P	Q	R	S	T	U	V	W	X	Y	Z
A	F	I	N	T	E	R	P	R	S	I	F	L	I
B	I	L	A	S	T	E	R	C	A	L	I	A	N
C	R	A	K	P	O	T	O	A	L	L	I	N	G
D	E	C	I	E	T	A	B	I	E	I	N	N	E
E	M	T	N	U	N	T	I	S	L	A	G	U	R
F	E	S	T	I	V	E	Y	M	A	S	S	I	S
G	R	E	I	N	I	N	■	A	R	E	A	T	E
H	S	C	M	E	A	R	E	C	A	I	N	E	D
I	E	C	A	S	L	E	N	T	H	T	T	E	R
J	S	K	I	U	M	P	A	M	M	I	E	S	I
K	S	L	R	E	C	O	N	C	I	N	F	O	L
L	I	F	T	A	B	E	C	O	W	G	I	R	E
M	O	T	T	L	E	D	Y	S	T	E	A	E	D

NOTES FOR "BY THE LETTERS"

ACROSS: A. FAINTER, FIN(T)ER; PARSIFAL, P(R...)SIFL, anagram; B. BLASTER, LAS(T)ER; CALIBAN, NAIL-AC reversed; C. CALLING; ALL IN-G; CRACKPOT, RAKPOT, anagram; D. ABIDE, ABIE; DECIDED, (th)E-CIE; E. UNTIES, UNTIS, anagram; LEAGUER, LA-GUR (reversal); F. FESTIVE, ESTIVE, anagram; G. REIGNING, REIN IN; AGGREGATE, ARE-AT-E...; H. CHAINED, CAINED, "caned"; SCHMEAR, SCMEAR, anagram; I. SILENT, S(L)ENT; HITTER, H(T-T)ER; J. JAMMIES, AM(M'I)ES, anagram; SKI JUMP, SKI(U)MP; K. RECKON, RECON; KINFOLK, INFO-L; L. COWGIRL, C-OW/GIR (anagram); LIFTABLE, IFTABE, anagram; M. MOTTLED, OTTLE/D; STEAMED, STEA(E)D. DOWN: N. SESSION, S...-E...-SSIO (anagram); FIREMEN, FIRE ME; O. LACTOSE, L(ACTS)E; COCKLOFT, CC-KL-F-T(ank); P. IMPAIR, I'M-AIR; NAPKIN, N-AKIN; Q. SQUEAL, S(U)EAL; EQUINE, E-U-I-N-E, first letters; R. VIRAL, VIAL; RETORT, TOTE reversed; S. RESTATE, E-TATER reversed; REPOSED, REPOED, anagram; T. PROBITY, PR(OBI)Y; TENANCY, (th)E-NANCY; U. SUMAC, SMAC(r); MUCOUS, MC-OS (reversal); V. LARVA, LARA, hidden & Lit.; SALVE, SALE; W. TWINGE, TINGE; WILLIWAW, I-LLI(reversal)-A; X. FIXINGS, FIINGS, anagram; ANTEFIX, IF-ETNA reversed; Y. EYESORE, EESORE, hidden; ANNUITY, AN-NUIT; Z. ZINGERS, INGERS, anagram; DRIZZLED, D-RILED.

SOLUTION TO DECEMBER DOUBLE ACROSTIC (NO. 84). SALMAN RUSHDIE: (THE) SATANIC VERSES. Will you spend your life jiggling and preening under bright lights, kissing blonde women under the gaze of strangers who have paid to watch your shame? You are no son of mine, but a ghoul, a hoosh, a demon up from hell. An actor! . . . What am I to tell my friends?

CONTEST RULES: Send the quotation, the name of the author, and the title of the work, together with your name and address, to Double Acrostic No. 85, *Harper's Magazine*, 666 Broadway, New York, N.Y. 10012. If you already subscribe to *Harper's*, please include a copy of your latest mailing label. Entries must be received by January 8. Senders of the first three correct solutions opened at random will receive one-year subscriptions to *Harper's Magazine*. The solution will be printed in the February issue. Winners of Double Acrostic No. 83 are William H. Mock, Berkeley, California; Diane Ellis, Victor, Montana; and Eileen D. Dwyer, Palmyra, Indiana.

BOUND UPON A WHEEL OF FIRE

To burn for flames

By Sallie Tisdale

Every winter night of my childhood, my father built a fire. Every element of the evening's fire was treated with care—with the caress of the careful man. The wood, the wood box, the grate, the coal-black poker and shovel: He touched these more often than he touched me. I would hold back, watching, and when the fire was lit plant myself before it and fall into a gentle dream. No idea was too strange or remote before the fire, no fantasy of shadow and light too bizarre.



But for all the long hours I spent before his fires, for all the honey-colored vapors that rose like smoke from that hearth, these aren't the fires of memory. They aren't my father's fires. When I remember fire, I remember houses burning, scorched and flooded with flame, and mills burning, towers of fire leaping through the night to the lumber nearby like so much kindling, and cars burning, stinking and black and waiting to blow. I loved those fires with a hot horror, always daring myself to step closer, feel their heat, touch.

My father is a fireman. My submission to fire is lamentably obvious. But there is more than love here, more than jealousy—more than Electra's unwilling need. It is a fundamental lure, a seduction of my roots and not my limbs. I am propelled toward fire, and the dual draw of fascination and fear, the urge to walk into and at the same time conquer fire, is like the twin poles of the hermaphrodite. I wanted to be a fireman before, and after, I wanted to be anything else.

Firemen are big, brawny, young, and smiling creatures. They sit in the fire hall with its high ceilings and cold concrete floors and dim corners, waiting, ready. Firemen have a perfume of readiness. They wash their shiny trucks and hang the long white hoses from rods to dangle and dry. And when the alarm rings, firemen turn into hurrying bodies that know where to step and what to do, each with a place and duty, without excess motion. Firemen wear heavy coats and big black boots and hard helmets. They can part crowds. They are calescent and virile like the fire, proud, reticent, and most content when moving; firemen have their own rules, and they break glass, make messes, climb heights, and drive big loud trucks very fast.

Forgive me; I am trying to show the breadth of this fable. I wanted to be a fireman so much that it didn't occur to me for a long time that they might not let me. Fires marked me; I got too close. The hearth fire was my first and best therapist, the fire-dreams were happy dreams of destruction and ruin. The andiron was the ground, the logs our house, and each black space between the logs a window filled with helpless people, my father and mother and siblings. The fire was the world and I was outside and above, listening to their calls for rescue from the darting blaze, and sometimes I would allow them to escape and sometimes not, never stirring from my meditative pose. If I felt uncharitable, I could watch the cinders crumble from the oak and cedar like bodies falling to the ground below and the fire turn to ashes while I, the fire fighter, sat back safe and clear and cool.

At odd times—during dinner, late at night—the alarm would sound, and my father would leap up, knocking dogs and small children aside as he ran from the house. I grew up used to surprise. He was a bulky man, and his pounding steps were heavy and im-

Photograph by Gary Benson / Black Star

portant in flight; I slipped aside when he passed by.

The fire department was volunteer, and every fireman something else as well. My father was a teacher. We had a private radio set in the house, and we heard alarms before the town at large did. It was part of the privilege of fire. Before the siren blew on the station two blocks away, the radio in the hallway sang its high-pitched plea. He was up and gone in seconds, a sentence chopped off in mid-word, a bite of food dropped to the plate. Squeal, halt, go: I was used to the series; it was part of our routine.

Then my mother would stop what she was doing and turn down the squeal and listen to the dispatcher on the radio. His voice, without face or name, was one of the most familiar voices in my home, crowned with static and interruptions. My mother knew my father's truck code and could follow his progress in a jumble of terse male voices, one-word questions, first names, numbers, and sometimes hasty questions and querulous shouts. She stood in the hallway with one hand on the volume and her head cocked to listen; she shushed us with a stern tension. She would not betray herself, though I knew and didn't care; in the harsh wilderness of childhood, my father's death in a fire would have been a great and terrible thing. It would have been an honor.

The town siren was a broad foghorn call that rose and fell in a long ululation, like the call of a bird. We could hear it anywhere in town, everyone could, and if I was away from our house I would run to the station. (I had to race the cars and pickups of other volunteer firemen, other teachers, and the butcher, the undertaker, an editor from the local newspaper, grinding out of parking lots and driveways all over town in a hail of pebbles.) If I was quick enough and lucky enough, I could stand to one side and watch the flat doors fly up, the trucks pull out one after the other covered with clinging men, and see my father driving by. He drove a short, stout pumper, and I waved and called to him high above my head. He never noticed I was there, not once; it was as though he ceased to be my father when he became a fireman. The whistle of the siren was the whistle of another life, and he would disappear around a corner, face pursed with concentration, and be gone.

Oh, for a fire at night in the winter, the cold nocturnal sky, the pairing of flame and ice. It stripped life bare. I shared a room with my sister, a corner room on the second floor with two windows looking in their turn on the intersection a house away. The fire station was around that corner and two blocks east, a tall white block barely visible through the barren trees. Only the distant squeal of the alarm downstairs woke us, that and the thud of his feet and the slam of the back door; before we could open the curtains and windows for a gulp of frigid air, we'd hear the whine of his pickup and the crunch of its tires on the crust of snow. The night was clear and brittle and raw, and the tocsin called my father to come out. Come out, come out to play, it sang, before my mother turned the sound off. He rushed to join the hot and hurried race to flames. We knelt at the windows under the proximate, twinkling stars, in light pajamas, shivering, and following the spin of lights on each truck—red, blue, red, blue, red—flashing across houses, cars, faces. We could follow the colored spin and figure out where the fire must be and how bad and wonder out loud if he'd come back.

There were times when he didn't return till morning. I would come downstairs and find him still missing, my mother sleepy-eyed and making toast, and then he would trudge in. Ashen and weary, my father, beat, his old flannel pajamas dusted with the soot that crept through the big buckles of his turnout coat, and smelling of damp, sour smoke.

I should be a fire setter. I should be that peculiar kind of addict, hooked on stolen matches and the sudden conflagration in mother's underwear and father's shoes. There are plenty of them, many children, thieving flame and setting its anarchic soul free in unexpected places. But I lack that incendiary urge; my Electra is more subtle, the knotty recesses of my own desires cunning even to me.

Speak French like a diplomat!®

What sort of people need to learn a foreign language as quickly and effectively as possible? *Foreign service personnel,* that's who.

Now you can learn to speak French just as these diplomatic personnel do—with the Foreign Service Institute's Basic French Course.

The U.S. Department of State has spent thousands of dollars developing this course. It's by far *the most effective way* to learn French at your own convenience and at your own pace.

The Basic French Course consists of a series of cassettes and an accompanying textbook. Simply follow the spoken and written instructions, listening and repeating. By the end of the course, you'll be learning and speaking entirely in French!

This course turns your cassette player into a "teaching machine." With its unique "pattern drill" learning method, you set your own pace — testing yourself, correcting errors, reinforcing accurate responses.

The FSI's Introductory Basic French Course comes in two parts, each shipped in a handsome library binder. Part A introduces the simpler forms of the language and a basic vocabulary. Part B presents more complex structures and additional vocabulary. Order either, or save 10% by ordering both:

☐ **Basic French, Part A.** 12 cassettes (15 hr.), and 194-p. text, $175.

☐ **Basic French, Part B.** 18 cassettes (25 hr.), and 290-p. text, $195.

(CT residents add sales tax.)

TO ORDER BY PHONE, PLEASE CALL TOLL-FREE NUMBER: **1-800-243-1234**

To order by mail, clip this ad and send with your name and address, and a check or money order — or charge to your credit card (AmEx, VISA, MasterCard, Diners) by enclosing card number, expiration date, and your signature.

The Foreign Service Institute's French course is unconditionally guaranteed. Try it for three weeks. If you're not convinced it's the fastest, easiest, most painless way to learn French, return it and we'll refund every penny you paid. Order today!

190 courses in 55 other languages also available. Write us for free catalog. Our 17th year.



Audio-Forum
Room M119
96 Broad St.
Guilford, CT 06437
(203) 453-9794

AUDIO-FORUM®

January Index Sources

1 *Los Angeles Times* Orange County poll; **2** Gallup Organization (Princeton, N.J.); **3** Americans Talk Security Project (Winchester, Mass.); **4** Edward O. Wilson, Harvard University (Cambridge, Mass.); **5** U.S. Patent Office; **6** Operation Rescue (Binghamton, N.Y.); **7** *Harvard Law Review* (Cambridge, Mass.)/*Harper's* research/Edwards-Billet Productions (Hollywood); **8** Byrd Laboratories (Austin, Tex.); **9** *Divorcing the Dictator,* by Frederick Kempe (G. P. Putnam's, N.Y.C.); **10** U.S. State Dept.; **11** Americas Watch (N.Y.C.); **12** Arms Control and Foreign Policy Caucus (Washington); **13** U.S. Senate Library; **14** U.S. State Dept.; **15** American Institute of Baking (Manhattan, Kan.); **16,17** New York City Coalition Against Hunger; **18,19** Center on Budget and Policy Priorities (Washington)/U.S. Defense Dept; **20** U.S. Census Bureau; **21** National Association of Home Builders (Washington); **22** Farm and Industrial Equipment Institute (Chicago); **23** *Limousine and Chauffeur* (Redondo Beach, Calif.); **24** Agency for International Development (Washington); **25** Centers for Disease Control (Atlanta)/Gay Men's Health Crisis (N.Y.C.); **26** *The Clothes Have No Emperor: A Chronicle of the American '80s,* by Paul Slansky (Simon & Schuster, N.Y.C.); **27** American Society of Plastic and Reconstructive Surgeons (Arlington Heights, Ill.)/Gerald Pitman (N.Y.C.); **28** American Society of Plastic and Reconstructive Surgeons (Arlington Heights, Ill.)/Gerald Pitman (N.Y.C.)/Collagen Corp. (Palo Alto, Calif.)/Dow Corning (Midland, Mich.); **29,30** U.S. Environmental Protection Agency; **31** U.S. Postal Service/U.S. Census Bureau; **32** Trees for the Future (Silver Spring, Md.); **33** Jim Hansen and Sergej Lebedeff (N.Y.C.); **34,35,36** *Harper's* research; **37** *Nightline* (N.Y.C.); **38** *Fortune* (N.Y.C.)/Trump Organization (N.Y.C.); **39,40** American Fur Industry (N.Y.C.); **41,42** Citizens for Tax Justice (Washington); **43,44** U.S. Federal Reserve Bank; **45** U.S. Labor Dept.; **46** Lorimar Television (Culver City, Calif.); **47** *Journal Graphics: Topics Catalogue* (N.Y.C.)/*Harper's* research; **48** Beverly Hills Police Dept.; **49** Office of Independent Counsel (Washington); **50** U.S. Library of Congress; **51,52** Waldenbooks (Stamford, Conn.); **53** Gallup Organization (Princeton, N.J.)/*Harper's* research; **54** *The Clothes Have No Emperor,* by Paul Slansky (Simon & Schuster, N.Y.C.)/*Facts on File* (N.Y.C.)/*Harper's* research; **55** R. R. Bowker Co. (N.Y.C.); **56** DataBase Project on Palestinian Human Rights (Chicago); **57** *Gazeta Wyborcza* (Warsaw); **58** *Pravda* (N.Y.C.); **59** *Detutaty Verkhovnogo Soveta SSR*/Robert Monyak (N.Y.C.); **60** *Congressional Yellow Book/Harper's* research; **61** Elections Research Center (Washington); **62** Committee for the Study of the American Electorate (Washington)/ABC News Polling Dept. (N.Y.C); **63,64** U.S. Justice Dept.; **65** American Committee on Africa (N.Y.C.); **66** U.S. Commerce Dept.; **67,68** Benjamin M. Friedman, Harvard University (Cambridge, Mass.); **69** Comstock Partners (N.Y.C.); **70** New York Stock Exchange (N.Y.C.); **71** *Mergers & Acquisitions* (Philadelphia); **72** U.S. Dept. of Education; **73** Roper Organization (N.Y.C.); **74** *New York Times*; **75** David Wolper Productions (Burbank, Calif.); **76** *Washington Post*; **77** *New York Times*; **78,79** *Harper's* research; **80** Jay McInerney (N.Y.C.)/*Harper's* research; **81** Lempert [illegible]; **82** *Harper's*

"What we first learn about fire is that we must not touch it," Gaston Bachelard writes in his book *The Psychoanalysis of Fire,* in the course of explaining the "Prometheus Complex" that the prohibition against fire creates. I talk about my father infrequently, always with hunger and anger; I build fires almost every winter night. But I've never built a wrong fire, and I worry over flammables like a mother hen. I'm scared of being burned and of all of fire's searing lesions. I class it with the other primitive, deadly joys: the sea deeps and flying—the runaway edge of control.

I fear one particular fire. My father was also an electrician, a tinker of small appliances. I am wary of outlets and wires of all kinds, which seem tiny and potent and unpredictable; the occult and silent river of electrical fire racing behind the walls can keep me awake nights. Electricity is just another flame, but flame refined. (In this way it is like alcohol: literally distilled.) Not long ago I put a pot of water to boil on my stove, and a little sloshed over; suddenly a roaring arc of electricity shot from beneath the pot and curved back upon itself. The kitchen air filled with the acrid smoke of burning insulation and the crackling, sputtering sound of short circuits, and I didn't have the slightest idea what to do. I wanted my father to put it out, and he was 300 miles away. It seemed the most untenable betrayal, my stove lunging out at me in such a capricious way. It seemed *mean;* that arc of blue-white current burned down my adulthood.

Prometheus stole more than fire; he stole the *knowledge* of fire, the hard data of combustion. I wanted all my father's subtle art. I wanted the mystery of firewood and the burning, animated chain saw, the tree's long fall, the puzzle of splitting hardwood with a wedge and maul placed just so in the log's curving grain. I wanted to know the differences of quality in smoke, where to lay the ax on the steaming roof, how the kindling held up the heavy logs. What makes creosote ignite? How to know the best moment to flood a fire? What were the differences between oak and cedar, between asphalt and shake? And most of all I wanted to know how to go in to the fire, what virtue was used when he set his face and pulled the rim of his helmet down and ran inside the burning house. It was arcane, obscure, and unaccountably male, this fire business. He built his fires piece by piece lit each with a single match, and once the match was lit I was privileged to watch, hands holding chin and elbows propped on knees, in the posture Bachelard calls essential to the "physics of reverie" delivered by fire.

I build fires now. I like the satisfying scritch-scratch of the little broom clearing ash. I find it curious that I don't build very good fires; I'm hasty and I don't want to be taught. But at last, with poorly seasoned wood and too much paper, I make the fire go, and then the force it exerts is exactly the same. That's something about fire: All fire is the same, every ribbon of flame the same thing, whatever that thing may be. There is that fundamental quality, fire as an irreducible element at large; fire is fire is fire no matter what or when or where. The burning house is just the hearth freed. And the fire-trance stays the same, too. I still sit cross-legged and dreaming, watching the hovering flies of light that float before me in a cloud, as fireflies do.

How I wanted to be a fireman when I grew up. I wanted this for a long time. To become a volunteer fireman was expected of a certain type of man—the town's steady, able-bodied men, men we could depend on. As I write this I feel such a tender pity for that little, wide-eyed girl, a free-roaming tomboy wandering a little country town and friend to all the firemen. I really did expect them to save me a place.

Every spring we had a spring parade. I had friends lucky enough to ride horses, others only lucky enough to ride bikes. But I rode the pumper and my father drove slowly, running the lights and siren at every intersection and splitting our ears with the noise. We the firemen's children perched on the hoses neatly laid in pleated rows, bathed in sunlight, tossing candy to the spectators as though, at parade's end, we wouldn't have to get down and leave the truck alone again.

He would take me to the station. I

aw forbidden things, firemen's lives.

On the first floor was the garage with its row of trucks. Everything hivered with attention, ripe for work: the grunt of a pumper, the old ruck, antique and polished new. And he Snorkel. When I was very small, a uilding burned because it was too igh for the trucks to reach a fire on its oof; within a year the town bought he Snorkel, a basher of a truck, long, white, sleek, with a folded hydraulic adder. The ladder opened and lifted ike a praying mantis rising from a wig, higher and higher.

Above the garage was the real sta- ion, a single room with a golden floor nd a wall of windows spilling light. The dispatcher lived there, the un- narried volunteers could bunk there f they liked; along one wall was a row of beds. No excess there, no redun- lancy, only a cooler of soda, a refrig- erator full of beer, a shiny bar, a card able, a television. I guess I held my ather's hand while he chatted with ne of the men. In the corner I saw a hole, a hole in the floor, and in the center of the hole the pole plunging lown; I peeked over the edge and fol- lowed the light along the length of the shining silver pole diving to the floor below.

I remember one singular Fourth of July. It was pitch dark on the fair- grounds, in a dirt field far from the ex- hibition buildings and the midway. Far from anything. It was the middle of nothing and nowhere out there on a moonless night, strands of dry grass tickling my legs, bare below my shorts. There was no light at all but a flashlight in one man's hand, no sound but the murmurs of the men talking to one another in the dark, moving heavy boxes with mumbles and grunts, laughing very quietly with easy laughs. My father was a silhou- ette among many, tall and black against a near-black sky. Then I saw a sparkle and heard the fuse whisper up its length and strained to see the shape of it, the distance. And I heard the whump of the shell exploding and the high whistle of its flight; and when it blew, its empyreal flower filled the sky. They flung one rocket after another, two and four at once, boom! flash! One shell blew too low

Continued on page 82

CD NEWS *for the Collector*

Our unique compact disc **"Newsletter/ Catalog"** is your *shopping alternative* to the "Top-40" mind-set of stores and clubs.

Each issue is filled with reviews of the **best new releases** – from popular to hard-to-find – in classical, jazz, folk, blues, and rock.

Over 300 new titles in each issue !

Order from our catalog at **below list prices.**

One year subscription (6 issues) ***$5.00***

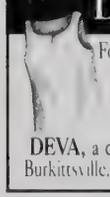
(refund with first CD purchase.)

THE KEY NOTE MUSIC • GROUP

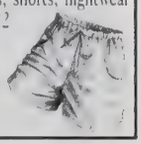
Phone in credit card orders. Or, send Ck., M.O., MC/Visa (card name, #, exp.) to:

10 Front Street, Dept. 205
Collinsville, CT 06022
203 • 693 • 1723, ext. 205

DEVA Cotton Clothes



For men and women ... tops, pants, shorts, nightwear and much more. Hand crafted in 22 luscious colours. Send $1 for catalogue and fabric samples.



DEVA, a cottage industry, Box HAAQ
Burkittsville, MD 21718 1-800-222-8024

Volunteer.

American Heart Association



LIBIDO

The Journal of Sex and Sensibility

. . . . . .

Intelligent Erotica for People Who Think

. . . . . .

Quarterly $20 Sample $6
Outside USA $30

Chicago, IL 60614 P.O. Box 146721

Get on the cold-war thaw bandwagon, with the . . .

USSR-US Friendship Watch only $49.95*

But read this ad for an even better deal!



Face enlarged to show detail.

Glasnost is here! Make the best of it by celebrating this thaw in the almost 50-year-old cold war with Rodell-7's exclusive *USSR-US Friendship Watch*. Is it really "authentic"? Of course it is! Rodell-7's gifted artists have designed its colorful dial, symbolizing new-found USSR-US friendship and cooperation, and with the rotating "second-hand" dial displaying the GLASNOST and LIBERTY mottos of our two countries. The exquisite quartz movement comes from Japan, and for a final touch of capitalist/socialist joint-venturing, the watch is assembled in Hong Kong, and provided with a designer case and a very classy black leather strap. Why not have the watch made in the Soviet Union, you may ask. Well, the Russians may be great guys and all that, but let's face it: Making fine watches is not their long suit. You might as well buy something that really works and that will last you a very, very long time.

• *The* USSR-US Friendship Watch *is unconditionally warranted for five years (battery excepted). Even if there should be a slight chilling in the relationship during that time, you can always put the watch in the drawer, until things thaw out again. However long the chill, it won't have gained or lost more than 15 seconds per month.*

We are the exclusive representatives of Rodell-7 watches in the United States and we are therefore able to bring you this extraordinary watch, this outstanding conversation stopper for just $49.95. But we have an even better deal: ***Buy two for $99.90 and we'll send you a third one, with our compliments—absolutely FREE!*** So get with it. Show your approval of and solidarity with new-found cooperation between our countries, hope glasnost will succeed, and get your *USSR-US Friendship Watch(es)* today!

FOR FASTEST SERVICE, ORDER
TOLL FREE (800) 882-3050
24 hours a day, 7 days a week

Please give order **Code #4399 A136** for *USSR-US Friendship Watch*. If you prefer, mail check or card authorization and expiration. We need daytime phone for all orders and issuing bank for charge orders. UPS/insurance: $4.95 for one *Friendship Watch* and $6.95 for three. Add sales tax for CA delivery. 30-day return and five-year warranty.

For quantity orders (100+), call Ernest Gerard, our Wholesale/Premium Manager at (415) 543-6570 or write him at the address below.

since 1967
haverhills®
131 Townsend Street, San Francisco, CA 94107

CLASSIFIED

BOOKS

Obtain your books (new or in-print) easily, pleasantly, reliably—with one soothing call to Minnesota. Tell us what you need; we ship immediately or will special-order. Gringolet Bookstore, Minneapolis, Minn. (800) 468-4347.

Art on My Own. Children's activity workbook encourages creativity, independent thinking: $8.48 includes tax. Love Bug Press, Box 25262, Sarasota, Fla. 34277-2262H.

Free book search by specialist book finder. Send titles to Continental Book Search, Box 1163-H, New York, N.Y. 10009.

Eureka Bookfinder. Send wants: 2024-H Harris Street, Eureka, Calif. 95501.

Locating out-of-print books our specialty. Avonlea Books, Box 74E, White Plains, N.Y. 10602. (914) 946-5923.

Canadian books: Used, out-of-print, paperbacks, hardbacks. Any Canadiana, Arctic, or sea books. Wells Group, 958 Page Avenue, Victoria, B.C. V9B 2M6, Canada.

Old and rare books. Fine bindings, travel, fine and decorative arts, etc. Free catalogue. James Beattie Ltd., P.O. Box 882, Blue Bell, Pa. 19422.

Martyrdom by guillotine. Soon millions will face this in preference to the rule of the Beast. Order *Creation and Culmination.* Send $10.80 to D&S Distributors, P.O. Box 296, Chester, N.J. 07930.

Old-book scout locates out-of-print books. Write: Greenmantle, P.O. Box 1178HP, Culpeper, Va. 22701.

Booklover's smorgasbord. Free catalogue. Iron Kettle Books, Hancock Road, Williamstown, Mass. 01267.

ASSOCIATIONS

Bertrand Russell Society. Information: HM, RD 1, Box 409, Coopersburg, Pa. 18036.

EDUCATION

Audio Cassette-of-the-Month Club



We offer 3 clubs; 1) *American History;* 2) *Literature and Great Writers;* 3) *Mindstretchers.* Costs under $5 per cassette. Call toll-free 1-800-243-1234 (except CT), or write: **Audio-Forum** Dept. 602, Guilford, CT 06437.

Research papers: 18,278 papers available—all academic subjects. Rush $2 for 306-page catalogue. Custom writing also available. Research, 11322 Idaho, No. 206HB, Los Angeles, Calif. 90025. Toll-free hotline: (800) 351-0222; in Calif.: (213) 477-8226.

Study Chinese at home. Free brochure. Write: AICS, Box 453, Charles Town, W. Va. 25414.

Fully approved university degrees. Economical home study for bachelor's, master's, and Ph.D. degrees, fully approved by California State Dept. of Education. Prestigious faculty counsels for independent-study and life-experience credits (5,100 enrolled students, 500 faculty). Free information: Richard Crews, M.D. (Harvard), President, Columbia Pacific University, Dept. 2F90, 1415 Third Street, San Rafael, Calif. 94901. (800) 227-0119; in Calif.: (800) 552-5522 or (415) 459-1650.

Learn Spanish in Guatemala. Family living. CASA, Box 11264, Milwaukee, Wis. 53211. (414) 372-5570.



Want to brush up on a foreign language?

With AUDIO-FORUM's intermediate and advanced materials, it's easy to maintain and sharpen your foreign language skills. We offer foreign-language mystery dramas, music, games, dialogues recorded in Paris and more. Call 1-800-243-1234 for FREE 32-p. catalog, or write: **AUDIO-FORUM®** Dept. 561. Guilford, CT 06437

Superlearning. Triple learning speed through music. Languages, data. Maximize memory, potentials. Stressless. Free excerpt, catalogue. Superlearning, 1290 W. 11th, No. 105-H6, Vancouver, B.C. V6H 1K5, Canada.

Off-campus individualized programs for professionals at Somerset lead to American doctoral degrees. For a prospectus, send $8 to the International Administrative Center, Somerset University, Illminster, Somerset TA 19 OBQ, England. (44) 0460-57255.

SPEAK FRENCH OR ANY LANGUAGE
AS U.S. DIPLOMATS DO!
Self-study audiocassette courses developed for U.S. State Dept. now at **savings up to 60%!** Call or write for FREE catalog **1-800-722-6394.**
AUDIO-LANGUAGE INSTITUTE®
516 Fifth Avenue, Dept.H11Suite 507, NY, NY 10036

Bachelor's, Master's, Doctorate. Guide to colleges offering nonresidential degree programs through independent home study. Accredited, economical, accelerated programs. Credit given for prior accomplishments and work experience. Free detailed brochure. Write: Doctor John Bear, P.O. Box 826-H1, Benicia, Calif. 94510.

GIFTS

Penis poster (23″×35″) depicts 12 animal penises (man to whale). Scientific novelty. $10 ppd. to Poster K, Box 673, Bloomington, Ind. 47402.

Elusive, eh? Canada's sole captured at last. Thirteen award-winning postcards of shoe sculptures that interpret Canada's regions. Fine color printing. Attractively packaged. Send $9.95 ppd. to Shoe Set, 414-207 W. Hastings, Vancouver, B.C. V6B 1H7, Canada.

BUSINESS OPPORTUNITIES

Read books for pay: $100 a title. Wri PASE-JW2, 161 Lincolnway, North Au ra, Ill. 60542.

Let the government finance your small bu ness. Grants/loans to $500,000 yearly. F recorded message: (707) 449-8600. KW6

Be your own boss. Exceptional opportu ties. Free details. SMA, 4439 Helmar Dri Monroeville, Pa. 15146.

Financial independence. Limited supp Send SASE to 18278 River Oaks, Jupit Fla. 33458.

GENEALOGY

Irish genealogy. Write: Hibernian Resear Ltd., 22 Windsor Road, Dublin 6, Irelan Call (353) 1-966-522 (24 hours).

MUSIC

CoDa Digital presents American sopra Mary Endress. Christmas Lullabies: C $15; cassette, $10. Classic Lullabies: ca sette, $10. Send $1.50 for S&H. CoD 17441 Marianne Circle, Dallas, Tex. 7525

Classical composer seeks commissior Write: Crystaldew Music, Fayetteville, Ar 72702-3003.

MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS

Panpipes/flutes, over 250 varieties, mar ages/cultures. Catalogue, $2. Lew Price, Bo 1558 (R), Fair Oaks, Calif. 95628.

VACATION RENTALS

Mexico—Oaxaca. Convenient, modern fu nished apartments: $300–$500 montl (412) 343-3421.

Italy. Centuries-old farmhouse on mour taintop in Umbria. Near Florence, Rom Perugia. Short- or long-term rental. 200 oth er houses, simple to luxurious. Vacanze I Italia. (800) 533-5405.

Two fully furnished studios in stone farn house in Alps foothill village. 50 mil northeast of Venice: $375/mo. each, $70 mo. both. Less for longer. (512) 349-1471

Vacation in sunny Florida, Madeira Beacl 30 minutes from Tampa Airport. Comfort able, fully-equipped house in excellent traf fic-free location on water with dock. Tw bedrooms, two baths, heat, air, phone, cabl TV, all recreational facilities on hand. Cal evenings for short or long term. (813) 398 6334.

PUBLICATIONS

The People. Marxist biweekly since 1891 Four months/$1, one year/$4. *The Peopl* (H), Box 50218, Palo Alto, Calif. 94303.

Proof Jesus fictional. Scholarly proof Fla vius Josephus created fictional Jesus, Gos pels: $5. For details, send SASE to Abelard Box 5662-H, Kent, Wash. 98064.

CLASSIFIED RATES: Minimum ten words. One time, $1.95 per word; three times, $1.85 per word; six times, $1.75 per word; twelve times, $1.60 per word Telex numbers count as two words. Initials do box numbers. ZIP codes count as one word. CLASSIFIED DISPLAY: Minimum one inch. One time, $115 pe column inch; three times, $110 per column inch, six times, $105 per column inch, twelve times, $90 per column inch. The closing for classified copy is the firs of the mo[illegible] to run in that issue. Prepayment is required. Make checks payable to *Harper's Magazine* and send to Harper's Classified, 666 Broad way, New [illegible] Include telephone number on all correspondence. Address inquiries to Andrew Walko, Classified Advertising Manager.

ıying a house for the first time? Send $5 - helpful booklet to B. Lucas Enterprises, ɔx 72H, Lewisburg, Pa. 17837.

venting Earth, a quarterly publication, be- g a participation and celebration in global rvival. Inaugural and first editions, $5, or ite for subscription information: Dept. M, Inverness Road, Arlington, Mass. 02174.

dispensable—*Judaism and Vegetarianism,* Richard Schwartz. Paper: $9.95; cloth: 9.95 ($1.40 postage). Micah Publica- ɔns, 255 Humphrey Street, Marblehead, ass. 01945.

wareness is the first step to action. *Cur- nt Environmental Newsletter* keeps you vare of the latest environmental news by ɔing beyond the headlines. *CEN* provides curate, concise reporting on ecological is- es in an easy-to-read format. Sample copy, bscription info: send $3 to *CEN,* P.O. Box 7364, Richmond, Va. 23226. Attn: Dept. . Accept MC/Visa. (800) 899-1449. Call 8 M. to 5 P.M. EST.

ecrets of Style. A unique new guide for ad- ɪnced writers of imaginative and expository rose: $12.95. Specialty Printing, 292 West ershing Street, Salem, Ohio 44460.

he National Americanist. The best publi- ɪtion on money, banking, and investment uicksands. Introductory copy free. Write: Ionetary Science, Box 86-H, Wickliffe, hio 44092.

MISCELLANEOUS

hocker. Miniature stun gun stops assaults. ompletely safe and effective. Every woman ıould have one. Money-back guarantee. end $39.95 plus $2 shipping to Kathy ouse Security, Box 320-H, Gotha, Fla. 4734-0320.

THE NATIONAL
HEMLOCK SOCIETY
P. O. Box 11830
Eugene, OR 97440-3900
Telephone: 503/342-5748

Voluntary Euthanasia for the Terminally Ill

GOURMET

Creole salad dressing. Lovely, old, family ecipes. Cajun delights. Send $2, SASE: Fu- iliers, 905 Orleans Street, New Orleans, La. 0116-3408.

Unique, romantic meals and tips for dramat- c dining. Send $3 and SASE to JLT, Box 347275, San Francisco, Calif. 94134.

Easy, tasty, low-fat main-dish recipes. Send 2: P.O. Box 40628, Cincinnati, Ohio 45240.

Authentic Bulgarian moussaka. My grand- nother's recipe. Send $2 to Nina, Box 1119, Brookline, Mass. 02146.

MERCHANDISE

Looking for a Batak Obat container? An Amazon headdress? A Mortlock mask? Unique artifacts our specialty. Illustrated catalogue, $3. C. Thresher's Semi-Tropic Ethnographic, 188 E. Campus View Drive, Riverside, Calif. 92507.

Naturist videos. $2, SASE. HA, Box 9296, Newark, Del. 19714.

TRAVEL

"Roam the World by Freighter"—reference guide to unusual cruising. $3. TravL-Tips, Box 218B1A, Flushing, N.Y. 11358. (800) 872-8584; in New York State: (718) 939-2400.

GALAPAGOS

You, nine others and our naturalist will explore by yacht more islands than any other Galapagos expedition. From simple adventures to splendid yacht charters, from scuba diving to serious hiking and even college credit, no one else offers as many ways to experience the Galapagos because no one else specializes exclusively in the Galapagos.

60 trip dates.
Machu Picchu option.

FREE BROCHURE

Inca Floats
1311-HPX 63rd. St.,
Emeryville CA ,94608 415-420-1550

Free travel accommodations made possible by the World Home Exchange Network. First computerized exchange service. For more information, write WHEN, 878 30th Avenue, San Francisco, Calif. 94121, or call 1-800-SAY-WHEN.

Quetzalcoatl: The art and religion of the plumed serpent. In-depth and esoteric tours and workshops to the great, ancient ceremonial cities in Mexico, winter 1990. Caracol Tours, P.O. Box 17, Erwinna, Pa. 18920.

Great Expeditions Magazine. Trekking, cultural discovery, budget travel in Asia, Africa, Latin America. Free sample: P.O. Box 8000-411, Sumas, Wash. 98295. (604) 852-6170.

Europe in 52 minutes and 10 seconds. When I went to Europe two summers ago, I took a tape recorder rather than a camera. I edited the results together and sent a copy to all my new friends in Europe. The response was so overwhelming that I decided to share the tape with people I don't even know. It's sort of like Lee Coit meets J. D. Salinger, and they have a child who sounds like Garrison Keillor in a bad mood. With interviews, music, personal recollections, and fast-paced editing. Broadcast quality. (213) WOW-1702.

HEALTH

Quit smoking. Works for me. Free details. SMB, 4439 Helmar Drive, Monroeville, Pa. 15146.

LITERARY SERVICES

Looking for a publisher? Learn how you can have your book published, promoted, and distributed. Send for free booklet: HP-2, Vantage Press, 516 W. 34th Street, New York, N.Y. 10001.

EMPLOYMENT

Rocky Mountain employment newsletter. Current openings, all occupations. Western U.S. Free details: Intermountain-4R, 3565 Pitch, Colorado Springs, Colo. 80908. (719) 488-0320, ext. 418.

RANCH VACATIONS

Package vacations in Montana's Rocky Mountain wilderness. Trout fishing, horseback riding, river rafting, and much more for all ages. The Hawley Mountain Guest Ranch, Box 4-H, McLeod, Mont. 59025. (406) 932-5791.

PERSONALS

Beautiful, educated, English-speaking Asian women seek life partners. Genuine, sincere, traditional values. Brochure of 300 leaves no doubt. Ask about video. Blue Horizons, Dept. 307HP, 862 Farmington Avenue, Bristol, Conn. 06010. (203) 584-5712, anytime.

Classical Music Lovers' Exchange. Nationwide link between unattached music lovers. CMLE, Box 31, Pelham, N.Y. 10803.

Meet Christian singles. Nationwide. Phone or mail introductions. No fee, donations only. Write: Box 90-20-WE, Van Nuys, Calif. 91409.

Asian women desire romance. Overseas, sincere, attractive. World's No. 1 service. Sunshine International Correspondence, Dept. NA, Box 5500, Kailua-Kona, Hawaii 96745. (808) 325-7707.

Metro Singles Lifestyles, quality features, photos, personal ads: 36-page tabloid quarterly newspaper, $8 year. Current issue mailed immediately. P.O. Box 28203, Kansas City, Mo. 64118. (816) 436-8224.

Meet women worldwide. Free 24-page catalogue. America's most respected correspondence service. Cherry Blossom, 190 HR Rainbow Ridge, Kapaau, Hawaii 96755. (808) 961-2114, anytime.

Extraordinary psychic counselor, problem solver. Phone reading. Visa/MC/Amex. Randal Clayton Bradford. (213) 820-5281.

Art Lovers' Exchange—linking single lovers of the arts. Nationwide. ALX, Box 265, Bensalem, Pa. 19020. (800) 342-5250.

Japanese women seek friendship/marriage. Other Orientals too. Pacific Century Correspondence, 110 Pacific 208K, San Francisco, Calif. 94111. (816) 942-1668.

Beautiful, faithful Asian ladies seek friendship/marriage. Compare our prices. Free photo brochure. (702) 451-3070.

H. Hope we get together in the next life. K.

Beautiful Asian ladies seek lifemates. Free videos, free photos. Devotion, Box 549-H, Dublin, Va. 24084-0549. (703) 674-GIRL.

Scandinavia, Poland, USSR, Mexico: Worldwide correspondence for sincere, unattached, educated members. Scanna International, P.O. Box 4-HP, Pittsford, N.Y. 14534. (716) 586-3170.

Find friendship. Pen pals. Ten addresses for $5. Steven-Marianne Kullmer, Drawer 418, Dysart, Iowa, 52224.

CLASSIFIED

If I were you . . . European philosopher gives advice on any personal problem: $5 short, $10 long. M.L.K., Box 414, 1347 Divisadero, San Francisco, Calif. 94115.

Very successful entrepreneur, SWM, 32, 6'1", 180 lbs. Own a successful travel brokerage, but need a sharing partner. Travel a lot. Looking for single female 22-35, attractive, educated, honest, and easygoing, for possible lifelong commitment. Photo appreciated. D. Thiel, P.O. Box 3456, Unit E11119, Corcoran, Calif. 93212.

Extremely attractive, slender, fair-skinned and blue-eyed, artistically accomplished, successful, professional, good-humored lady. Would love to find a successful, self-confident, and good-natured sweetheart of a man, late 50s/early 60s, to share her happiness, city life, and beautiful country retreat in a quiet fishing village. Awaiting photo/bio and phone number with response: Box AJW, *Harper's Magazine,* 666 Broadway, New York, N.Y. 10012.

Meet U.S. singles by phone or mail. M. Fischer Club, Box 2152-HA, Loves Park, Ill. 61130.

Condoms by mail. Avoid condom purchase anxiety syndrome (CPAS). Write for free color brochure or send $4 for discreetly packaged samples. Money-back guarantee. Allegro Specialties, Box 21881, Baton Rouge, La. 70894.

Travel advice from Holland. Send $5 to Travel/Holland, P.O. Box 276, Newton Centre, Mass. 02159.

Share your popcorn. Join The MovieLovers' Club, a nationwide network of unattached moviegoers. Box 2035H, Bala, Pa. 19004.

Looking for Vincent M., Naval pilot in WWII. Met Pamela in N.Y.C., 1946–47. Box 8453, Toledo, Ohio 43623.

Asian Girls. Free information. J.W., P.O. Box 2329, Jakarta, Pusat, Indonesia.

Single Booklovers gets cultured singles of all ages acquainted. Established 1970. Nationwide. Write: Box 117, Gradyville, Pa. 19039, or call (215) 358-5049.

Idealistic SWM, 44, responsible/fun, bookish/fit, physician/unaffected, nice-looking/modest, seeks best-friend/wife. Box 14481, Atlanta, Ga. 30324.

Asian girls seek friendship/marriage. Free brochure, $1 list/video. Fiancée Express, Box 5194-D, York, Pa. 17405-5194.

Attractive Oriental ladies seeking correspondence, marriage. Presentations by American/Asian couple. Asian Experience, Box 1214JA, Novato, Calif. 94948.

Cultured singles, nationwide. Older women/younger men; younger women/older men. Send LSASE to Anachron, Box H-326, NYC 11367.

Are you selective? Introducing classy, fun-loving, educated Hungarian and South American ladies. Affordable photo-illustrated lists. Ideal Companion, Box 7697-W, Albuquerque, N.M. 87194.

Continued from page 79

and showered us with sparks, no one scared but smiling at the glowworms wiggling through the night as though the night were earth and we the sky and they were rising with the rain.

Only recently have I seen how much more occurred, hidden beneath the surface of his life. I presumed too much, the way all children do. It wasn't only lack of sleep that peeled my father's face bald in a fire's dousing. He hates fire. Hates burning mills; they last all night and the next day like balefires signaling a battle. He hated every falling beam that shot arrows of flame and the sheets of fire that curtain rooms. And bodies: I heard only snatches of stories, words drifting up the stairs in the middle of the night after a fire as he talked to my mother in the living room in the dark. Pieces of bodies stuck to bedsprings like steaks to a grill, and, once, the ruin of dynamite. When my mother died I asked about cremation, and he flung it away with a meaty hand and chose a solid, airtight coffin. He sees the stake in fire. He suffered the fear of going in.

I was visiting my father last year, at Christmastime. There are always fires at Christmastime, mostly trees turning to torches and chimneys flaring like Roman candles. And sure enough, the alarm sounded early in the evening, the same bright squeal from the same radio, for a flue fire. There have been a thousand flue fires in his life. (Each one is different, he tells me.)

As it happened, this time it was our neighbor's flue, across the street, on Christmas Eve, and I put shoes on the kids and we dashed across to watch the circus, so fortunately near. The trucks maneuvered their length in the narrow street, bouncing over curbs and closing in, and before the trucks stopped the men were off and running, each with a job, snicking open panels, slipping levers, turning valves. We crept inside the lines and knelt beside the big wheels of the pumper, unnoticed. The world was a bustle of men with terse voices, the red and blue lights spinning round, the snaking hose erect with pressure. The men were hepped up, snappy with the brisk demands. And the house—the neighbor's house I'd seen so many times before had gone strange, a bud blooming fire, a ribbon of light behind a dark window. Men went in, faces down.

My father doesn't go in anymore. He's gotten too old, and the rules have changed; young men arrive, old men watch and wait. He still drives truck. He lives for it, for the history and the books, his models, the stories, meetings, card games. But he's like a rooster plucked; I have a girlish song for Daddy, but I sing it too far away for him to hear.

I wanted to feel the hot dry cheeks of fever and roast with the rest of them. I wanted to go in, and I kept on wanting to long after my father and the others told me I couldn't be a fireman because I wasn't a man. I wanted to be the defender, to have the chance to do something inarguably good, pit myself against the blaze. I wanted it long after I grew up and became something else altogether, and I want it still.

"That which has been licked by fire has a different taste in the mouths of men," writes Bachelard. He means food, but when I read that I thought of men, firemen, and how men licked by fire have a different taste to me.

I live in a city now, and the fire fighters aren't volunteers. They're college graduates in Fire Science, and a few are women, smaller than the men but just as tough, women who took the steps I wouldn't—or couldn't—take. Still, I imagine big, brawny men sitting at too-small desks in little rooms lit with fluorescent lights, earnestly taking notes. They hear lectures on the chemistry of burning insulation, exponential curves of heat expansion, the codes of blueprint. They make good notes in small handwriting on lined, white paper, the pens little in their solid hands.

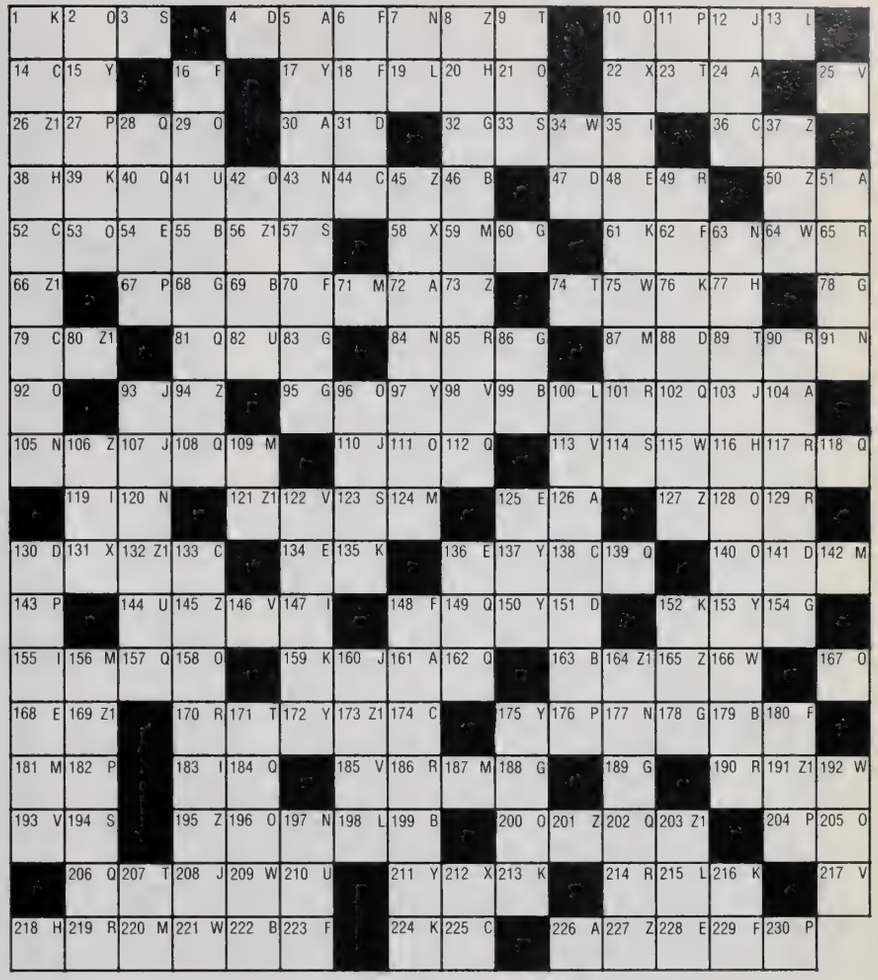
Too much muscle and nerve in these men and women both, these firemen; they need alarms, demands, heavy loads to carry up steep stairs. They need fires; the school desks are trembling, puny things, where they listen to men like my father, weary with the work of it, describing the secrets of going in. ■

DOUBLE ACROSTIC NO. 85

by Thomas H. Middleton

The diagram, when filled in, will contain a quotation from a published work. The numbered squares in the diagram correspond to the numbered blanks under the WORDS. The WORDS form an acrostic: the first letter of each spells the name of the author and the title of the work from which the quotation is taken.

The letter in the upper right-hand corner of each square indicates the WORD containing the letter to be entered in that square. Contest rules and the solution to last month's puzzle appear on page 75.



CLUES — WORDS

A. Me, myself, and I; yours truly; first (2 wds.)
72 161 30 226 104
24 5 126 51

B. Temporary suspension
222 163 99 199 69
55 46 179

C. Miser, tightwad
52 174 36 138 225
44 14 79 133

D. With a will, with pleasure
141 88 151 130 47
4 31

E. News, information
48 134 228 125 168
54 136

F. In a compromising situation (hyph.)
70 62 223 148 16 6 180 18

G. "Soothed by every _____/That under heaven is blown" (2 wds.; Shelley, "To Jane: The Recollection")
78 32 154 86 68 95 60 178
189 83 188

H. Island in the British West Indies
218 38 116 20 77

I. Garbage, kitchen refuse
119 155 183 147 35

J. Larval salamander found in Mexico and the SW U.S.
107 12 160 103 93 110 208

K. In a state of total disorder, inverted, upside down (hyph.)
76 224 61 135 159 1 213 216
39 152

L. Enraged; ashen
19 13 100 215 198

M. Given to uttering pithy sayings
142 124 181 59 87 71 109 220
156 187

N. Dozed (2 wds.)
91 63 197 177 43 7 120 105
84

O. "Not only to keep down the base in man,/But _____" (3 wds.; Tennyson, "Guinevere")
200 205 167 21 29 158 53 42
2 140 128 96 196 92 111
10

P. Obstructing (3 wds.)
27 176 143 204 182 67 11 230

Q. 1800 novel by Maria Edgeworth (2 wds.)
206 40 184 108 102 149 118 202
28 139 162 112 81 157

R. Intricate mendacious network (3 wds.)
170 101 219 214 186 117 85 190
65 90 129 49

S. Strong, cheap booze
114 123 57 33 194 3

T. Fix securely
207 9 89 74 23 171

U. Snack between meals
41 82 210 144

V. Cheated, defrauded
185 25 217 98 193 146 122 113

W. Fence of stakes used for fortification
64 75 209 115 166 34 192 221

X. King of Mercia (A.D. 757–96)
212 58 22 131

Y. So as to devastate
17 172 175 97 153 137 15 150
211

Z. Hard row to hoe, uphill work (2 wds.)
127 8 227 73 201 37 106 145
195 50 45 94 165

Z1. Extra period added to a tied game (2 wds.)
132 191 121 169 56 173 80 66
164 203 26

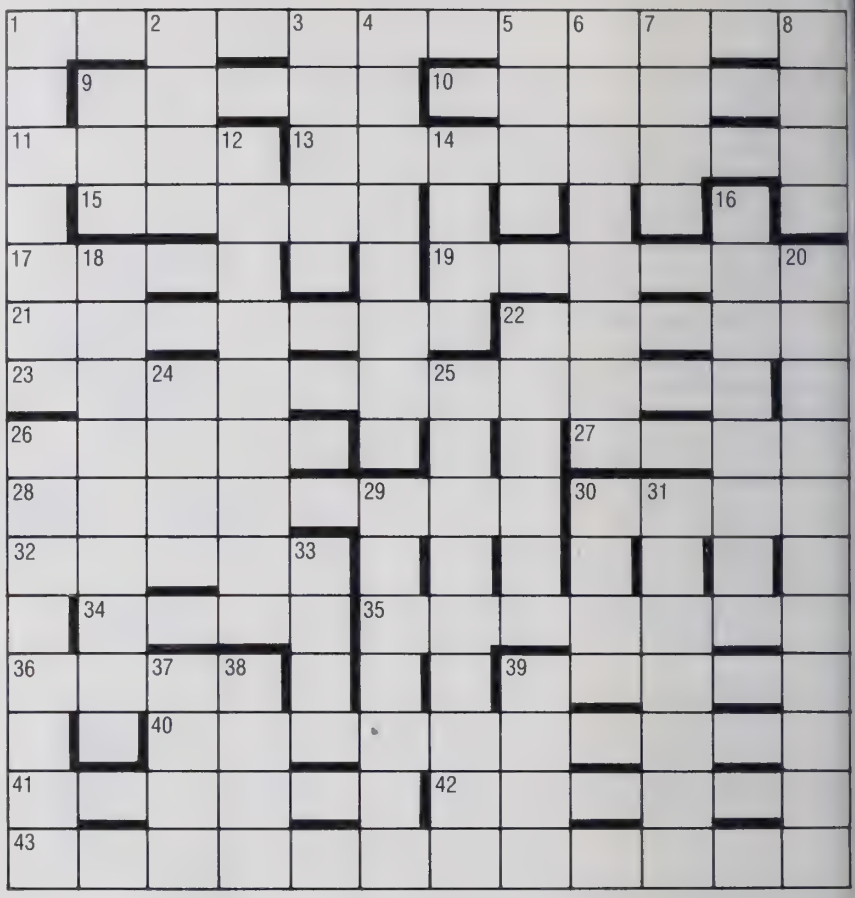
PUZZLE

Answers First

by E.R. Galli and Richard Maltby Jr.

Twelve of the "clues" consist of a single capitalized word. Each is actually an answer; the appropriately numbered entry in the diagram is a cryptic clue of sorts for that word. For example, SEW could produce the entry SAY-SO, or EARTH, HEARTBROKEN. Three of these entries are two-word phrases, and one is a proper name (26A).

Clue answers include five capitalized words and a typically British one (26A). The solution to last month's puzzle appears on page 75.



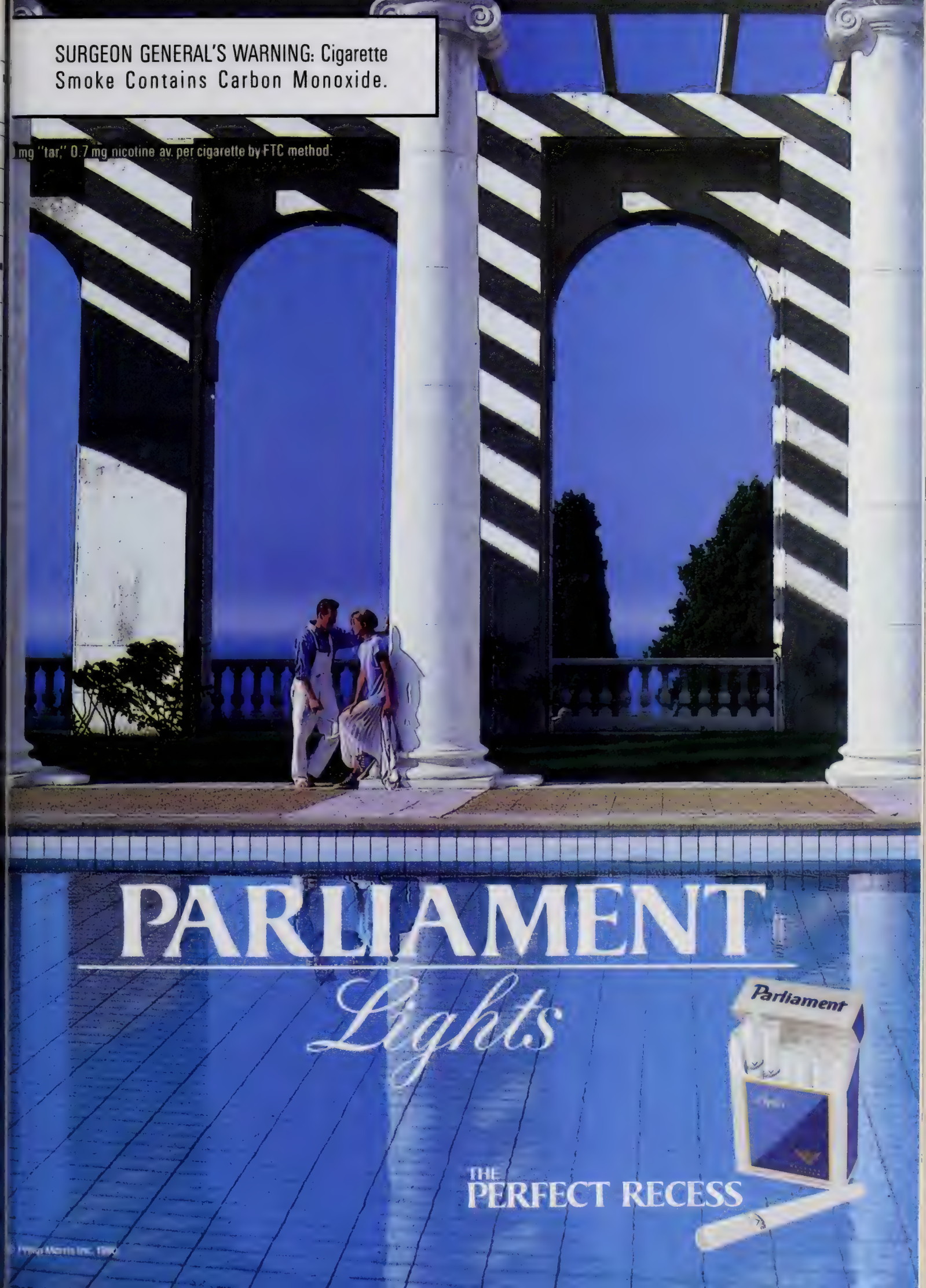
Across

1. STRAFES (12)
9. Adipose tissue and a bit of ligament—that's what mortal is (5)
10. Exposed to ball I batted with energy (6)
11. She leaves work when she leaves monorail (4)
13. MOOR (4,4)
15. Poet's not quite labored over (5)
17. Recidivist's beginning to be sent back to cooler (4)
19. Speaker's alternative upset papal court (6)
21. Lady more than once embraced by a lot of people! (7)
22. Here's the word from *Cheers* bar; mixed kind of whiskey (5)
23. Talk to oneself only when taking in one fifty-cipher test (11)
26. Very little escapes sweep if furniture's top is tidy (5)
27. Float from Irish port (4)
28. PECKED (8)
30. Smack from James Cagney (4)
32. Back of gazebo has a view of a wood (5)
34. Change decor heartlessly! (4)
35. Tout trip and set off (7)
36. King with spoiled pet, which is what a mistress is (4)
39. Clever, dropping wife to break up (5)
40. WE (10)
41. Repress and return the Spanish suits (6)
42. He participated in French revolution, and not by mistake (6)
43. HERS (4,8)

Down

1. BITS (7)
2. Noble, almost primitive (4)
3. Meat dish baker without hesitation returned . . . he died (5)
4. Apartment, on getting overly loud, brought up cop (8)
5. Monotheistic Asian with knot in his back (4)
6. Acid used in food put one river sailor into spasm (8)
7. Dark color or light color top to bottom (4)
8. Big truck is backed around small space (4)
9. One who opposes on principle sounds like phony to the French (3)
12. RIA (9)
14. Dice becomes fast when doubled (4)
16. CAGE (8)
18. ARE (4-5)
20. DANGERS (4,7)
22. Sacking associate, difficulty comes up (6)
24. Singular opportunity, almost like pocketing $100 (4)
25. MOOD (9)
26. Like a spy I shook off, tailing subject quietly (8)
29. Reptile heading off incessant talker (7)
30. Military band used by brass as headliners (4)
31. RAT (3-4)
33. Carol is striking vice out (4)
37. Greek character with Latin man's name (4)
38. Top it off—swell (4)
39. Slap and belt endlessly (4)

Contest Rules: Send completed diagram with name and address to "Answers First," *Harper's Magazine*, 666 Broadway, New York, N.Y. 10012. If you already subscribe to *Harper's*, please include a copy of your latest mailing label. Senders of the first three correct solutions opened at random will receive one-year subscriptions to *Harper's Magazine*. Winners' names will be printed in the March issue. Winners of the November 1989 puzzle, "Plus Fours," are Neil D. Isaacs, Silver Spring, Maryland; Ralph Jones, Aurora, Colorado; and A. F. Goldenson, Winter Park, Florida.


SURGEON GENERAL'S WARNING: Cigarette Smoke Contains Carbon Monoxide.
mg "tar," 0.7 mg nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC method.
PARLIAMENT
Lights
Parliament
THE PERFECT RECESS



A GRAND VIEW, INDEED.

To send a gift of Grand Marnier® Liqueur (except where prohibited by law) call 1-800-243-3787.
Product of France. Made with fine cognac brandy 40% alc/vol (80 proof). © 1989 Carillon Importers, Ltd., Teaneck, NJ.

February

FEBRUARY 1990 TWO DOLLARS

3 9042 02350590 9

HARPER'S



THE REHUMANIZATION OF THE HEART
What Doctors Have Forgotten, Poets Have Always Known
By Charles Siebert

BURLINGAME
JAN 22 1990
LIBRARY

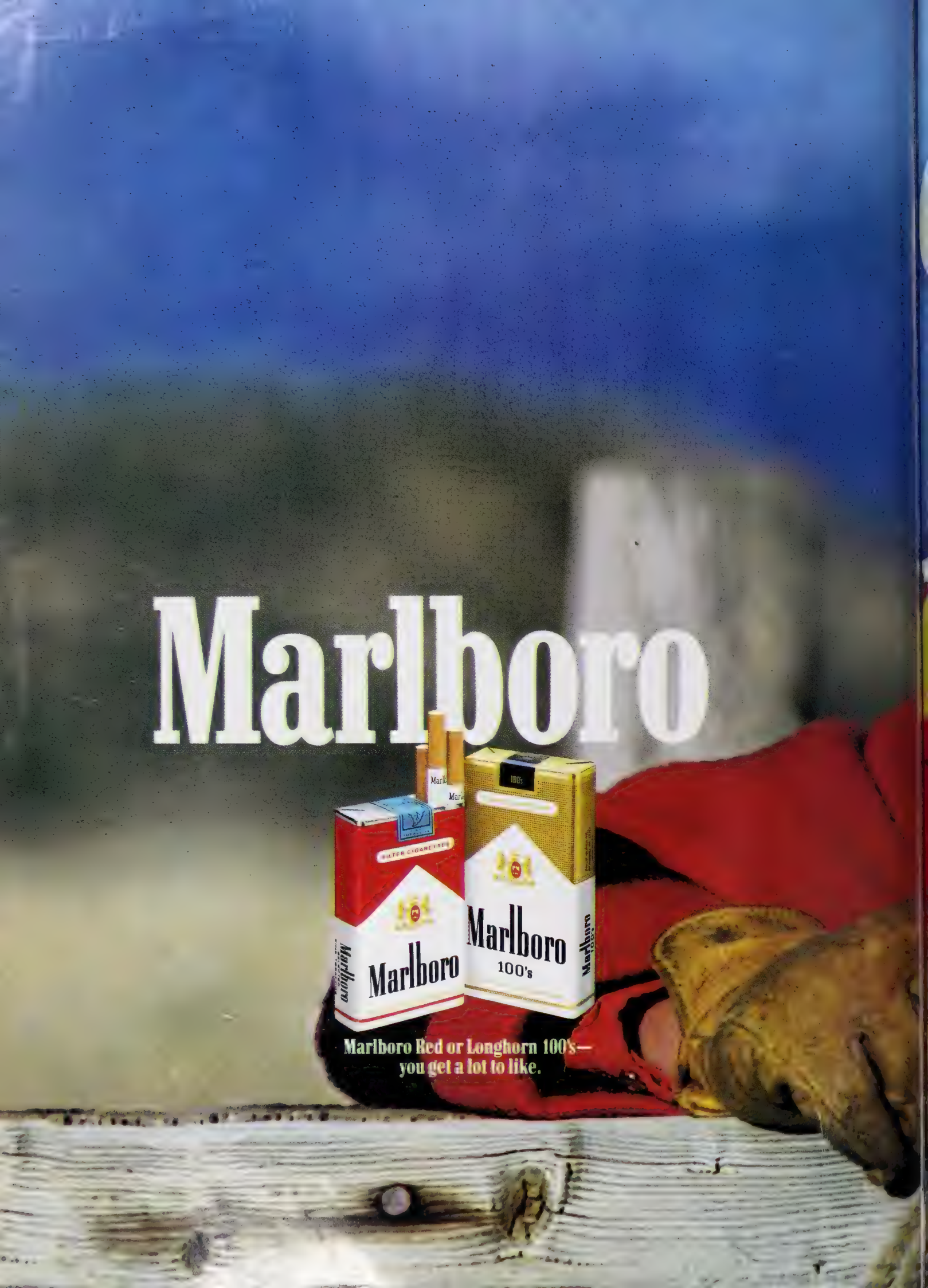
WHAT'S THE WORD FOR . . . ?
A Dictionary of Neologisms Coined by
Harold Brodkey William F. Buckley Jr. Alice Walker
Eugene J. McCarthy Padgett Powell and others

DANIEL, DONA VIOLETA, DEMOCRACY
On the Campaign Trail in Nicaragua
By Francisco Goldman

THE VARIETIES OF ROMANTIC EXPERIENCE
Robert Cohen

BURLINGAME, CA 94010
480 PRIMROSE RD
BURLINGAME PUBL LIB
HP DEC 90 1 01
#BRL7PI480P09107# 00035
#1256 ****** 5-DIGIT 94010

Percy, Mary Gordon,
n Wolfe's novel ideas


Marlboro
Marlboro
100's
Marlboro Red or Longhorn 100's—
you get a lot to like.


© Philip Morris Inc. 1990
SURGEON GENERAL'S WARNING: Smoking Causes Lung Cancer, Heart Disease, Emphysema, And May Complicate Pregnancy.



General Motors has found a way to keep people in their seats without using seat belts.

We do it with quality television programming. Over the past decade, General Motors has been presenting the kind of programs that can bring a family together — the kind that can earn broadcasting's most prestigious awards. GM Mark of Excellence Presentations.

First aired in 1981, *A Christmas Special with Luciano Pavarotti* became a holiday tradition on PBS. *The Verdi Requiem* followed on public television, and *Vivaldi: The Four Seasons* played on the A&E cable network. *The Kennedy Center Honors* gala annually pays tribute to America's greatest performing artists, and it has won three Emmy Awards in the process.

Peabody Awards for broadcast excellence went to *Bill Moyers' In Search of the Constitution* and to the mini-series *George Washington*. GM completed the rare look at America's first presidency with the sequel, *George Washington: The Forging of a Nation;* and we presented Moyers' unprecedented interview of retiring Chief Justice William Burger.

In every project, for commercial television or PBS, GM looks for excellence in concept, script, talent, and production. Just as we care about excellence throughout our automobiles.

This year, Mark of Excellence Presentations include *American Playwrights Theater* on A&E. Three Emmy-winning programs return: *American Film Institute Life Achievement Award* on ABC, *The Kennedy Center Honors* on CBS, and the *Live From Lincoln Center* series on PBS. NBC is carrying *The Old Man and the Sea,* with Anthony Quinn. Also on PBS are the Peabody Award-winning weekly series, *A World of Ideas with Bill Moyers,* and the 10-hour Ken Burns documentary, *The Civil War.*

General Motors Mark of Excellence Presentations. They are our way of bringing your family quality television as well as quality cars and trucks.

General Motors Mark of Excellence Presentations

GM

HARPER'S

FOUNDED IN 1850 / VOL. 280, NO. 1677
FEBRUARY 1990

Letters 4 *Philip Roth, Walker Percy, Mary Gordon, others*

Notebook 14
Wind from the East *Lewis H. Lapham*

Harper's Index 17

Readings 19
Language, Lies, and Latin Democracy *Eduardo Galeano*
Any Questions? *Vanessa Redgrave*
Can *Perestroika* Be Salvaged? *Anthony Barnett, Boris Kagarlitsky, Hans Magnus Enzensberger*
The Stones of Jerusalem *Zvi Jagendorf*
A Woman's Work *Marguerite Duras*
"Charity" *a story by Mark Richard*
And . . . *Eudora Welty, Chen Hengchu, Union for Radical Political Economy*

Forum 45
WHAT'S THE WORD FOR . . . ? *Harold Brodkey, William F. Buckley Jr.,*
A dictionary of neologisms *Eugene J. McCarthy, Padgett Powell, Alice Walker, others*

Essay 53
THE REHUMANIZATION OF THE HEART *Charles Siebert*
What doctors have forgotten, poets have always known

Story 61
THE VARIETIES OF ROMANTIC EXPERIENCE *Robert Cohen*

Managua Letter 70
DANIEL, DONA VIOLETA, DEMOCRACY *Francisco Goldman*
On the campaign trail in Nicaragua

Acrostic 79 *Thomas H. Middleton*

Puzzle 80 *E. R. Galli and Richard Maltby Jr.*

Cover: Detail from the illuminated manuscript Le Cueur d'Amours Espris. *Courtesy of the Austrian National Library.*

Harper's Magazine is owned and published monthly by Harper's Magazine Foundation, 666 Broadway, New York, New York 10012. Allen Austill, Chairman. Copyright ©1990 by the Harper's Magazine Foundation. All rights reserved. The trademark *Harper's* is used by Harper's Magazine Foundation under license and is a registered trademark owned by Harper & Row Publishers, Inc. The trademark *Harper's Index* is a registered trademark owned by the Harper's Magazine Foundation. Printed in the U.S. Second-class postage paid at New York, New York. In Canada, second-class postage paid at Mississauga, Ontario. POSTMASTER: Send all address changes to *Harper's Magazine*, P.O. Box 1937, Marion, OH 43305. ISSN0017-789X. CHANGE OF ADDRESS: Please provide both address from last issue and new address. Allow six weeks advance notice. SUBSCRIPTIONS: $18 one year. Canada and U.S. possessions, add $2; other foreign, add $3 per year. Send orders to *Harper's Magazine*, P.O. Box 1937, Marion, OH 43305. SUBSCRIPTION PROBLEMS: Write *Harper's Magazine*, P.O. Box 1937, Marion, OH 43305, or call (800) 347-6969; Canada (614) 382-3322, M-F, 8 A.M.–4:30 P.M., Eastern time. All requests for PERMISSIONS and REPRINTS must be made in writing to *Harper's Magazine*, 666 Broadway, New York, New York 10012. *Harper's Magazine* will not consider or return unsolicited nonfiction manuscripts that have not been preceded by a written query. *Harper's* will consider unsolicited fiction. Unsolicited poetry will not be considered or returned. No queries or manuscripts will be considered unless they are accompanied by a self-addressed, stamped envelope.

HARPER'S

Editor
Lewis H. Lapham
Executive Editor
Michael Pollan
Senior Editors
Gerald Marzorati, Jack Hitt,
Darcy Frey *(acting)*
Managing Editor
Ellen Rosenbush
Art Director
Deborah Rust
Associate Editors
Charis W. Conn, Ilena Silverman,
Colin Harrison
Assistant Editors
Elliott Rabin, Paul Tough
Assistant to the Editor
Ann K. Stern
Interns
Patricia Pearson, Casey Seiler,
Shahram Victory

Contributing Editors
L. J. Davis, Mark Edmundson,
Francisco Goldman, Vicki Hearne,
Craig S. Karpel, Barry Lopez, Peter Marin,
George Plimpton, Bob Shacochis,
Earl Shorris, Jacqueline Simon,
Eric Treisman, Philip Weiss, Tom Wolfe
Washington Editor
Christopher Hitchens

John R. MacArthur, *President and Publisher*

Vice President and General Manager
Douglas E. Ellis
Vice President, Corporate and Public Affairs
Ellen Ryder
Vice President, Circulation
Patricia Hart
Circulation Assistant
Judy Brienza
Assistant to the Publisher
Diane Kraft
Receptionist / Advertising Assistant
Noreen Assing
Staff
Joseph Malits, Jolie Shulman

ADVERTISING SALES
666 Broadway, New York, New York 10012
(212) 614-6500

Vice President, Advertising Director
Mary Anne Malley

National Representatives
Evan Greene, Peter B. Hartshorn, Lisa Rae Christinger

Advertising Coordinator
Amanda Weber

LETTERS

Editors' Note: Harper's Magazine *asked a number of novelists to respond to the essay by Tom Wolfe, "Stalking the Billion-Footed Beast: A Literary Manifesto for the New Social Novel," which appeared in the November 1989 issue. A selection of these responses follows.*

Tom Wolfe's Novel Ideas

I'm afraid that to serve the thesis of his "literary manifesto for the new social novel," my friend Tom Wolfe seriously misrepresents my 1961 essay, "Writing American Fiction." For the sake of the record, I'd like to correct him and also refer any interested readers to the essay itself, reprinted in *Reading Myself and Others*.

Wolfe says that the essay represents my "second thoughts" about the "brilliant . . . but, alas, highly realistic" *Goodbye, Columbus*. But I had no such thoughts about the realism of that book of stories. Over the next ten years, *Goodbye, Columbus* was to be followed by three even more densely realistic books—*Letting Go*, *When She Was Good*, and *Portnoy's Complaint*—novels in which a very carefully detailed sector of American society is presented as the battleground for a protagonist's struggle toward moral self-definition. On looking back, my first four books seem to me to comprise a dogged, decade-long investigation, by a young realistic writer, of four decidedly different *modes* of realism.

"The lesson that a generation of serious young writers learned from Roth's lament," Wolfe writes, "was that it was time to avert their eyes." How they—whoever they all were—could have learned *that*, of all things, is beyond me, since *my* essay was *not* a manifesto but an *analysis* of what I saw as "a voluntary withdrawal of interest by the fiction writer from some of the grander social and political phenomena of our times." I was identifying a postwar literary trend, not proselytizing for it. I concluded the essay by invoking the hero of Ralph Ellison's *Invisible Man*, whose underground life, I noted, "does not seem to him a cause for celebration." The implication, which was pretty hard to miss, was that I didn't think going underground was anything to celebrate either.

Back when Tom was still a journalist and I used to run into him on the street, he liked to flatter me, albeit a bit drolly, by telling me that I was "the American Dickens." Maybe he doesn't think much of my work now that he's become a novelist himself. That's okay, too. But that he should want to cast me, at this late date, in the role of the American Mallarmé who, with a single flourish of the pen, turned a whole generation against realism strikes me, frankly, as nuts.

Philip Roth
Cornwall Bridge, Conn.

Tom Wolfe has his nerve. I'm glad somebody does.

Harper's Magazine welcomes Letters to the Editor. Short letters are more likely to be published, and all letters are subject to editing. Letters must be typed double-spaced; volume precludes individual acknowledgment.

He is right on target with his brilant and funny assault on the postodern, antirealist novel. Whether e is talking about the Puppet-Master ovel or the Absurdists or Magical ealists or Fabulists, he is embarrassngly correct when he says that the ommon denominator is a "literary ame, words upon a page being maipulated by an author."

What Wolfe doesn't point out—nd he needn't—is that the post-960 antirealist, antinovel novel is art of a larger intellectual movement hose provenance includes, as Wolfe otes, a reverence for French intellecuals and a chic Marxist dislike of the iddle class, who are both the readers nd subjects of the realistic novel ince Henry Fielding and Charles Dickens.

Historian Arnold Toynbee said hat in the end, all serious disputes are eligious in origin. The realist–antiealist issue is no exception. It is "reigious" in the basic sense that it nvolves the denial or affirmation of a ond between the knower and that hich is known, the Something Out here that can to a degree be known nd talked about. The old vexing uestions of Being—eternal Being, reated Being—come sneaking in the ack door.

No wonder postmodern critics, hilosophers, and novelists tried to et rid of these ancient quarrels once nd for all. It was a good try and it idn't work. Because now the movenent itself has names like any fading ashion, such names as deconstructionist and nonreferential semiotics.

Indeed, the fictionless modern fiion Wolfe talks about is of a piece ith what might be called bad semiotcs. Semiotics, the science of meaning, traditionally speaks of such hings as words, texts, the utterer of exts, and the reference of texts.

Present-day semiotics tries to get id of the referent. Take the deconstructionists. A deconstructionist I ould define, usually, as an academic ho spends all day lecturing and writng about his belief that texts have no eferents, are literary games, but who eaves a message, a text, on his wife's elephone answering machine that he ould like a pepperoni pizza for supper. A pizza is a referent.

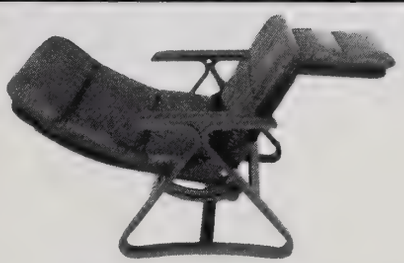
Yosemite & The Central Sierra
COLOR WALL MAP 34 3/4" X 37 1/4"



Exquisite detail and color shading define the beauty of Yosemite and Central Sierra
$40. laminated
$15. paper
$4. shipping
Catalog on request
Order by phone or mail today
(800) 237-0798

Raven Maps & Images
34 N. Central • Medford, Oregon • 97501

THE ULTIMATE CHAIR
for back relief and relaxation!



. . .and 25 other products for a healthy back!

BackSaver FREE 14 page catalog 1-800-251-2225 or write
53 Jeffrey Ave., Dept. HM0, Holliston, MA 01746 In MA 508-429-5940

Bargain Books
Publishers' Overstocks
Over 3,000 Titles at up to 80% Off in our Free Catalog

Choose from recent overstocks, remainders, imports and reprints from all major publishers—over 3,000 titles including about 600 new arrivals each month, most at savings of 50% to 80%!

Here you'll find Biography, History, Fiction, Art, Literature, Politics, Health, Movies, Nature, Cooking and Gardening and much more. Everything from yesterday's best sellers to titles you never knew existed.



Send me your FREE Catalog of Bargain Books.

Name

Address

City

State Zip

HAMILTON
Box 15-182, Falls Village, CT 06031

Breathe clean and fresh spring air inside your car, with . . .

Automobile Cleaner/Ionizer only $29.95**

But read this ad for an even better deal!



• *The* Automobile Cleaner/Ionizer *uses virtually no power and is absolutely noiseless, of course. It will restore the air inside your car to invigorating freshness. Every month or so rinse the unit out, and it is ready to go again. No other maintenance is needed.*

Two, three or four people in the car—one perhaps eating a roast beef sandwich and another smoking. The air inside quickly becomes almost intolerable. If you have a pet with you, it can be even much worse. Smoke and food and pet odors make driving unpleasant and induce fatigue and loss of attention. A baby that needs a change adds to the general discomfort. But even if you are by yourself, the air in your car can become pretty stale. Opening the windows often doesn't help, especially if it's either so hot or so cold outside that you would just substitute one discomfort for another.

Our *Automobile Cleaner/Ionizer* solves the problem. It emits a steady stream of negative ions, which, like tiny magnets, attract the positively charged pollutant, smoke and odor particles, pet and insect dander, and much other nasty stuff that's floating around. It instantly neutralizes all that. The air in your car will feel clean, fresh, and invigorating. You will feel better and will be a more alert and safer driver.

We import this marvelous little automotive accessory in very large quantities and can therefore offer it at the exceptional price of just $29.95. But we have an even better deal: ***Buy two for $59.90 and we'll send you a third one, with our compliments—absolutely FREE!*** There is no reason in the world why you should drive even another day in such pollution, in such discomfort. Energize the air inside your car, and make it clean and fresh like a spring breeze. Order your *Automobile Cleaner/Ionizer* today!

FOR FASTEST SERVICE, ORDER
TOLL FREE (800) 882-3050
24 hours a day, 7 days a week

Please give order **Code #2103A163** for *Automobile Cleaner/Ionizer*. If you prefer, mail check or card authorization and expiration. We need daytime phone for all orders and issuing bank for charge orders. UPS/insurance: $4.95 for one *Cleaner/Ionizer* and $6.95 for three. Add sales tax for CA delivery. You have 30 day return and one year warranty.

For quantity orders (100+), call Ernest Gerard, our Wholesale/Premium Manager at (415) 543-6570 or write him at the address below.

since 1967
haverhills®
131 Townsend Street, San Francisco, CA 94107

You deserve to know the facts about. . .

"Land for Peace"

Can it solve the problems of the Middle East?

There has been much emphasis for years, intensified in recent months, on the "land for peace" formula to solve the long-simmering problems of the Middle East. Translating this slogan into plain English means that Israel should surrender Judea-Samaria (the "West Bank") and Gaza to the Arabs. They would establish a Palestinian state. Once that happened, it is thought that peace and tranquility would soon come to the troubled Middle East.

What are the facts?

■ The concept of "land for peace" is a totally new one in the history of the world. It was formulated for one specific purpose only, namely to persuade and pressure Israel to give up territories that it has administered since the Six-Day War of 1967. By its victory in that war, Israel wound up in possession of these territories. Contrary to what many are led to believe, the "West Bank," the focus of today's attention, had never been part of any Arab country. It was part of Palestine, a territorial unit that, by the Mandate of the League of Nations and in line with the Balfour Declaration, had been designated as a national home for the Jewish people.

■ Thus, while the concept of "land for peace" is a brand-new one, the concept that to the victor belong the spoils is as old as history itself and had really never been questioned before the days of the Israel-Arab conflict. Our own country, of course, following its Manifest Destiny, has benefited greatly and has consolidated its territory by applying this motto. But Israel followed a different path. From the day of victory in 1967, it waited for an offer of peace from the Arabs. But that offer never came. Instead, immediately following the war, the Arabs pronounced their three unalterable "no's:" no recognition, no negotiation, and no peace with Israel.

■ In 1977, President Sadat of Egypt traveled to Jerusalem and presented a peace plan to the Israeli government. The Israelis eagerly embraced his suggestion. In exchange for peace and normalization of relations with its neighbor, Israel returned to Egypt the vast Sinai peninsula, together with the city of Yamit; some of the most advanced military installations in the world; the port and naval installations of Sharm-el-Sheik, which safeguard Israel's access to its port of Eilat; and the oil fields that Israel had developed and which had made Israel self-sufficient in its energy requirements. And, of course, Israel also gave up the natural buffer against aggression that the Suez Canal and the strategic depth of the Sinai itself provided. It was a first in history. Never before in the chronicle of mankind had the victor returned conquered territory to the vanquished in order to attain peace.

■ One would expect that the concept of "land for peace" would work both ways. After all, should not the Arabs also make some territorial sacrifices for peace? Unfortunately, that is not the case. Every inch of land held by the Arabs is considered "holy Arab soil" and its possession by the "infidels" (Christians or Jews) is inadmissible, intolerable, a blasphemy and a case for "jihad" (holy war). No compromise, no concession is ever possible. The way the "Taba issue" was finally resolved further illustrates the Arab belief that the "land for peace" principle is basically a one-way street.

■ The "land for peace" formulation is now applied mostly to the Judea and Samaria (the "West Bank") and Gaza regions. Israel's foes, but also some of its friends, urge Israel to yield these regions to the Arabs, in exchange for "peace." But there is no peace, and no peace will come about by Israel's giving up this area of vital strategic importance to those who are its sworn enemies and who have declared over and over again that they wish to use this land as their launching pad for the final attempt at the destruction of Israel. The conflict in the area is not only between Israel and the "Palestinians." It is first of all between Israel and the Arab nations. With the single exception of Egypt, virtually all of them are still in a state of war with Israel.

To none of the Arab countries has the possibility ever occurred of *their* trading land for peace, for instance yielding the "West Bank" to Israel for the sake of peace. Not one of these countries has even hinted that they would make peace with Israel if Israel yielded the administered territories to the Arabs. There isn't even a gesture of accommodation, such as a lifting of the over 40-year-old Arab economic boycott against Israel, an apology for the odious slander that Zionism is Racism, or a discontinuation of the yearly charade in the United Nations, in which the Arab states attempt to expel Israel from that body. For the victor to yield land for peace to the vanquished is a new idea—who knows, it might even be a good one. But it surely would have to work both ways in order to be valid and effective.

This ad has been published and paid for by

FLAME

Facts and Logic About the Middle East

Gerardo Joffe, President

(fly, Western Regional Director of CAMERA)

P.O. Box 590359 ■ San Francisco, CA 94159

FLAME is a tax-exempt organization. [illegible] through public [illegible] goals and to publish [illegible] for our educational work [illegible]

Yes, I want to help in the publication of these ads and in clarifying the situation in the Middle East. I include my tax-deductible contribution in the amount of

$ _____ HM/25

My name is _____

I live at _____

In _____ State _____ Zip _____

Mail to: FLAME, P.O. Box 590359, San Francisco, CA 94159

My only reservation about Wolfe's lovely sortie against the "radical chic of the antinovel novel is that, in emphasizing the grand opportunities of the novelist who must use reporting to do justice to a novel set in the unholy mess of New York City—which he did in *The Bonfire of the Vanities*—he is apt to leave out a salient dimension of the realistic novel since the nineteenth century. It is, of course, the unique plight of the narrator protagonist, the Prince Myshkin of *The Idiot*, the Konstantin Levin of *Anna Karenina*, the Quentin Compson of *The Sound and the Fury*, the Eugene Gant of *Look Homeward, Angel*. It is no violation of Wolfe's thesis that these protagonists of the predicament are no less "real," certainly no less valid now than in the great nineteenth-century novels. Indeed, they are more valid or at least more critical in view of the falling apart of this very society.

If I had to imagine a great novel about this present *fin de siècle*, I could do worse than to use Wolfe's reporting and put Prince Myshkin on the IRT 5 train to the South Bronx.

Walker Percy
Covington, La.

Tom Wolfe creates an odd image of himself, whirling around in terror and then with amazed relief, as he patrols the borders of his own career on the lookout for the other writers who have noticed what he has about America, other writers who have tapped into the Winnebago culture or the self-aggrandizing fantasy life of rich liberals. But he need not worry. His own modesty might prevent him from fully realizing this, but what draws readers to Wolfe's books is not that he crossed the finish line before other writers and came panting and full of pride with the scoop on modern architecture or the first fictional character based on the Reverend Al Sharpton. What readers respond to in Wolfe is Wolfe himself—his patriotism, his boyish glee, his skepticism about sexual passion that borders on Puritanism, and all the other quirks and persuasions that shape Wolfe's work around the contour of his inimitable and essential *self*—a self that

finds its writerly expression in style.

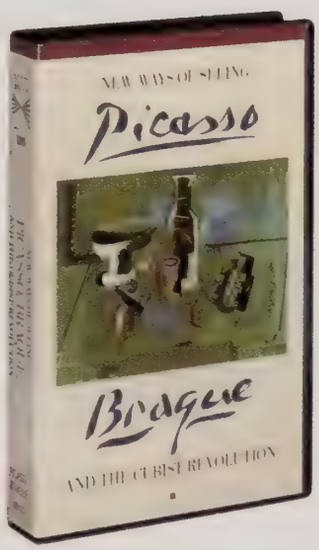
Vladimir Nabokov, who had a life full of material some writers might envy, said in a recently published letter, "My style is all I have," and while most of us don't have a style on a par with Nabokov's, it is still all we really have. It is the voice with which we speak to our readers, and that style, that voice, is, of course, a product of craft; but it is also an expression of self, what is ineffable and unique in the artist as a human being.

In fact, Wolfe must have known this when he helped pioneer the New Journalism, which was, after all, not just an excuse to use ellipses, exclamation points, and Ironic Capitalization but a way of introducing the soul of the writer into reportage, of elevating the value of journalism to a one-of-a-kind status. And of course people welcomed it, not because the New Journalists were scooping the other reporters (you could read about hippies and race-car drivers in more than one place) but because the writing had the personally reassuring and authenticating ring of a real person taking real responsibility for the material. In a world of prefabricated, predictable, and disturbingly *official* journalism, coming across an article by Wolfe was like deciding to forgo all the packaged cakes inside the Safeway and buying one from the church-bazaar ladies who had set up a bridge table in the parking lot.

Clearly, writers need experience upon which to unleash their selfhood and style, and most readers are no more patient than Wolfe with books that seem to be about nothing, or about subjects such as the media business or the university, about which quite enough seems to have been written for the time being. Still, at the very moment I am writing these words there could very well be a novelist writing about them in such a way that we will read about it as if for the very first time—just as Don DeLillo in *Libra* made us feel we had never read about Lee Harvey Oswald before or as Jane Smiley in *The Age of Grief* can make marital infidelity seem new again. A writer may not be as free to choose his or her subjects as Wolfe seems to believe—we cannot send ourselves out to "cover stories" as if

So often we look at art. So rarely do we see.

The Cubist revolution ignited by Pablo Picasso and Georges Braque changed forever the vocabulary of art. Now, a fascinating new videocassette reveals this new way of seeing to you.



It was a partnership unique in the long sweep of art history, the seven-year collaboration of Pablo Picasso and Georges Braque in the years before World War I. Seventy-five years later, the fruits of this brief collaboration remain the most radical and influential works cast up by a tumultuous century.

Such is the vitality of Cubism in today's visual environment that New York's Museum of Modern Art devoted five years to assembling an exhibition to explore its beginnings. Sponsored by Philip Morris Companies Inc., it has been called "the exhibition of our time." *New Ways of Seeing* is the video companion to this astonishing show.

New Ways of Seeing is the story of the ideas that spurred Picasso and Braque to redraw the "rules" of art, blazing new trails for all who followed. In this fascinating, hour-long video, you will be present at the creation of Cubism and marvel as each new idea opens up another door—until a vast new visual landscape stands revealed.

As you view *New Ways of Seeing*, you will find yourself making connections you never made before: seeing in I.M. Pei's pyramid at the Louvre, for example, or in the dizzying imagery of MTV the language of Cubism interpreted anew by the artists of today. Like these artists themselves, you will be seeing with new eyes.

New Ways of Seeing is now available at a limited-time introductory price. As a bonus, each cassette includes a behind-the-scenes look at the making of The Museum of Modern Art's towering exhibition. All video sales benefit the Museum.

© Philip Morris Companies Inc. 1990

PHILIP MORRIS COMPANIES INC.

Philip Morris USA • Philip Morris International Inc
Kraft General Foods • Miller Brewing Company
Mission Viejo Company

TO ORDER *NEW WAYS OF SEEING* AT THE SPECIAL $19.95 INTRODUCTORY PRICE, please complete this coupon, enclose your check or credit card information and mail to:

PM CUBISM VIDEO
P.O. BOX 154
THOMASTON, ME 04861

TO ORDER BY PHONE, CALL 1 800 PM-CUBISM (1 800 762-8247)

HAR 2/90

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____ STATE _____ ZIP _____

CREDIT CARD _____ ACCOUNT # _____

EXPIRATION _____ SIGNATURE _____

All sales benefit The Museum of Modern Art. Please allow six weeks for delivery. Introductory price expires March 31, 1990.

our ambition were the managing editor of our talent.

In his odd elevation of Joseph Wambaugh and John le Carré as the two premier novelists of our time, Wolfe seems to have forgotten that they didn't stake out their territories as a kind of literary research project. Wambaugh can write persuasively about cops because he *was* a cop; and similarly, Le Carré worked for years in British intelligence. This doesn't mean that writers can only write about the lives they have actually lived—John Updike convinces me with his Jewish Beck, James M. Cain persuades me with Mildred Pierce. But what did Gustave Flaubert mean when he wrote, "Madame Bovary—c'est moi"? Only that he had placed his heart in her chest. Nothing less is required of us as novelists, and I don't think readers have any reason to carp over how that risky operation is performed.

Finally, Wolfe has a provocative idea when he writes, "The introduction of realism into literature in the eighteenth century . . . was like the introduction of electricity into engineering." This sentence is a perfect expression of the suppleness and suggestiveness of Wolfe's kind of intelligence, but his concept of realism seems attenuated. The savvy he brings to list-making, typecasting, and antique-reproduction plots may be what he calls realism but not necessarily what others would call *reality*. What is lastingly real is the soul of the work, not the literary school in which it was composed, not even its subject matter. The novel, after all, is useful and startling because it brings us emotional information—it's what connects, say, Colette to William S. Burroughs.

There's nothing wrong with Wolfe thumping the drum for the social realist novels of the past or even having a kudo or two to toss his own way. But I think he should know that we're all trying to add that jolt of electricity that makes a novel more than a collection of words. What distinguishes a writer is the sort of *fuel* he or she uses to stoke the fires of imagination. Wolfe may be burning the coal fuels of the old-fashioned novel of manners, but others are [illegible] looking at alternative energy sources—the solar power of magical realism, say, or the nuclear power of metafiction (with its concomitant threat of auto-destruction)—or perhaps pursuing the rigorous conservation policies of Minimalism. There is something nicely nostalgic about literary manifestos, but if Wolfe does manage to attract adherents to his sort of novel-making, then I hope this pack of neo-Thackerayan zealots chooses a fuel of real density, mined at real personal cost, and faithfully eschews those bright but brief flames generated by rolled-up paper scraps of *Vogue*, *Fortune*, and the *Daily News*.

Scott Spencer
Rheinbeck, N.Y.

Wolfe's article—like all his work—is full of energy and lively interest. But it presents, of course, a limited view. Others will have other comments: What struck me particularly was that for Wolfe, literature is an almost exclusively masculine field. His essay names or discusses, at length, by my count, forty-eight writers, only two of whom are women. And the latter are mentioned only in passing: Pearl Buck in a list of American Nobel Prize winners, and Iris Murdoch because she, like Wolfe, dreamed of writing "crystalline" prose.

For years, many male novelists and critics in America treated women's writing as though it did not exist. I had thought that this attitude was obsolete; Wolfe's article is discouraging proof that it still persists.

Alison Lurie
Ithaca, N.Y.

Wolfe has a brilliant mind and a sharp pen, and he also has some funny ideas about realism. Seriously, now, is realism's finest hour the death of Little Nell? If Wolfe is searching for writing that has the power to inspire the big emotions, I would suggest he take another look at Lear's soliloquy over the body of Cordelia.

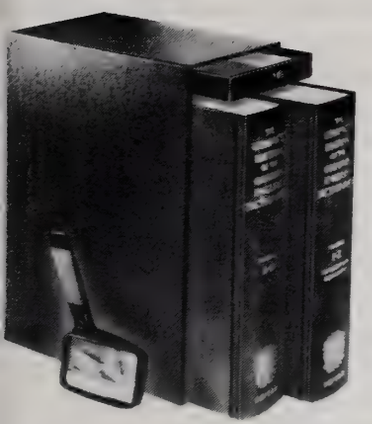
The proposition that Wolfe himself (as represented by *The Bonfire of the Vanities*) is a social realist of the same stamp as Honoré de Balzac, Sinclair Lewis, Charles Dickens, William Makepeace Thackeray, Fyodor Dostoyevski, and other novelists he cites also needs a second thought. I admire Wolfe as a marvelously inventive and immensely powerful social *satirist*, which is not quite the same thing. The preeminent social realist novelist of New York City right now is Wolfe's old colleague at the New York *Herald Tribune*, Jimmy Breslin. Breslin has actually done what Wolfe predicted somebody would do fifteen years ago in his introduction to *The New Journalism:* He has crossed over from working journalism and stolen the ball from the highbrow literati. Breslin has a firmer foothold on the turf he has chosen than anyone else at the moment, though that doesn't mean that he can't be challenged. When Wolfe suggests that others should move into this fertile area, he is, of course, dead right.

Madison Smartt Bell
Baltimore, Md.

The truly absorbing question raised by Wolfe in his "literary manifesto" is this: Which is more thoroughgoing: Wolfe's ignorance or his narcissism? Let's start with the first. When it comes to literature, Wolfe has, as we say, a problem. It should come as no surprise that someone capable of the statement "No one was ever moved to tears by reading about the unhappy fates of heroes and heroines in Homer, Sophocles, Molière, Racine, Sydney, Spenser, or Shakespeare" would come up with a theory of realism that would make a college freshman blush. Psychological realism is obviously nothing to him: Only the mention of money and status counts. Perhaps Wolfe cries over Little Nell, but if he remains dry-eyed when Lear and Cordelia bid each other farewell in prison, or at the end of *Oedipus at Colonus*, there is not much to be said about him as a literary, or even emotionally mature, reader.

If we go along with Wolfe's standards for what a "real" novel is, we jettison not only the Modernists (which Wolfe might consider a small loss) but also Jane Austen, Emily Brontë, and Thomas Hardy. Clearly, Wolfe has only a glancing acquaintance with the nineteenth century.

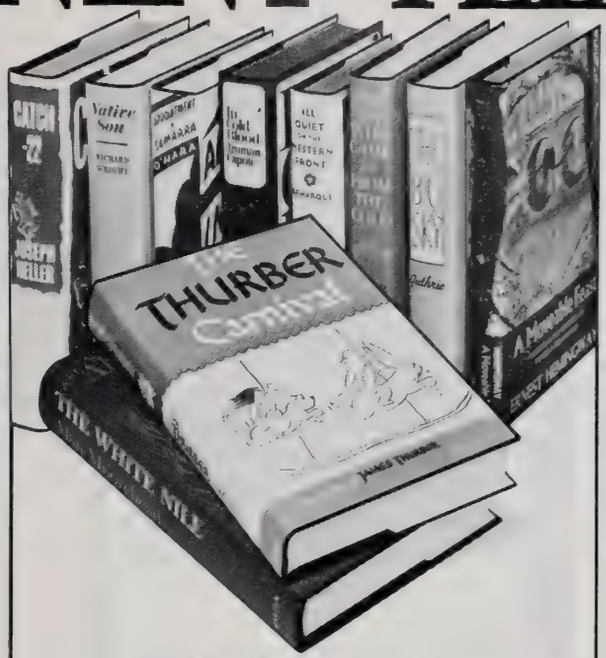
PERMANENT PLEASURES



The Compact Edition of The Oxford English Dictionary

for **$32.95** (Pub. price $250)

The most complete, most scholarly dictionary of the English language"—*The Christian Science Monitor.* Through photoreduction, the original 13-volume set has been reproduced in this two-volume *Compact Edition.* A Bausch & Lomb magnifying glass is included.



BOMC Modern Classics

for **$24.95** (Club prices total $150)

Treat yourself to 10 of the most critically acclaimed books of the past half century, combined in one set. Produced especially by Book-of-the-Month Club, each hardcover volume re-creates the publisher's original edition and will make a lasting addition to your library.

Set includes: *All Quiet on the Western Front, Appointment in Samarra, The Big Sky, Catch-22, In Cold Blood, A Moveable Feast, Native Son, The Spy Who Came in From the Cold, Thurber Carnival* and *The White Nile.*

Choose one of these fine works and save up to $290.

You simply agree to buy 4 books within the next 2 years.



The Encyclopedia of Philosophy

for **$24.95** (Pub. price $225)

Regarded as the most comprehensive encyclopedia of philosophy ever published, this superb set—compiled in collaboration with the world's foremost philosophers—encompasses aspects of ancient, medieval, modern, Eastern and Western thought. The four volumes represent an essential aid for students and a rewarding reference source.



The Times Atlas of the World eventh Comprehensive Edition

for **$29.95** (Pub. price $149.95)

The best atlas available in English"—*The ew York Times.* The only atlas printed in 8 olors for clear reading of geographic and olitical features. This volume contains 292 ages of color maps and a 277-page index ith over 200,000 entries.



The Story of Civilization by Will and Ariel Durant

for **$29.95** (Pub. prices total $335.45)

For almost half a century Will and Ariel Durant traced the continuity of world history—the religions and philosophies, the political and economic tides, the arts and sciences, the customs and conquests—to show the foundations of society today. A Book-of-the-Month Club exclusive for almost 50 years, the Durants' illustrated masterwork is history come alive.

© 1990 BOMC

acts About Membership. As a member you will receive he *Book-of-the-Month Club News*® 15 times a year (about very 3½ weeks). Every issue reviews a Selection and ore than 150 other books, which are carefully chosen by ur editors. If you want the Selection, do nothing. It will be ipped to you automatically. If you want one or more ther books—or no book at all—indicate your decision on he Reply Form and return it by the specified date. *Return rivilege:* If the *News* is delayed and you receive the election without having had 10 days to notify us, you may eturn it for credit. *Cancellations:* Membership may be iscontinued, either by you or by the Club, at any time fter you have bought 4 additional books. Join today. With avings and choices like these, Book-of-the-Month Club is here book lovers belong.

BOOK-OF-THE-MONTH CLUB®

Book-of-the-Month Club, Inc., P.O. Box 8803, Camp Hill, PA 17011-8803 **A067-2-0**

Check one box only.

- ☐ **957.** BOMC Modern Classics **$24.95**
- ☐ **905.** Compact OED **$32.95**
- ☐ **946.** Times Atlas of the World **$29.95**
- ☐ **913.** The Story of Civ. **$29.95**
- ☐ **917.** Ency. of Philosophy **$24.95**

Please enroll me as a member of Book-of-the-Month Club and send me the item I have checked at left, billing me for the appropriate amount, plus shipping and handling charges. I agree to buy four more books during the next two years. A shipping and handling charge is added to each shipment.

Name_____ **0-64**

(Please print plainly)

Address_____ Apt._____

City_____

State_____ Zip_____

Prices shown are U.S. prices. Outside the U.S. prices are generally higher. All orders subject to approval.

aged buyouts with a group of investment bankers.

It is Wolfe's marvelous frenetic, hyperbolic comedy that fuels *The Bonfire of the Vanities* and makes it the enormous success that it is. One doesn't usually associate black, slapstick, or any other sort of comedy with the great realist-naturalists of the past: Was Emile Zola all that funny? Was George Gissing? Theodore Dreiser? Indeed, the ambitious and far-reaching novels Wolfe seems to be calling for are already in place, and the best of them make use of the formal inventiveness and surrealism or magic of the Sixties and Seventies in creating multifaceted, moving, and brilliant portraits of contemporary life. I think of Don DeLillo's *White Noise*, Louise Erdrich's *Love Medicine*, Denis Johnson's *Fiskadoro*. The K-Mart Realists have given us great fiction; so have John Barth and Gabriel García Márquez; so too Wolfe, Richard Yates, and Donald Barthelme. Do you want a big complex novel of New York, integrating the historical past with the great contemporary questions of race, class, economics, and inheritance, not to mention the hippie ethic? Try *World's End*.

And, by the way, calling Robert Coover a Minimalist is like calling Attila the Hun a man of peace.

T. Coraghessan Boyle
Los Angeles

The Imagination on Trial is a collection of essays published in England in 1981 and is a title that leapt to mind as soon as I began reading Wolfe's "literary manifesto." Admittedly, Tom Wolfe is a flamboyant journalist. But in his efforts to discredit some of the richest contributions to American fiction since the end of the Second World War, he takes a stance that is essentially reactionary and anti-intellectual. Such rigid literary America-firstism has been afoot for a long while, certainly among book review editors and book reviewers. In the 1930s Nathanael West, a writer Wolfe might well have acknowledged, complained of being maligned by just such reviewers. A more personal and immediate case is my own *Adventures in the Alaskan Skin Trade*, a novel denigrated by a reviewer who styled himself a "ham and eggs" reader. Nowhere in his essay does Wolfe seriously address the idea of quality in the novel or of language itself in our fiction, except to speak of "a certain musical facility with words," so that he seems to have no idea of the writer's "authorial voice" (a phrase I attribute to the novelist-critic Albert J. Guérard) or of how our best writers have their own indelible stylistic identities. Language in the American novel these last forty-five years has really been one of the central concerns of the writers Wolfe most denigrates.

I deplore Wolfe's self-serving attacks on other writers. But in a larger sense, I think he does us all a severe disservice by creating a distorted literary historical perspective. Gertrude Stein and F. Scott Fitzgerald deserve mention with Ernest Hemingway;

BRITTANY HAIFA LAHAINA WATERFORD BALI NICE SYDNEY TANGIER JUNEAU LENINGRAD NAWILIWILI LISBON VANCOUVER LIVOR

EY DUBLIN VENICE VILLEFRANCHE HALIFAX

Every Saturday night from April to October, the Royal Viking Star departs from New York Harbor for the warm—and curiously pink—beaches of Bermuda.

En route to the fabled island, she carries the five-star-plus crew for which she is renowned: the Scandinavian stewardesses, the concierge, the 33 European chefs—in short, the priceless many who make Royal Viking Line the most lauded fleet of cruise vessels on earth.



For more regarding these seven-day flights of fancy, contact your courteous travel agent or call for a complimentary brochure at (800) 426-0821. As ever, we look forward to seeing your most happy countenance on board.

ROYAL VIKING STAR



CORFU STOCKHOL

PLAYA DEL CARMEN NAPLES MANILA KETCHIKAN LAS PALMAS OCHO RIOS MELBOURNE PUERTO VALLARTA SHANGHAI CARTAGENA

William Faulkner and Charles Dickens were patently more than realistic writers. Particularly offensive is Wolfe's notion that younger American writers of the 1960s aimed only for "literary prestige" or thought of the novel as "a sublime literary game." The fact of the matter is that that decade saw the publication of John Barth's *The Sot-weed Factor*, Thomas Pynchon's *V.*, and William Gass's *Omensetter's Luck*, each immense in its way, each of monumental importance, and not one of them to be trivialized as a "game." But further, it was in the 1960s that Robert Coover (certainly not to be described as a Minimalist) and Donald Barthelme (whose recent untimely death was nothing less than a literary catastrophe) first published their brilliant comic fiction. All this was preceded in 1955 by William Gaddis's triumphant novel *The Recognitions* and in 1958 by the first American publication of Vladimir Nabokov's *Lolita*, and surely no novel is more American or more pertinent to the argument.

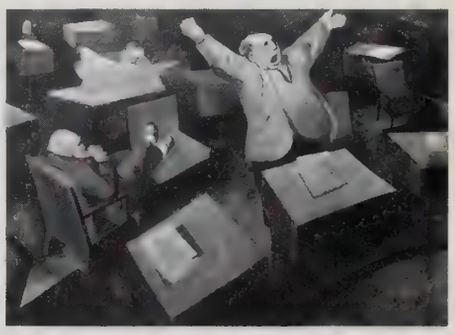
By using out of context my oft-quoted statement about plot, character, setting, and theme being the "true enemies of the novel," Wolfe implies that I came on the scene as a writer in the 1970s, whereas, in fact, my first novel, *The Cannibal*, appeared in 1950. My radical statement about plot, character, etc., though it got into print in 1964, thanks to an interview at the University of Wisconsin, was first voiced around the time of *The Cannibal*. It was a youthful statement, what the French call a *blason* (an extravagance used to make a point), and intended not so much as an impiety as a challenge to dull and limited ways of thinking about the novel—such as Wolfe's.

Once, when John Barth and I were together in Austin, Texas, it was rumored that James Michener, a documentary writer beyond a doubt, had said that if he could have an alternate life as a writer, he would choose to be his own opposite—some double version of Barth/Hawkes. It's a curious statement, and I can't vouch for its truth. But would that Wolfe had such openmindedness.

John Hawkes
Providence, R.I.

Erratum

Harper's Magazine reproduced a detail from William Gropper's *The Senate* (1935) on the January cover. The painting is in the collection of the Museum of Modern Art, which, we later learned, does not allow its works to be cropped. The work is oil on can-



vas, 25⅛" x 33⅛", and was given to the Museum of Modern Art, New York, by A. Conger Goodyear.

OS KUALA LUMPUR NEW YORK OSLO PIRAEUS LONDON PAPEETE BORDEAUX SYRACUSE WHITTIER HAMBURG BANGKOK QUEBEC

HALFWAY BETWEEN MANHATTAN AND BERMUDA,
AN ENCHANTED ISLAND THAT BOASTS THE BEST OF BOTH.



ST. THOMAS VICTORIA WELLINGTON GIBRALTAR ST. MAARTEN CONSTANTA MACAPA

ZAIRE CALDERA SOUTHAMPTON MAUI PICTON FORT-DE-FRANCE SANTAREM CAPRI SAN BLAS ISLANDS BOMBAY SINGAPORE ROME

© Royal Viking Line 1989

NOTEBOOK

Wind from the East

By Lewis H. Lapham

Samurai talk—
tang
of horse-radish.

—Bashō

The Japanese lately have taken to lecturing the Americans about the slovenliness of our fiscal conduct, and as I read the reproofs that now appear at least once a week in the business and diplomatic press, I think of General Douglas MacArthur in Tokyo in the winter of 1946, informing the emperor of Japan that he was no longer a god. The general set a lofty standard of condescension that has always been difficult to match; but the Japanese, after forty years of practice in the arts of imitation, seem to have managed a faithful reproduction—if not precisely in so many words, at least with the equivalent alloys of complacency and arrogance. Their line of advice to the wastrel Americans is as smug as it is familiar: Reduce your deficit, give up your "short-termist mentality," improve your schools, invest more money in research, augment your rate of savings, work longer hours for lower pay, and generally learn to behave yourself in the manner of the prudent and well-disciplined Japanese; neglect to do these things and you can abandon all hope of correcting the $50 billion annual trade imbalance.

I never know what to do with that kind of instruction, and I suspect that it is both futile and disingenuous. American bankers have been issuing the same precepts to the Brazilians and the Mexicans for twenty years, and for the last several months American officialdom has been making more or less the same speech to the Russians.

I'm not sure what the advice is intended to accomplish. Maybe it is nothing more than the rich man exercising his option to preach to the poor man. The protocols of wealth insist on an order of precedence that has become as common in Nagoya as in Beverly Hills. The customary forms of deference mimic the courtesy of a stockbroker whom Heinrich Heine noticed one morning in the 1830s in an anteroom in the Baron de Rothschild's bank in Paris. The establishment lacked the amenities of modern plumbing, and as a factotum emerged from the baron's inner office bearing a chamber pot, the broker rose to his feet, removed his hat, and bowed deeply to the proof of the baron's mortality. The Japanese currently hold a good deal of the world's debt, and I suppose the rule of money requires the debtors to feign a polite interest in the sermons of their creditors.

What else do the Japanese expect? Do they honestly imagine that the Americans will learn to sing company songs or that they will give up the habit of browsing like buffalo on the plains of credit? Do the Americans imagine that the Russians will play baseball, or the Russians that Uzbeks will erect statues of Chekhov?

Nor am I sure that the Japanese mean what they say. If the Americans were to acquire the habits of thrift, what would happen to the rich and spendthrift market for Japanese cars and television cameras? Who would print the currency in which OPEC sets the oil price? How could the Japanese afford to buy Columbia Pictures, Rockefeller Center, or Honolulu?

Early last November, at about the time a Tokyo real estate developer bought Picasso's *Pierrette's Wedding* for $51.3 million, I began to read, as a specific against the prevailing economic lecture and on the assumption that in other sectors of experience the Japanese might have something more instructive to say, a popular Japanese novel entitled *Musashi*. First published between 1935 and 1939 as a newspaper serial in the *Asahi Shimbun*, the novel, written by Eiji Yoshikawa and now collected in five volumes, tells the story of a samurai warrior wandering through seventeenth-century Japan in search of his soul. During the last fifty years, the novel has sold well over 100 million copies in fourteen printings and has been made into at least seven movies. The preface to the English translation, by Edwin O. Reischauer, formerly the American ambassador to Tokyo, defines the book as a mirror in which the Japanese reader can look upon the reflection of an ideal self.

Yoshikawa's hero begins as a ferocious boy, barely distinguishable from a wild animal, born into the feudal confusion contemporary with the Tokugawa shoguns. The story is both adventure and pilgrimage, as much about the sudden and inexplicable encounters with bandits as about the equally sudden and inexplicable laughter of priests. As Miyamoto Musashi gradually improves his skill as a samurai warrior, he acquires an understanding of what it means to "eat your rice, drink your tea, wear your clothes."

Toward the beginning of the book Musashi finds himself trapped by a Zen priest, who ties him up with a long rope and hoists him into a cryptomeria tree. For three days and nights Musashi dangles like a silkworm in the tree, the priest shouting insults at him, reminding him of his stupidity and pride.

If the Japanese economics professors could teach such lessons to Lee Iacocca or Donald Trump, or if they could learn to speak the language of parable and incident, I would gladly listen to them explain the meaning of a hemp seed or the universe.

Throughout the book Yoshikawa dwells lovingly on the beauty of the Japanese landscape, and his characters come and go against a background of pine forests, of fishing villages and tea stalls and wooden shrines, of mountains drifting behind veils of

in or dropping abruptly toward the a. Musashi learns to recognize the rength of a man's character by the ay in which he shapes a ceramic owl, paints an ideograph, or cuts the em of a white peony. Somewhere on e road between Edo and Osaka he sses through "the age of maximum apudence" (when men imagine that ey know everything worth knowing out politics, art, society, and war) d escapes not only from the ambush Ichijoji but also from "the little orm of ego that binds man to his tiny oughts." Although esteemed after n years of arduous study as the finest vordsman in Japan, he renounces e vanity of wealth and comes at the st to know himself as a being synymous with a pear blossom, a flight geese, or the scent of aloeswood.

I have no way of knowing where oshikawa's book stands on the ladr of Japanese literary reputation. It ads like a folktale—not as enigmatas Bashō's verses or as subtle as Lady lurasaki's *Tale of Genji*—and the sses suffered in translation further mplicate the question of critical dgment. Even so, I could not help ut be moved by the poetic images uttering like brightly colored silk beind the screen of the narrative, and thought of General MacArthur's resumption when he inducted the panese into the uniforms of democy and taught the lessons of freedom y force and by rote. The Americans those days thought themselves essed with the mandate of Heaven, nd for a quarter of a century we asmed that we could pay the going tes for the privilege of remaking the orld in our own image.

The new generation of economic verlords apparently aspires to an nalogous sort of nonsense, and mong all the Japanese instructions hat have appeared in the American ress over the last several months, the ost fatuous is a tract entitled *The Jan That Can Say "No": The Card for New U.S.–Japan Relationship*, by kio Morita and Shintaro Ishihara. he two authors, both well-known in pan (Morita as the cofounder of ony, Ishihara as a flamboyant politian), contribute alternate chapters n the theme of Japan's cultural perction. Neither gentleman seems to have outgrown "the age of maximum impudence." Morita, recently photographed for the cover of *The New York Times Magazine* in the company of Cyndi Lauper, berates the Americans for their sloth, their decadence, and their racism. Ishihara (lately seen in *Penthouse* dressed in a tuxedo, surrounded by adoring women, and leaning on a samurai sword) speaks of the superiority of Japanese art in all its declensions and professes profound admiration for Genda Minoru, "the genius who planned the attack on Pearl Harbor." He goes on to say that if Japan were to hold the monopoly on all the world's advanced technology, then the world would be a far, far better place.

Like figures in a No play bowing ever more deeply to each other and exchanging ever more intricate flatteries, Morita and Ishihara achieve an intensity of self-approbation that even General MacArthur would have been forced to acknowledge as coexistent with his own. The tract apparently has excited tremors of alarm in New York and Washington, and a number of anxious officials have interpreted it as the harbinger of America's economic doom. Surely, they say, if the Japanese make so bold as to remind us of the élan of their attack on Pearl Harbor, then what can prevent them from buying everything in the American inventory—not only buildings and banks and electronics companies but also shopping malls and theme parks and the National Football League.

My own inclination would be to read the text as a proof of weakness. Sony has virtually no hope of recovering the $3.4 billion it paid for Columbia Pictures, and the impressionist paintings sent to bank vaults in Tokyo might as well have been cast into the mouths of whales. Transposed into Yoshikawa's landscape of seventeenth-century Japan, Morita and Ishihara would appear as pompous samurai swordsmen in the service of the failed Yoshioka style. Were Miyamoto Musashi to encounter them on the Yanagi riding grounds in Kyoto, I expect that he would have seen in the ostentation of their gestures the emptiness of their boasts about cutting swallows from the sky. ■

"If you've been searching for something to enhance the sensual side of your life... Yellow Silk offers fiction, poetry, art, reminiscences, and reviews of material that celebrate the erotic in a way that manages to be both tasteful and juicy. The writing ranges from earthy and funny to tender and thoughtful, and the art is exquisite. Highly recommended."

Neshama Franklin
Medical Self-Care

Yellow Silk
JOURNAL OF EROTIC ARTS



"All persuasions; no brutality."

William Kotzwinkle • Marge Piercy • Eric Gill • Susan Griffin • Octavio Paz • Tee Corinne • W.S. Merwin • Mayumi Oda Marilyn Hacker • William Packard • Judy Dater • Robert Silverberg • Ntozake Shange • Ivan Argüelles • Jane Hirshfield Pierre Louys • Gary Soto

YS, P.O. Box 6374, Albany CA 94706
$24/year • Quarterly

NAME

ADDRESS

OUTSIDE U.S., ADD $6/SURFACE, $20/AIR PER YEAR U.S. FUNDS


ABSOLUT
Country of Sweden
VODKA®
This superb
was distilled from grain
in the rich fields of southern
It has been produced at the famous
old distilleries near Åhus
in accordance with more than
400 years of Swedish tradition.
Vodka has been sold under the name
Absolut Since 1879.
80 PROOF
PRODUCED AND BOTTLED IN SWEDEN 1,0 LITER (33,8 FL. OZ.)
IMPORTED
IMPORTER AND SOLE DISTRIBUTOR FOR THE U.S.
CARILLON IMPORTERS LTD., NEW YORK, N.Y.
ABSOLUT BRAVO.
ANYWHERE CALL 1-800-CHEER-UP (EXCEPT WHERE PROHIBITED BY LAW)
80 AND 100 PROOF/100%
SPIRITS (ABSOLUT COUNTRY OF SWEDEN™) © 1985 CARILLON IMPORTERS LTD., TEANECK, NJ.

HARPER'S INDEX

Tons of the Berlin Wall shipped to the United States since November Products of St. Louis by Hyman : 59

Change, since the opening of the Wall, in the value of stock of the top 10 U.S. defense contractors : −$1,140,000,000

Estimated amount of time it takes to dismantle one U.S. Army tank, in hours : 350

Total value of U.S. exports to China in the five months following the Tiananmen Square massacre : $2,215,100,000

Estimated amount it will cost the Nicaraguan government to hold the elections scheduled for this month, per voter : $14

Average monthly income of a Nicaraguan : $25

Ratio of U.S. emergency aid received by the Colombian military to aid received by the Colombian police last fall : 6:1

Ratio of the cocaine seized by the Colombian military to cocaine seized by the Colombian police in 1988 : 1:4

Estimated total amount convicted drug traffickers in the United States owe in criminal fines : $108,000,000

Total amount New York City drivers owe in parking fines : $461,000,000

Barrels of oil that would be saved each day if U.S. auto-efficiency standards were raised by 1 mile per gallon : 420,000

Percentage change, since 1974, in the amount of commercial air traffic in the United States : +100

Percentage change, since 1974, in the number of commercial airports in the United States : 0

Percentage of the value of all foreign-owned U.S. real estate that is owned by Japanese companies : 15

Percentage of the value of all foreign-owned U.S. real estate that is owned by Canadian companies : 26

Percentage decrease, since 1979, in the number of professorships in American studies in Britain : 50

Number of one-year-olds on the waiting list for the French for Tots program in New York City : 152

Percentage of American twenty-one-year-olds who can read a bus schedule : 20

Rank of *Ferris Bueller's Day Off*, among Dan Quayle's favorite movies : 1

Portion of the Justice Department's public-information staff laid off by Richard Thornburgh since January 1989 : 1/2

Amount a federal legal-aid program spent last year on a legal brief arguing that the program was unconstitutional : $77,000

Percentage of Democratic congresswomen who are pro-choice : 63

Percentage of Republican congresswomen who are pro-choice : 69

Percentage of Catholic members of the House who voted last fall to federally fund abortions for rape victims : 37

Rank of Washington, D.C., among U.S. cities with the highest per capita viewership of TV evangelists : 1

Average number of Russian Orthodox churches reopened in the Soviet Union each week last year : 56

Portion of rural Soviet hospitals that do not have running water : 1/3

Estimated waiting period for a telephone in Poland, in years : 20

Estimated value of all illegal long-distance telephone calls made from the United States each year : $500,000,000

Price of Homework First, a Nintendo video-game lock : $21.95

Number of brand-name products that appear in *Back to the Future, Part II* : 26

Percentage of American parents who say their grown children's old bedrooms have been "preserved as a shrine" : 4

Average number of days a divorced middle-aged American woman spends sick in bed each year : 14

Average number of days a married middle-aged woman spends sick in bed each year : 7

Percentage of *Redbook* readers who say they would rather have their genitals permanently numbed than go deaf : 70

Number of times Tammy Faye Bakker mentions crying in her two books *I Gotta Be Me* and *Run to the Roar* : 60

Percentage of the song dedications that deejay Casey Kasem reads on the air that he says choke him up : 50

Number of Harlequin romances Americans bought last year, per hour : 7,191

Estimated number of valentines mailed to Elvis Presley at Graceland last year : 100

Figures cited are the latest available as of December 1989. Sources are listed on page 78.
"Harper's Index" is a registered trademark.

WHEN IT COMES TO THE LOWEST IN TAR AND NICOTINE ONLY ONE MEASURES UP.



NOW IS LOWEST

Of all soft pack 100's.
By U.S. Gov't. testing method.

ALL BRAND STYLES ABOVE ARE 100mm.

Based on a comparison of nationally available brands.

SURGEON GENERAL'S WARNING: Smoking Causes Lung Cancer, Heart Disease, Emphysema, And May Complicate Pregnancy.

BOX, BOX 100's: Less than 0.5 mg. "tar," less than 0.05 mg. nicotine, SOFT PACK FILTER, MENTHOL: 1 mg. "tar," 0.1 mg. nicotine, SOFT PACK 100's FILTER, MENTHOL: 2 mg. "tar," 0.2 mg. nicotine, av. per cigarette by FTC method.

© 1989 R J. REYNOLDS TOBACCO CO

READINGS

[Essay]

LANGUAGE, LIES, AND LATIN DEMOCRACY

From "Democracy in Latin America: Best Is That Which Best Creates," by Eduardo Galeano, in the Spring 1989 issue of Social Justice, *a quarterly published in San Francisco. Galeano, who lives in Uruguay, is the author of* Memory of Fire, *a three-volume history of the Americas published by Pantheon. Translated from the Spanish by Ed McCaughan.*

I am a man from the South, and Latin American history teaches us to mistrust words. In 1965, the military dictatorship of Brazil, the military dictatorship of Paraguay, the military dictatorship of Honduras, and the military dictatorship of Nicaragua invaded Santo Domingo, together with the U.S. Marines, to save democracy threatened by the people. In 1961, in the name of democracy, those who longed for the dictatorship of Batista landed on the beaches of Cuba's Playa Girón. Today, in the name of democracy, those who long for the dictatorship of Somoza continue to attack Nicaragua.

Latin America is a world where only rarely does the sound of words coincide with their meaning and where the vast majority of the people are condemned to the mute language of fear and solitude. Official language rants deliriously, and its delirium is the system's normality. "There will be no devaluation," say the ministers of economy on the eve of their currencies' collapse. "Agrarian reform is our principal goal," say the ministers of agriculture as they expand the plantations. "There is no censorship," rejoice the ministers of culture in countries where price and illiteracy make books inaccessible to the vast majority of the people.

For five centuries, Latin American history has been a history of continued disjuncture between reality and words. The truth of colonial Latin America is not to be found in the numerous, fat volumes of *Laws of the Indies* but in the scaffold and pillory erected in the center of every town square. And our countries' independence did not reduce the distance between official reality and real reality. Official reality today, as much if not more than yesterday, serves the necessary exorcism of real reality. At the end of the eighteenth century, the "certificates of whiteness" issued by the kings of Spain and Portugal magically turned mestizos—those who could afford to pay for them—into whites, no matter how dark their skin. A few years later, the illusion of judicial reform reached its greatest splendor in constitutions of the newborn nations, embroidered with great dexterity by the luminaries of independence.

From the beginning, our ruling classes were inflicted with the belief that no one is better than he who copies best. Consequently, we had bourgeois constitutions without ever having had a bourgeois revolution or a bourgeoisie. The first constitution of Bolivia, personally drafted by the liberator Simón Bolívar for the country that bears his name, was a beautiful synthesis of the constitutions of the most civilized countries of that era. It suffered from only one defect: It had absolutely nothing to do with Bolivia.

Among other things, it granted rights of citizenship only to those who knew how to read and write Spanish, leaving out 95 percent of all Bolivians.

The generals who won independence, and the traders and doctors who profited by it, acted as though the new countries could transform themselves into France simply by repeating French ideas, or could become England by consuming British goods. Today, their heirs act as though their countries could become the United States by virtue of imitating its defects. Bolivia has no coast, but it has admirals dressed up as Lord Nelson. Lima has no rain, but it has roofs with drain gutters. In Managua, one of Earth's hottest cities, condemned to boil perpetually, mansions were built with ostentatious fireplaces and society ladies came to Somoza's parties draped in silver-fox stoles.

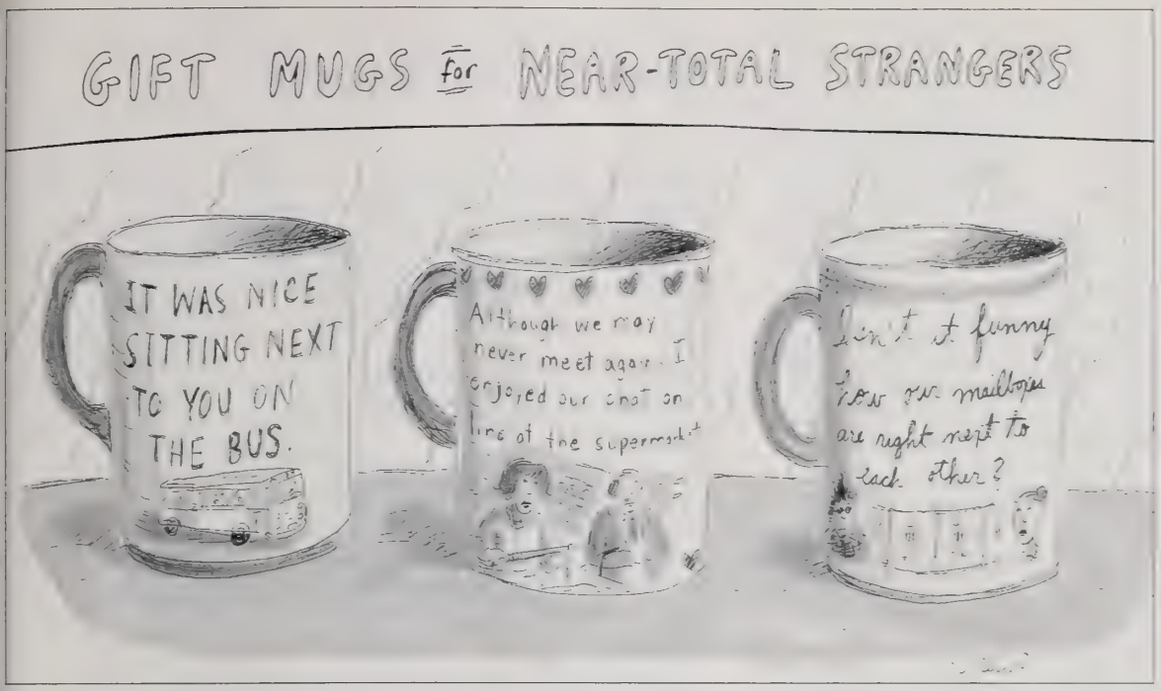
The dominant cultures, cultures of dominant classes dominated from abroad, reveal themselves pathetically incapable of offering either roots or wings to the nations they are said to represent. They are tired cultures, as though they had done a great deal. Despite their deceptive resplendence, they express the opacity of the local oligarchies, still able to copy but ever less able to create. After having covered our lands with fake Parthenons, fake palaces of Versailles, fake castles of the Loire, and fake cathedrals of Chartres, today they deplete our national wealth by imitating U.S. models of ostentation and waste. Ensconced in great shelters and Babylonic cities, they ignore and disdain national reality, or all of it that contradicts them, and they are practically reduced to acting as transmission belts for foreign centers of power. Children come from Paris in the beak of a stork, and truth comes from New York or Miami on videocassettes.

Far from an artificial import, democracy sinks its roots into the deepest of Latin American history. When all is said and done, Thomas More's Utopia was inspired by the indigenous American communities, which, through the centuries and the massacres and the scorn, miraculously have been able to perpetuate a mode of production and life based on solidarity, equal rights, and collective participation. But the Western "democracy meter" measures the greater or lesser degree of democracy in so-called Third World countries by their greater or lesser ability to imitate.

The democracy meter is located in the international centers of power—a handful of countries in the North where increasing wealth, in large part a result of the growing poverty of the rest of the world, allows for internal political freedom without risk of surprise attacks. In measuring underdeveloped countries, the democracy meter forces them to demonstrate a devotion to form, even though such devotion implies a betrayal of content. Little does it matter that the underdeveloped world's caricature of democratic institutions disguises a fear of real democracy, of any genuine expression of the popular will; little does it matter that almost all of the Latin American military dictatorships of the twentieth century have been careful to pay taxes on their vices in order to finance the appearance of virtue. Nearly all of the dictatorships have held elections, financed parliaments, judges, political parties, and even an opposition press; they have paid homage to a tradition that places all importance on the husk and none on the grain. Thus the vigilant democracy meter rejects Nicaragua, which has reduced infant mortality by half during the years after its revolution. Yet it accepts, for example, Brazil, where the military dictatorship has been survived by a social dictatorship and where the economy annihilates even more people than the police, who annihilate many.

The truth of the democracy meter, which is the truth of the system, can be a lie for the victims of the system. I don't think the eight million abandoned children who roam the streets of Brazilian cities believe in democracy. I don't think they believe in it, because democracy doesn't believe in them. Brazilian democracy wasn't made by them, and it doesn't function for them, even though it meets certain of the formal requisites demanded by the democracy meter before granting its approval.

Democracy is not what it is but what it appears to be. We live surrounded by canned culture, in which importance is given to what is said, not what is done. Canned culture: The marriage contract matters more than love, the funeral more than the dead, clothes more than the body, and Mass more than God. The spectacle of democracy matters more than democracy itself. The death penalty doesn't exist in Brazil, nor will it, according to the new constitution. But Brazil continuously applies the death penalty: Every day it kills a thousand children by starvation and who knows how many more by bullets in its violent cities and on its plantations invaded by desperate peons. Slavery supposedly has not existed for a century, but a third of Brazilian workers make little more than a dollar a day, and the social pyramid is white at the top and black at the base. Four years after abolition, around 1892, the Brazilian government burned all documents related to slavery, books and accounts of the slave companies, receipts, regulations, statutes, etc., as though slavery had never existed.



From Army Man, *a humor magazine published in Boulder, Colorado.*

For something not to exist, it is sufficient to declare that it does not exist. The Guatemalan dictator Manuel Estrada Cabrera decreed in 1902 that all of the country's volcanos were calm, while an avalanche of lava and mire erupting from the Santa María volcano razed more than a hundred villages in the outskirts of Quezaltenango. In 1905, the Colombian Congress approved a law establishing that Indians did not exist in San Andrés de Sotavento and other territories where streams of oil had suddenly sprung up; the Indians who existed were made illegal, and the oil companies were therefore able to kill them with impunity and keep their lands.

In 1986 Colombia celebrated the centennial of its national constitution. During 50 of those 100 years, Colombia was under a state of siege. Which of these anniversaries is more representative of Colombian reality? The century since the adoption of the constitution, a work of pretentious jurists and copycats, or the half century lived under a state of siege? A military assault was carried out against Colombia's Palace of Justice very shortly before the constitution's anniversary, and this unpunished crime made more evident than ever the high degree of militarization of Colombian democracy. Representative democracy of liberals and conservatives does not impede the ravages of structural violence: One of every three children in the Colombian countryside suffers mental retardation from malnutrition, and more people die from gunshots in Cali and Medellín than in Beirut. Death squads linked to the armed forces kill more people than the drug traffickers or terrorists, but not one of their members has been arrested or prosecuted, much less convicted.

More than half a century ago, a writer from the Dominican Republic, Pedro Henriquez Urena, asked that the blood spilled throughout the centuries not have been spilled in vain. He asked, or, rather, demanded, that the tragedy of Latin America be productive. "If our America is to be nothing more than a prolongation of Europe," wrote Henriquez Urena,

> if the only thing we do is offer new soil for the exploitation of man by man, if we haven't decided that this shall be the promised land for a humanity tired of seeking it in all climates, then we have no justification. It would be preferable to see our highlands and our pampas turned into deserts rather than let them serve to multiply human pain: not the pain born of love and death, which can never be avoided, but the pain inflicted by greed and arrogance.

The memory of pain is forcing us to struggle so that democracy shall be democracy, true democracy, and not the decorative mask of a system that sacrifices all other rights to the right of property and that only grants freedom of expression to those who can pay for it. And this democracy won't be any truer because it looks more like the European models. It will be a truer democracy to the extent that it unleashes the participatory will and creative energy of the people, which is an energy for the transforma-

tion of reality. Because that which copies best is not best; best is that which best creates, even when mistakes are made in creating.

And the process of creation, with its hits and misses, forebodes another time, a time in which laws to absolve the crimes of state terrorism will not be written, but laws to absolve fear will; and no law shall require due obedience, but all laws will require due dignity; and the final word will not be said on justice until the final word has been said about the injustice that reigns in our sad lands. And then humiliation will disappear, not the men and women who fight against humiliation. This is our way of paying homage to these men and women, the thousands upon thousands who have disappeared in Latin America, and to the infinite number of combatants throughout the world who have fallen in the fight for human dignity. To create and to fight, against the powerful lie, against the powerful fear: This is our way of saying to each of them, to each of the disappeared, to each of the fallen: "When you died, your death was not."

[Notice]

A LITTLE NEIGHBORLY ADVICE

This letter has been sent to more than fifty homes by North Side Neighbors, a community watchdog group in Des Moines, Iowa. The group records the license-plate numbers of cars spotted in the neighborhood and sends this letter to the cars' owners. The program began last September.

Your *(description of vehicle)* was seen picking up a prostitute in the vicinity of *(area)* in Des Moines on *(date)*, at approximately *(time)*.

We hope you realize that by participating in such behavior, you risk criminal prosecution as well as exposing yourself—and possibly your family—to public humiliation and a host of diseases, including the deadly AIDS virus.

Prostitution is unacceptable, and it will not be tolerated in our neighborhood any longer. A detailed description of your vehicle, complete with the license number, has been circulated to area residents.

Sincerely,
North Side Neighbors

cc: Polk County Attorney
Vice Squad, Des Moines Police Dept.

[Solicitation]

THE LAST PATRIOT

From a fund-raising letter sent by Admiral John Poindexter last fall. The letter was created with the help of fellow Navy officers and a direct-mail specialist. Poindexter was President Reagan's national security adviser from 1985 to 1986.

Dear Fellow American,

Because I care more about the long-term security of America than I do about myself, I must now face the liberals' accusations surrounding the "Iran-Contra affair." And as I stand, one man, alone against the massive onslaught of liberal special interests who want to imprison me for serving my country, I must turn to you for help.

As my family and friends face the pain of seeing me savaged on the nightly news, I need to know you will help me. And as I face personal financial debts far beyond my ability to pay in my attempt to defend myself, I need to know you still appreciate what I did.

The Independent Counsel appointed to prosecute me in the Iran-Contra matter has run up bills of more than $20 MILLION in taxpayer money—your money—in this effort to vilify me. And after raising my family and educating my five sons on a Navy salary, I can't begin to match that kind of spending to defend myself.

I am not a wealthy man.

While I can't actually tell you about any information directly relating to my trial, I can tell you that there is only one reason why I am being put through this ordeal—political revenge.

When I testified before the Iran-Contra panels, you saw how the liberals in Congress took great pleasure in making speeches to me about patriotism and honor.

The liberals in Congress wanted to destroy the Reagan presidency any way they could. When they found that they were going to be unsuccessful, they turned on me. During the televised "investigative hearings," the liberals repeatedly berated me for the benefit of the cameras. They mocked my thirty-year naval career and service to America.

Because I believe in the same things that you and Ronald Reagan do, I must now defend myself. Because the liberals do not understand the depth of the national security crisis America now faces, I must continue to fight for what is right.

Let me tell you one more thing, my friend. Like any career military officer, I saw my duty, and I did my job. Nothing more or nothing less.

And I know in my heart that I do not deserve

the thirty-five years and $1.5 million in fines I now face.

I'm one man alone against the wave of anti-conservative feeling that now controls our U.S. Congress.

I'm only one man, who cares more about protecting freedom around the world than about winning a seat in the next election.

I'm only one man, standing up to fight for what the American flag really means to people struggling to be free.

I'm only one man, and the liberals want me silenced. The liberals want me bankrupt or imprisoned.

That's why I had to write to you today. As a former U.S. Navy admiral, I'm used to giving orders, not asking for help. But today, I ask you to make your most generous contribution to the Poindexter Defense Fund.

Whatever you can send today, be it $35, $50, $100, $500, will be greatly appreciated. With your help, I know I will be proven innocent of all the politically motivated charges that have been leveled against me.

Thank you in advance for your support and God bless you.

Sincerely,
John M. Poindexter
Rear Admiral, USN (Ret.)

[Stipulations]

ANY QUESTIONS?

From a contract sent by Vanessa Redgrave's theatrical agent, James Sharkey Associates, to editors who request interviews with the actress. Redgrave recently starred in a production of Tennessee Williams's Orpheus Descending *in New York City.*

Miss Redgrave agrees to be interviewed by *(writer's name)* on the following conditions:

1. *(writer's name)* will restrict his conversation with Miss Redgrave to her role[s] as an actress and her other professional activities. She will be asked no questions concerning either her private life or her political views and activities.

2. The article based on the interview will concern itself exclusively with the subject matter of the interview, with Miss Redgrave's professional career, and with the films in which she has appeared. The article must contain no comment or editorial matter relating to either Miss Redgrave's private life or her political views and activities.

3. Miss Redgrave will have proof approval of the article to check the accuracy of her quotes and to check that no extraneous material has been included in the article. She has the right to demand the removal of such extraneous material and to change quotes so that they accurately reflect what she said.

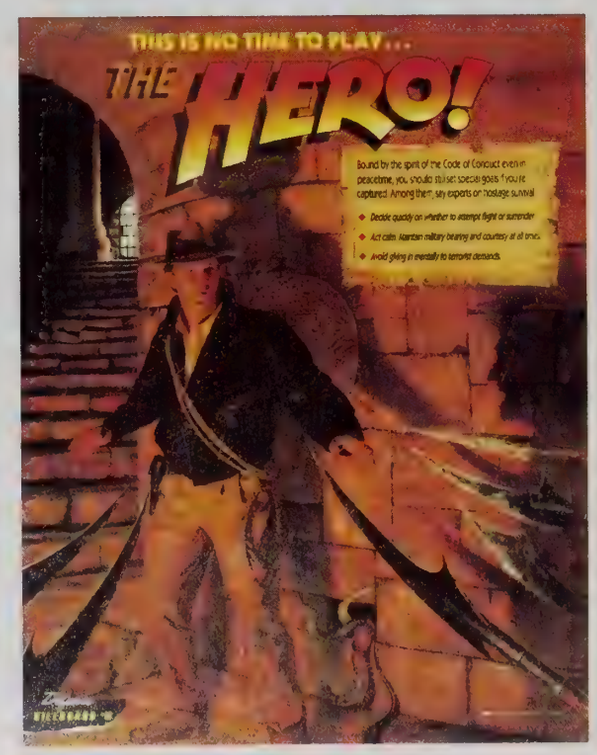
4. In the event of an interview recorded on tape, Miss Redgrave will be given a copy of the tape as soon as practicable after the conclusion of the interview.

5. Both you and *(writer's name)* accept that the information given to you by Miss Redgrave is confidential and may only be disclosed provided that the conditions of this agreement are fulfilled. In the event of a breach of this agreement, all rights conferred by this agreement are revoked and the material continues to be confidential to Miss Redgrave.

6. Both you and *(writer's name)* will countersign and date one copy of this letter to indicate your acceptance of the terms on which Miss Redgrave is prepared to give this interview.

[Poster]

AVOIDING THE TEMPLE OF DOOM



This poster was distributed last fall by the Department of Defense to foreign and domestic military bases.

The ultimate in sound.

COMPACT DISCS
8 FOR THE PRICE

WHITESNAKE: Slip Of The Tongue 01147
GRATEFUL DEAD: Built To Last 72230
SKID ROW 01038
GREAT WHITE: Twice Shy 01110
D.J. JAZZY JEFF & THE FRESH PRINCE And In This Corner 01020



33653



34766



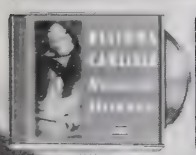
33928



72386

PAT BENATAR: Best Shots 44319
NITTY GRITTY DIRT BAND Will The Circle Be Vol. II 93648
EXPOSÉ: What You Don't Know 00937
VANGELIS: Direct 00470
JAMES GALWAY'S GREATEST HITS 73233
BON JOVI: New Jersey 00519
GEORGE STRAIT Beyond The Blue Neon 01025
CLASSIC OLD & GOLD, VOL. 2 44524
METALLICA: ...And Justice For All 00478

NEIL YOUNG: Freedom 54012
FRED ASTAIRE: Cheek To Cheek 24702
ENUFF Z'NUFF 64257
TCHAIKOVSKY 1812 OVERTURE/SOLTI 25179
BEASTIE BOYS: Paul's Boutique 53976
CHRISTOPHER HOLLYDAY 53515
MAZE Featuring FRANKIE BEVERLY Silky Soul 44397
JETHRO TULL: Rock Island 73901
THE JUDDS: River Of Time 01027


73667



63678



42496


74052

RICKIE LEE JONES: Flying Cowboys 94110
DEBORAH HARRY Def Wish & Blonde 54247
TOMMY DORSEY, FRANK SINATRA 54462
SOUL II SOUL: Keep On Movin' 14623
THE BEACH BOYS: Still Cruisin' 44379
HERB ALPERT: My Abstract Heart 53529
ROY ORBISON: Mystery Girl 90842
TRAVELING WILBURY'S VOL. 1 00711

CAMPER VAN BEETHOVEN Key Lime Pie 54400
TALKING HEADS: Naked 53810
DUKE ELLINGTON ORCHESTRA Digital Duke 63356
PAT METHENY: Letter From Home 50395
TESLA: The Great Radio Controversy 00839
K.T. OSLIN: This Woman 00579
IRVING BERLIN: Always 00808
PHOEBE SNOW: Something Real 01101



33211



10530



05392



70348

RICHARD MARX: Repeat Offender 01118
HIGHWAY 101: Paint The Town 14820
TAYLOR DAYNE: Can't Fight Fate 01114
WINGER 00830
JOHN WILLIAMS/BOSTON POPS Salute To Hollywood 15430
ALLMAN BROTHERS BAND Eat A Peach 63353
THE MOODY BLUES: Greatest Hits 34284
GHOSTBUSTERS II/SOUNDTRACK 51964

CHER: Heart Of Stone 42871
GUNS N' ROSES: G N'R Lies 00800
TONE LŌC: Lōc-Ed After Dark 01033
STARSHIP: Love Among The Cannibals 44481
SUGARCUBES Here Today, Tomorrow, Next Week 73922
RAFFI: In Concert 54361
BIG BAND BASH (21 BIG BAND CLASSICS) 10458



60344



64278



01112



64362

THE CULT: Sonic Temple 01015
JODY WATLEY: Larger Than Life 01104
JIMI HENDRIX EXPERIENCE Electric Ladyland 23362
NANCI GRIFFITH: Storms 44599
JAZZ CLASSICS 10460
BARRY MANILOW 01049
CROSBY STILLS NASH & YOUNG American Dream 00714
KINGDOM COME: In Your Face 01093

THE SOUND OF MUSIC SOUNDTRACK 00041
CAROLE KING: City Streets 01099
DAVE GRUSIN: Migration 23957
BLUE MURDER 01050
GREAT LOVE SONGS OF THE 50's & 60's, VOL 1. 20761
R.E.M.: Green 00715
THE WHO: Who's Better Who's Best 00790
LENNY KRAVITZ: Let Love Rule 54434



01048



63942



52221



01068

AND DON'T MISS THESE SMASH HITS!

- Best Of The Grateful Dead (Skeletons). 83892
- Billy Ocean: Greatest Hits 24510
- Pointer Sisters: Greatest Hits 53912
- The Judds: Greatest Hits. 44578
- Lynyrd Skynyrd's Innyrds (Hits) 01150
- Decade Of Steely Dan (14 Classic Hits) 54135
- Fleetwood Mac: Greatest Hits 00796
- Steve Miller Band: Gt. Hits 1974-78. ... 33199
- R.E.M.: Eponymous. 00701
- Alabama: Greatest Hits 20247
- Eric Clapton: Time Pieces. 23385
- Dave Grusin: Collection. 00929
- Styx: 14 Classics 14822
- Jimmy Cliff: Reggae Greats 54295
- Jerry Lee Lewis: Original Sun Gt. Hits. . 54118
- Rick Springfield: Greatest Hits 63915
- The Eagles: Greatest Hits 71-75 23481
- Tanya Tucker: Greatest Hits 53968
- Bryan Ferry/Roxy Music: 20 Gt. Hits ... 10490
- Best Of Dire Straits 00713
- Buffalo Springfield: Retrospective 00844
- Crosby, Stills, Nash & Young: So Far ... 30230
- Best Of The Doobies 43738
- Supertramp: 14 Classics 04891
- Best Of Roger Whittaker 53652
- Linda Ronstadt: Greatest Hits, Vol. 1 ... 63905
- Billy Idol: Vital Idol. 54038
- Foreigner: Records. 53317
- Great Hits Of Eddie Rabbitt 73786
- Joe Cocker: 13 Classics 04887
- Barry Manilow: Greatest Hits, Vol. 3. ... 63819
- Best Of The Chiffons 64427

The ultimate in savings...

8 COMPACT DISCS FOR THE PRICE OF 1

...with nothing more to buy ever!

GY MARLEY: One Bright Day	54093
MAINE JACKSON ke It Personal	43344
NY ROGERS hing Inside So Strong	82493
PAULA ABDUL: Forever Girl	00933
DEBBIE GIBSON: Electric Youth	00827
ELVIS IN NASHVILLE	00833
L.A. GUNS: Cocked And Loaded	64121
KEITH WHITLEY I Wonder Do You Think Of Me	33768
MADONNA: Like A Prayer	01029
U2: Rattle And Hum	00596
WAYLON JENNINGS New Classic Waylon	33805
10,000 MANIACS: Blind Man's Zoo	30236
GEORGE BENSON: Tenderly	10762
GEORGE HARRISON: Best Of Dark Horse	80307
MICHAEL MONROE: Not Fakin' It	60017
DEF LEPPARD: Hysteria	00927
HANK WILLIAMS, JR. Greatest Hits, Vol. 3	00840
JOHN COUGAR MELLENCAMP Big Daddy	80064
THE CURE: Disintegration	01109
BOBBY BROWN: Don't Be Cruel	00621
POCO: Legacy	54060



73607 72190 00823 32900



15436 53959 44602 01064

BAMA: Southern Star	00914
K, RHYTHM AND BLUES	92499
DOOBIE BROTHERS: Cycles	73187
ERSON, BRUFORD, WAKEMAN, HOWE	01115
LLION DOLLAR MEMORIES, VOL. 2	54430
THE BEACH BOYS: Made In U.S.A.	64143
OCEANS: Ridin' The Tide	33577
THE HOLLYWOOD LADIES SING, VOL. 1	73898
TANYA TUCKER: Greatest Hits	53968
WHITNEY HOUSTON: Whitney	52854
ZZ TOP: Afterburner	34129
BENNY GOODMAN: Sing Sing Sing	04857
DION: The Wanderer	00999
VAN HALEN: 0U812	50913



34647 70946 10469 44300

SAVE 50%

INSTANT HALF-PRICE BONUS PLAN
You get 50%-off bonus savings with every CD you buy at regular Club prices...right with your very first purchase...unlike other clubs that first make you buy 4, 6, or even more.

START NOW WITH 4 COMPACT DISCS!

Yes, pick any 4 compact discs shown here! You need buy just one selection at regular Club prices (usually $14.98–$15.98)...and take up to one full year to do it. Then, you can choose another 3 CDs Free! That's 8 compact discs for the price of 1 and there's nothing more to buy...ever! (Shipping & handling added to each shipment.)

HOW THE CLUB OPERATES

You select from hundreds of exciting compact discs described in the Club's magazine and mailed to you approximately every 3 weeks (19 times a year). Each issue highlights a Featured Selection in your preferred music category, plus alternate selections. If you'd like the Featured Selection, do nothing. It will be sent to you automatically. If you'd prefer an alternate selection, or none at all, just return the card enclosed with each issue of your magazine by the date specified on the card. You will have at least 10 days to decide, or you may return your Featured Selection at our expense. Cancel your membership at any time after completing your membership agreement, simply by writing to us.

FREE 10-DAY TRIAL

Listen to your 4 introductory selections for a full 10 days. If not satisfied, return them with no further obligation. You send no money now, so complete the coupon and mail it today.

BMG Compact Disc Club, 6550 E. 30th St., Indianapolis, IN 46219-1194. CD649A

YOUR SAVINGS START HERE

Mail to: BMG Compact Disc Club/P.O. Box 91412/Indianapolis, IN 46291

YES, please accept my membership in the BMG Compact Disc Club and send me the four Compact Discs I've indicated here, billing me for just shipping and handling under the terms of this ad. I need buy just 1 CD at regular Club prices during the next year—after which, I can choose another 3 CDs FREE! That's 8 for the price of 1...with nothing more to buy ever! (Shipping & handling is added to each shipment.)

RUSH ME THESE 4 CDs (Indicate by number):

I am most interested in the musical category checked here—but I may always feel free to choose from any (check one only):
1 ☐ **EASY LISTENING** (Instrumental/Vocal Moods)
2 ☐ **COUNTRY** 3 ☐ **HARD ROCK**
4 ☐ **POP/SOFT ROCK** 5 ☐ **CLASSICAL**

☐ MR.
☐ MRS. _____
☐ MISS First Name Initial Last Name (PLEASE PRINT)

Address _____ Apt. _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

Telephone (Area Code) _____

Signature _____

Limited to new members, continental USA only. One membership per family. We reserve the right to request additional information or reject any application. Local taxes, if any, will be added.

BMG COMPACT DISC CLUB

ZBU26 (AS)



"My Mother Posing For Me," by Larry Sultan. This photograph is part of Pictures From Home, *a series of images and texts that Sultan has been working on since 1983. Sultan's work will be shown at the University Art Gallery at the University of New Hampshire in Durham, through April 12.*

[Proposal]

REUNION DUDS

From "Reunion Costume Proposal and Questionnaire," a letter to members of Princeton University's class of 1967 from the chair of the twenty-fifth-reunion committee. The committee is making plans for the class's 1992 reunion.

THE CLASS OF '67 RIDES AGAIN

Judging by the feedback from our twentieth reunion, the class seemed to like the polo motif a lot, so our Costume Committee has come up with a new design that shares a similar idea: orange and black fox-hunting attire. It's a motif that achieves the classic twenty-fifth-reunion blazer look and is comfortable, reasonably priced, and, well, dashing.

MEN'S COSTUME

The Basic Blazer Outfit: The centerpiece of the proposed design would be a solid *orange blazer* in traditional styling with a (detachable) black collar, worn with a *white shirt, white pants,* and a *black club tie* with small '67 logos on it. The color scheme is bright but not busy, done in blocks of solid colors with no awful patterns.

Accessories: With the addition of *black* accessories—*leggings* to simulate boots and a *riding helmet or top hat*—this same ensemble becomes a fox-hunting outfit. The stretch puttees (leggings) are the same ones that came with the polo outfit in 1987. The helmets would be the same model too, except that they would be colored flat black to simulate the velvet on a riding helmet. If we can find top hats at a reasonable price, we might substitute them for the helmets. As with our polo costumes, the accessories would be mandatory *only on Saturday afternoon in the P-Rade.* The rest of the time we could relax in the jacket, white pants, and tie.

Cost: We'd like the class to vote on the question of how "real" to make the blazer. Should we produce it as inexpensively as possible (for perhaps $40) in an "unconstructed" form, treating it strictly as a costume-party item? Or should we make it a fully finished sport coat (for around $100) that could be worn someplace other than the reunion?

WOMEN'S AND KIDS' OUTFITS

The proposed costumes for wives and dates is an equestrian outfit that displays the same color masses of orange, black, and white as the men's design. This would make the class formation look as uniform as possible in the P-Rade.

The basic item for a woman would be a *hunt vest* made from the same solid *orange* fabric as the men's blazers. It would be worn with a long-

sleeve *white blouse* that she would bring from home; we would also issue an optional pre-tied *white hunting tie*. Each woman would receive the same *black riding helmet* that each man gets.

Kids would be issued *orange T-shirts* with an appropriate *black* logo. For the sake of uniformity in the P-Rade, we are also looking into the feasibility of issuing *black riding helmets*.

[Narrative]

HOW HE EARNED HIS WINGS

From Real Animal Heroes: True Stories of Courage, Devotion, and Sacrifice, *edited by Paul Drew Stevens and published by Sharp & Dunnigan in Chico, California.*

The battle of the Argonne, fought in September and October 1918, was one of the most bitter of World War I. On October 2, Cher Ami, a slate-colored racing pigeon, and a group of other pigeons were selected to accompany the American 308th Regiment into combat.

At dawn on October 3, the Germans had the 308th surrounded and were smothering them with mortar and machine-gun fire. Sergeant Omar Richards, the pigeon handler, released two pigeons with messages requesting artillery support, ammunition, and medical supplies. The birds never arrived at headquarters.

By the dawn of October 4, casualties were heavy. Food was running short and the only water source was covered by German snipers. Then, in the worst hours of the siege, American artillery suddenly began shelling its own sector. Shell-shocked and exhausted, Richards inched up to the pigeon basket and reached for the last pigeon, Cher Ami. Into the small metal tube attached to Cher Ami's right leg, he slipped a message: "For God's sake, lift your fire!"

It was over twenty miles through enemy fire to home. The bullets of German riflemen and machine gunners cracked and snapped. Suddenly a bullet crashed against Cher Ami's head, tearing out his left eye. Stunned, the pigeon tumbled toward earth. He was only semiconscious when shrapnel tore into his chest, destroying his breastbone.

He plummeted, but the compass in his head, the instinct for home, fought back. He regained his strength and flew on. Death surrounded him in the sky. Cher Ami was struck a third time, his lower right leg ripped away by more flaming shrapnel. When the brave pigeon finally limped into the safety of the loft, he was a mass of blood and feathers. But he'd made it! Miraculously the message was still there, hanging from the torn ligaments of his remaining leg.

Immediately the order went out to the American artillery batteries firing on the battalion's position, and the lethal fire ceased.

When Cher Ami recovered from his wounds, he was shipped to the United States aboard a naval warship in a "pigeon officer" cabin provided for him by General Pershing. He lived the rest of his life as an honored pet of the Signal Corps in Washington, D.C.

[Advertisement]

BUY FUR! SAVE LIVES!

From an ad in the November 24, 1989, Milwaukee Journal, *placed by Littman's Fur Factory, a fur-manufacturing company in Milwaukee.*

READING TIME 80 SECONDS—
THIS CAN SAVE YOUR LIFE OR YOUR HEALTH.

Animals can be:

1. DANGEROUS: If you are bitten by a rabid animal, you can be killed.
2. DESTRUCTIVE: Uncontrolled animals destroy farmers' crops and land, and their dirty hair and droppings can be found in the vegetables you eat.
3. DEADLY: Many wild animals are vicious and will attack you and try to kill you.
4. DISEASE CARRIERS: Lyme disease spread by deer and other wild animals is causing an epidemic in this country. It is a terribly disabling disease that is spreading through the woods, our parks, and even our backyards, and can be carried into our homes by our pets. ASK YOUR DOCTOR.

Experts say the only way we can contain these animals is with traps. If you can think of a better way, please let us know.

More than 81,000 farmers in Wisconsin say, "Bless the people who wear fur and bless the furrier who can take our wild, destructive animals and turn them into something desirable and help us financially."

There is *no* product that will give you the warmth and beauty of fur.

Sincerely,
Art A. Littman
President, Littman's Fur Factory Inc.

[Debate]

CAN *PERESTROIKA* BE SALVAGED?

From a discussion between Anthony Barnett, Boris Kagarlitsky, and Hans Magnus Enzensberger in the November 10, 1989, New Statesman & Society, *the British weekly. Barnett, who lives in London, is an associate editor at the* New Statesman. *Kagarlitsky is a leader of the Moscow Popular Front for Perestroika. Enzensberger is a poet and essayist who lives in Munich.*

ANTHONY BARNETT: Mikhail Gorbachev is trying to transform the Soviet Union, to make its economy work, to introduce regional autonomy. At the same time, he is trying to avoid a breakup of the Soviet Union that could lead to a potential catastrophe.

BORIS KAGARLITSKY: I disagree with almost everything . . .

BARNETT: I know you do. Because my conclusion is that everyone, whether socialist like you, Boris, or liberal, should act to defeat the bureaucracy, even join the party, and make *perestroika* work. Instead, you set up your own socialist organization to oppose it.

KAGARLITSKY: I am against what *perestroika* is becoming. You see, if you speak about *perestroika* in Moscow now, most people will laugh. What does it mean? Nobody knows. One says *perestroika* is to kill the Jews; another says *perestroika* is to kill the Russians; a third says it is to restore capitalism. Some say it means self-management; others say it's just for Gorbachev to stay in power.

HANS MAGNUS ENZENSBERGER: But what's wrong with that? It's a great sign of normalcy that people finally have the right to be different. Previously, this was forbidden.

KAGARLITSKY: I agree. But I simply ask you not to use the term *perestroika*, which has absolutely no meaning for us.

BARNETT: Surely *something* has changed?

KAGARLITSKY: Well, what happened in February 1917 [the strikes and protests that led to the czar's abdication] was fascinating and brilliant too, but the result was a terrible bloodbath and a totalitarian regime. We are enjoying the moment, but not for long.

ENZENSBERGER: Who could possibly have an interest in this sort of outcome?

KAGARLITSKY: Nobody has such an interest; nevertheless, people are already dying.

ENZENSBERGER: But there must be political thinking behind *perestroika*.

KAGARLITSKY: But there isn't any political thought. Everything is in disarray. Nobody is in control. Everybody is pursuing his own goals. There are no forces in society that can bring different factions together. After 1917, society couldn't produce any mechanisms or institutions of social compromise either.

BARNETT: Isn't Gorbachev trying to produce institutions of social compromise?

KAGARLITSKY: He is rocking the boat.

ENZENSBERGER: There is the beginning of an electoral process, for example.

KAGARLITSKY: It's nothing more than rocking the boat more rapidly. It's important to realize that Soviet society was always disorganized and atomized. The only organized thing in society was the party apparatus. Now we face a strange process. Society is beginning to organize itself more and more, but not nearly as fast as the party apparatus is disintegrating into factions and the republics are gathering strength. That's why there's a terrible rise of nationalism. Because, for many people, the nation is now the only integrating force, the only collective identity they have. In this situation, some kind of collapse of the empire is inevitable. Gorbachev's efforts to keep the empire together, even in a renewed form, are counterproductive, since they're pushing us toward some bloodbath. It would be much better to say to the republics, "Go away!"

ENZENSBERGER: Can you do that?

KAGARLITSKY: Well, if Gorbachev had agreed with the Armenians on Nagorno-Karabakh [the region in dispute between Armenia and Azerbaijan] at the very beginning of the cri-

[Editors' Note]

THIS JUST IN

This editors' note appeared in the December 2, 1989, New York Times.

A chronology on Wednesday under the headline "An Outline of German History" gave pivotal dates in the growth of German nationalism and the efforts toward unification since the early nineteenth century. It amplified a report about the vision of reunification offered by Chancellor Helmut Kohl of West Germany.

Through an editing lapse by the *Times*, the material, provided by Reuters, skipped from 1918 to 1945 in most copies, omitting the rise of Hitler and Nazi rule. The material was added in a late edition.

STACKABLE BEECHWOOD BOOKSHELVES—AT A PRICE YOU'D EXPECT TO PAY FOR PLASTIC!

THAT'S RIGHT! NATURAL WOOD FURNITURE AT AN AFFORDABLE PRICE.

ONLY **$39.95** EACH
LIST PRICE $59.95



A Beautiful Complement to Any Decor.

This quality shelving system is made of natural European beechwood—a hardwood tough enough to be used for flooring and beautiful enough to be used for fine furniture.

STACK-A-SHELF has a place in every room, whether it's to show off your library or just to organize unsightly clutter. The STACK-A-SHELF system is perfect for showcasing your personal treasures. Everything from vases to pictures can be proudly displayed on these good-looking, versatile and, above all, affordable units.

Stack Them...They're Interlocking

Each free-standing unit measures 27¾" wide ×11" deep ×37" high, and is designed to interlock and stack. This means you can actually create your own wall unit. And if you move, just fold them down and take them with you.

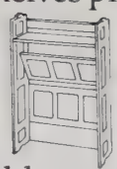
And natural beechwood is attractive...even unfinished. So the unit can be used immediately or you can paint, stain or varnish your STACK-A-SHELF to match your own decorating needs.

Sets Up In Seconds...Without Tools!

No tools, screws or glue required. Just take the unit out of its flat carton, fold the sides out, and the shelves practically fall into place.



1. Comes in flat carton



2. Shelves fall into place



3. Slides open on hinges

Nothing could be easier. And, for a limited time, Barnes & Noble is offering all of our STACK-A-SHELF units at a savings of 33% off the retail price. So don't pile—decorate in style, with affordable beechwood shelving from Barnes & Noble.

• LIGHT
• STURDY
• DURABLE
• PORTABLE

Barnes & Noble Unconditional Guarantee
You must be completely satisfied with every item you order from Barnes & Noble by mail, or you may return it to us, for a full refund.

ORDER BY MAIL OR CALL TOLL FREE ANYTIME
1-800-242-6657

Barnes & Noble

Booksellers Since 1873

126 FIFTH AVENUE, DEPT. B261, NEW YORK, NY 10011

1569888. Please send me _____ Sturdy Beechwood Shelf Unit(s) at your special sale price of $39.95 (plus $6.95 shipping and handling per unit). Please add applicable sales tax for deliveries to CT, MA, MN, NJ, NY, PA & CA(6%).

Name _____

Address _____ Apt # _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

☐ Check ☐ Mastercard ☐ VISA ☐ American Express

Expiration Date Month/Year ☐☐☐☐

Credit Card Number ☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐

Signature _____

sis, the Azerbaijanis would have accepted it. At that time, they had no strong nationalist movement. By supporting the status quo, Gorbachev produced more Armenian nationalism, more Azerbaijani nationalism, more killings, more fighting. And the army moved in without knowing what to do.

ENZENSBERGER: Okay, that was a mistake. But what is Gorbachev up to now? He is trying to buy time, because he needs time. He wants to grant as much autonomy as he's allowed to politically. He is making some headway; but he cannot just say one day, "Let's liquidate the Soviet Union," because he would not survive. Gorbachev has to proceed within the realm of the possible. In politics, time is a very important thing to gain.

KAGARLITSKY: Gorbachev is not winning time. He is always losing time. Waiting so long to remove [Vladimir] Shcherbitsky [the former first secretary of the Ukraine, ousted last September] was worse than not removing him at all. A year ago, it would have been possible to manage things; now there are nationalist movements there, and the pressures will grow immediately. If he wants to keep things as they are, he has to stay absolutely firm and make no concessions. Or he has to make the concessions radical, stay ahead of the movements, not just surrender to them. My worry is that the empire seems set to disintegrate into nation-states that can't possibly live in peace among themselves. Balkanization is already going on. If Armenia and Azerbaijan had their own armies, they would now be at war. So we're trying to support the most democratic forces in all the potential nation-states and trying to persuade the people, including the nationalists, that it could be better for them to have a democratic state.

ENZENSBERGER: You know, the allure of democracy works rather quickly, as I can testify. It doesn't take centuries of parliamentary rule. All that is needed, perhaps, is a memory of democratic aspiration. You will have the greatest problem if you remove the rights people have acquired.

BARNETT: Boris, you're arguing that nothing Gorbachev can do is right.

KAGARLITSKY: We think that he is leading the country to disaster. For many intellectuals, things may be better now, as they were in February 1917. Well, if you think about everything that has happened since, the results were not so nice.

ENZENSBERGER: But the process that is taking place in Eastern Europe must also work for you. You can take the train without asking for permission; you can travel all over the Soviet Union. You can say and write what you want. And now you want to take this back?

KAGARLITSKY: Of course not.

ENZENSBERGER: Social facts have been created. I've just mentioned two, but there are many more. To rob people of this will be a problem. It is not so easy.

KAGARLITSKY: Exactly. That is why I am so pessimistic. It was easy for czarism to rule in an authoritarian way over people who had no experience of mass democracy. To destroy the gains of the revolution, Stalin needed a massive terror. Any scaling back of democratic reforms now could lead to much worse regimes than existed before.

ENZENSBERGER: Look, the Stalinist terror had a strange kind of morality. There was motivation for it. People believed in it. The regime's sense of legitimacy was strong. People have told me how they wept when Stalin died. Who wept for Brezhnev? Who is going to weep for the next guy? A repeat performance of terror will not enjoy even passive acceptance; it will have no mass support the way the party had in the 1930s.

KAGARLITSKY: But an attempt can cost a lot of

[Resolution]

A HAND IS A TERRIBLE THING TO WASTE

From a resolution adopted last summer by the Union for Radical Political Economy (URPE), a national association of economists based in Riverside, California. The resolution appeared in the group's fall newsletter.

Chairs of plenaries, workshops, and all URPE meetings must follow an affirmative action policy when calling on people during the question-and-answer period. Specifically, this means that the first person called upon should be a person of color or a woman, if such a person has her or his hand raised. After a white man has been called upon to talk, the next person recognized should be a person of color or a woman, if such a person has her or his hand raised, regardless of the order in which people initially raised their hands. The next speakers should be chosen on any systematic basis, such as the order in which people raised their hands. This policy should be followed throughout the question-and-answer period.



3 giants of American literature at extraordinary savings:

Take Twain, Poe, and Melville, all for $5.95

(Total pub. price $94.95)

Save $89.00 and enjoy a spellbinding welcome to award-winning Library of America, with no obligation to buy additional volumes.



This is a good time for you to take notice of the growing Library of America.

Right now you can acquire three of its acclaimed volumes for less than the retail price of just one. And what magnificent volumes they are:

Mark Twain. *The Adventures of Tom Sawyer; Life on the Mississippi; Adventures of Huckleberry Finn; Pudd'nhead Wilson.* 1,084 pages.

Edgar Allan Poe. More than 70 tales and sketches including *The Fall of the House of Usher, The Cask of Amontillado, The Pit and the Pendulum, The Murders in the Rue Morgue.* His poetry, and *Eureka,* a prose poem. 1,408 pages.

Herman Melville. His classic works of the sea: *Moby-Dick; Redburn, His First Voyage; White-Jacket or The World in a Man-of-War.* 1,456 pages.



They will be sent to you, all three volumes, for $5.95 (a *single* volume regularly retails for up to $35). Then you may, if you wish, take additional volumes at our subscriber's discounts (up to 29%) but there's never any obligation to do so.

This special offer is our way of introducing you to one of the boldest publishing programs ever undertaken in the U.S.—The Library of America. With the support of the National Endowment for the Humanities and the Ford Foundation, we set out to preserve the collected works of America's greatest writers. Works that could be found only in disintegrating old paperbacks or cumbersome anthologies—when they could be found at all—are now available in handsome, durable new editions.

Every work is complete, every word as the author intended.

In scrupulously accurate, unabridged texts, The Library also brings you all of Emerson, Faulkner, Henry James, Whitman, Crane, Cather, Thoreau...comprehensive collections of Franklin and Jefferson...and many other American giants.

The editions are uniformly beautiful. They're hardbound in natural cloth, with Smyth-sewn bindings (not merely glued) and strong spines that allow the books to open easily and lie flat for comfortable reading. Each volume has up to 1,500 pages of fine, opaque, acid-free paper—equal to three, four, even five books. Elegant and compact, they're a pleasure to hold and to read.



Great savings, and no obligation now or ever.

Let us send you *Twain, Poe,* and *Melville,* all for just $5.95, and extend to you our subscriber's privilege of reviewing other volumes and buying only the ones you want, always at discounts. Mail the coupon today, with your check or money order, and see these wonderful books for yourself. For even faster service, credit card holders can use our **toll-free order line: 1-800-321-6640.**

Praised for its scholarship, beauty and quality.

"A great wrong...set right." New York Times Book Review

"...truly beautiful volumes that are a pleasure to have and to hold and hand down through the generations." Chicago Sun-Times

"...the best and biggest, the finest-looking, and the longest-lasting edition of its kind ever made." The New Republic

THE LIBRARY OF AMERICA

The only definitive and comprehensive collection of America's greatest writers

The Library of America
5 Norden Lane
Huntington Station, New York 11746

Please send me three volumes—*Twain, Poe,* and *Melville*. I may keep all three for only $5.95 (total pub. price $94.95). If I wish, I may return all three for a full refund. I have 15 days to decide. If I decide to keep them and subscribe to The Library of America, I will receive a new volume about every other month for 15 days' free examination. I understand each volume costs $24.95 plus $3.50 shipping and handling. There's never any obligation to buy and I may cancel at any time simply by notifying you.

☐ I am enclosing $5.95

☐ Charge my ☐ Visa ☐ MasterCard

Card No. _____ Exp _____

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

Offer limited to new subscribers, one per address. Future prices may change. All orders subject to approval.

8H27





From a collection of crime-scene photographs taken between 1905 and 1930 and published in the Fall 1989 issue of "Untitled," *a Brooklyn photography magazine. The photos, originally submitted as evidence by the New York City Police Department, were acquired recently by the city's Municipal Archives. The structures at the edges of the photographs are the legs of the photographer's tripod.*

lives. You now read liberal intellectuals arguing that the regime must be strong in order to catch up and overtake the West, that we mustn't be sentimental with workers, that we must force them to work.

BARNETT: But it is good that this material is published.

ENZENSBERGER: You can't have a nice democracy. In West Germany, we have the fascists talking every day. Democracy is something that can get very much on your nerves—you are constantly battered by the most obnoxious things. It is like Freudian analysis. All the dirt comes out in democracy. But we have come to accept that we also have to tolerate people advocating forced labor.

BARNETT: Boris, you believe the Soviet Union is heading for a catastrophe inscribed within the very process of trying to improve things. It won't just be a Beijing but an enormous continental equivalent of Tiananmen Square. But democracy in the Soviet Union today, however crude, is more than just a matter of students in Red Square. There are the miners. The national movement is huge. Yet you seem to say it's doomed, and it's Gorbachev's fault, and he is making it worse. I find this assessment bizarre.

ENZENSBERGER: It almost amounts to a justification of Brezhnev. Keep everything under the carpet, keep stagnation; it's not good, but at least there is no bloodshed.

KAGARLITSKY: Many people say that under Gorbachev more people are getting killed than under Brezhnev.

ENZENSBERGER: The present situation is the *result* of Brezhnev. The crisis was inherited by Gorbachev.

BARNETT: Boris, you are saying there is no political program in today's Soviet Union, and nobody knows what to do. But Gorbachev does seem to have a program.

KAGARLITSKY: I suspect he doesn't.

ENZENSBERGER: Do you have a program?

KAGARLITSKY: Yes, there are alternatives. We ought to be turning our face to the Third World; developing an internal economy; becoming more independent of the West instead of dependent; producing "small but beautiful" types of local development; restructuring employment this way; and only then closing down old inefficient plants that

have been used to keep people at work. We want some elements of the social democratic experience together with the new radicalism, instead of a technocratic obsession with catching up with the West. The problem is to build an alternative concept and to consolidate social support for it as an alternative. We fear that official *perestroika* will collapse before we are able to initiate our alternative. So you can say I am very much against Gorbachev; but at the same time, the more he keeps things going as they are going now, the better. That will give us more breathing space.

ENZENSBERGER: Now I realize which vantage point your argument comes from. You have in mind something better than the West. You are more ambitious than anybody else.

KAGARLITSKY: That's why we are Russians, of course.

ENZENSBERGER: Suddenly it is we who look timid, because we have somehow reduced our ambitions. Now it's we who are the people who have reconciled themselves with reality, and you haven't. Now *you* are the utopian thinker here, and that colors the arguments that went before.

KAGARLITSKY: No one supports Gorbachev as the reasoned progressive that you perceive him to be in the West. After five years, he is unable to get any political support for his project. On the contrary, polarization is one of the expressions of the failure of *perestroika.* Don't have illusions about our future.

BARNETT: I don't think we have illusions. I feel the whole gamble may fail, though Gorbachev is right to try. I'm not even saying necessarily that he can succeed, but I certainly don't see how he can if no one else tries to make it work.

KAGARLITSKY: But there is no social layer—not even a small one—that is interested in this kind of development. Because Gorbachev's kind of development seeks to stabilize and somehow structure our lives in a way that is nothing but a compromise of angry, contradictory, and warring groups. No part of society has an interest in such an outcome. The problem is, nobody wants to be just Soviet. People want to be Russian, Jewish, Estonian, or anything. Nobody wants this kind of cosmopolitan facelessness to destroy their national identities. And the more one tries to impose it on people, the more they resist.

BARNETT: Perhaps this answers my question about Gorbachev. Because clearly he does want to be a Soviet.

KAGARLITSKY: Gorbachev does, but the people don't.

ENZENSBERGER: Gorbachev is a very lonely man.

[Story]

PROMOTION REPORT

By Chen Hengchu. This story was selected as one of the ten best Chinese short short stories of 1986 by Fiction World, *a journal published in Tianjin, China. It also appeared in translation in the Spring 1989 issue of* ZYZZYVA, *published in San Francisco. Chen is a lawyer who is living in Wuhan, China. Translated from the Chinese by Howard Goldblatt.*

1

Li Li: Male, twenty-five, graduate of Beijing University, Department of Chinese Literature. Began writing at the age of twenty. More than twenty stories published to date. This comrade has demonstrable leadership qualities. Recommend promotion to head of literature section.

Personnel Office, July 1958

Obviously someone with potential, should be actively cultivated. Send down to the grass roots for a period of training and see how he performs.

Bureau of Culture Party Committee,
August 1958

2

Li Li, male, thirty-one, assigned to Bureau of Culture upon graduation from college. Sent down as factory worker in 1959. In addition to assigned jobs, wrote many literary works that reflect daily life and worked with a group of amateur writers. Endowed with a strong sense of professionalism and organizational skills. Recommend promotion to head of factory culture section.

Personnel Office, September 1964

Although this comrade has strong professional abilities, he remains deficient in his political studies. Too much the intellectual. Continue to evaluate.

Factory Party Committee, October 1964

3

Li Li, male, forty-six, graduated in Beijing in the 1950s. After graduation served as cultural worker in a government office and a factory. Labeled a "counterrevolutionary" during the Cultural Revolution. Verdict overturned in 1978. Assigned at own request to teach language and literature at factory school. Based upon impressive publication record and years of specialization, recommend assignment as chief editor of *Workers' Literature.*

Personnel Office, February 1979

This comrade's professional level is commendable. Unfortunately he is not a Party member, and it is inappropriate to assign someone outside the Party as chief editor of a Party-supported literary magazine.

Factory Party Committee, March 1979

4

Li Li, male, fifty-one, college educated, joined the Party in 1982. Has maintained faith in the Party for more than thirty years under a range of circumstances and has written many influential literary works. Has rich practical work experience, advanced cultural and literary cultivation, and keen organizational skills. Recommend assignment to Cultural Bureau as Vice Commissioner.

Cultural Bureau Party Committee, April 1984

This comrade is indeed a rare talent. However, given the current demand for more youthful cadres, he must be considered too old and therefore inappropriate for this position of leadership.

Ministry of Organization, June 1984

[Essay]

THE STONES OF JERUSALEM

From "Diary," by Zvi Jagendorf, in the September 14, 1989, London Review of Books. *Jagendorf teaches English and theater at Hebrew University in Jerusalem.*

In Jerusalem, stones can do the work of flowers—at Jewish cemeteries, that is, where flowers on graves are taboo. To show that you have been at a graveside, you place a pebble or a chip or a rock on the gravestone. Then you inspect the rows nearby to see how their little piles measure against yours. A spirit of sporting rivalry adds a little spice to a sad occasion, and people play, I think, according to the rules. They don't pile stones greedily; one each and no cheating. It's a matter of respect.

Unlike stones, which are everywhere, water in Jerusalem is an illusion or a missed opportunity. It is not there, though it looks as if it might have been. The hills on which the Old City rides swell like gentle waves. The corner of Herod's wall facing the desert looks from below like the prow of a great ship looming over your dinghy. The city could be sailing into the desert if only some flood tide of cleansing water would lift it off its heavy bed of stone.

My feelings about stone in the city have fluctuated wildly between love and hate. I have loved its colors, its sense of belonging and domesticity. I have hated its dryness, its nakedness, its excretion of deathly dust. Looking at Herod's massive ashlars in the temple wall, I am as oppressed by their weight and downward thrust as if I lay beneath them. Yet in front of a simple, rock-cut tomb of the same period I am won by its sanity, its purity, its domestication of death. I have never felt as passionate about water. After I discovered that the foaming mountain stream one sees from the picturesque railway link to the coast is actually processed sewage, I gave up on the romance of flowing water.

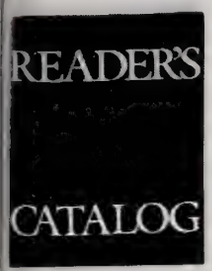
Stones in Jerusalem seem to accompany thoughts of death and transience. Yet they also break windows. Once they were thrown in protest mostly by Orthodox Jews, who kept their neighborhoods free of cars on the Sabbath by accurate lapidation on the approach roads. But the Sabbatarian stones have since been outnumbered by those of the *intifadeh.*

It was Brecht who—in Jerusalem, of all places—introduced me to the politics of stone and water. It happened just before the *intifadeh,* when I took my Hebrew University theater class to East Jerusalem to see an Arabic production of Brecht's *Lehrstück* (learning play): *The Exception and the Rule.* The company was El Hakawati, an energetic Palestinian agitprop theater whose colorful productions tended to start at the village well and end with a scene of universal cataclysm. They had adapted Brecht's 1930 play and were showing it in Arabic to audiences of young people, mostly from East Jerusalem schools.

The play was written in order to educate Communist party cadres in the logic of revolutionary situations. It takes place in an Asia that readers of *Tintin* would recognize and deals with the fortunes of an evil oil prospector, the Merchant, and his guide across the great desert, the Coolie. The stone that caught my attention plays a prominent part in the play's climax. The Merchant and the Coolie are lost and have apparently consumed all their water. On his side of the stage, the Coolie, miserably abused, considers his dilemma: He has succeeded in hiding an extra water bottle. If he drinks and saves his own life, the Merchant will die and the Coolie will be accused of his murder. But what obligation does he have to his evil employer? On the other side of the stage, the Merchant drinks some water he has never revealed to the Coolie, certain that if the Coolie sees he will kill the Merchant for it. The Coolie makes his decision, gets up, and with arm outstretched offers the

Take any 3 books for just $1 each —and save up to $125.00!—

as your introduction to The Readers' Subscription



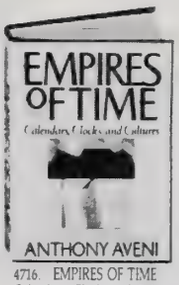
4685 THE READER'S CATALOG. An Annotated Selection of More Than 40,000 of the Best Books in Print in 208 Categories. The most ambitious mail-order catalog ever conceived. Edited by Geoffrey O'Brien, with Stephen Wasserstein and Helen Morris Sottcover Publisher's price: $24.95



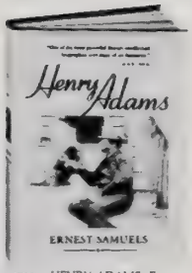
4734 THE STATE OF THE LANGUAGE. Edited by Christopher Ricks & Leonard Micheals Publisher's price: $25.00



4714 JERUSALEM. City of Mirrors. Amos Elon. Publisher's price: $19.95.



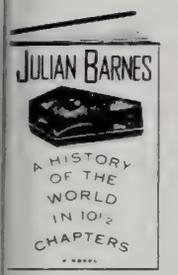
4716. EMPIRES OF TIME Calendars, Clocks and Cultures Anthony Aveni Publisher's price $24.95.



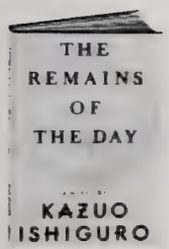
4720. HENRY ADAMS. Ernest Samuels. Publisher's price: $25.00



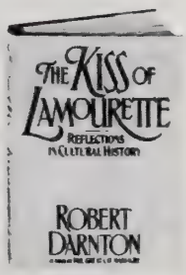
4738 THE COMPLETE FICTION OF BRUNO SCHULZ. Publisher's price: $22.95



718. A HISTORY OF THE WORLD IN 10½ CHAPTERS. Julian Barnes Publisher's price: $18.95.



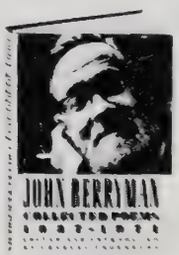
4717. THE REMAINS OF THE DAY. Kazou Ishiguro. Publisher's price: $18.95.



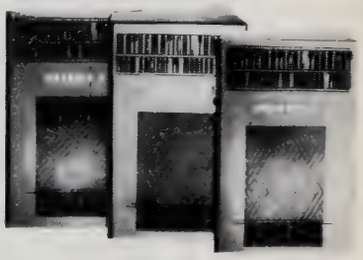
4728 THE KISS OF LAMOURETTE Reflections in Cultural History. Publisher's price: $24.95.



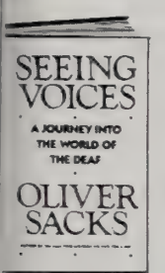
4703. WARTIME Paul Fussell. Publisher's price: $18.95.



4730. JOHN BERRYMAN. Collected Poems. 1937-1971. Publisher's price: $25.00



4736. MATHEMATICAL THOUGHT: From Ancient to Modern Times. Morris Kline. A classic text, re-released as a three-volume set. Publisher's price: $44.85



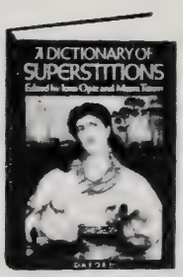
4686. SEEING VOICES A Journey into the World of the Deaf. Oliver Sacks. Publisher's price: $15.95.



4660. THE BODY AND SOCIETY Men, Women and Sexual Renunciation in Early Christianity. Peter Brown. Publisher's price: $45.00



4648. A HISTORY OF PRIVATE LIFE. Volume III Passions of the Renaissance Edited by Roger Chartier. Publisher's price: $39.50



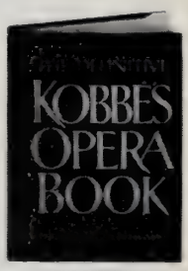
4711. THE DICTIONARY OF SUPERSTITIONS. Edited by Iona Opie & Moira Tatem. Publisher's price: $30.00



4661. THE COLLECTED POEMS OF PHILIP LARKIN Edited by Anthony Thwaite Publisher's price: $22.50



4659. THE OXFORD COMPANION TO CLASSICAL LITERATURE. Edited by M.C. Howatson. Publisher's price: $39.95



4529 THE DEFINITIVE KOBBE'S OPERA BOOK. Newly revised by the Earl of Harewood. Publisher's price: $35.00

THE READERS' SUBSCRIPTION:

Books for the permanent library of the serious reader.

Join The Readers' Subscription, the book club for serious readers, and we'll send you any three of these fine books for just $1 each—you'll save up to $120.00 right away, and once you're a member your savings will continue to grow along with your library.

Every month, The Readers' Subscription brings its members the best available editions of the classics, including *all* of the volumes in the superb Library of America series, along with the best new books: from the magnificent *The Art of Photography* to the newly published *Chez Panisse Cooking*, to Stephen Hawking's astonishing *Brief History of Time*. Authoritative reference books, splendid art books, fiction, biography, cookbooks—all of these books come at discounts as high as 30% off the publishers' prices. So join us today!

HOW MEMBERSHIP WORKS: Thirteen times a year we'll send you our club catalogue, along with a reply card. If you want the main selection, do nothing and you'll get it automatically. If you prefer alternate selections, or none at all, complete the reply card and return it to us by the specified date. Should you ever receive the main selection without having had 10 days to return the reply card, you may return the selection at our expense. You agree to buy 4 additional selections during your first year of membership. After that there is no obligation whatever and every book you buy earns one or more bonus credits. (Four credits entitle you to choose a bonus book.) Unless you prepay, you will be billed for postage and handling on all orders.

Please enroll me as a member of The Readers' Subscription and send me the three books I've indicated by number for $1 each, just $3 total:

I've enclosed my check or money order,
or bill my credit card as follows:

☐ American Express ☐ Visa ☐ MasterCard

Card Number _____ Expires _____

Name _____

Signature _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

Please return coupon to:
The Readers' Subscription
Membership Service Dept.
250 West 57th Street
New York, NY 10107

This offer good for new members only.
The Club reserves the right of membership approval. Readers' Garden, Inc.

HPR2

Merchant his water. The Merchant, thinking the water bottle a stone, takes the gesture for a threat and shoots the Coolie. In a trial at the end of the play, the Judge concludes that the Merchant acted reasonably. He had every reason to expect the Coolie to hurt him and no reason to believe that he would give him his last drop of water. Verdict: not guilty.

I was well schooled in that kind of Palestinian theater. I had attended many of their plays and was used to seeing myself portrayed as a grotesque, sinister, sometimes absurd tyrant. I did not expect from those plays either a hopeful or a balanced picture, least of all one that flattered me. However, the metamorphosis of water into stone troubled me and has continued to do so now that stones are exchanged for bullets in the streets of Gaza and the towns and villages of the West Bank.

Is that me, the warped greedy man who undoes Moses' miracle in the desert and turns water into stone? And who is the victim of my ill will? Who is that Pragmatic Samaritan who offers me water to save his neck? Is that a true image of the Palestinian to whom I am bound in this landscape?

In some ways I am an unenlightened Israeli. I find it hard to cure myself of a low-grade fever otherwise known as the victim's ague. I can't rid myself of the suspicion that someone is waiting for me as I turn the corner. I know the evidence today is that I am the source rather than the object of violence. I also know how salutary it is to practice seeing yourself in the harsh light of the other's grievance. But I will not fall into the trap of denying or belittling my own peril because I take the other's seriously.

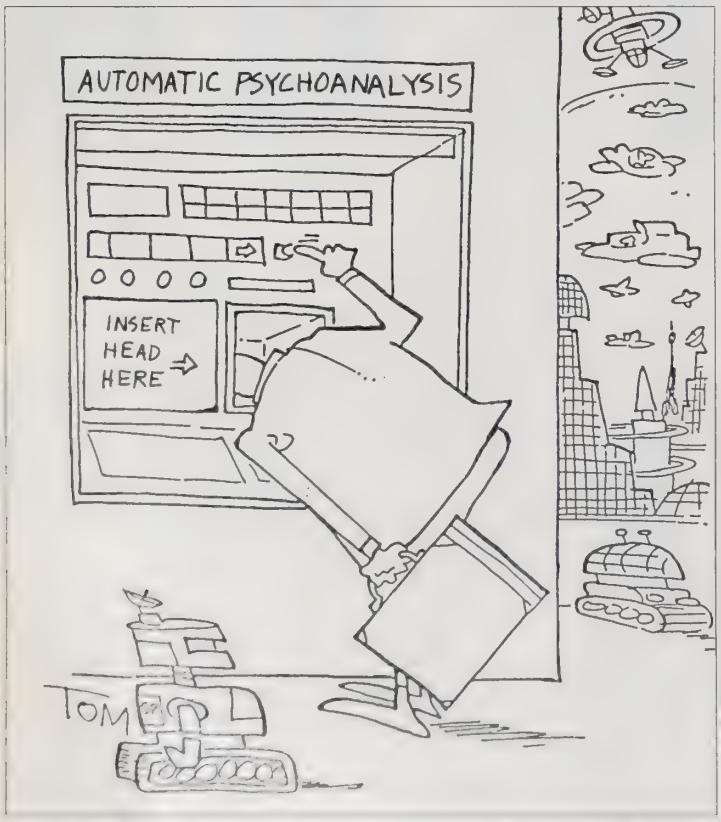
This explains how my view of the outstretched hand with its water-stone veered between assent and skepticism. I was captured by Brecht's rhetoric, his characteristic mixture of cunning and pathos as he lays bare the narrow choice of the oppressed. I also suspected its application of kitsch, of a fake pathos, and suspected it of missing the point of where Jew and Arab are here and now.

I do not make the mistake of holding the Palestinians to my version of reality. Their iconography of national resistance is often totally convincing to my eyes: for instance, their image of staying put on the land, a bent old porter carrying on his back the domed, minaret-marked outline of Jerusalem. That is an emblem of a living reality. It is undeniable. Not so the hand offering the water. That is not undeniable, because it fails to grapple with the reality of almost a hundred years of rivalry and conflict.

In 1938, Zionist "Palestinians," as they were then called, acted the same gesture on an improvised stage at a kibbutz near Haifa. That was where Brecht's *Lehrstück* had its improbable world premiere, performed by refugees in unfamiliar Hebrew before an audience of chess players turned farmers who were to be taught a lesson in the tactics of the class struggle. With the benefits of hindsight, the simplicity of the play's Marxist analysis seems surrealistic. It is theater of the absurd in the light of what was really going on: Hitler's assault on civilization and, in Palestine, the increasing armed strife between Arab and Jewish neighbors.

An escapist pathos unites the two Brecht productions, that of the Zionists in 1938 and that of the Arabs half a century later. The former indulged in a nostalgia of the class struggle to avoid the reality of their Arab neighbors' grievance and Europe's madness. The latter, bringing Brecht into Palestine, takes refuge in an allegory that demonizes the Israelis and absolves the Palestinians of responsibility for their own fate.

Today, Israelis are divided between the two minorities of those who see only the stone and those who see only the water, and the majority who astigmatically see both stone and water superimposed on each other, moving and merging like a mirage in the crackling heat. Some, currently the leadership, reach for the gun. Others would try the water, if it is there. Even if you have to drop your guard to drink. Even if it tastes of stone.



From El Periodico, *a daily newspaper in Barcelona, Spain.*

SCANDIA

The Shoulder Bag For People On The Go!

ONLY $19.95

IT HOLDS *EVERYTHING!*

The Scandia is intelligently designed to hold all the books, paper, equipment and clothes you could ever need to carry.

There are even special pockets for all those little odds and ends that seem to get lost in ordinary bags. The sturdy canvas Scandia measures 14½″ across, 11″ deep, and 4″ wide (the perfect size for an airplane carry-on), and has six inner and outer pockets. And for those times when you need a little extra space, just open the Scandia's inside zipper and the bag *expands to a full 8 inches in width!* No matter how much you pack into the Scandia, it will still be trim enough to carry comfortably.

IT'S EXTREMELY DURABLE.

As anyone who has ever owned a Scandia will testify, *this bag lasts for years.* The Scandia's high-quality canvas is water-resistant, color-fast, and scuff-proof. Its heavy duty zippers, piping, and snaps are well-made and extremely durable. And the Scandia will stay in style for years; its attractive, casual look goes as well with a business suit as it does with jeans and a sweater. And with six handsome colors to choose from, you might want to own more than one!





The Scandia's remarkable design makes it roomy enough to hold all your gear, yet trim enough to carry comfortably.

There's simply no other shoulder bag that's as lightweight, versatile, stylish, durable and affordable as the Scandia.

If you've shopped around for high-quality shoulder bags, briefcases, and purses, you're probably aware that most of these items cost at least $50. But, because we've made a mass purchase of Scandia bags, we are able to sell them at the remarkably low price of only $19.95 each. Surely, that's a small price to pay for a big capacity, smart-looking bag that will last for years.

IT'S A REMARKABLE BARGAIN!

NOW ONLY $19.95

ORDER TOLL-FREE

1-800-242-6657

CALL ANYTIME, DAY OR NIGHT

Barnes & Noble Unconditional Guarantee

You must be completely satisfied with every item you order from Barnes & Noble by mail, or you may return it to us, for a full refund

Barnes & Noble

Booksellers Since 1873

NAME

ADDRESS

CITY/STATE/ZIP METHOD OF PAYMENT

☐Check ☐VISA ☐Mastercard ☐American Express

CREDIT CARD NUMBER

EXP DATE

SIGNATURE

DEPT. B261 , 126 FIFTH AVE., NY, NY 10011

ITEM #	STYLE	QTY	TOTAL
#1377068	BLUE		
#1377027	BLACK		
#1377019	GRAY		
#1377035	BROWN		
#1377043	KHAKI		
#1377050	BURGUNDY		
	Merchandise Total		
	Add sales tax for deliveries to CT, MA, MN, NJ, NY, PA, & CA(6%)		
	Add $2.50 per bag ordered for shipping & insurance		
	ORDER TOTAL		

[Literary Statements]

THE WRITER'S READER

From "On the Audience," a chapter in The Writer's Chapbook, *published by Viking. The book was compiled by George Plimpton, editor of* The Paris Review, *from interviews that have appeared in the quarterly since 1953. In this section, writers address the question, For whom do you write?*

The ideal reader of my novels is a lapsed Catholic and failed musician, shortsighted, colorblind, auditorially biased, who has read the books that I have read. He should also be about my age.

—*Anthony Burgess*

You are always concentrating on the inner thing. The moment one becomes aware of the crowd—performs for the crowd—it is spectacle. It is *fichu.*

—*Jean Cocteau*

What really annoys me are the ones who write to say, I am doing your book for my final examinations and could you please tell me what the meaning of it is. I find it just so staggering—that you're supposed to explain the meaning of your book to some total stranger! If I knew what the meanings of my books were, I wouldn't have bothered to write them.

—*Margaret Drabble*

I suppose very isolated, lonely folk. I remember one letter from a girl in a midwestern town who read one of my books and thought she had discovered it—that no one had ever read it or knew about it. Then one day in her local library she found cards for one or two of my other books. They were full of names—the books were borrowed all the time. She resented this a bit and then walked around the town looking in everybody's face and wondering if they were the ones who were reading my books. That is someone I write for.

—*J. P. Donleavy*

I don't think much about the reader. Ways of reading are adversaries—those theoretical ways. As far as writing something is concerned, the reader really doesn't exist. The writer's business is somehow to create in the work something that will stand on its own and make its own demands; and if the writer is good, he discovers what those demands are, and he meets them, and creates this thing that readers can then do what they like with. Gertrude Stein said "I write for myself and strangers," and then eventually she said that she wrote only for herself. I think she should have taken one further step. You don't write *for* anybody. People who send you bills do that. People who want to sell you things so they can send you bills do that. People who want to tell you things so they can sell you things so they can send you bills do that. You are advancing an art—the art. That is what you are trying to do.

—*William Gass*

I've always tried out my material on my dogs first. You know, with Angel, he sits there and listens and I get the feeling he understands everything. But with Charley, I always felt he was just waiting to get a word in edgewise. Years ago, when my red setter chewed up the manuscript of *Of Mice and Men,* I said at the time that the dog must have been an excellent literary critic.

—*John Steinbeck*

When I write, I aim in my mind not toward New York but toward a vague spot a little to the east of Kansas. I think of the books on library shelves, without their jackets, years old, and a countryish teenage boy finding them, and having them speak to him. The reviews, the stacks in Brentano's, are just hurdles to get over, to place the books on that shelf.

—*John Updike*

At the time of writing, I don't write for my friends or myself, either; I write for *it,* for the pleasure of *it.* I believe if I stopped to wonder what So-and-so would think, or what I'd feel like if this were read by a stranger, I would be paralyzed. I care what my friends think, very deeply—and it's only after they've read the finished thing that I really can rest, deep down. But in the writing, I have to just keep going straight through with only the *thing* in mind and what it dictates.

It's so much an inward thing that reading the proofs later can be a real shock. When I received them for *Delta Wedding,* I thought, *I* didn't write this. It was a page of dialogue—I might as well have never seen it before. I wrote to my editor, John Woodburn, and told him something had happened to that page in the typesetting. He was kind, not even surprised—maybe this happens to all writers. He called me up and read to me from the manuscript—word for word what the proofs said. Proofs don't shock me any longer, yet there's still a strange moment with every book when I move from the position of writer to the position of reader, and I suddenly see my words with the eyes of the cold public. It gives me a terrible sense of exposure, as if I'd gotten sunburned.

—*Eudora Welty*

[Fashion Statements]

A UNIFORM TO DIE FOR

From essays by members of the third-grade class at the Nightingale-Bamford School, a private girls school in Manhattan. The students were recently asked by their teacher to describe how they would change their school uniforms. Excerpts from their assignment appeared in the November 8, 1989, issue of 7 Days, *a New York City weekly.*

The girls would wear jean miniskirts with hot pink or white tank tops and black or fluorescent pink belts and white or black shoes! On Fridays the girls would wear black leather miniskirts with shocking pink tank tops. The jackets would be black leather. But on Fridays the jackets would be jean!

—Tory Hirshfield

The new Nightingale uniforms should be a pink tunic with black polka dots. There would be pleats in the front. The shoes should be pink party shoes with a black bow. On Mondays and Fridays we would wear something different. On Mondays we would wear a shirt that said COMING BACK TO SCHOOL TO LEARN. On Fridays we would wear a shirt that said GOOD-BYE SCHOOL FOR THE WEEKEND. On both days we would wear blue jeans.

—Maggie Heller

The Ultimate Uniform: There are black skirts that go two inches below your knees and when you twirl around your skirt flows around you. The shirt is red and it can be a turtleneck or a normal red shirt with buttons down the front and the sleeves. It comes with a jacket, which is black all over with genuine rubies for buttons! It also comes with a watch. The watch can be worn anywhere on your body! The second hand, the hour hand, and the minute hand are made of fourteen-karat gold. This watch is easy to put on because it has Velcro.

—Jennifer Kim

The new NBS uniform is going to be a very long dress. It is going to be pink. There will be three roses on one shoulder and one rose on the other. It will have a double belt (that means a piece of cloth that is cut in half and in the middle of the half of the piece of cloth it is sewed to the dress around the waist). Then when you put the dress on you tie the belt in the front and in the back. Everyone will wear a pearl necklace with a key to her house on it. For gym you will wear a bright yellow leather miniskirt and a long navy blue sweatshirt with a bright yellow collar and around the bottom of the sweatshirt there will be a bow. Under the sweatshirt there will be a sparkly blouse.

—Shannon Whitaker-Burke

[Essay]

A WOMAN'S WORK

From Practicalities, *a book of personal reflections by Marguerite Duras, to be published next month by Grove Weidenfeld. Duras was interviewed by Jerome Beaujour, a friend, and later worked the interview into a series of essays. Duras is the author of numerous novels and screenplays, including* The Lover *and* Hiroshima, mon amour. *Translated from the French by Barbara Bray.*

A house means a family house, a place meant especially for children and men that will restrict their waywardness and distract them from the longing for adventure and escape they've had since time began. For women, a house represents a fantastic challenge: how to provide a center for children and men at one and the same time.

A woman's work, from the time she gets up to the time she goes to bed, is as hard as a day at war, worse than a man's working day: She has to make her timetable conform to those of others—her own family and the various organizations it's connected with. In a morning five hours long, she gets the children's breakfasts, washes and dresses them, does the housework, makes the beds, washes and dresses herself, does the shopping, does the cooking, lays the table. In twenty minutes she gives the children their lunch, yelling at them all the while, then takes them back to school, does the dishes, does the washing, and so on and so on. Maybe, at about half past three, she gets to read the paper for half an hour.

From the man's point of view, a woman is a good mother when she turns this discontinuity into a silent and unobtrusive continuity. This silent continuity used to be regarded as life itself, not just one of its aspects. The silent continuity seemed so natural and lasted so long that in the end, for the people around the woman who practiced it, it no longer existed at all. To men, women's work was carried out every day as regularly as sleep. So men were happy—men in the Middle Ages, men at the time of the French Revolution, and men today. Everything in the garden was lovely.

Some women can never manage it. They can't handle their houses; they overload them, clutter them up, never create an opening to-



Do we really want to return to those good, old-fashioned days before plastics?

America is coping with the problem of too much garbage and too few places to put it.

Our nation is currently generating about 160 million tons of garbage a year. Our landfills have decreased from 18,500 to 6,000 during the past 10 years. About 2,000 more will close within the next five years.

Some people believe that banning plastics and substituting other materials will solve the problem. We don't think that they have all the facts.

If plastics were banned, we'd lose safety and convenience features such as closures for foods and medicines, shatter-resistant bottles, freezer-to-microwave packages, and wrappers that preserve food freshness.

A 1987 study shows that if paper and other packaging materials were to replace plastics, the energy needed to produce the packaging would double, the weight of packaging would increase four-fold, the packaging cost would double, and the volume of waste collected would increase about 2½ times.

Myth vs. Reality.

The thinking behind a ban on plastics is based on a number of myths.

Myth #1 is that plastics make up a major part of our solid waste. Fact: according to a recent study, plastics make up about 18% of the volume of solid waste in our landfills; paper and paperboard about 38%; metals, 14%; glass, 2% and other wastes, 28%.

Myth #2 is that paper and other products commonly considered biodegradable will decompose in a landfill, so it takes longer to fill up. Fact: recent excavations of some landfills have turned up newspapers buried 40 years ago—still perfectly readable.

Myth #3 is that plastics are not recyclable. Fact: plastics are among the easiest materials to recycle. 20% of all plastic soft drink bottles were recycled in 1987.

Recycling takes plastic items destined for disposal and turns them into useful new products. It can turn plastics into a "natural resource."

Recycling is growing.

At Amoco Chemical, we believe the solution must integrate recycling, source reduction, environmentally secure landfills and waste-to-energy incineration. Everything recyclable should be recycled—yard waste, paper, glass, metal and plastics.

Today, almost 200 companies are recycling millions of used plastic containers into everything from fiberfill for ski parkas to carpet yarn to "plastic lumber."

How Amoco Chemical is helping.

Amoco Chemical is sponsoring a program in New York demonstrating that used, polystyrene foam food service containers from schools and restaurants can be recycled into insulation board for commercial construction, cafeteria trays and office products.

We're participating in a consortium with other major plastics manufacturers involved in the construction of regional polystyrene recycling plants.

We're encouraging the start up of new recycling efforts, helping to find better ways to collect and sort recyclables, and supporting efforts to create markets for products made from recycled plastics.

At Amoco Chemical, we believe that recycling can play a major role in helping America solve its solid waste problem. Before we decide to return to the past, let's remember that the good old days were sometimes the not-so-good old days.

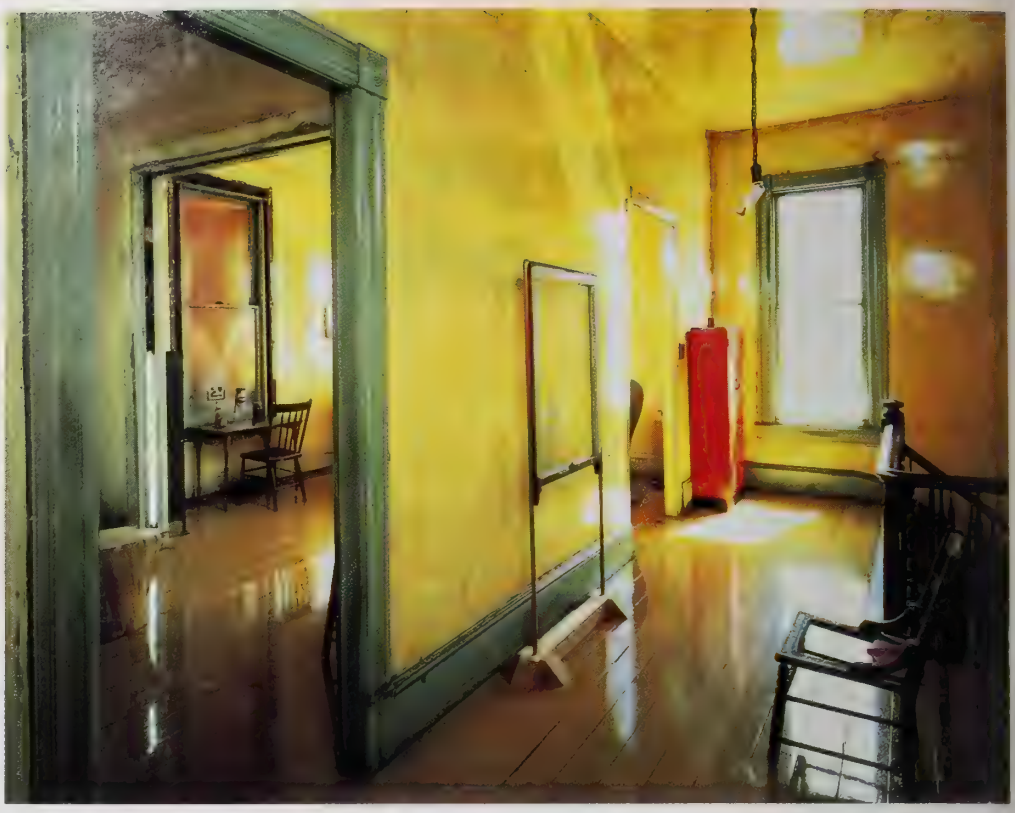
For a free copy of "Recycling. Do It Today For Tomorrow," write Amoco Chemical, Recycling H, 200 East Randolph Drive, Chicago, IL 60601.

Recycling. Do It Today For Tomorrow.

AMOCO

Amoco Chemical

©1989 Amoco Chemical Company



HENRY WOLF

This house is the San Francisco home of the sculptor David Ireland. Ireland spent three years transforming the house into a work of environmental sculpture, using the furniture and objects left by the previous owners. One of Ireland's works is part of the permanent collection of the Museum of Contemporary Art in Los Angeles and is on display through March.

ward the world outside. They get it all wrong and make the house unbearable, so that the children run away as soon as they're fifteen, the same as we did. We ran away because the only adventure left to us was one all worked out by our mothers.

What my mother wanted was to make sure that we, her children, would never in all our lives be caught unawares—no matter what happened, no matter how serious. As long as we had a house and our mother, we'd never be abandoned or swept away or taken by surprise. There could be wars, droughts, or floods; but we'd always have a house, a mother, and something to eat and drink. Right up to the end of her life, my mother made jam in preparation for a third war. She stockpiled sugar and pasta. Hers was a kind of gloomy arithmetic derived from a fundamental pessimism that I've inherited in its entirety.

Even now I still have to know all the time what there is to eat in the cupboards, if there's everything that's needed in order to hold out, live, survive. I too still hanker after a sort of shipboard self-sufficiency on the voyage of life for the people I love and for my child.

I believe that for all intents and purposes the position of women hasn't changed. The woman is still responsible for everything in the house even if she has help, even if she's much more aware, much more intelligent, much bolder and more self-confident than before. Even if she writes much more, a woman is just the same as she was before in relation to men. Her main ambition is still to watch over and look after the family.

Women and men are different, after all. Being a mother isn't the same as being a father. Motherhood means that a woman gives her body over to her child, her children; they're on her as they might be on a hill, in a garden; they devour her, hit her, sleep on her; and she lets herself be devoured. Nothing like that happens with fathers.

You might ask me, What if a man tries to be part of the home—will the woman let him? I answer yes. Because then he becomes one of the children. Men's needs have to be met just the same as children's. And women take the same pleasure in meeting them. Men think they're heroes—again, just like children. Men love war, hunting, fishing, motorbikes, cars, just like children. When they're sleepy, you can see it. And women like men to be like that. We mustn't fool ourselves. We like men to be cruel and innocent; we like hunters and warriors; we like children.

It's been this way for a long time. Ever since

my son was a little boy, *I've* brought the food from the kitchen and put it on the table. And when one course was finished and the next one was due, *I'd* go and fetch it without thinking, quite happily. Lots of women do it. They do it when the children are less than twelve years old, and they go on doing it afterward. In Sicily, for example, you see women of eighty serving children of sixty.

Running a house—the building itself and its human and other contents—is a very demanding job. For example, women who wait until three electric plugs don't work, and the vacuum cleaner is unusable, and the taps drip, before they buy some new plugs, fix the vacuum, or phone the plumber—these women have got it all wrong. As a rule, the women who let these things go are women who've been neglected themselves—women who hope their husbands will notice and deduce that they're making their wives unhappy. These women don't realize men never notice anything in a house run by their womenfolk: It's something they take for granted, something they got used to in their childhood with the woman who happened to be their mother. They can see very well that the plugs don't work, but what do they say? They say, "Good heavens, the plugs don't work," and go on with what they were doing. If the vacuum cleaner's broken, they won't even notice. They simply don't see that sort of thing. Like children, they don't notice anything.

So women's behavior is incomprehensible to men. If a woman does not do something—forgets, or gets back at her husband by not buying new plugs—the men just won't take it in. Or they'll think she has her own reasons for not buying new plugs or not getting the vacuum cleaner fixed. They're probably afraid they might suddenly be confronted by the woman's despair, afraid they might be overwhelmed by despair themselves.

People say men are "adapting" now. It's hard to know what's really going on. Men try to "adapt" when the situation concerns practical things—I can accept that. But I often don't really know what to think. For example, I have a man friend who does the cooking and the housework. His wife doesn't do anything. She loathes housework and doesn't know the first thing about cooking. And so my friend brings up the children and does the cooking; he washes the floors, does the shopping, makes the beds, sees to all the chores. And on top of all that he works to provide for them all. His wife wanted to be removed from the turmoil and have lovers whenever she felt like it. So she's taken a little house next door to the one her husband lives in with the two children, and he accepts this in order to keep her. Because she's the mother of his children, he accepts everything. He doesn't even suffer anymore. What can you say to that? I personally feel slightly repelled by a man with such a strong sense of duty.

I'm told men often do the rough work and that you often see them in the household section of department stores. I don't even respond to that sort of thing. Rough work is fun for men. To cut down trees after a day at the office isn't work—it's a kind of game. Of course, if you tell a man of ordinary build and average strength what needs doing, he does it. Wash a couple of plates—he does it. Do the shopping—he does it. But he has a terrible tendency to think he's a hero if he goes out and buys some potatoes.

People tell me I exaggerate. They say it all the time. They say I idealize women. Perhaps. Who's to say? Women could do with being idealized a bit.

[Story]

CHARITY

By Mark Richard. Richard included "Charity" in a reading he gave last fall at Gusto House, a performance space in New York City. He is the author of a collection of stories, The Ice at the Bottom of the World, *published by Knopf.*

There was no railing on the bridge. Just a timber-high tire guard. The sedan rode the bridge for an instant, then rolled to rest in the mud below. Undiscovered until dawn, the child broken, the woman dead.

The child waited the charity-ward calendar for someone to claim him, his legs in plaster and braced to his neck. Babble and drool and suppers of boiled oats and soft eggs was Cleft Palate Week. Blind Month was like a party game, uncertain hands shaking the child awake as they groped the side rails of his bed trying to find their own. The child waited Splayed Hip Month, Faceless Weekend, the Undescended Testicle Day. Burn Month was in summer. Children tearing a favorite toy apart and thrashing it to the floor, nuns in the midst of the screaming, first with ointment and ice, then syringes. Even injected, the thrashing and the noises, something like flesh on flesh in the beds, bright reds and whites.

The child made friends with a boy with a tail. The boy stole small things from the covers of the coma children for them to play with. The doctors were going to cut off the boy's tail, the boy said, and when he asked, the nuns told him it would be buried in a cemetery by a priest.

When the boy asked if he would be permitted to attend the funeral the nuns had said no, that his soul was not in his tail.

Then I am going to run away, confided the boy to the broken child, the tail twitching the pants leg it was tucked into.

When it came time for the boy with the tail they caught him by surprise. The nuns lifted him up from his breakfast tray and fastened him into a gown. The broken child waved as they pushed him past on the table with wheels. Later, the boy came back with his tail. What he was missing in his bed were his legs.

You told them! the boy accused the broken child. I am going to kill you, the boy said, his tail still swimming its nervous search of the empty sheets.

I am getting better, the boy with the tail told the broken child in Recovery Row. You'd better not sleep at night.

At night the child watched the boy with the tail's bed. At the doorway to the ward a nun snored across an open book, a flashlight and a teacup in the blue gloom. The child watched an arm rise up quickly and throw from the covers across the way, and then he would feel the scramble of a roach on his face. Hundreds the size of fingers lived in the bedside urinals. The broken child would try to catch the roach before it crawled down into his plaster and nested. Catch! A quick rise and whisper, Catch! until a sweep of flashlight made them still.

Brain Month the boy with the tail ate from the trays around him. I am getting strong, whispered the boy with the tail. I eat everything to make me strong. You better be strong, he told the broken child. You better say your prayers to meet Jesus. Around them brainless arms waved hello and good-bye.

The holiday Christmas was in Reformatory Month. Hourly bed checks at night and stolen clothing. Fistfights in the showers and worse. A fire in the laundry, a nun nearly blinded with a fork. They all loved the boy's tail. They leaned on his bed rails, farmers along a fence, and felt it.

I paid them money to kill you for me, the boy with the tail told the broken child. They are going to get you at night, you snitch, and strangle you and kill you.

You don't have any money, said the broken child, and the boy with the tail opened a fist and showed him a penny.

The missionaries came at Christmas with oranges and little plastic crosses for the children to play with. They gave the broken child an extra orange because the boy with the tail had told them confidentially that the child was not expected to live long.

The Lord claim and protect your soul, the missionaries said.

A lady came to play a flute and showed the children pictures of animals in a book. Look, there's you, they would scream at a child who had a snout like a pig. Look, there's you, they said to a child who looked like an animal with tusks. Look, there's you, they said to a blind child who said, What, what do I look like?

The lady was closing the book and trying to leave when the boy with the tail said, Look, there's me! What is that thing? and the lady looked in the book and said, That is a picture of a monkey. They can climb and hang by their tail. Yes, that's me, that's me, said the boy with the tail.

You weren't even in the book, the boy said to the broken child as the woman fled.

Feed me bananas and peanuts, the boy with the tail told the nuns. I am a monkey. I can hang by my tail. Look at what I can do. The boy went from bed rail to bed rail with his tail. Soon I will learn how to hang from lights and spin from the fan. One night you'll wake up and see me hanging above your bed, he told the broken child. It will be too late for you then. Out the door I'll run away through the trees. No one will ever catch me and nobody will ever care about you.

The broken child begged the nuns to find his mother. She's with Jesus, they kept telling him. The nuns had called the army and found a father for the child. The father raked parade-ground pebbles all day, his mind dimmed by artillery. Call someplace else, the army had told the nuns and had hung up the call.

One night there was noise. The boy with the tail was on the floor. He fell out of bed, the nun told the broken child.

I was coming for you, said the boy with the tail to the child.

When they cut the child out of his plaster it was Extra Limb Month. There were visitors. When they cut the broken child out of his plaster they discovered that his legs had become stiff sticks of long black hair. Interesting, said the visitors before they looked at the boy with the tail.

They made a little cart on casters so the broken child could push himself along in the halls and wait. He would roll to the top of the long hall to charity ward. When he would see the truck with the trays of food coming he would roll down the hall singing, Tray Truck! Tray Truck! He was no longer frightened of the boy with the tail. The boy with the tail had left with the visitors. With the money the visitors gave to the nuns, the nuns bought a grandfather clock. It stands alone in the long hallway down to charity ward. To this day it keeps perfect time. ■

WHAT'S THE WORD FOR...?

Some two thousand years ago, a few inept students of Homer assembled clandestine lists of Greek word translations to assist themselves in their homework. Thus was born the first dictionary. Much later, the English language was catalogued by a number of diligent lexicographers—William Caxton, Samuel Johnson, James Murray. Noah Webster performed a similarly herculean labor for American English.

The very act of listing words sets its own limitations; atomizing the language fixes it in a time and place that almost immediately become outmoded. Language is fluid, slowly cleansing itself of obsolete meanings and introducing new words to make sense of new circumstances and relationships. With the hope of filling the lacunae of today's dictionary, *Harper's Magazine* asked an assortment of English-speakers—politicians, writers, actors, union organizers, musicians, and miscellaneous wordsmiths—to identify those meanings they thought absent from the common lexicon, coin an appropriate neologism, provide an etymology, and offer an example of usage.

acad·e·mate *v* [*academy* + *accommodate*]: To imprison white-collar criminals in resortlike surroundings, a contradictory response containing aspects of both reward and punishment. "The Wall Street broker was *academated* in Florida, where he served two sunburned years at hard tennis." (Bob Shacochis, writer)

aclone *adj* [*alone* + *clone*]: The feeling, akin to loneliness, that comes from being with people who always agree with you and never express original ideas. "At the board meeting, surrounded by two dozen smiling subordinates, Frank felt all *aclone*." (Richard Seltzer, writer)

an·ni·la·tion *n* [*annihilate* + *elation* + *celebration*]: To welcome or celebrate large-scale disaster. "The girls in the apartment complex decided to throw a party in *annilation* of the approaching hurricane." (Bob Shacochis)



annilation

an·ti·sum·mi·tism *n* [*anti-* + *summit* + *-ism*]: An attitude of fixed antagonism, suspicion, or hostility toward gatherings of important national or international political figures; it is often manifested in denunciations in the public press, and in degrees ranging from apparent scorn for summits as follies or public-relations stunts to fear that the summits might bring some real, perhaps dangerous, results. "Drug czar William Bennett's widely quoted remark at the Education Summit ('There was . . . standard Democratic pap. There was standard Republican pap . . .') exemplifies the summit-as-folly form of *antisummitism*." (Albert Shanker, educator)

as·so·hol·ic *n* [*jackass* + *alcoholic*]: A person who behaves habitually and excessively like a jackass; a chronic asshole. "His wife divorced him on the grounds that he was an *assoholic*." (Bob Shacochis)

box·gig·gle *v* [*box*, by association, *gift* + *giggle*]: To use repeated acts of kindness, with the knowledge that they'll never be returned, employed solely to prove over and over again an ex-lover's worthlessness. "His Christmas present to her was the best of ruses—*boxgiggled*, beribboned, and bowed." (Alexander Theroux, novelist)

ca·ca·dem·oid *n* [fr. L *caca* feces + *academe* + *-oid*, fr. Gk *eidos* form or shape]: The lowest creature in higher education; typically, a sexually repressed, humorless, and self-impressed professor or administrator afraid of the real world, incapable of teaching and producing useful research, and hostile to new ideas; found in every kind of academic institution, *cacademoids* love to serve on committees, despise students, and venerate their inferior superiors. "Professor Freddy Cavity claims there are no dialect terms for genitals in American English. What a *cacademoid!*" (Reinhold Aman, editor)

cathy *v* [fr. Gk *katharos* pure, or the attempt to be pure by purgation or sacrifice]: To appease a parent subconsciously, usually by behavior, often by gifts, in order to avoid hating him or her; self-delusion. "She *cathied* her father with gifts the same week he walked out on her mother." (Alexander Theroux)

club·heart·ed *adj* [derived fr. a malady first diagnosed by Groucho Marx when he said he "wouldn't want to belong to any club that would accept me as a member"]: Losing interest in another person once that person has become interested in you. "When Rodney finally began to fall for me, I quickly grew *clubhearted*." (Jonathan Alter, journalist)

co-al·lu·sion *n* [*coalition* + *collusion*, first used by Congressman Roy Weir of Minnesota in the early 1950s to characterize the combination of Republicans and southern Democrats who together acted to obstruct the passage of civil rights legislation]: A hybrid form of cooperation that combines, with proper shading and modification, the meanings of *coalition*, an acceptable political relationship, and *collusion*, a somewhat less respectable kind of cooperation. (Eugene J. McCarthy, former U.S. senator)

com·pu·talk *n* [*computer* + *talk* + *double-talk* + *doublethink*]: Jargon, consisting of computer terms applied to business and human relations, especially in the use of nouns as verbs. "The sentence 'We'll have to interface George before we can implement this new form of architecture' is *computalk* for 'Let's talk to George before using the new order form.'" (Richard Seltzer)

con·vi·vor *n* [fr. L *con* with + *vivere* to live]: A fellow inhabitant of the living world; a fellow survivor of the evolutionary process. "Each species feeds upon the wastes of its *convivors*." (Frederick Turner, professor)

cube *v* [fr. *cubism*, a period of art during which people acted like certain artists]: To imitate someone unconsciously and thereby distort him; to copy someone's behavior in a way that belies your misunderstanding of the person and of yourself. "I don't like being with him because I get the feeling he is always studying me in order to *cube* me later." (Edwin Schlossberg, artist)


elefeign

el·e·feign *v* [*elevator* + *feign*]: To make an insincere gesture of holding open an elevator door for an onrushing passenger. "I saw my boss trying to catch the elevator, so I *elefeigned* him." (Jonathan Alter)

er·nes·ty *n* **ernestine** *adj* [*honesty* + *earnest* + *Er-*

Illustrations by Barry Blitt

nest, from Oscar Wilde's play *The Importance of Being Ernest*]: An attitude that substitutes moral earnestness for honesty. "Many professional persuaders—salespeople, performers, proselytizers, media personalities, politicians—wear the *ernestine* demeanor habitually." "American *ernesty* combines corn-bread sincerity with the presumption of personified virtue; it is compatible with conscious duplicity but innocent of irony. Ronald Reagan and Pete Seeger are pure examples of *ernesty.*" (Joel Agee, writer)

eth·alp·ian *n* [*ethics* + *Alps* + *-ian*]: One who lives on the moral heights or who speaks as if he or she did live there. "*Ethalpians* do well in times of confusion, as they seem to be possessed of certainty and perseverance in cultural matters. Their final reference, however, is to behavior, not to dreams; and their attempts to prove that God is an *ethalpian* always fail, and may be resented *by* God." (Donald Fagen, musician)

eth·i·co·ter·ra·tro·pism *n* [fr. *ethics* + L *terra* earth + *tropism,* to bend toward in search of nourishment]: The tendency to bend toward the moral high ground and to feel its attraction. "*Ethicoterratropism* is manifested deep within subnuclear physics, where an almost imaginary event is said to 'display charm.' The moral high ground is like the quark or the black hole, something no one can see but that we have evidence of by way of its effect on what we can see. Scientists working under a generous grant have discovered the *ethicotropoblast,* a layer of cells, often cancerous, from which the *ethicoterratropist* takes his strange nourishment." (Donald Fagen and George Trow, writer)

Eu·ro·jive *n* [*Euro* + *jive,* defined in Wentworth and Flexner's *Dictionary of American Slang* as "ordinary, tiresome, or misleading talk or actions; anything that should be ignored; boloney; bull"]: Jive in the European tradition of intellectual abstraction often found in educated comments on popular culture. "A university professor's wistful recollection of New York subway graffiti as 'splendid exercises in deconstruction' is an exercise in *Eurojive.* A rock critic's comparison of the Fine Young Cannibals' rhythms to those of Richard Strauss in *Die Frau ohne Schatten* is jiving *à l'Europe.* Theodor Adorno's impenetrably erudite critique of jazz, a subject he knew nothing about, is unadulterated *Eurojive* at its most pompous." (Joel Agee)

fa·cho *adj* [*female* + *macho*]: Applied to a woman; characterized by vainglorious physical daring, compulsive vigor, disregard for pain, eagerness to appear as strong and reckless as any male. "She was so *facho* she skied the steep chutes all day without an avalanche beeper; that night she drank them all under the table; next morning at the campfire, she turned the bacon with her fingers." (David Quammen, writer)

flu·sion *n* [*film* + *allusion* + *confusion*]: A modern form of malapropism in which the speaker alludes to a film or television show without being familiar with the book or historical event upon which the film or show is based or the time period or area of the world in which it is set. This also includes confusing Hollywood portrayals with historical fact. "Did you hear Mary's latest *flusion*? She thinks Hal Holbrook was president sometime between Lincoln and Reagan." (Richard Seltzer)

fore·shrewd·ness *n* [*fore* + *shrewd* + *-ness*]: A form of politic behavior that requires one to decide before thinking. "The editors of *The New York* ____ *of* ____ prevent it from being a serious organ of thought because of excessive *foreshrewdness.*" (Harold Brodkey, writer)

fu·si·fix *v* **fusifixation** *n* [fr. L *fusus* spindle + *fix*]: To be able to gauge a person's real attitude toward you by considering only the movement in his face; implies ignoring speech. "Ali *fusifixed* the Hindu judge's face and knew he was doomed to the gallows." (Alexander Theroux)

ga·lub·cious *adj* [*glorious* + *lub* + *luscious*]: The sensation of the tongue wrapping itself around the first mouthful of a chocolate dessert covered with whipped cream. (Katharine Hepburn, actress)

gri·nace *n* [*grin* + *grimace*]: A facial expression of an open and turned-up mouth that is reminiscent initially of a frozen grin and a gape; a response, invariably, to a certain limited social predicament in which one party expresses a sentiment utterly contrary to that held by a second party in the belief that the second party will be in complete accord; the second party, embarrassed *for* the first, and amused to find himself so misjudged, begins to grin, confirming in the unwitting mind of the first party the assumed congruence of sentiment, which perceived complicity freezes the second party in a painful, fixed, open smile; the second party at this point will shake his head slightly, partly to convey his incredulity at the gall of the first party and partly to attempt to relax his face; which headshaking the first party will mistake for the second's incredulity at how *right* the first party is in his monstrous sentiment. "A provincial father asks his son, home from college his first Thanksgiving, 'You still dating that hebe?' Before his son can compose his freshman Ciceronian denouncement of anti-Semitism, the father says, 'Well?' The son begins the helpless smile that forms the *grinace.*" "Steve, a young writer, says to Don, an established writer, that Ann, a middle-rung writer who is a favorite of Don's (a fact that should be known to Steve), 'can't write for shit.' In fact, of

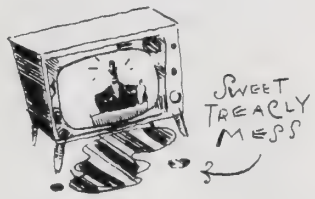


grinace

acad·e·mate *n* [*academe* + *mate*]: Steve is the one who can't write for prison wh[illegible] embarrassed for him and amused to be roundmouthed to concur with the absurd opinion, beaspect[illegible] the incredulous grin that freezes with his Wallout! open and his head shaking ever so slightly, wh[illegible]and Steve, confirmed by this as a sign of accord, r[illegible]re[illegible]firms: 'Am I right or *what*?'" Invariably, if the [illegible] *macing* party is capable of speech, the only word he can utter is the name of the offending party: "'Well, you going with the hebe or *what*?' 'Dad . . . ?'" "'Am I right? Ann can't write *doodlysquat*!' 'Steve . . . ?'" (Padgett Powell, writer)

hand·i·lin·gual *adj* [*hand* + *lingual*]: Able to speak to others only while touching them with one or both hands. "I'm glad you warned me; I didn't know Bob was *handilingual*." (Frank Gannon, writer)

hathos *n* [*hate* + *happy* + *pathos* + *bathos* + *lachrymose*]: A pleasurable sense of loathing, or a loathing sense of pleasure, aroused by the schmaltzy, falsely sincere, maudlin, self-congratulatory, or politically outspoken performances and/or offstage statements of certain celebrities. "Hearing the audience applaud when Dr. Joyce Brothers told Merv Griffin that, aside from being a brilliant comedienne, Charo 'is a genius on the classical guitar' filled Ned with *hathos*." (Alex Heard, journalist)



hathos

heb·do·ma·ti·tism *n* [fr. Gk *hebdomas* week + *-itis* suffix indicating inflammation + *-ism*]: The disease of the week; a medical problem commanding headlines, soon to be displaced by the next. By extension, any currently hot problem to be forgotten rather than resolved. "Last year's *hebdomatitism* was herpes. Ever read about a cure for it? Do you suppose there's any less of it going around? What happened to the children born to parents who crippled their chromosomes with LSD? Does swordfish still contain mercury? Are you eating it again? Did we ever declare victory in the War on Poverty? Can Johnny read yet? Did anyone defuse the Population Bomb?" (Albert Shanker)

hec·tic·ity *n* [*hectic* + *-ity*]: A state of disarray, of high and frenetic demand, or of superheated activity. "The *hecticity* of his daily routine in the trading room brought on a nervous collapse." (William F. Buckley Jr., journalist)

hind·ser *n* [*hindsight* + *answer*]: The appropriate response or rejoinder, witty or argumentative, that comes too late; the precise phrase one should have used but did not under stress. "In *hindser* he was eloquent but was tongue-tied in her presence." (Nicholas Delbanco, writer)

hos·pi·til·ity *n* [*hospitality* + *hostility*]: Sadistic entertaining; the inviting of guests with the intention, whether expressed or unconscious, of making them miserable. Crude public manifestations include the celebrity roast and *The Morton Downey Jr. Show*. More sophisticated and more private versions exist. Among the most subtle is that variation on competitive gourmet cooking in which the host makes it clear that he or she has been put to exhausting trouble to entertain people who are perhaps insufficiently appreciative of the effort involved; the crowning touch is provided by the food (served as unbearably late as possible, short of actual starvation) being truly awful. (Albert Shanker)

hys·te·ri·poop *n* [*hysteria* + *poop*]: Hot news of no importance; e.g., "The mice in my summer house seem to have gotten bigger this year, Harold." (Harold Brodkey)

ia·coc·tion *n* [fr. eponymous hero Lee *Iacocca* of the Chrysler Corporation]: An arrangement by which, in the name of free enterprise and private capitalism, a corporation is sustained by a combination of massive government loans, arrogance, hype, and the tolerance of competing companies. (Eugene J. McCarthy)

in·curse *v* [back formation fr. *incursion*, as used by the Nixon administration to describe the invasion of Cambodia]: An *incursion* is more of a happening, an existential act, carrying no responsibility; without using the verb to *incurse* in the active voice, responsibility is not fixed nor is there a way out, as there is in the case of an invasion. (Eugene J. McCarthy)

in·dig·ni·tary *n* [*indignity* + *dignitary*]: A high official treated with the respect ordinarily accorded a lower one. *Indignitaries* include the ambassadors who got the second-best seats on opening night at the Opéra during the French Revolution Bicentennial celebration, the defunct heads of state who didn't even get Dan Quayle at their funerals, or the U.S. cabinet member who was addressed as "Mr. Mayor" by the then president. (Albert Shanker)

in·fa·tal·ity *n* [*fatality* + *infidelity*]: In the face of sexual temptation, the conviction that no fear of consequences can arrest it. "Wife, children, and reputation barely flickered at the edge of his consciousness as he gazed at her in a rising flood of *infatality*." (Harry Mathews, writer)

in·ter·face·lift *n* [*interface* + *face-lift*]: Attendance at a seminar on interpersonal communication and human interaction. "Jack, you have gotten so involved in this software project that I don't think you have said hello to anyone in months. I would say it's time you had an *interfacelift*." (Richard Seltzer)

in·to·lyte *n* [*interest* + *acolyte*]: A person who has a seemingly religious interest in things that almost everyone else considers furniture; first used in association with rock music but then transferred to unrelated objects. "He is a videodisc *intolyte*." "I

am an *intolyte* of Tofutti." (Edwin Schlossberg)

in·tri·cate *v* [*interest* + *implicate*]: To interest, intrigue, involve, and thus to implicate; to draw another person into a situation to a point at which he or she is inextricably enmeshed. "To *intricate* is to enlist a skeptical recruit in a good cause, although Machiavelli might have found quite a different employment for it." (Elliot Richardson, lawyer)

mal·e·dic·ta·pho·bia *n* [fr. L *mal-* bad + *dicta* words + Gk *phobos* fear]: The excessive, unreasonable, or childish fear of so-called bad words (including insults, slurs, curses; vulgar, profane, or obscene words) afflicting most editors, publishers, journalists, book reviewers, popular-word gurus, professors, religious fundamentalists, and similar immature minds. "Even now, despite the retirement of the pure-minded Abe Rosenthal, the editorial staff at the *New York Times* is still suffering from acute *maledictaphobia.*" (Reinhold Aman)

mas·sa·fy *v* **massafication** *n* [fr. U.S. southern and West Indian *massa* master]: To imitate the abuses of a master; as a victim, to replicate the deeds and/or sensibilities of one's victimizer. The inversion of empowerment between the haves and the have-nots of a place, culture, or nation in which the formerly oppressed and downtrodden behave in a manner indistinguishable from (or worse than) the behavior of their former oppressors. *Massafication* occurs in a society with few or no democratic traditions, or in the absence of any pattern of power sharing (such as the racial groups in the United States). Regardless of the method of enfranchisement—violent upheaval, colonial retreat, attrition, dissipation, or the deliberate "gift" of office (as, say, in the case of Samuel Pierce, secretary of HUD in the Reagan administration)—the sociopolitical intention of the inversion is reform, but the actual outcome is a steady continuation or intensification of abuse and exploitation. For the majority of subjects within the system, nothing appears changed other than the face and *tone* of power—a weary, imperial self-consciousness replaced by a vigorous, indigenous self-righteousness. In effect, when old masters acquiesce, new masters rise from within the underclass, implying that power corrupts even those who have for generations been painfully sensitized to the consequences of injustice, arrogance, inequality, and avarice. Massafication also implies that revolutionary ideology—the politics of reform—is not as potent as, or an antidote to, the shortcomings of human nature, and that a ruling class is a ruling class is a ruling class. "After the downfall of Somoza, *massafication* among the Sandinista elite made North American liberals uneasy in their support of the new regime." "Within a short time, Joseph Albritton had *massafied* his appointment as minister of labor

of the new independent state by purchasing a Daimler limousine and a posh residence in the suburbs of the capital. His former comrades forgave him this display of privilege and luxury, telling themselves that 'to the victor go the spoils.'" (Bob Shacochis)

maunch *n* [*mouth* + *munch* + *moan* + *raunch* + *morning* + *yawn*]: The taste in one's mouth after waking from a long night's sleep and prior to rinsing; especially the residue of a celebratory excess. "Hattie said, 'My mouth feels like the bottom of a bird cage. *Maunch.* Can I borrow your toothbrush?'" (Nicholas Delbanco)

me·di·o·phil·ia *n* [fr. L *medius* middle + Gk *philia* love]: The desire to be, or pleasure in being, less outstanding than another. "Vice President Dan Quayle said he is proud of his *mediophilia* 'because I'm just a country boy, I mean, the country isn't the city, the country is out there on the other side of the city, you're really in it when you're out there in the country, I believe in this country.'" (Todd Gitlin, writer)

mi·cro·mil·ken *n* [fr. Gk *mikros* small + eponymous hero Michael *Milken*]: Unit of income equal to $550, one millionth of a milken. "The *micromilken,* a unit somewhat larger than the annual per capita income of most of the world's population, is one millionth of the salary that Michael Milken, American leveraged-buyout specialist, received in 1987 for his assistance in converting large amounts of equity into even larger amounts of debt. Used because the parent unit, the milken, is inconveniently gross for ordinary purposes. The milken has about the same absolute value as the Stealth bomber. For purposes of comparison: The salary of the president of the United States is 364 *micro-milkens;* in 1984, the budget of the Republic of Iceland (pop. 200,000) was just about one and a half milkens." (Paul Bickart, environmental chemist)



micromilken

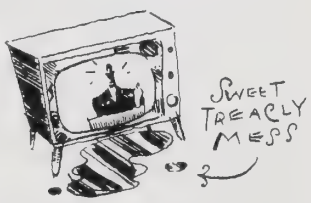
mono·math *n* [by association with *polymath*]: A person with an exhaustive knowledge of a single, often utterly trivial, subject, but who knows absolutely nothing about anything else; e.g., a teenage girl who believes that all of human history is explained by the music of Jon Bon Jovi. (L. J. Davis, journalist)

new·york·er *n* (fr. *The New Yorker,* a magazine that regularly practices the following): An umlaut added to compound words, such as deëmphasize and reënlist, to indicate provisional acceptance of their conjunction; any excessively fussy *mise on page;* and by extension, such items as bows on lapdogs or white lights on trees. (Richard Rhodes, writer)

the three, Steve is the one who can't write for shit. Don, embarrassed for him and amused to be expected to concur with the absurd opinion, begins the incredulous grin that freezes with his mouth open and his head shaking ever so slightly, and Steve, confirmed by this as a sign of accord, reaffirms: 'Am I right or *what*?'" Invariably, if the *grinacing* party is capable of speech, the only word he can utter is the name of the offending party: "'Well, you going with the hebe or *what*?' 'Dad . . . ?'" "'Am I right? Ann can't write *doodlysquat*!' 'Steve . . . ?'" (Padgett Powell, writer)

hand·i·lin·gual *adj* [*hand* + *lingual*]: Able to speak to others only while touching them with one or both hands. "I'm glad you warned me; I didn't know Bob was *handilingual*." (Frank Gannon, writer)

hathos *n* [*hate* + *happy* + *pathos* + *bathos* + *lachrymose*]: A pleasurable sense of loathing, or a loathing sense of pleasure, aroused by the schmaltzy, falsely sincere, maudlin, self-congratulatory, or politically outspoken performances and/or offstage statements of certain celebrities. "Hearing the audience applaud when Dr. Joyce Brothers told Merv Griffin that, aside from being a brilliant comedienne, Charo 'is a genius on the classical guitar' filled Ned with *hathos*." (Alex Heard, journalist)



hathos

heb·do·ma·ti·tism *n* [fr. Gk *hebdomas* week + *-itis* suffix indicating inflammation + *-ism*]: The disease of the week; a medical problem commanding headlines, soon to be displaced by the next. By extension, any currently hot problem to be forgotten rather than resolved. "Last year's *hebdomatitism* was herpes. Ever read about a cure for it? Do you suppose there's any less of it going around? What happened to the children born to parents who crippled their chromosomes with LSD? Does swordfish still contain mercury? Are you eating it again? Did we ever declare victory in the War on Poverty? Can Johnny read yet? Did anyone defuse the Population Bomb?" (Albert Shanker)

hec·tic·ity *n* [*hectic* + *-ity*]: A state of disarray, of high and frenetic demand, or of superheated activity. "The *hecticity* of his daily routine in the trading room brought on a nervous collapse." (William F. Buckley Jr., journalist)

hind·ser *n* [*hindsight* + *answer*]: The appropriate response or rejoinder, witty or argumentative, that comes too late; the precise phrase one should have used but did not under stress. "In *hindser* he was eloquent but was tongue-tied in her presence." (Nicholas Delbanco, writer)

hos·pi·til·ity *n* [*hospitality* + *hostility*]: Sadistic entertaining; the inviting of guests with the intention, whether expressed or unconscious, of making them miserable. Crude public manifestations include the celebrity roast and *The Morton Downey Jr. Show*. More sophisticated and more private versions exist. Among the most subtle is that variation on competitive gourmet cooking in which the host makes it clear that he or she has been put to exhausting trouble to entertain people who are perhaps insufficiently appreciative of the effort involved; the crowning touch is provided by the food (served as unbearably late as possible, short of actual starvation) being truly awful. (Albert Shanker)

hys·te·ri·poop *n* [*hysteria* + *poop*]: Hot news of no importance; e.g., "The mice in my summer house seem to have gotten bigger this year, Harold." (Harold Brodkey)

ia·coc·tion *n* [fr. eponymous hero Lee *Iacocca* of the Chrysler Corporation]: An arrangement by which, in the name of free enterprise and private capitalism, a corporation is sustained by a combination of massive government loans, arrogance, hype, and the tolerance of competing companies. (Eugene J. McCarthy)

in·curse *v* [back formation fr. *incursion*, as used by the Nixon administration to describe the invasion of Cambodia]: An *incursion* is more of a happening, an existential act, carrying no responsibility; without using the verb to *incurse* in the active voice, responsibility is not fixed nor is there a way out, as there is in the case of an invasion. (Eugene J. McCarthy)

in·dig·ni·tary *n* [*indignity* + *dignitary*]: A high official treated with the respect ordinarily accorded a lower one. *Indignitaries* include the ambassadors who got the second-best seats on opening night at the Opéra during the French Revolution Bicentennial celebration, the defunct heads of state who didn't even get Dan Quayle at their funerals, or the U.S. cabinet member who was addressed as "Mr. Mayor" by the then president. (Albert Shanker)

in·fa·tal·ity *n* [*fatality* + *infidelity*]: In the face of sexual temptation, the conviction that no fear of consequences can arrest it. "Wife, children, and reputation barely flickered at the edge of his consciousness as he gazed at her in a rising flood of *infatality*." (Harry Mathews, writer)

in·ter·face·lift *n* [*interface* + *face-lift*]: Attendance at a seminar on interpersonal communication and human interaction. "Jack, you have gotten so involved in this software project that I don't think you have said hello to anyone in months. I would say it's time you had an *interfacelift*." (Richard Seltzer)

in·to·lyte *n* [*interest* + *acolyte*]: A person who has a seemingly religious interest in things that almost everyone else considers furniture; first used in association with rock music but then transferred to unrelated objects. "He is a videodisc *intolyte*." "I

am an *intolyte* of Tofutti." (Edwin Schlossberg)

in·tri·cate *v* [*interest* + *implicate*]: To interest, intrigue, involve, and thus to implicate; to draw another person into a situation to a point at which he or she is inextricably enmeshed. "To *intricate* is to enlist a skeptical recruit in a good cause, although Machiavelli might have found quite a different employment for it." (Elliot Richardson, lawyer)

mal·e·dic·ta·pho·bia *n* [fr. L *mal-* bad + *dicta* words + Gk *phobos* fear]: The excessive, unreasonable, or childish fear of so-called bad words (including insults, slurs, curses; vulgar, profane, or obscene words) afflicting most editors, publishers, journalists, book reviewers, popular-word gurus, professors, religious fundamentalists, and similar immature minds."Even now, despite the retirement of the pure-minded Abe Rosenthal, the editorial staff at the *New York Times* is still suffering from acute *maledictaphobia.*" (Reinhold Aman)

mas·sa·fy *v* **massafication** *n* [fr. U.S. southern and West Indian *massa* master]: To imitate the abuses of a master; as a victim, to replicate the deeds and/or sensibilities of one's victimizer. The inversion of empowerment between the haves and the have-nots of a place, culture, or nation in which the formerly oppressed and downtrodden behave in a manner indistinguishable from (or worse than) the behavior of their former oppressors. *Massafication* occurs in a society with few or no democratic traditions, or in the absence of any pattern of power sharing (such as the racial groups in the United States). Regardless of the method of enfranchisement—violent upheaval, colonial retreat, attrition, dissipation, or the deliberate "gift" of office (as, say, in the case of Samuel Pierce, secretary of HUD in the Reagan administration)—the sociopolitical intention of the inversion is reform, but the actual outcome is a steady continuation or intensification of abuse and exploitation. For the majority of subjects within the system, nothing appears changed other than the face and *tone* of power—a weary, imperial self-consciousness replaced by a vigorous, indigenous self-righteousness. In effect, when old masters acquiesce, new masters rise from within the underclass, implying that power corrupts even those who have for generations been painfully sensitized to the consequences of injustice, arrogance, inequality, and avarice. Massafication also implies that revolutionary ideology—the politics of reform—is not as potent as, or an antidote to, the shortcomings of human nature, and that a ruling class is a ruling class is a ruling class. "After the downfall of Somoza, *massafication* among the Sandinista elite made North American liberals uneasy in their support of the new regime." "Within a short time, Joseph Albritton had *massafied* his appointment as minister of labor

of the new independent state by purchasing a Daimler limousine and a posh residence in the suburbs of the capital. His former comrades forgave him this display of privilege and luxury, telling themselves that 'to the victor go the spoils.'" (Bob Shacochis)

maunch *n* [*mouth* + *munch* + *moan* + *raunch* + *morning* + *yawn*]: The taste in one's mouth after waking from a long night's sleep and prior to rinsing; especially the residue of a celebratory excess. "Hattie said, 'My mouth feels like the bottom of a bird cage. *Maunch.* Can I borrow your toothbrush?'" (Nicholas Delbanco)

me·di·o·phil·ia *n* [fr. L *medius* middle + Gk *philia* love]: The desire to be, or pleasure in being, less outstanding than another. "Vice President Dan Quayle said he is proud of his *mediophilia* 'because I'm just a country boy, I mean, the country isn't the city, the country is out there on the other side of the city, you're really in it when you're out there in the country, I believe in this country.'" (Todd Gitlin, writer)

mi·cro·mil·ken *n* [fr. Gk *mikros* small + eponymous hero Michael *Milken*]: Unit of income equal to $550, one millionth of a milken. "The *micromilken,* a unit somewhat larger than the annual per capita income of most of the world's population, is one millionth of the salary that Michael Milken, American leveraged-buyout specialist, received in 1987 for his assistance in converting large amounts of equity into even larger amounts of debt. Used because the parent unit, the milken, is inconveniently gross for ordinary purposes. The milken has about the same absolute value as the Stealth bomber. For purposes of comparison: The salary of the president of the United States is 364 *micro-milkens;* in 1984, the budget of the Republic of Iceland (pop. 200,000) was just about one and a half milkens." (Paul Bickart, environmental chemist)



micromilken

mono·math *n* [by association with *polymath*]: A person with an exhaustive knowledge of a single, often utterly trivial, subject, but who knows absolutely nothing about anything else; e.g., a teenage girl who believes that all of human history is explained by the music of Jon Bon Jovi. (L. J. Davis, journalist)

new·york·er *n* (fr. *The New Yorker,* a magazine that regularly practices the following): An umlaut added to compound words, such as deëmphasize and reënlist, to indicate provisional acceptance of their conjunction; any excessively fussy *mise on page;* and by extension, such items as bows on lapdogs or white lights on trees. (Richard Rhodes, writer)

panx·i·ety *n* [*panic* + *anxiety*]: Uneasy thoughts or fears about present or future misfortune, but heightened and uncontrollable; the panic engendered by worry; the condition of angst in a crowd; mass hysteria. "*Panxiety* became the order of the day; misrule was everywhere, and screaming in the streets." (Nicholas Delbanco)

pax·o·pho·bia *n* [fr. L *pax* peace + Gk *phobos* fear]: Fear of peace. "Readers of *Conservative Digest* who heard the President declare the Cold War to be 'over' gnashed their teeth in a reflex action understood by prominent physicians to be a symptom of *paxophobia.*" (Todd Gitlin)

phar·i·sant *n* [*pharisee* + *ant*): An insectlike person who is strangely convinced that his participation in a close-knit social unit gives him authority over modernity. "*Pharisants* insist on their right to swarm, and they never understand what they destroy." (George Trow)

ric·tory: *n* [origin obscure]: The feeling when doing a favor for someone, along with the reflected glory of being a provider, of the admiration owed you by its recipient; smugness at the heart of rectitude. "Oh, *rictory!* Virtue and vice alike!" (Alexander Theroux)

rock·u·lism *n* [*rock,* from Nelson Rockefeller, known for his campaign greeting, "Hiya, fellas" + L *populus* people + *-ism*]: The adoption of popular speech for purposes of increasing one's political popularity. "President Bush, accused of *rockulism,* said, 'Gee, sticks and stones, guys.'" (Todd Gitlin)

safe·slide *v* [*safe* + baseball term *slide*]: To keep a low profile, especially in business. "Those numbers look too good. Wouldn't you rather be *safe-sliding?*" (Richard Seltzer)

scha·den·scha·den *n* [by analogy with G *Schadenfreude* joy in another's suffering]: A feeling of helplessness, despair, or panic inspired by suffering in someone else. "I watched her crying and saw she needed help, but *schadenschaden* got the better of me and I just stood there waiting and feeling miserable." (Harry Mathews)

scoosh *prep* [Early Modern F *s'accouche* go give birth to yourself]: And a fig for the farfetched fulminations of; though I do not doubt the reverse will be maintained with a baldfaced insistence by. Synonyms: *Pace, despite, regardless of, notwithstanding, maugre,* and *scoosh* are all used, in debate or argumentation, to assert or acknowledge divergence or disagreement with a specific adversary or opposed authority, with different degrees of politeness, of respect, of vehemence, of contempt. *Pace* (note the dissyllabic pseudo-Latin pronunciation) is the most courtly and concessive. *Despite* is curt but not incourteous. *Regardless of* may be a shade more dismissive. *Notwithstanding* expresses no animus but a firm conviction and no concession to the opponent's claims. *Maugre* suggests even greater adamancy, but the very antiqueness of the word softens the aura, bespeaking merely the shared exuberance of sharp badinage among peers. *Scoosh,* however, disdains politeness and looks daggers, as in "Let my opponent rant; let him have a pup." "There *is* an American way, and it works. We spend ourselves silly and get rich on the wreckage, *scoosh* Galbraith and Friedman and all their panicky ilk." "Nobody doesn't love babies, *scoosh* Henry Hyde." (George Starbuck, poet)

she·ro *n* [*she* + *hero*]: A valiant woman, overreaching, death-dealing, and capable of multiple transformations. "The *shero* makes choices in order to define herself; she forms her world and lives at its center." *See* FACHO. (Sallie Bingham, journalist)

shile *n* [*shit* + *vile*]: The misuse, by a mediocrity, of the democratic importance of being trivial, second-rate, and typical in a mass society, especially the magisterial mien and tone of an important nonentity; a ferocious, shrill, stupid, hard-nosed, factional, and dull person. "The reputation of the literary critic James W____ has been secured by his being the honey *shile* of journalistic review." (Harold Brodkey)

skif-skaf *n* [onomatopoeic]: The sound of money being sorted by a financial institution's automated-teller machine, which usually heralds that the machine will deign to dispense currency at the request of a depositor; the euphoria that accompanies the discovery that one has been found creditworthy by a computer chip; the emotional lift that comes at the conclusion of any successful business transaction with a computer. "We call *skif-skaf* and Christmas sleigh bells the sweetest sounds in the world, according to a telephone survey of seventeen adult Americans." "'Like Bolivian marching powder, frequently indulging in the narcotic highs of pure *skif-skaf* demands an ample bank account,' said Jay McInerney." (Walter Shapiro, journalist)



slope

slope: *v* [origin obscure]: To slip out of a room while keeping a low profile, used in uncomfortable social situations. "I pretended to go for another drink, then *sloped.*" (Alexander Theroux)

spec·to·cloa·ca·pho·bia *n* [*spectacles* + L *cloaca* sewer + Gk *phobos* fear]: The irrational fear, physiologically specific to males, that one's eyeglasses are in danger of falling down the hole of a Portosan while one is attending an outdoor festival, house tour, or rustic concert. (L. J. Davis)

sprag *v* [Pennsylvania mining term; while riding on a coal car, to drag one's heavy boots along the rough floor of a mine in order to slow and eventually to stop the car's movement; later, while lying

prone on a sled on a downhill run, in snow, to use one's boots to slow down or to turn the sled, as before sliding out into an intersection at the bottom of the hill]: To perform any foot-dragging maneuver to delay a swiftly moving process, or to set up a countermovement, in case a course of action already begun needs suddenly to be aborted or to be turned sharply in a variant direction. (Michael Novak, professor of religion)

thor·syn·drome *n* [fr. *Thor,* Norse god of thunder, who was known for his hammer, Mjolnir, and his quick temper but not for his intellectual capacity + *syndrome*]: Overenchantment with a single tool; fixation on a single approach to a spectrum of problems. "*Thorsyndrome* is evident in the following sentences: When your only tool is a hammer, everything looks like a nail. You can use your spreadsheet program as a word processor, but a penciled note taped to the refrigerator may be more effective. You can send the army to Bolivia to solve the drug epidemic because the military approach worked in Grenada, didn't it? You can amend the Constitution to ban abortion, balance the budget, stop flag burning, and forbid dial-a-porn because Prohibition made liquor illegal, didn't it? You can kill a fly with a hammer, but you better not care about what the fly is sitting on." (Paul Bickart)

trip·i·da·tion *n* [*trepidation* + *trip*]: Travel anxiety. "He had such a bad case of *tripidation* that he reached the station three hours before departure time." (Harry Mathews)

trist *n* **tristy** *adj* [F *triste* sad]: Mild to severe depression induced by light deprivation as days shorten in temperate-zone winter (technically, SADS: Seasonal Affective Disorder Syndrome). *Trist* particularly affects residents of the northeastern United States, increasing the hostility of drivers at urban intersections and darkening the worldview of intellectuals. (Richard Rhodes)

trum·pery *n* [existing word meaning something without use or value, and by association with eponymous hero Donald *Trump*]: Self-advertising; the blazoning of one's name on hotels, casinos, and airliners; commercial graffiti. E.g., Dr. Armand Hammer, the Occidental Petroleum billionaire and self-described friend of V.I. Lenin, tried without success to purchase the Church & Dwight Company, makers of Arm & Hammer baking soda. Amos wasn't famous until Famous Amos cookies made him famous. John De Lorean might have been better off if he hadn't named the car after himself. *Nothing* could have saved the Edsel. "In a display of unrelieved *trumpery,* billionaire Donald Trump sued a credit-card company for using Trump Card as a trademark." (Albert Shanker)

un·an·i·mal *n* and *adj* [fr. G *Untier* unanimal or non-animal, which means monster, violation of nature]: A being who does great damage because

of an inability to respond, understand, or resonate to the chastity and reason given in animal nature. Those forces and behaviors that we so often mistakenly call animal, as when we say that bureaucrats or brokers or mobs are behaving like animals. "No one ever saw an animal manipulate the stock market, run a scam on widows and orphans, or make the world safe for democracy (or for communism) and no one ever will. Crooked, sleazy behavior in the political, economic, demagogical, and academic worlds is *unanimal.*" (Vicki Hearne, writer)

va·ca·noia *n* [*vacation* + *paranoia*]: The mental state created when one is in one's vehicle headed for vacation and someone else in the car asks whether anyone turned off the stove or oven. "I'm overwhelmed with *vacanoia,* Marge. I'm going to have to go back and check." (Frank Gannon)

vex·il·lol·a·try *n* [fr. L *vexillum* flag + Gk *latreia* worship that may be offered to the gods]: Flag worship. "*Vexillolatry* is a religion publicly adhered to by many but privately practiced by even fewer than is Christianity." (Paul Bickart)

walk·ie *n* [*walkie-talkie;* first used in the early 1950s in association with people who would buy *one* walkie-talkie]: Someone who buys equipment without having a use for it. "That guy is a total *walkie.*" (Edwin Schlossberg)

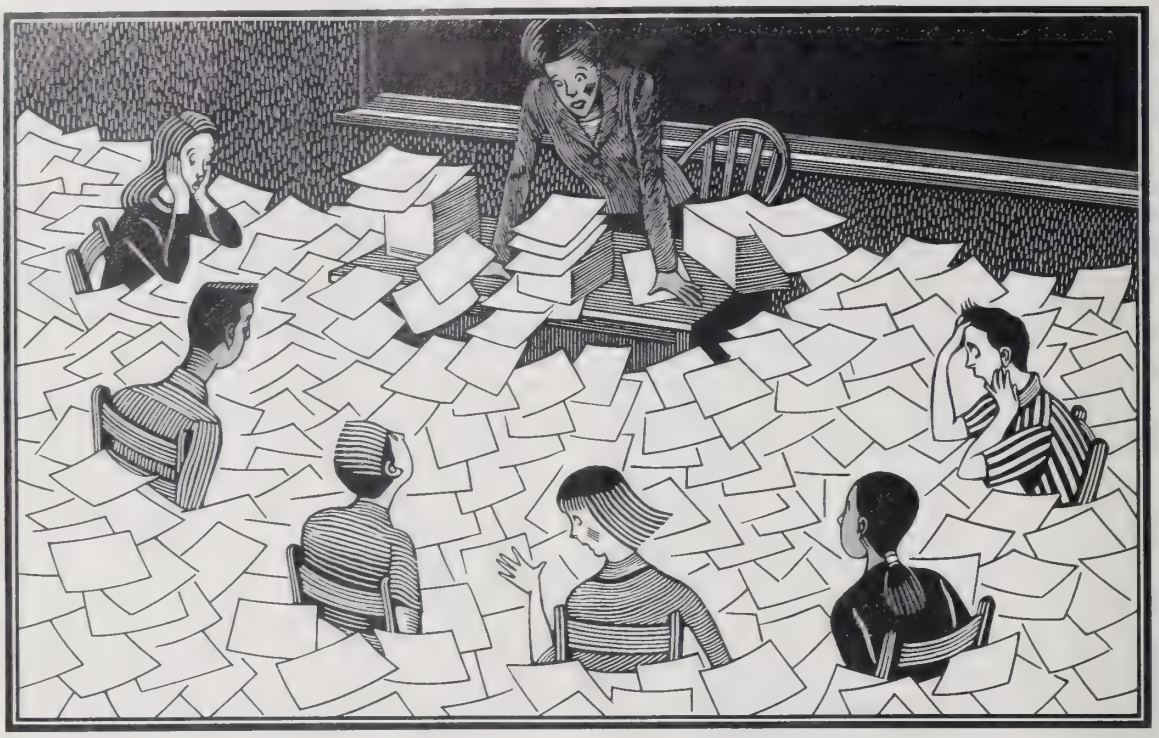
wall·poo·dle *n* [origin obscure]: A person inordinately—but secretly—fascinated with the interior decoration of other people's houses. "That bidet was a *wallpoodle's* delight." (Alexander Theroux)

wil·lie pep *n* [fr. eponymous hero *Willie Pep* b. 1922, professional prizefighter]: The act of two people attempting to go in opposite directions who wind up blocking each other's path by spontaneously moving back and forth rapidly, but always remaining directly in front of the other person. "I'm sorry I'm late. I had a *willie pep* with a guy in the hall." (Frank Gannon)



willie pep

wom·an·ist *n* [by association with *womanish;* opp. of girlish; i.e., frivolous, irresponsible, not serious]: A feminist of color. From the black folk expression of mothers to female children, "You acting womanish"; i.e., like a woman. Usually referring to outrageous, audacious, courageous, or willful behavior. Wanting to know more and in greater depth than is considered good for one. Interested in grown-up doings. Acting grown-up. Being grown-up. Interchangeable with another black folk expression: "You trying to be grown." Responsible. In charge. Serious. *See* SHERO. (Alice Walker, novelist) ■



No More Reports. No More Speeches.

It seems nearly every day the government releases another report on the state of the nation's schools. Or a politician makes another speech about what's wrong with American education.

A lot has been written and said about education because our economic future—both at home and abroad —depends on how well we educate our children. And that requires the commitment of teachers, parents, administrators, and government officials.

But we need more than words. We need the active support of every concerned American who wants to help our country regain its preeminence in the world economy.

For some that means a lifelong commitment. For others, it means a letter, a phone call or a vote. For all of us, it means a rededication to the value and importance of education in America.

We must all get involved and make education our top priority.

So please, no more reports, no more speeches. We need action.

Get Smart, America. Invest in Education.

nea

National Education Association, 1201 16th St. NW, Washington, D.C. 20036

THE REHUMANIZATION OF THE HEART

What doctors have forgotten, poets have always known

By Charles Siebert

On a cold February morning twelve years ago, a doctor told me that my heart was "just a pump." I was twenty-two at the time and convinced I was dying of heart failure. After I had made three late-night visits to the emergency room in the same week for what this doctor had determined to be mere anxiety attacks, he dragged me into his office and explained that he did have other patients with serious problems. He then picked up the plastic desktop model of a human heart before him and, with his pencil, poked at the various chambers and valves—atrium, ventricle, mitral, and tricuspid. "You see," he said, "a very efficient pump."

I'd been told this before, of course. The idea had been hammered home in grade-school science movies and in books of amazing body facts: "Your heart is a powerful pump, beating 3,200,000,000 times in an average life span." And I've heard it many times since, often from people with their own stories of heart paranoia—stories that almost invariably end with some physician uttering the line about the pump.

Heart hypochondria—a sudden, all-consuming awareness and fear of the very muscle that moves each of us, tentatively, from one breath to the next—is a fairly common phenomenon today, especially among my contemporaries, for whom that first late-night dash to the emergency room because of a skipped beat or a bad bout of indigestion is a kind of rite of passage, a first, close encounter with mortality. The consensus among physicians has for some time been that the best way to cure this fear for one's heart is to instruct patients to look at the heart mechanically, technically—to, in a sense, dehumanize it. If the heart's a pump, there is nothing to worry about. We make those. They're simple, long-lasting, and easily repaired—even replaced, at least in part—when broken.

Once, I was willing to accept this as a gross oversimplification, the line fed to anxious patients by knowledgeable professionals whose job it is, after all, to mend and medicate hearts, not poeticize them. I've since come to the frightening conclusion that many of our heart specialists actually believe what they are saying—that their greater scientific knowledge of the

Charles Siebert's poems have appeared in The New Yorker *and other publications.*

We may be suffering a kind of metaphysical heart attack—pained by the weakening of long-held notions of the heart as the home of the soul and the seat of deep emotions

heart had led to a diminished appreciation of the heart's subtleties and its spiritual significance.

That heart hypochondriacs have been rushing to their offices or emergency rooms in record numbers, as cardiologists have told me, is due partly, no doubt, to the increased knowledge among doctors and medical researchers of the heart's functions and malfunctions, which, in turn, has created a kind of half or shadow knowledge among the lay population. (Hypochondriacs are notorious for knowing only enough about the source of their fears as they need to perpetuate them.) With a steady barrage of information about the threats and causes of heart attacks—too much cholesterol, too little exercise—being absorbed by an increasingly idle world of office workers shut up all day in sheer, hushed towers with little more than the sound of their own heartbeats, it is small wonder that more and more of us are rushing to hospitals with the first phantom chest pain.

But I think that this increased cardiac paranoia is something more, a subconscious rebellion against the demystification of the heart, the reduction of a once profound source of mystery and misgiving to a mere machine. In response to this medical reductionism, we may be suffering a kind of collective heart attack, a modern metaphysical one—pained by the weakening of long-held notions of the heart as the home of the soul and the seat of deep emotions.

Only a hundred years ago there were surgeons who thought it a sacrilege to operate in the area of the heart. Bullets lodged deep within soldiers' chests during World War II battles first prompted field surgeons to venture there. Since then, we've grown accustomed to the image of the chest split open under operating-room lights while a heart wall is mended, a valve replaced, or a quadruple bypass performed. We've seen the heart itself, held aloft in a surgeon's hand, as it's passed from one dying person to another who might use it; a baboon heart being placed in a baby named Fae; and, just seven years ago, the implantation in a human body of a permanent artificial heart—the awful apotheosis of the pump, modern science's most presumptuous meddling yet with the mysteries of the human body. The man-made heart failed; but in the wake of that near-Frankensteinian experiment, we may have gained both a better understanding of the limits of science and a renewed sense of wonder about the natural heart as a still-formidable emotional and spiritual counterpoise to the bold conceits of the mind.

My own inquiry into the true nature of the heart began that same winter, twelve years ago, the night of my first emergency-room visit—the night, as I've come to think of it, when I got divorced from my heart. I was in the guest room of my parents' home in suburban Chicago, my right leg in a full cast after major knee surgery, the entire Midwest cast in the deep snow of a major storm. As I lay back, I could feel all of my weight pressing off in the direction of sleep but for a spot of levity at the breastbone, a slight raveling of the heart muscle and then its sudden, frantic unraveling away from me at more than 200 beats a minute.

As I leaped from my bed, terrified, and bolted dizzily downstairs toward the den where my father sat with my mother, watching TV, I kept reviewing in my mind what he had told me of the night seven years earlier when he first knew that something was wrong with *his* heart—the same tightness in his chest, the dizziness and shortness of breath as he tried to fall asleep in a midwestern hotel room on one of his many sales trips. A week later, he was rushed to the hospital with his first nearly fatal episode of heart failure—the one after which one stern clinician told my mother, "Your husband will be a vegetable for the rest of his life." (A second opinion would give my father ten more relatively normal, active years on a delicate balance of medications.) Idiopathic hypertrophic cardiomyopathy was the name my mother, four sisters, two brothers, and I were forced to remember. A gradual, inexorable weakening of the heart muscle, it is believed to

I remained tethered by fear to the beating of my heart, awaiting the next infidelity, nostalgic for a way I thought I remembered it being between my heart and me

ɔe congenital, has no definitive cause or cure.

I was fourteen when my father's problem was first diagnosed, and for nany years it remained an abstraction to me. I needed only to know that he vould be around. He seemed well enough and gave little indication of the everity of his illness or the particulars of his struggle with it: the constant ɔill taking; the pain and constriction in his chest and neck after a flight of tairs or a too rapid walk through an airport terminal; his heart's spells of ırrhythmia; and the constant ebb and flow of his energy—all of which was ɔrought home to me during that winter we spent together.

It occurs to me now how ridiculous I must have looked to him that night, ıis athletic son (I'd blown my knee out that fall playing college football), ghostly white, trying to catch up with a racing heart on a pair of crutches ust to announce to him that I had his disease. But it was as if after a winter ɔf dwelling upon the tentativeness of his heart's hold on life, my own heart was now going out to him—as if sympathy had a physical correlative.

I'd actually suffered—to use the official term tossed at me that night—ın auricular tachycardia, though I prefer the name found in my 1949 ɛdition of *Stedman's Medical Dictionary,* in which cardiac disorders were de-ɜcribed with, if you will, more heart. Mine, coming in a list after such mal-ıdies as Bony, Hairy, Tiger's, and Soldier's Heart, is known as Heart Hurry, a form of cardiac neurosis, in this case a rapid heartbeat brought on by excess anxiety. My dizziness and shortness of breath were, in the inge-nious replications of psychogenic disorders, the result of nervous hyperven-tilation. I was taken quite seriously that first visit, not about the heart failure but about the possibility (always present, the doctor said, for some-one in a cast after major surgery) of a blood clot forming and lodging in the area of the heart. By the second visit, however, my character was called into serious question, and by the third time, I was deemed a nut.

The week after my string of false alarms, my father had another episode of arrhythmia that placed him in the intensive care unit, and me, for hours, outside his room, conducting a kind of double vigil over my pulse and his. But even after his heart's rhythm was righted again, and he had himself freed from all the machinery monitoring it, I remained, for a time, tethered by fear to the beating of mine, listening, awaiting the next infidelity. I actually became nostalgic for a way I thought I remembered it being be-tween my heart and me, a kind of quiet continuum of body and mind. In youth, nothing separates you from the assumption of your own soundness, the sense you have of always being in a full, weighty recline within yourself. But now there was a strange inner hollow, a chasm and a conversation across it between heart and mind where before there had been none.

My father's cardiologist made one last attempt that winter to convince me about the pump. He hooked me up to a device called a Holter Monitor, essentially a large tape recorder that, wired to your chest and hung over your shoulder like a piece of carry-on luggage, records the behavior of your heart over the course of a day. You're also asked to keep a diary listing the times and brief accounts of your activities so that the poor person who has to listen to this less than riveting recording will have some referents in what would otherwise be a vast, uncharted sea of heartbeats.

I spent a quiet, reflective day, away from others, not wanting to be seen wired to a briefcase, and felt the entire time sad and a little cheap, as though I'd hired a private detective to spy on my own house, waiting for its main occupant, with whom I'd lived without question for years, to betray me. My diary read something like this:

9 A.M. Woke up. Had a bowl of cereal. Two cups of coffee.

10 A.M. Read Pablo Neruda's *Memoirs.* [I remember wondering at the time if the machine would pick up the quickening of pulse and attendant chills over certain passages, but the doctors never mentioned it.]

12 P.M.–2 P.M. Took a walk in a nearby park. [Here, I was actually trying to follow the doctor's advice when, as I was leaving his office that day, he told me



Illustrations by Karen Barbour

Over the centuries of thinking about and expressing our emotions, we've not arbitrarily assigned them to the heart

in a very patronizing way to "live a long life, go outside and enjoy nature." It was a flat, bleak park with a swing set, a slide, and some trees. Birds reminded me too much of my heart.]

The day went along like this: dinner, more reading, a little TV, bed; and, of course, nothing happened. It may have been my heart's most exemplary day ever, and by the end of it I understood that I was on my own, that doctors and their machines would have no part in explaining the heart to me because I had neither a serious problem nor a pump. I'd simply, or not so simply, suffered a very common form of heartbreak—the rite of passage into adulthood, where the continuum of body and mind is broken and we can only fashion analogies for our heart's behavior.

When the Spanish poet Vicente Aleixandre wrote, "I want to know if the heart is a rainstorm or a riverbank," I think he comes closest to expressing our heart's true nature, as well as the nature of our fascination with it. It's a plea the meaning and urgency of which I couldn't have known prior to feeling my own heart's enactment of the emotional extremes for which "rainstorm" and "riverbank" are metaphors: the torrid pace of panic and the resonant beating of a resolve to overcome it; the fits and starts of our passions and the even, measured rhythm of our periods of reflection upon them.

In essence, my winter of heartbreak brought me, at the age of twenty-two, to the shockingly unoriginal conclusion that the heart is the home of our emotions; that behind Aleixandre's lines or our most clichéd Hallmark Card phrases (my heartfelt joy or sympathy; my heart leaps, longs, aches, or breaks for you) there are physical correlatives, feelings in the body caused by or related to the varying actions of our heart; that over the centuries of thinking about and expressing our emotions, we've not arbitrarily assigned them to the heart but have been, in effect, trying to catch up, with language, to the physical sensations emanating from that part of our bodies when we feel something.



When Petronius, in the *Satyricon*, wrote the now common expression "My heart was in my mouth," he was describing that sensation of fright when our hearts stop, seem to bridle against the air a moment, and seize the blood flow. And it's clearly an episode of Heart Hurry (not unlike the ones I experienced) that Macbeth is having when he speaks of the horrid image that "make[s] my seated heart knock at my ribs,/Against the use of nature." ("Heart," after "man," "god," "world," "life," and the heart's corollary, "love," is the subject of more quotes in Bartlett's *Familiar Quotations* than any other reference. No one part of us has been more problematic, more pondered or poeticized.) The Egyptian philosopher Amenemope, in the eleventh century B.C., advised his listeners to "incline thine ears to hear my sayings,/And apply thine heart to their comprehension." This notion of the heart providing the better part of our knowledge, complementing and completing thought, occurs throughout the Old and the New Testament: "... that we may apply our hearts unto wisdom" (Psalms 90:12); "As he thinketh in his heart, so is he" (Proverbs 23:7).

The Greeks had, by the time of the New Testament's writing, already begun to take a broader approach to matters of the heart, determining it to be not only the seat of our intelligence but also the governing force of the four humors—sanguine, phlegmatic, choleric, and melancholy. This is an idea that, if not technically accurate, seems to me metaphorically correct—blood, phlegm, bile, and black bile being the fluids that comprise much of the sea in which we're kept adrift by our hearts at varying depths, depending on the heart's varying rhythms and output. The Greek physician Galen, a giant of early medicine and the personal doctor to Emperor Marcus Aurelius, took this concept further, determining that our spirit exists in the blood and is modulated by thirty-seven varieties of pulse, among them the "antlike," "wormlike," and "wavelike." The fact that his findings

were based on the dissection of pigs and monkeys notwithstanding, we're all familiar with these subtle permutations of pulse and heartbeat and the shifts in disposition that can attend them. Along the same lines, who is to say that a fainthearted man hasn't a faint heart, or a coldhearted person a slowly beating, lizardlike one?

Modern science years ago more or less rendered such ideas useless flights of fancy. But in the past few years, a number of researchers seem to be reconsidering, using the most sophisticated technology not to further depoeticize the heart but rather to clarify and codify what we have (or had) long sensed. A close friend of mine, who has for years indulged my obsession with the heart, recently had his broken by a woman. He came by my place one night, paced back and forth across the living room clutching his breast, and announced with the most startled expression that there is such a thing as heartache. I promptly showed him some reports about the effects of emotional stress on the heart. One of the studies directly linked the cardiac arrest suffered by nine Southeast Asian refugees (all women with no previous indication of heart disease) to the emotional trauma they had suffered during a long war and their displacement from home and family. In another study conducted by Dr. Michael Brodsky of the University of California's Irvine Medical Center, it was determined that emotional stress can cause fatal arrhythmias—severe disruptions of the normal flow of electrical impulses through the sympathetic and parasympathetic nervous systems, sympathy's physical infrastructure, which regulate the beating of the heart. In his report in the April 17, 1987, *Journal of the American Medical Association*, Dr. Brodsky concluded that people can die of heartbreak. Happily, my friend's heart has survived its ordeal, though he did notice, weeks after that initial ache, a strange period of hollow-heartedness in that part of his chest. (I knew of no reports on this phenomenon, though I recognized it as the condition that Othello described after all his suffering: "My heart is turned to stone; I strike it, and it hurts my hand.")

A number of researchers have begun using the most sophisticated technology not to further depoeticize the heart but to clarify what we've long sensed

I'm looking at an old magazine photo of William Schroeder, the second man in history to receive a permanent, totally artificial heart. It's April of 1985, five months after his surgery. He's outside, in a wheelchair, going on a fishing trip with his family. One son is pushing him up a hill, while a daughter walks alongside with the book-bag-size portable heart-driver over her shoulder and, in an upheld hand, the drive lines through which flows the air that powers her father's Jarvik-7 heart. Everyone is smiling eagerly for the camera, while Schroeder, in the foreground, sits slumped forward and tilted to one side, his right hand tugging at his oversize T-shirt near where the drive lines enter through his stomach, his eyes fixed in a downward gaze. It's an unsettled posture, poised somewhere between protest and powerlessness, and his expression in truth can have no "like," no simile: It's the look of a man who has lost his heart.

Schroeder lived for 620 days with his Jarvik-7, the longest of the five recipients of totally artificial hearts. Dr. Barney Clark, the first recipient, lived 112 days; Murray Haydon, 488 days; Jack Burcham, 10 days; and, in the only permanent-artificial-heart implant performed outside of this country, Leif Stenberg of Sweden lived for 210 days. For nearly three years, from 1983 to 1985, this breakthrough experiment was the primary focus of the medical world and much of the media—especially the stories of Clark and Schroeder, who, being the first two recipients, were seen as brave pioneers setting off into unknown territory.

And yet the experience now seems a distant memory. Two years ago the National Heart, Lung and Blood Institute was on the verge of suspending federal funds for the program to develop a permanent artificial heart, concluding that the human body just couldn't tolerate it. Although recent lobbying efforts by the heart's designer, Dr. Robert Jarvik, and Senators Orrin Hatch and Edward Kennedy succeeded in getting funds restored for the

Looking back on the experiments with permanent artificial hearts, they seem less "bold breakthroughs" than a bleak chapter out of cheap sci-fi

development of more refined, electrically powered permanent devices, since the end of 1985 the Jarvik-7 has been used strictly as a temporary bridge for heart-transplant patients.

Unlike so many of our pioneers—most recently the Apollo astronauts who visited the moon and returned from their voyages to reflect upon their experiences—the artificial-heart recipients never made it back. And because of the incredible physical suffering they endured along the way—the strokes, infections, and high fevers that left them much of the time in a twilight state—we were unable to learn from them much about what it was like to live without a human heart. Their only "diaries" are the reams of technical data doctors collected through constant testing.

Looking back on those experiments—leafing through the many magazine and newspaper articles, doctors' reports, and photographs—they seem less "bold breakthroughs" than a bleak chapter out of cheap sci-fi: Dr. Jarvik, president of Symbion, the company that manufactures the plastic and titanium Jarvik-7 heart, was more of an inventor than a medical man. (Jarvik, thirty-eight at the time of Schroeder's surgery, had until then never treated a human patient. He had gone directly from medical school in Italy, and then at the University of Utah, into the development of artificial organs.) Three of the five implant procedures were performed at Humana Hospital Audubon, in Louisville, Kentucky, one in an entire line of Humana Inc.'s patient-treatment-for-profit hospitals. Medstar was the company filming Schroeder's experience, Black Star the photography agency. And in his February 12, 1988, *Journal of the American Medical Association* report on the four implant procedures he performed, Dr. William DeVries lists the chronological order of events for Schroeder's surgery in the manner of a space-launch countdown—minus twelve days, then minus eight, leading to the day of the implant.

Once Schroeder and the others were severed from their dying natural hearts, the doctors were kept constantly busy trying to counter each patient's failing physical functions and riotous rejection of the Jarvik-7. Although the Jarvik-7 did prove to be the ultimate pump, never missing a beat in any of the recipients (there was actually a broken valve in Barney Clark's heart that was quickly repaired), it failed on the purely physical level to hold up its end of whatever subtle give-and-take our natural pump has with the rest of our body. Each patient, for example, suffered acute kidney failure, even though with a turn of the switch on the Utahdrive—the 230-pound, shopping-cart-size machine that powered the Jarvik-7—a perfect blood pressure and heart rate could be maintained. It's as though the organs asked for more from the heart than an efficient, robotic output, asked for some subtlety and variety of pulse, a virtuosity the Jarvik-7 was simply not capable of.



Scrambling to keep their patients alive, the doctors had little time to consider the emotional effects of the implants on their patients. Newspaper and magazine articles of the time also gave little indication of how it felt to live with an unnatural heart. Many references were made to the deep depression both Clark and Schroeder suffered, but their dark moods were routinely interpreted as resulting from the physical setbacks they kept experiencing. Mostly, the doctors and the media talked of "progress."

There was, for example, as with any pioneering mission, a series of notable firsts: Schroeder's first beer with his new heart; his first birthday (unbelievably, the only man living on the planet at that time without a natural heart was born on February 14, Valentine's Day); and four days later his first trip outdoors, hooked up to the Heimes portable heart-driver. On the way back from this particular outing, Schroeder was wheeled up to the door of the room where Murray Haydon, who'd just received *his* Jarvik-7, was lying in bed. It was the first meeting ever of two men with artificial hearts.

There is a picture of the event by Black Star photographer William Strode taken over Haydon's left shoulder so that only the side of his face is visible. Schroeder, as in the first fishing trip photo, is slumped sideways in

s wheelchair, and there's the same marked difference between his expres-on—a distorted, nearly centrifugal ache that seems to show up more and ore in later photos—and the eager smiles of the nurses, doctors, and fam- members around him. His right hand is held up in a limp wave, almost a plea, to Haydon, who's holding up his left hand in precisely the same manner so that it appears each man is staring, bewildered, at his own reflection.

In the one published psychiatric study done on a permanent-artificial-eart recipient (Barney Clark), psychiatrists Claudia K. Berenson and Ber-ard I. Grosser expressed concern about Clark's mental condition, the fact hat he "experienced periods of despondency and asked to die or be killed." lark's wife described him as having suffered a significant loss of personal-y and being like "a wall." Margaret Schroeder made similar remarks to the ffect that her husband didn't seem himself and was often barely able to peak, was weepy and depressed.

How it actually felt to be alive with a monorhythmic piece of plastic licking where once the mime—if not the author—of our emotions welled is a secret the recipients have taken with them. But I've always ondered if this depression, this loss of aspects of their personalities, had nything to do with a proportionate loss of aspect in their new heart's re-onse to the varying emotional stimuli around them. Could Clark's or chroeder's depression have stemmed not only from physical suffering but lso from the severance of that natural conversation between the heart and he brain—a disparity they recognized, say, between the way their natural earts may have once reacted when they saw their wives walk into a room nd the way their new ones couldn't in that same instance?

Schroeder went on a fishing trip. He also, despite his fatigue and feverish elirium, attended a minor league baseball game. If, as a matter of conjec-ure, his body had completely accepted the Jarvik-7, and no clots had ormed to cause strokes, and no infections to bring on high fevers; if there ad been no physical suffering to mitigate perception and he had been per-ectly lucid, what would his perceptions of and responses to these outings ave been like? At the moment a fish is brought to the surface and his new eart does not rise with it, is he aware of that? Or if the team he roots for nounts a late-inning rally and his heart doesn't rally with them, wouldn't hat feel different? We know that Schroeder *felt*. He cried at his son's wed-ing, held at the Humana Hospital chapel, and cried continually over his redicament. But when a man's heart no longer works in concert with his eelings, does he lament that fact, and cry more? Having had his heart cut ut of a lifelong internal conversation, does he begin to dwell more exclu-ively in his brain; to draw, in computerlike fashion, on a memory of his old eart's role in the emotional equation; and to proceed toward a realm for which there is no human precedent: a man whose heart is all riverbank and no rainstorm?

Schroeder was literally gasping for every breath the day in November 1984 when his spent heart was replaced with the Jarvik-7. Eighteen days later he suffered a devastating stroke that might have killed a man with a normal heart. But the Jarvik-7, oblivious to the surrounding turmoil, continued vigorously pumping blood to the damaged area of the brain and thus raised a philosophical problem its creators hadn't foreseen: Considering the suffering Schroeder would endure afterward, did the Jarvik-7 enable him to make a supernatural recovery and deny him a natural death?

For those first eighteen days, his new heart pumping with the efficiency of that of a younger man, Schroeder was breathing freely again, felt restored and invigorated. He wheeled around the hospital halls, making people put their hands to his chest to feel his new heart, a heart that, he claimed excitedly, felt like "an old-time threshin' machine." He spoke on the phone with President Reagan, asking him to locate a missing Social Security check; wrote a letter wishing "best of luck" to a man who'd just

How it actually felt to be alive with a piece of plastic clicking where once the mime, if not the author, of our emotions dwelled is a secret the recipients have taken with them

Jarvik wrote of his own invention that its ultimate test would be whether it was "forgettable." This is the test it ultimately failed

received an artificial ear—also made by Symbion—at another of Humana's Louisville hospitals; and conducted a number of interviews with reporters.

In one such interview—I found it in a book about Schroeder's experience that was written (with the cooperation of his family) by Martha Barnette, who covered the story for the *Washington Post*—Dr. Lawrence K. Altman, medical writer for the *New York Times*, asked Schroeder if he felt a piece of him had died when he lost his own heart.

"No," Schroeder answered. "It's of no value to me. I've got a new one."

At a different point in the interview, after Schroeder had broken into tears at the thought of his wife and family and the prospect of spending Christmas with them, Altman, moved, asked him if he "could tell the American public what it's like to have an artificial heart and still have emotions." Schroeder's response, though somewhat cryptic, seems to suggest that it felt no different, though he deferred to his questioner's emotions to explain his own. "I don't know if I can tell you that," he said. "I think you can probably explain that more by just feeling what you just now felt," and then he quickly shifted the focus back to his new heart. "It just thumps in there. And I can feel it. It doesn't bother me at all."

But months after his stroke and despite the often clouded mental state it caused, Schroeder was heard to express a very definite anger and frustration over his new heart, and for the most basic reason: the noise and the looming presence of his heart's drive machine, which, when he and his wife moved into the quiet, specially equipped apartment across the street from the hospital, became all too apparent, lording over their only private time together. In the basement of that apartment were the generators and backup generators for the drive machine, all of which, had the Schroeders been able to return to a normal life in Indiana, would have filled the basement of their home there: an entire house thrumming against the cold of a midwestern winter night to power one man's heart.

It was on another cold February morning in 1980, three winters after the one we had together, that my father's heart failed completely and he drowned in bed. That, I learned, is what happens when our pump fails. All that it had been circulating consumes us, fills our lungs. As for my father's heart, I have taken it to mine. I also have taken to heart his advice. When, during that time I asked him how he could go from day to day knowing what he did about his heart, he said quite simply that he just didn't think about it, which, true or not, was a way of warning me not to become a prisoner of what is, paradoxically, so vital and central to us that, like the sun, we can't focus on it for long without suffering.

Dr. Jarvik wrote of his own invention that its ultimate test would be whether it was "forgettable." That is the test it ultimately failed. Margaret Schroeder said that during her husband's ordeal "she felt she was a prisoner of the artificial heart." When a professor of health law at Boston University and an authority on patients' rights visited Schroeder in his apartment and asked him how he liked his "machine," Schroeder said over and over that he hated it. Essentially, he could find no way to situate himself around a heart half outside of him, could not grow accustomed to a shape and a noise he couldn't contain or quell, and was thus deprived of perhaps the most simple, individuating moment we have when, at rest, we curl up, involute, wombward, around our own heart's deep inner thrum.

There was a chilling moment near the end of Schroeder's life without his natural heart when, barely able to speak because of a stroke, he tried to signal to his wife from whatever place it was the Jarvik-7 had taken him to. He'd point to himself and then to her, to the heart-drive machine alongside him, and then to the empty space beside her. He kept repeating the signals and asking, "Why?" Confused at first, his wife eventually asked him if he meant he wanted her to have a heart machine too. Schroeder, nodding vigorously, said, "Yes." ■

THE VARIETIES OF ROMANTIC EXPERIENCE

By Robert Cohen

Good morning. It appears we have quite a turnout.

This is an elective course, as you know from the catalogue, and as such it is in direct competition with several other courses offered by our department, and so may I take a moment to say that I am personally gratified to see so many of you here. So many new faces. I look forward to getting to know you ea—

Yes, there are seats, I believe, in the last few rows, if the people, if the people there would kindly hold up a hand to indicate an empty seat, yes, there, thank you.

Very well then. No doubt some of you have been attracted by the title listed in the catalogue, a title that is, as many of you know, a play on that estimable work by William James, *The Varieties of Religious Experience,* a subject very close indeed to the one at hand. You may be expecting something of a salacious, pornographic nature, and if so, I assure you, you will be disappointed. I am, as you see, a man of no great attractiveness or flair. I am an average-looking specimen of what to most of you must seem to be an average middle age. You will note that I subscribe to many of the informal but nonetheless consensually determined rules of academic dress and conduct. That is, I tend to favor tweeds and denim and the occasional tie, I tend to speak in unnecessarily formal constructions, I tend to fiddle with my watch. I also tend to develop, and subsequently nurture, two or three fantasies each semester that revolve around female members of my classes, the details of which I will not go into just yet. They are, I assure you, thoroughly benign. I tend perhaps to a bit more candor than the average tenured professor, but that, I submit, is in the nature of my researches and in the nature of the psychological field itself. One must develop in our field a certain ruthlessness in regard to truths, be they truths of behavior or personality, be they quote unquote private or public. *There are no private truths in our world.* If you learn nothing else this semester, I trust you will learn that.

I ask, by the way, that all assignments be typed, neatly. I have no teaching assistant. I had one last spring, a very able one at that. Perhaps some of you met her. Her name was Emily. Emily Crane.

I say *was,* though of course she, Emily, Emily Crane, isn't dead. Still, I think of her as a *was,* not the *is* she surely still must be. This is one of the most common and predictable tricks of the unconscious, to suggest to us the opposite of the real, to avoid the truth when the truth will cause us pain. We will discuss such matters in the weeks ahead. We will discuss the lessons, the often hard and painful lessons, of the psyche in its bid for recuperation. We will seek to gain insight and understanding, not because there is an implicit value in such knowledge—this is perhaps open to debate—but because as a practical matter we are conditioned by our failures more deeply than our successes, and it is vital to gain insight into what conditions us, in order that we may operate more freely.

Many of you have no doubt been told that the

Robert Cohen's novel, The Organ Builder, *was recently published in paperback by Harper & Row/Perennial Library.*

true message of psychology is exactly the opposite. You have been told that we are imprinted, at an early age, by forces of such magnitude that we are forever thereafter obliged to repetition of the same few patterns, endless variations of the same thin script. This is an attractive thought, as are all such mystical notions, for it frees us from the burdens of choice and responsibility, laying the blame, instead, at the feet of our parents and culture. We can surrender the struggle for well-being and console ourselves with the idea that it was never in fact available to us.

Of course, this is nonsense. Opportunities for transformation are as plentiful as the stars, as the paintings in a museum, as you yourselves. Look around you. It's September, and I know you can all feel, as I do, the rushing of the blood that comes in with the first Canadian winds. If one breathes deeply enough one can almost feel oneself swell to a larger, less imperfect shape. There are hints of reconfiguration, transcendence. I quite love September. I look forward to it all summer, I savor it while it's here, I mourn it when it's gone. I experience this as a personal love, but of course this is sheer narcissism—the lonely ego looking for an escape into vastness.

Those of you who have had sexual intercourse—I suspect more than a few of you—know what I mean. One feels oneself changing temperature, contours; one feels an immanence; and, finally, one feels oneself arrive, if you will, at a larger space. One feels a good many other things too, of course.

Emily, Emily Crane, used to moan at the most unexpected times. She would moan in the car, parallel parking, or at the grocery, squeezing lemons. In bed, she would moan at the very contemplation of sex, she would moan while undressing, she would moan through foreplay. She would moan all the way up to the point of penetration, at which time she would fall oddly silent, as though the presence of this new element, my penis, required of her a greater discretion than its absence. I found it disconcerting, at first. My wife, Lisa, whom we will discuss later in the semester, used to make a good bit of noise during lovemaking, so when Emily was quiet I had the not-unpredictable suspicion that I was failing to please her. Apparently—one can never be as sure as one would like—this was not the case. My own ego, overnourished by a doting mother—we will speak of her at midterm—is all too readily at work in such instances. But now, thinking back on Emily Crane, I find myself wondering what were, what *are* the mechanisms that govern her responses. I wonder approximately how many were the small ways in which my perception, clouded by defenses, failed her.

She failed me too, however. Emily Crane was, *is*, a moody and occasionally capricious young woman, capable of acting out her aggressions in wholly inappropriate ways. The night of the dean's birthday party, last April, for example. We arrived separately, of course, with our respective partners—me with Lisa, who abhorred parties, and Emily with Evan Searle, a first-year graduate student from the Deep South who had a great repertoire of insolent mannerisms. Even his drawl seemed an affectation, and in some way an insult. He was tall, taller than I am, and thin, thinner than I am, and thoroughly insufferable, and if there were the merest bit of justice in the world he'd have long ago been the victim of a random, brutal accident. But back to the party. It was tiresome, as these things normally are, with much of the comradely backslapping that alcohol often inspires among people who don't like each other. As you will no doubt observe over time, our faculty is not a close one. It is riddled with cliques and factions, gossips and incompetents, and if there is anything that unites us at all, other than our dislike for teaching undergraduates, it is our dislike for the dean and his interminable parties.

Frida Nattanson, who once spilled a drink on Anna Freud and who we all feel sure is still a virgin, curled up on the sofa next to my wife and began to relate, in excruciating detail, the story of her cat's demise; Earl Stevens, our boy wonder, engaged us in one of the terribly earnest political arguments he's famous for; and our distinguished emeritus, Ludwig Stramm, fell into his customary stupor in the middle of the room and had to be circumnavigated on tiptoe for several hours, as no one had the courage to wake him. All this time, understand, I was watching Emily Crane out of the corner of my eye.

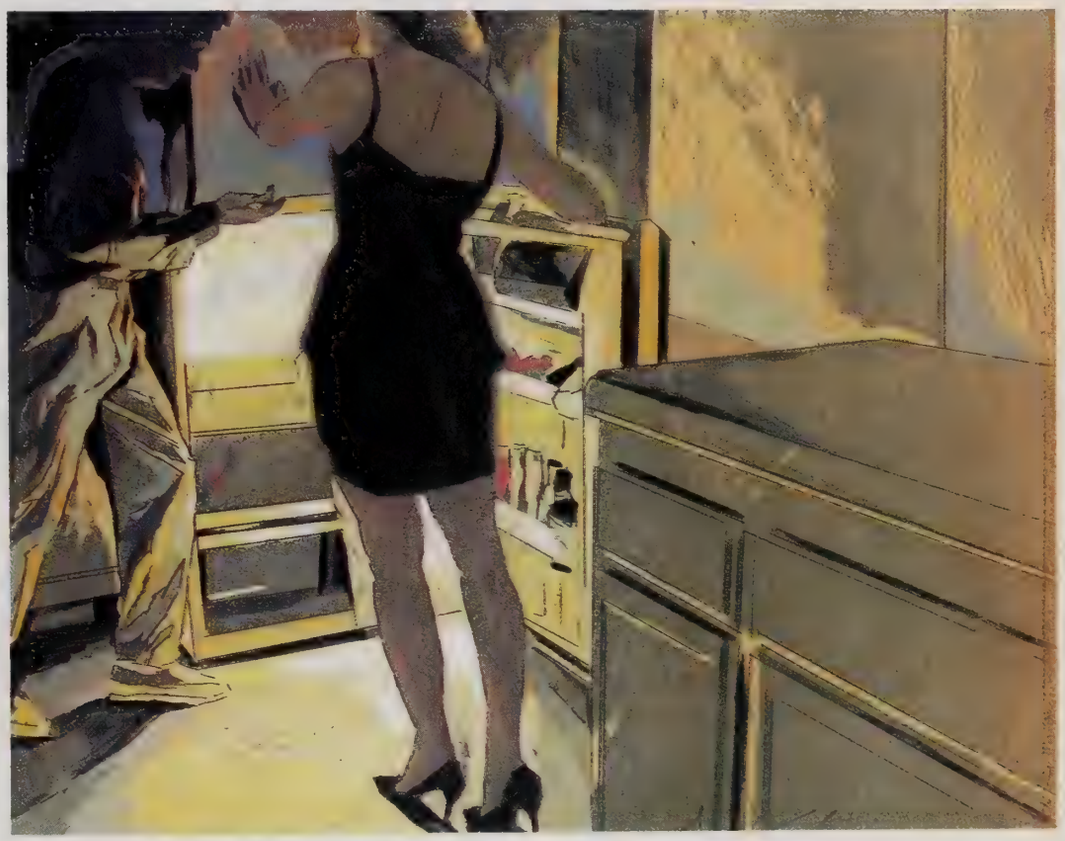
Have I spoken of her looks? She wasn't beautiful by any means. She had a hormonal condition that kept her very thin, too thin really, and made her skin warmer than most people's, so that she dressed in loose, floppy cotton dresses without sleeves—dresses that revealed, quite frankly, a little more of Emily than she seemed to realize. Her face was long and her mouth very small, and this smallness of the mouth limited the range of her expressions somewhat, so that one had to know her fairly well, as I thought I did, to read her. At one point she was nodding diligently at some story Evan Searle was telling to a cluster of women from Administration. I could see that she was bored, restless, and hoping to leave early.

But with whom?

I had come to the party with Lisa, who was, after all, my wife. We had been married for close to sixteen years. This must sound like a long time to you. It does to me, now. And yet, when you are no longer quite so bound up in

ur youth, you will experience a diminishment
the particularities of lived time that may well
me as a relief. One might argue that this di-
inishment I speak of is really an intensifica-
on or heightening, for it is closer to the
stern notion of time as an eternal present,
thout demarcations. It is, in short, less of a
rden.

Speaking of burdens, let us return to the fact
at I was married to Lisa, toward whom I felt a
gue but amiable affection, an affection cen-
al to my life. I had no intention whatever of
aving Lisa for Emily. I knew it, and Emily
new it, and moreover she claimed to be per-
ctly satisfied with this state of, uh, affairs. She
new the score, she liked to say. I was twice her
ge and married, to say nothing of being her
esis adviser, and it required no special sophis-
cation to regard what we were
oing together as the mere em-
odiment of a familiar academic
liché. Of course, this did noth-
ng to diminish our excitement.
ar from it. Our libidos have
een conditioned by the cinema
nd popular literature as com-
letely as the rest of us. Indeed,
ne might argue that in our age,
roticism is incomplete without
s corresponding mirror in popu-
ar culture, in some cliché or an-
ther. Has it become a cliché,
hen, to engage in oral sex on
ne's office carpet, five minutes
efore one's three-thirty seminar
n Advanced Cognition? Of
ourse it has. And is it a cliché
o find oneself, during a recess
n the Admissions Committee
neeting, bent double over one's
wn desk, licking the hot armpit
f a twenty-four-year-old Phi
Beta Kappa? Of course it is. La-
lies and gentlemen, allow me to
ay that I wish such clichés on all
f you. Needless to add, if they have already
ome your way, you will have ample opportuni-
y to make use of them, either in class discussion
or in one of the three written papers I
will ask of you this term.



To continue our inquiry, then, into the events of the party: Sometime later, close to midnight, I watched Emily disengage herself from Evan Searle and wander off by herself in the direction of the kitchen. It so happened we had not been alone together in some time. Emily was busy studying for her orals, and claimed to have an infection of some sort that rendered her unfit for sex. It was difficult to imagine any germ so virulent as to render Emily unfit for sex, but never mind. I did not press the point, even when the days became a week, the week ripened into a month. Oh, I called a few times, to be sure, merely to check on her health and to assure her of my desire to spend some time together. Several times I had the distinct impression that I had woken her up, or that I had perhaps interrupted some strenuous bit of exercise, which seemed odd, given that I normally called between midnight and one A.M., after Lisa had gone to bed. Afterward I'd remain in my study, pour myself a finger of scotch, and sit for long hours in the darkness, utterly miserable, thinking of Emily, Emily Crane. James, in his Harvard lectures, asserts that the lunatic's visions of horror are all drawn from the material of daily fact. All my daily facts, if you will, had been reduced to this: I sat there alone, in a dark room cluttered with books, a darkened mind cluttered with Emily. Emily with Evan Searle. Emily with Earl Stevens. Emily with the director of off-campus housing. Emily with delivery boys, meter maids, movie stars. Emily with everyone and everyone with Emily and nowhere a place for me.

But perhaps I have strayed from our topic.

We were still at the party, and Emily had gone into the kitchen, and I had followed. The kitchen itself was gleaming, immaculate, empty of people. For that matter, it was empty of food. What little there was had been catered, crustless sandwiches, and apparently Emily had not

Illustration by Gwyn Stramler

had her fill, because the refrigerator was open and she had bent down to rummage through its sparse contents. She did not hear me approach. I stopped, mid-step, content to watch her at her work—her pale, bare shoulders, her tangled coif, her air of abstracted appetite. At that moment, class, it seemed to me that I must indeed love Emily Crane—love her, I mean, in a way that included but was not limited to mere desire—and that, feeling as I did, it was incumbent upon me to let her know, that we might celebrate it together. And so I stepped forward.

Perhaps I should say I *lurched* forward. Apparently I'd been drinking a bit more than was strictly necessary. Apparently I'd been drinking *quite* a bit more than was strictly necessary. I'm certain a good many of you know how that feels, don't you, when that very pleasant little brass band begins its evening concert in your head, and the timpani begin to roll, and one feels oneself to be a kind of living crescendo. It's somewhat different than what one experiences on marijuana or hashish or on the hallucinogens; it's closer, in my opinion, to cocaine.

Do you young people still do cocaine? It's lovely, isn't it? Emily and I used to snort it off a moon rock she'd bought from the Museum of Natural History in New York. She was absurdly superstitious about it. We had to be in the bathtub, Mahler had to be on the stereo, the bill we used had to be a fresh twenty, et cetera, et cetera. As you can see, she displayed a definite predilection for controlled behavior, did Emily. Unfortunately, my own predilections run in rather the opposite direction.

As I said, I lurched forward. Emily crouched before the white, infertile landscape of the dean's refrigerator, unsuspecting. All I wished to do, you see, was press my lips against the warm down that covered the slope of her shoulder. There must have been some form of internal miscommunication, however, some sort of synaptic firing that went awry, because what proceeded to happen was something very different. What proceeded to happen was that I stumbled and went hurtling into Emily, and the point of my chin cracked against the top of her head, and this sent her headlong into the refrigerator. I might mention, too, that at some point in the proceedings my pants were no longer fastened at the waist but had slipped to a point a good deal closer to my ankles, revealing a rather horrific erection I'm at a loss to account for. Where do they come from, these erections? Does anybody know? Why do they come upon one during bus rides, for instance, but not on the train? It's a subject worthy of exploration, is it not? Some of you may well decide to undertake it for your first paper.

Emily, for her part, began to scream. One could hardly blame her, of course: I'd caught her off guard; I'd clumsily assaulted her; I'd invaded her space, as she liked to say. I'd done everything wrong, everything. She stood there, fingering the teeth marks in her skirt, her mouth—

Sorry?

Oh yes, I'd bitten her skirt. Did I leave that out? An odd involuntary response to the situation, you'll agree, but there you have it. A light, summery cotton material, as I remember. I still have a piece of it, somewhere. I'll pick it up occasionally and pop it in my mouth, and the effect is similar to Proust and his madeleine, conjuring up the events of my time with Emily in great rushes of sensory detail. A wonderful aid for masturbation, that bit of skirt. But I am getting ahead of myself.

Emily was screaming. The disconcerting part of it was that even *after* she had turned around, one lip fattening and starting to bleed, even *after* she had seen that it was me, that it had obviously all been an accident, just an accident, that I, too, was in pain; even *after* I had begun to stammer out a lengthy and perhaps not entirely coherent apology; even *after,* class, *after*—*Emily continued to scream.* In fact, she screamed louder. It was a scream without words, without inflection, as insensate and maddening as a siren. It came from some hot, awful place inside Emily that I had not as yet explored, a place that I'll confess intrigued me. I had the completely insupportable idea that it bore relation to her muteness during the love act, a place of inverted pleasure and projected pain, a place where all of Emily's emotional dysfunctions sought refuge. Can you blame me for my interest in this girl? She was fascinating, neurotic, convoluted. Thoroughly extraordinary. No, I don't believe I can be blamed, not in this case, not with Emily Crane. My intentions were innocent enough, you'll agree. I wish to establish this point, my essential innocence, right here at the outset, because I will in all likelihood be making reference to it as the semester goes on.

There will be—did I mention?—a midterm and a final.

Of course they all came at once, the entire faculty, including wives, boyfriends, secretaries, and administrators. All came at once to the kitchen to see what had happened. For all they knew there had been a murder, a theft, a fire, any manner of calamity. How could they have known it was only a brief, botched kiss?

In time she began to calm down. Emily Crane, she calmed down. The vein at her temple softened and receded, her hands unclenched, her color thinned. For the benefit of the onlookers she attempted a shrug of casualness, but her shoulders remained tight where I'd

ied to kiss them, so that she appeared to be ozen midway through some strange and inelgant dance step. She opened her mouth to eak but her voice broke pitiably. Frida Natnson, cooing, stroked Emily's forehead. The om hushed. Emily looked at me inquiringly, s she used to look at me during our Special opics seminar only a year ago, brow creased, ead cocked at an angle, eyes wide and damp, id then she opened her mouth to speak once gain. "You're disgusting," she said.

This in a loud and brittle voice. The sort of oice, class, one should never use on one's over—and yet in the end one always does, it eems. My tenured colleagues slipped away at nce, grateful for the chance to escape and preccupied, perhaps, with failures and scandals of heir own; but the untenured associates looked n greedily, their faces lit by the kind of ghoulsh, paralytic pleasure with which small children attend the dismemberment of insects. They'd be dining out on this for weeks, of ourse. Already I could hear the first rough hispers, the first conspiratorial murmurs. Emily, if she heard them, paid no mind; she stood roud, a high priestess conducting a ritual sacrice, slitting the throat of our love on the party's ltar. "You're disgusting," she said again, for the enefit of Herr Stramm, who missed it the first ime. And then she wheeled, grabbed Evan earle by the elbow, and commenced what I udged to be a rather theatrical exit.

Excuse me, but there are, I believe, a few ninutes left.

Emily, Emily Crane, left this university soon fterward. I cannot tell you where she went beause no one will tell me. It was the end of the erm and I was left without a teaching assistant, eft to grade 117 undergraduate papers, which I ead, quite alone, on the floor of the apartment hat Lisa insisted I sublet the week after the lean's party. I will no doubt grade your papers n that same floor. Sometimes it is all I can lo to rise from that floor. Sometimes it is all can do.

"There are persons," writes James, "whose xistence is little more than a series of zig-zags, s now one tendency and now another gets the pper hand. Their spirit wars with their flesh, hey wish for incompatibles, wayward impulses nterrupt their most deliberate plans, and their ives are one long drama of repentance and of ffort to repair misdemeanors and mistakes."

Who are these persons, you ask. You see one f them before you. If you take a moment and ook to your left and your right, you will see two nore. And by the time you are older, and not so very much older at that, you will see him or her n the places you have not as yet been looking: n the reflection of a glass, of an intimate's stare, of a barren refrigerator. Ultimately, you see, the private will win out. The axis of reality, says James, runs solely through the private egotistic places—they are strung upon it like so many beads. We are in this together, ladies and gentlemen, in a way that would be horrible were it not so comic, but in a way that manages to be horrible anyway. We are all students of these things. We are eager like puppies, earnest, clumsy, groping for love. That is what brought you here this morning. You have caught the scent of possibility. You have begun to gnaw at your leashes, and they have begun to fray, and soon, soon, you will go scampering off in search of new ones.

Very well then. We are out of time. We will, no doubt, be making future reference to Emily Crane. Next week, according to the syllabus, we turn our attention to Janice, Janice Rodolfo, who left me for the captain of the golf squad in my junior year of high school. Among other issues, we will explore the implications of submissive behavior—mine—and analyze the phenomenon known as "dry humping" for its content of latent aggression. Until then, I ask only that you keep up with your reading and, of course, your journal, which I intend to review periodically. I ask that you keep your writing neat.

Are there any questions?

No?

I thought I saw a hand . . . there, in the back row, the young lady with the red blouse, with the—

I thought I saw your hand.

Perhaps I have already answered your question. Or perhaps you're somewhat shy. There's something inhibiting, isn't there, about a forum such as this, with all these narrow desks adhering to their rigid lines. If I had my way in things, if it were up to me, this class would not be a lecture at all but a succession of individual consultations in some small, darkened room. A room like my office, for instance, on the third floor of this building. If it were up to me, young lady, you would ask your questions there. You would put down your pen and take off your shoes, and I might well do the same. There would be music, something chastened or reflective, to facilitate our inquiries. In the end we might choose not to speak at all but instead merely gaze into a flickering candle, attending to the gyrations of the light, to the dance of its shadow on the wall, and to the small, elusive effects of our own breath . . .

Yes?

Right, right, by all means, mustn't run over. It's only . . .

I thought, I thought there was . . .

I thought I saw her hand. ■

SPRING·1990 CATALOGUE SHOWCASE

In the mid-1850s, *Harper's Magazine* first accepted mail-order advertising (placing it between the editor's column and the fashion section that eventually became *Harper's Bazaar*). We are pleased to continue this fine tradition by offering this enticing collection of spring catalogues.

It is easier than ever to order. When you've made your selections, simply fill out the order form and return it to *Harper's Magazine*, Spring Catalogue Showcase, P.O. Box 5232, Pittsfield, MA 01203–5232. Please allow six to eight weeks for delivery.



Foreign Language Self-Instructional Book/Cassette Courses

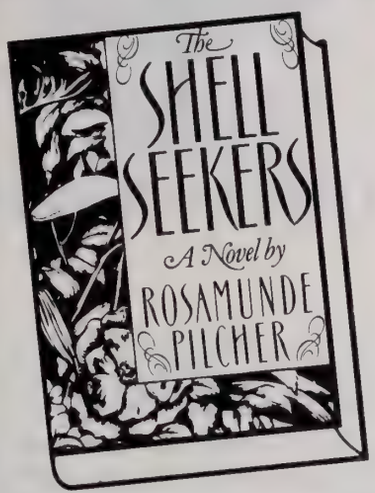
Choose from 190 courses in 56 languages. Comprehensive courses designed for learning on your own, developed for State Department personnel. Also brief courses for travelers, and "No-Time" courses—ideal for learning while driving, etc. They really work! 32-page catalogue, $1, refundable with order.



Satisfying book lovers since 1873, this unique catalogue from Barnes & Noble—the "world's largest bookstore"—brings you hundreds of hardcover book bargains and current paperbacks in every category, rare and out-of-print editions, records and tapes, videocassettes, desk accessories, and gifts, plus exclusive offers available by mail only from Barnes & Noble—with savings up to 80 percent off publishers' prices. 30-day, money-back guarantee. U.S. only. $1.

BOOKS ON TAPE®

World's Largest Selection



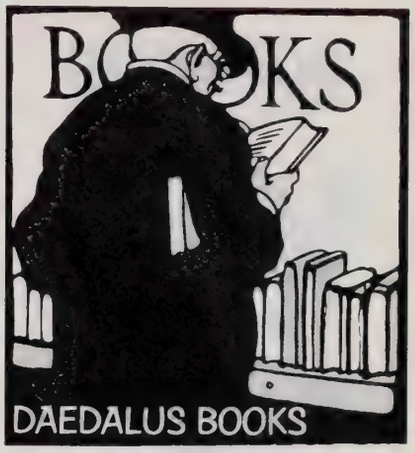
- **Best Sellers on Cassette**
- **Full-length Readings**
- **Call for Free Brochure**

Box 7900-H, Newport Beach, CA 92658

800) 626-3333



Here's where you'll find the information you need to buy audio and video equipment. In over 100 pages, the Crutchfield catalogue brings you the best from Sony, Kenwood, Pioneer, Bose, and many others. Every component is fully described and explained. And you'll really appreciate our exclusive comparison charts, consumer tips, and helpful editorials, along with our low discount prices. Send $1 for your copy today.



Six different catalogues a year feature literate copy, bibliographic information, and pictures of hundreds of books at 50–90 percent off. Known as the literary remainder company, Daedalus also offers books on the arts, history, gardening, and the sciences. Current authors include Annie Dillard, Bobbie Ann Mason, Randall Jarrell, and Arthur Conan Doyle. $1.



Deva is a network of friends and neighbors who fashion elegantly simple clothes for men and women. Everything we offer is crafted of pure cotton in luscious earth and sky colors. Our fabrics are preshrunk, and thanks to their softly crinkled texture, they may be safely machine-washed and will never need ironing. Comfort, durability, and gentle prices keynote our collection. Send $1 for our catalogue and fabric samples.

THE FOLIO SOCIETY

The Folio Society, founded in 1947, is England's leading publisher of finely printed books, with colorful bindings, illustrations, and slipcases. Classic and modern masterpieces of history, memoirs, travel, fiction, poetry, and humor—unusual treasures for readers and collectors, exclusively from Folio. Send for color prospectus, with valuable free edition offered. Free.

Hammacher Schlemmer

Hammacher Schlemmer has been offering customers unique, high-quality products for over 142 years. Shop at home for the latest in travel, household appliances, electronics, recreation, personal care, and more. Included are dozens of products that are one of a kind or tested to be the best of a category. $3 for a year of catalogues.

HANG·EM·HIGH
DESIGNS



Decorative Eggs

Tired of scrambling for the perfect Easter gift? We offer real goose eggs, blown hollow and hand-painted with contemporary designs. Perfect for your Easter table and beautiful to display year-round, our brightly painted eggs are designed exclusively for us by L.A. artist Michelle McNeil. There are 12 styles, $34–$38 each. Gift service available. Please call (800) 888-6842 for a free catalogue or to place your order.

THE KEY NOTE
MUSIC • GROUP

Our unique compact disc "Newsletter-Catalogue" is your shopping alternative to the "Top 40" mind-set of record stores and clubs. Each issue reviews the best new CD releases—including unusual and hard to find—in classical, jazz, folk, blues, and rock. We cover over 260 labels. More than 300 new titles in each issue, all at below-list prices. One-year subscription (6 issues), $5 (refunded with first CD purchase).



LibertyTree Network

Discover our heritage and the future of individual freedom, enterprise, and peace in the *LibertyTree Catalogue.* Over 800 of the greatest cloth and paperback books, unabridged books on audiotape, videotapes, games, and collectibles on American and world history, political humor and social satire, economics and personal finance, civil and economic liberties, privacy, self-improvement and self-esteem, children and schools, and much more. $2, includes $1 coupon off first purchase.

THE
METROPOLITAN
MUSEUM OF ART

Explore the Metropolitan Museum's new spring catalogue: a selection of more than 300 exclusive and unusual gifts, produced by the Metropolitan Museum from works of art in the museum's collections. Glass, silver, porcelain, jewelry, prints, books, note cards, and more. Prices from less than $10 to [illegible] Catalogue, $1.



World's Moviest Video Catalog ™

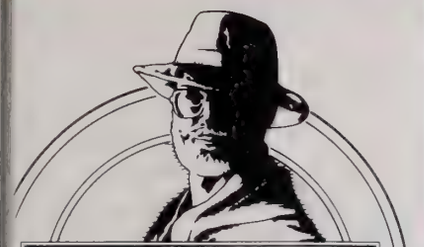
Recommended by Siskel and Ebert! The 656-page Movies Unlimited® Video Catalog describes over 23,000 available titles. Order with confidence from one of America's oldest, most reliable home-video services. $7.95 plus $2 postage, $9.95 total. $5 discount coupon with your order.



THE SEXUALITY
LIBRARY · GOOD
VIBRATIONS

The Sexuality Library. An unprecedented catalogue of hard to find books about sex that won't insult your intelligence. Enlightening advice, electrifying erotica, and more. Readers of all life-styles will find these books provocative and informative. $1.

Good Vibrations: Toys and Books for Grown-ups. Tasteful and irreverent, our wonderfully liberating and encouraging catalogue features a selection of high-quality articles for singular and shared pleasure. $2.



Tilley Endurables

PREPARE FOR ADVENTURE

Our Mission:
Make the Best Travel and Adventure Clothing in the World

Tilley Endurables' clothing has secret passport pockets, five-year guarantees, and "Give 'em Hell!" washing instructions. These smart-looking, tailored, comfortable clothes are worn in America's Cup races, on safari, on European tours, while mowing the lawn, *and by hosts of national television programs!* Women's sizes 4 to 24; 28" to 52" for men. Our $3 catalogue is *free* to *Harper's Magazine* readers.



Free Poster Offer

Your choice of any *one* of four popular posters when you order. Write for details.

Posters to choose from:
Herbal, Culinary, Botanical, Ecology, Wildflowers, Hobby, Wildlife, Nostalgia, Theater & Opera and Art Reproductions

For free information call:
1-800-433-7523

UNITED COMMUNICATIONS



WELLINGTON JEWELS

Wellington Simulated Diamonds have the look, brilliance, and clarity of the finest genuine diamonds at a fraction of the cost. Wellingtons are available in every shape and size, and each jewel is pure white and flawless with perfectly cut 58 facets mounted in 14k or 18k gold designer settings. Wellingtons are now also available in canary color. Rings, earrings, pendants, bracelets, and baubles for all occasions. Send for my new catalogue. Free.

HARPER'S

SPRING 1990 CATALOGUE SHOWCASE

To order, circle the numbers of the catalogues you wish to receive. Enclose a check or money order payable to *Harper's Magazine* for catalogues that require payment. Send order form and payment to *Harper's Magazine,* Spring Catalogue Showcase, P.O. Box 5232, Pittsfield, MA 01203-5232. Please allow six to eight weeks for delivery.

1. Audio-Forum .....$1.
2. Barnes & Noble .....$1.
3. Books on Tape .....Free
4. Crutchfield Stereos .....$1.
5. Daedalus Books .....$1.
6. Deva .....$1.
7. The Folio Society .....Free
8. Good Vibrations .....$2.
9. Hammacher Schlemmer .....$3.
10. Hang 'Em High Designs .....Free
11. Key Note .....$5.
12. LibertyTree .....$2.
13. Metropolitan Museum of Art .....$1.
14. Movies Unlimited $9.95
15. The Sexuality Library .....$1.
16. Tilley Endurables .....Free
17. United Communications .....Free
18. Wellington Jewels .....Free

+ $1 Postage/Handling Fee _____
GRAND TOTAL $ _____

Mr./Ms _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____ Amount Enclosed $ _____

THIS OFFER EXPIRES APRIL 15, 1990

DANIEL, DONA VIOLETA, DEMOCRACY

On the campaign trail in Nicaragua

By Francisco Goldman

I had arrived at Guatemala City's airport terminal in the indigo dark, before dawn, for my morning flight to Managua and had to wait around, eyes burning from sleeplessness, for the first of the newspaper boys to show up. I was curious to read what the Guatemalan dailies had to say about the upcoming general election in Nicaragua, scheduled for February 25, just three months away—not *curious*, not really, for I knew pretty much what the papers would say, but *interested*, interested to see which wire-service stories would be picked up (and which would not) and how the editorialists would bend reality to fit their unshakable beliefs. For instance, one Guatemalan editorialist—despite the fact that the U.N. plans to have 150 observers in Nicaragua during election week; the Organization of American States, 300; and such nongovernment groups as the one headed by former president Jimmy Carter, a couple hundred more—was certain that should the Frente Sandinista (the Sandinista Front) fail to be unseated by the United National Opposition (UNO), the main opposition coalition, it would be proof of fraud.

Thus, to the readers of the Guatemalan papers, Nicaragua remains as misdrawn and distorted as it is . . . well, for so many readers of the newspapers in the United States. I was not flying to Managua to boldly clear this up; these things could be best cleared up, put in truer focus, from far away—if only our *way* of looking at Nicaragua could be changed. Remove the filter of "cold war" (this is beginning to happen) and it may be clearly seen that the upcoming election—for president, vice president, new National Assembly members, along with hundreds of local officials—will be the freest and fairest ever held in any Central American country, save Costa Rica. Now take a wide-angle shot and you can glimpse that the freely elected civilian governments in nearby Guatemala, Honduras, and especially El Salvador—Ronald Reagan's and George Bush's and Elliott Abrams's "fledgling democracies"—are little more than fig leafs for rule by the military, and that *these* armies (enriched by U.S. aid and their own military-run businesses, and so no longer beholden even to the oligarchs) will be much harder to bring under civilian control than the Sandinista army should the Nicaraguans vote the UNO ticket.

Now stop and take a long view: When did men like Reagan and Bush and Abrams begin to care whether Nicaragua had free and fair elections? Did any one of them give a thought, one thought, to free, fair elections during the long and brutal rule of General Anastasio Somoza Debayle? Not surprisingly, if ironically, they began to care about free, fair elections in Nicaragua in the summer of 1979, when Somoza was toppled by a revolution led by the Sandinistas, *ironically*, because it was the political space opened that summer by the revolution—the cleaving, once and for all, of the traditional Central American oligarch–military alliance there—that for the first time made it possible to talk about free and fair Nicaraguan elections and, more important, the establishment of a true and progressive democracy.

I was not flying to Managua—ascending through morning mists, then flying low over the volcanoes and the green, brown, and gold countryside whose sameness and illusory vastness contradicts the hard-edged conceits of borders—to *prove* these truths. I was interested in what was, in fact, *new*. Despite the lingering remnants of the vicious hit-and-run war waged by the Contras, and despite the Nicaraguan government's suspension of a *unilateral* cease-fire, an awful period in this country's woeful history appeared to be ending—an end to the battles and bloodshed, and an end too to the revolution, as originally conceived by the Frente Sandinista, anyway. The myriad polls taken of Nicaraguan voters in recent months all indicate that the election will be a close one, which really means that, barring a reescalation of the war, which I think is unlikely, power in Nicaragua after February 25 will have to be shared, in one way or another. At this

Francisco Goldman, a contributing editor to Harper's Magazine, *writes frequently about Central America. He is completing a novel to be published by The Atlantic Monthly Press.*

istoric moment, I simply wanted
o spend a few days on the campaign
rail in the one Central American country that is a fledgling democracy.

The immigration lines at Mana-
ua's Sandino Airport are the most te-
ious in Central America. What is it, I have wondered before on so many previous trips, that the Sandinista soldiers, in those windowed booths that hide their hands, find in passports that takes so long to pore over and copy down? I got in line behind four Nicaraguan girls returning from Miami, sisters perhaps, in Reeboks, acid-washed jeans, and Gloria Estefan haircuts, all of them between about ten and fifteen. I was counting on the soldier to just wave the girls through, but already with the first one he was taking five, ten minutes. I began to look at a Salvadoran paper I'd gotten on the plane from a businessman who'd boarded during a brief stopover in El Salvador.



It was there I read that Violeta Barrios de Chamorro, presidential candidate of the fourteen-party UNO coalition, had departed the day before for a two-week tour of the United States and Europe. The Bush administration had arranged for Violeta and Corazon Aquino—in Washington from the Philippines at the same time—to have breakfast together at the White House. By chance, both the president of the Philippines and the candidate from Nicaragua are refined, upper-class ladies whose husbands were murdered by the dictators they heroically had defied, and if, by chance, this could be packaged for the press and they happen to report... Doña Violeta's husband, Pedro Joaquín Chamorro, had been the editor of *La Prensa*, a very different *La Prensa* from the one that Violeta now owns—a paper directed harshly and frequently sensationally against the Sandinista regime. Violeta says there is no difference at all, that she is carrying on her husband's work, much as Cory Aquino is carrying on her husband's. But there are other Chamorros one doesn't read much about in the Salvadoran (and American) newspapers—the children of Doña Violeta. One son runs *Barricada*, the Sandinista newspaper. Not long before I arrived in Managua, the paper had published an essay by his sister Claudia, a Sandinista diplomat; "the political enemies of my father are in the UNO," she wrote.

Five years ago, on the long ride from the airport to the city's "center"—the center, since the earthquake of 1972, being a vast empty field fronting a big, white pyramidal hotel, augmented in the past decade by a socialist realist monument nearby and a military base—one passed by barrio entrances festooned with plastic banners of the Sandinista National Liberation Front. *No más.* Now it is poverty that announces itself most loudly, the hordes of ragged kids at every intersection, hawking newspapers and mangoes and Costa Rican cigarettes. The economy is in tatters. With inflation reaching an astonishing rate of 36,000 percent in 1988, Nicaraguan workers saw their real wages fall to just 10 percent of what they had been in 1981. Last year, to break the fevered inflation, the government made steep cuts in spending and investment—reducing the inflation to a modest percentage but creating a deep, deep recession. Economists have documented the fewer portions of meat the workers eat, the fewer jobs, the fewer decent, affordable places to live. Figures compiled by the Sandinistas themselves show a falloff in private consumption of 70 percent under their rule. The kids pitching their wares at the intersection are part of a growing informal economy; they get by on a meal a day, and their parents, like most Nicaraguans of voting age, view the economy as *the* campaign issue, according to the polls. Whether the voters blame the economic crisis on the Contra war or on the four-and-a-half-year-old U.S. trade embargo or on the Sandinista planners and managers will decide how the vote will go.

There were billboards announcing the election campaign, many of them emblazoned with the Sandinista slogan *Todo será mejor*—"Everything will be better." My taxi driver seemed to think so, but not if the Sandinistas win. "The *muchachos*," he said, using the now almost nostalgic-sounding name for the "boys" who lead the Frente Sandinista, "they had good intentions. They've done their best. But it's time for a change."

I spent the next day on the campaign trail with Sergio Ramirez, the novelist and incumbent Sandinista candidate for vice president. I had missed the press bus, so I hitched a ride with a tall, pale, bespectacled Soviet journalist, wearing an Yves Saint Laurent shirt, who had his own jeep. The candidate's first stop was to be along a stretch of highway amidst farming hills, about a two-hour drive from the capital city. The crowd, long gathered by the time we drove up, was of young peasant farmers, and I was about to plunge in and start asking questions—was their presence voluntary?—when suddenly the brass of a mariachi band announced the candidate's arrival. Sergio Ramirez climbed

Photograph by Larry Boyd / Impact Visuals

out of a jeep and, at a pace somewhere between walking and running, his usually taciturn face set in a smile, moved the entire length of the rally, grabbing outstretched hands, while the musicians in their wide Mexican hats followed in the back of a pickup, their wildly thumping *música campestre*, country music, exhilarating the crowd. And then, like that, he was gone—a whistle-stop appearance, meant to kick off a civic fiesta and dance party that would continue into the night on this stretch of highway.

At his next stop, a rally in the town of La Trinidad, the candidate danced onstage with a pretty local girl while the ever-present band played a theme song celebrating "Doctor Ramirez." It delighted the crowd to see tall, cerebral Ramirez, dressed in plaid shirt, jeans, and work boots, dancing; the crowd's whistles and cheers made it all seem faintly risqué. The podium was crammed with Sandinista officials, the town priest, schoolteachers, war veterans. Local candidates for the National Assembly and municipal offices delivered brief warmup speeches listing the local benefits of the revolution: "a health clinic," "140 children currently enrolled in a nutrition program," "the basketball court in this municipality," "street repairs," "electricity," "the tractor that picks up the trash . . ."

And then, between musical interludes, Sergio Ramirez handed out medals, diplomas, certificates, and land titles; gave baseball bats and gloves to local youth groups, and a Sony TV and VCR to the local community center, the crowd oohing and aahing. He seemed to be a comfortable, confident campaigner, delivering his stump speech sharply, summoning evocative phrases, pausing to draw out suspense, his message direct, often emotional and combative. In this largely rural setting, he invoked the old days, the *paternalismo* of the large landowners who, at a whim, could drive peasants from their land and confiscate it. "We fought against that; that's our history, our tradition, our pride. . . . They say we believe that everything should belong to the state, that we don't believe in private property. But our land reform is giving land directly to you."

It was a large rally, impressive, but I learned from talking with a few locals that a UNO rally held a few weeks earlier had been larger.

Ramirez made a third stop that day, in nearby San Isidro, to inaugurate a rice refinery built with financing from Spain. When I got a chance to speak with Ramirez there, I asked him what the Frente would do if they lost the election.

"That won't happen."

But . . .

"I know we're not going to lose."

I then asked him what effect the changes in Eastern Europe were having on his thinking and that of his fellow Sandinistas.

"We have nothing to learn from that," he said. He noted how Nicaragua has always had open borders, has never described itself as Marxist-Leninist, has never installed a single-party system. "We've been able to show that a socialist model can be pluralist."

On the ride back to Nicaragua, I asked my Soviet journalist friend what he thought of all this.

"Propaganda," he answered, and smiled.

Back in Managua, the newspapers over the next few days were full of the rebel offensive in El Salvador and the opening of the Berlin Wall. *La Prensa* especially linked Violeta, by then in New York, to this latter event. *La Prensa* also quoted George Bush as having said that only if the UNO wins the elections will he lift the U.S. trade embargo against Nicaragua.

Foes of the Sandinistas have long made a point of claiming there is little free press in Nicaragua, and these voices—inside Nicaragua and, of course, in Washington—are not about to let this argument go, despite the fact that the UNO candidate is the publisher of her own newspaper. The Frente does control the TV news and dominates the Supreme Electoral Council, which allots the candidates free airtime on TV and has craftily seen to it that the UNO rotates its slots with the smaller parties that are not a part of the coalition.

But the press is not going to make or break this election, as anyone who spends even a few days in Nicaragua knows. Everyone is aware of who is running and what the parties stand for. The UNO's biggest problem is to hold together an unwieldy coalition that includes the country's Communist and Socialist parties, various centrist groups, and also right-wing traditionalists cozy with the Contras. The UNO coalition was described to me one morning as a "temporary truce" by Roberto Ferrey, who happens to be one of the coalition's chief political advisers. Ferrey spent two years in the Sandinista equivalent of the attorney general's office; he soured on the government and for a time lived in Miami, where he served as a member of the Contra political directorate.

Ferrey worries that the UNO is disorganized and that Doña Violeta is perhaps not up to a hard-fought campaign. ("The less she says the better," he told me at one point during our chat.) But he believes the UNO is "riding a wave" and will win big. If the UNO can make the vote a referendum on the economy, which is what Ferrey hopes, the Frente, he's convinced, is out.

I was struck by Ferrey's frankness and his complexity. I was struck particularly by a story he told me and the interpretation he allowed himself. He was talking about last October's voter-registration campaign, conducted over four successive Sundays, during which more than 90 percent of those eligible to register did so. In the city of Granada, Ferrey related, on the final Sunday, the volunteers manning one of the registration tables were allowed, with the permission of local Sandinista authorities, to stay open an hour past the ten o'clock deadline so that three last citizens, night workers getting off late, could come and sign up. The volunteers were all UNO supporters, and so were the three night workers. "They [the UNO volunteers] did their own census," Ferrey said. "Of the 420 people eligible to register at that table, all 420 came, and 385 were with the Opposition. It's not the UNO who is responsible for that, it's the people. And you know what that's a consequence of? The Sandinista vac-

ination programs, the literacy campaigns. These taught people how to mobilize, how to organize."

The selection of Virgilio Godoy as Doña Violeta's running mate was widely interpreted as a rebuke to the ve UNO rightist parties associated ith the Supreme Council of Private nterprise (COSEP); the rightists anted the COSEP leader, Enrique olanos, one of the country's wealthiest men, to be the candidate. Godoy erved for five years as the Sandinista inister of labor.

During the day I'd spent trailing ergio Ramirez, Godoy, at a rally in ocay, to the north, had authored ne of the more memorable lines of he campaign. He had been met at the ally by a Sandinista *turba*, or mob—a ig, violent gang of youths of the kind hat have marred a number of UNO ampaign events and later, in early December, sparked a riot in Masaepe, south of Managua, that resulted n the death of a UNO supporter. Hit n the face by eggs tossed by a Sandiista youth, Godoy quipped, "Even heir eggs are rotten"—thus connecting economic disaster to antiemocratic behavior and even suspect irility (eggs, *huevos*, being the term or "balls").

There was a disheveled, elderly an standing outside Godoy's Indeendent Liberal party headquarters, n the barrio Ciudad Jardín, when I rrived. "Go ahead in," he said, but when I did I found only a bare, unapealing room, a few chairs, no candiate. The elderly man outside turned ut to be . . . Godoy. He shuffled in nd sat down in a rocking chair. Our nterview proceeded lugubriously.

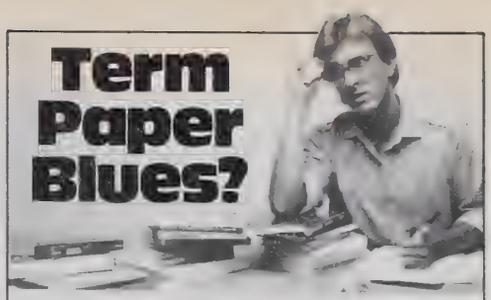
What about the UNO and the Contras? I asked.

"That has nothing to do with us. That's between the Sandinistas and hem."

Really? But, Don Godoy, you're unning for vice president, and it is a Nicaraguan problem. You must have omething to say about it.

"Okay. They should be demobiized at the same time as the Sandiista army."

He maintained that neither the Contra war nor the U.S. economic



Term Paper Assistance

Catalog of 19,278 research papers

Order Catalog Today with Visa / MC or COD

Toll Free Hot Line **1-800-351-0222**

California & Canada: (213) 477-8226

Monday - Friday 10 am - 5 pm (Pacific time)

Or send $2.00 with coupon below

Our 306-page catalog contains detailed descriptions of 19,278 research papers, a virtual library of information at your fingertips. Footnote and bibliographic pages are free. Ordering is easy as picking up your phone. Let this valuable educational aid serve you throughout your college years.

EXAMPLES OF CATALOG TOPICS. . .

15759 - WORK RELATED STRESS Ways to minimize and manage stress, emphasizing human relations and environmental approaches. 9 footnotes. 7 bibliographies. 6 pages.

15842 - GROUNDWATER CONTAMINATION Origins, types, economic, political, health aspects. Proposed solution based on cost/benefit analysis of social capital. 12 footnotes. 8 bibliographies. 8 pages.

Research Assistance also provide custom research and thesis assistance. Our staff of 75 professional writers, each writing in his field of expertise, can assist you with all your research needs.

QUALITY GUARANTEED!

RA since 1970

RESEARCH ASSISTANCE

11322 Idaho Avenue, Suite 206 - XR

West Los Angeles, California 90025

Please rush my catalog. Enclosed is $2.00 to cover postage.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State ____ Zip _____

Cricket

the magazine for children

. . . is for very special children who are curious about their world, who love to read, who have adventurous minds and active imaginations . . .

children just like yours!



"A fine literary magazine for children, this monthly has no living peers. . . . Unfortunate, indeed, are those who pass through the years of 6 to 12 unacquainted with CRICKET."

–BOOKLIST

$14.95 for an EIGHT-ISSUE TRIAL subscription. Send no money. We will bill you later. *Save over $15.00 off the regular twelve-issue price!* Order now by calling toll free or by sending us the coupon below.

Name _____

Address _____

City, State, Zip _____

1-800-BUG PALS (1-800-284-7257)

CRICKET, Box 52933, Boulder, CO 80322

5HMF1

SOLUTION TO THE JANUARY PUZZLE

B	R	E	A	K	F	A	S	T	E	R	S	
A	F	A	T	A	L	L	I	A	B	L	E	
N	O	R	A	B	A	C	K	R	O	O	M	
D	E	L	I	O	T	H	H	T	N	C	I	
I	C	E	R	B	F	O	R	A	T	O	R	
T	R	O	L	L	O	P	B	R	A	V	O	
S	O	L	I	L	O	Q	U	I	Z	E	C	
S	P	I	F	F	T	U	R	C	O	R	K	
P	E	C	T	O	R	A	L	S	C	A	G	
O	A	K	E	N	A	S	A	A	U	G	A	
O	R	E	D	O	T	I	P	S	T	E	R	
K	E	P	T	E	T	M	S	H	R	E	D	
I	D	H	O	L	L	O	W	W	A	R	E	
S	T	I	F	L	E	D	A	N	T	O	N	
H	A	L	F	B	R	O	T	H	E	R	S	

NOTES FOR "ANSWERS FIRST"

ACROSS: 1. BREAK-FASTERS; 9. FAT-A-L(igament); 10. LIABL(anagram)-E; 11. (mo)NORA(il); 13. BACK ROOM; 15. TOILE(d) reversed; 17. RECI(divist), reversed; 19. OR-ATOR(reversal); 21. TRO(L-LOP & Lit; 22. BRA(anagram)-VO; 23. SOL(I-L-O-QUIZ)E; 26. S(wee)P-I-F(urniture); 27. OORK, two meanings; 28. PECKED, homonym; 30. SCAG, hidden; 32. (gazeb)O-A-KEN; 34. REDO(c), anagram & Lit; 35. TIPSTER, anagram; 36. K-EPT(anagram); 39. SHRE(w)D; 40. HOLLOW WARE; 41. EL-FITS reversed; 42. DANTON, anagram; 43. HALF BROTHERS. DOWN: 1. B AND ITS; 2. EARL(y); 3. (re)KA-B(reversal)-OB; 4. FLAT-F-OOT(reversal); 5. SI(K)H, reversal; 6. T(A-R-TAR)IC; 7. E/BON, bon/e; 8. S(EM)I, reversal of IS; 9. FOE, "faux"; 12. AIR LIFTED; 14. CHOP(-chop); 16. C OVER AGE; 18. CROP EARED; 20. ROCK GARDENS; 22. PAL-RUB reversed; 24. LI(C)K(e); 25. QUASI MODO; 26. S-P-OOKISH (anagram); 29. (p)RATTLER; 30. SASH, hidden; 31. CUT RATE; 33. NO(v)EL; 37. PHI-L; 38. (i)T-OFF; 39. SWAT(h).

SOLUTION TO JANUARY DOUBLE ACROSTIC (NO. 85). (OGDEN) NASH. TRANSATLANTIC TRANSPORTS. The London taxi is a relic / For which my zeal is evangelic. / It's designed for people wearing hats, / And not for racing on Bonneville Flats. / The driver so deep in the past is sunk / That he'll help you with your bags and trunk; / Indeed, he is such a fuddy-duddy / That he calls you Sir instead of Buddy.

CONTEST RULES: Send the quotation, the name of the author, and the title of the work, together with your name and address, to Double Acrostic No. 86, *Harper's Magazine*, 666 Broadway, New York, N.Y. 10012. If you already subscribe to *Harper's*, please include a copy of your latest mailing label. Entries must be received by February 8. Senders of the first three correct solutions opened at random will receive one-year subscriptions to *Harper's Magazine*. The solution will be printed in the March issue. Winners of Double Acrostic No. 84 are Betty Kiefer, Milan, Michigan; A. L. Bleckey, Havertown, Pennsylvania; and James Bone, New York, New York.

~~$1499 $1799~~
NOW $ 1099
Inc. FREE Airfare !!!
SPECIAL* 7 DAYS

Caribbean or Mexico

Limited Supply Available

Please choose and ask for cruise by letter:

A. Miami - Nassau - San Juan - St. John - St. Thomas
B. San Diego - Cabo San Lucas - Mazatlan - Puerto Vallarta
C. Key West - Cancun - Cozumel

WE WILL NOT BE UNDERSOLD ON:
Alaska o Bermuda o Hawaii
Trans Canal o The Orient
South Pacific o Mediterranean
* *WE DISCOUNT EVERYTHING !* *
NEVER PAY RETAIL AGAIN
NATIONS *ONLY* COMPLETE SHOP AT HOME SERVICE

CALL TODAY
TOLL FREE: 1-800-633-6211

SAH
SHOP AT HOME CRUISES

* Cabins are inside with double bed or 2 lower beds
* Outside cabins for $1199.
* Port Tax Additional

GALAPAGOS

You, nine others and our naturalist will explore by yacht more islands than any other Galapagos expedition. From simple adventures to splendid yacht charters, from scuba diving to serious hiking and even college credit, no one else offers as many ways to experience the Galapagos because no one else specializes exclusively in the Galapagos.

60 trip dates.
Machu Picchu option.

FREE BROCHURE

Inca Floats
1311-HPX 63rd. St.,
Emeryville CA ,94608 415-420-1550

Speak a Foreign Language Like a Diplomat!

Learn on your own with audio-cassette courses used by U.S. State Dept. Programmed for easy learning, 47 languages in all. Comprehensive. Call or write for free catalog. 1-800-243-1234 Dept. 606
AUDIO-FORUM® Guilford, CT 06437

Does the "replica" outperform the famous original?

Mount Fuji Ceramic Pen only $39.95*

**But read this ad for an even better deal.*

One of the world's truly fine line of products is that of Europe's Montblanc pens, appropriately named after that continent's highest mountain. If you have ever written with a Montblanc pen, you know that writing with them is a delight and almost effortless. One substantial drawback, however, as with so many luxuries, is that their price is awfully high. It is easy to spend $150 or more for one of them. Our Japanese friends have created a "replica" of this outstanding pen, which (except for one small detail—it doesn't have that 6-pointed star on the top) is indistinguishable in appearance, heft and feel. Not surprisingly, they called it *Mount Fuji*. It has the same hi-lacquer finish, with goldtone accents, as the famous original. The ceramic writing tip provides silk-smooth, effortless writing. It will never flatten or skip, even after hardest and longest use.



•The great reservoir of the Mount Fuji Ceramic Pen holds enough ink to draw a line 6 3 miles long. That is enough to write a medium size novel. But just in case your literary requirements go beyond that, we include an extra tip and an extra ink reservoir.

The most remarkable thing about the *Mount Fuji Ceramic Pen* is its price. We are the exclusive direct mail distributors of this splendid writing instrument and can offer it therefore for just $39.95. But, we have an even better deal: ***Buy two for $79.90, and we'll send you a third one, with our compliments—absolutely FREE!*** Discard those tacky ballpoint pens and those clumsy felt tips. Write smoothly and easily, give character and good appearance to your writing. And make a really great buy. Treat yourself to better writing and get your *Mount Fuji Ceramic Pen(s)* today!

FOR FASTEST SERVICE, ORDER
TOLL FREE (800) 882-3050
24 hours a day, 7 days a week

Please give order Code #4800-A162 for *Mount Fuji Ceramic Pen*. If you prefer, send check or money order (with authorization and expiration date) or charge to your credit card. Please allow 3 weeks for delivery. Add $3.75 for one pen, $4.75 for two pens, $5.75 for three. Add sales tax for all orders and handling fees for quantity orders. UPS insurance $1.25 for one *Mount Fuji Ceramic Pen* and $6.75 for three. Add sales tax for all orders. You have 30-day return and exchange privilege.

For quantity orders (100+), call Ernest Gerard, our Wholesale/Premium Manager at (415) 543-6570 or write him at the address below.

since 1967
haverhills®
131 Townsend Street, San Francisco, CA 94107

embargo had hurt Nicaragua. "Because," he said, "if you go to the airport, you see all those people bringing in cartons and overstuffed suitcases. Those are entrepreneurs bringing things back from Miami to sell. And do you think those suitcases are empty when they leave Nicaragua? No, they're full of local goods to be sold in Miami."

What kind of goods?

"Crocodile pelts, cream, butter..."

Suitcases full of butter? In this heat?

"Crocodile pelts, cream, butter," Godoy softly intoned, smiling, rocking, repeating his fantastical inventory. Soon we were both laughing, both enjoying, perhaps, the image of a river of buttery slime trailed through customs in Miami.

President Daniel Ortega, in military fatigues, charged into the town of Nagarote, north of Managua, on a white horse, surrounded by young ladies on horseback and cheerleaders in silvery hot pants. A huge, enthusiastic crowd lined the tree-bowered avenue into the center of town, and as the president and his entourage galloped in, Ponderosa style, surrounded by a sea of running, excited Sandinista youth in bright yellow T-shirts and brassy big bands in mariachi attire on two flatbed trucks blaring *cumbias* and the theme song about "Daniel the Fighting Rooster" through a tunnel of exploding firecracker rockets, you had to reflect that the Sandinistas have little to learn from Roger Ailes about creating vivid campaign imagery.

At the rally in town, the speeches were kept short so as not to interrupt the music and gift giving. A folksinger with the frenetic style of a *campesino* David Byrne performed a song that seemed to be celebrating the goofy noises coffee pickers come out with as they make love among the coffee trees. Ortega introduced the local Miss Juventud Sandinista, dressed in an English riding outfit, and then danced with the spectacularly leggy local Miss Simpática, dressed cowgirl style. (Later that week he would turn up at a Sandinista Youth fiesta in

Managua and dance some more; and the following morning *La Prensa* would ridicule him for dressing and behaving like the Latin American teen idol Chayanne and then go on insinuatingly to wonder what his wife, the poetess Rosario Murillo, from whom he is rumored to be estranged, had been up to that night.) The president kissed babies, distributed land titles; out came the baseball bats, the gloves . . .

And speaking of baseball, in his speech Ortega rhetorically situated his party vis-à-vis the twenty-two other Nicaraguan parties. "What do you get if you hit the ball to the left?!? A foul ball!" he shouted to, and then with, the crowd. "And to the right? Foul ball!!! But up the middle?!? *CHONRÓN!*" There you have it, the new option of the political center, the Frente Sandinista. (Never mind that in usual baseball terminology a hit up the middle is associated with a single; that is, just getting to first base.)

Off to the sides, Sandinista organizers were bracing for a long campaign. One young aide reflected that she wouldn't have another day off until February 26. Another spoke cautiously about "all the work" Sandinista activists had had to do in this particular town, where only the year before the Mothers of Nagarote had faced off the recruiters of the Sandinista government's forced military draft with stones in the street.

After one last stop at the local Protestant Evangelical church, where Ortega read from the Bible, the horses and music and girls of this most traditional-seeming and *compestre* of Latin American campaigns pulled out of town. The Mothers of Nagarote stood on the sidewalks and in doorways, confidently telling the reporters roaming the reverted-to-sleepy, muddy streets that Nagarote is going UNO all the way.

Doña Violeta returned before I left Managua, after all. My first glimpse of her was on television. Arriving back at Sandino Airport, she broke away from her visibly consternated handlers to speak to reporters: "*Que cosa más linda,* what a pretty thing, the fall of the Berlin Wall," she said, and she smiled beautifully and rejoined her retinue. She's no politician, she's the first to admit it. The UNO chose her to lead their ticket for the same reason that, a decade ago, the Sandinistas installed her in the first revolutionary junta: her symbolic value.

She's blondish, pretty, girlish in spirit. When I later saw her up close, at a rally in Nandaime, west of Managua, reading from yellow index cards, she sounded like someone running for student council and probably, as the most popular girl in the class, destined to win. "*Nandaime va, UNO va, y vamos a ganar*"—pep-rally words, and she read them, cheerfully but methodically. More than anything, she gives off an impression of good-hearted naïveté. Instead of recognizing, for example, the polarized character of the Nicaraguan population, epitomized by her own family, she likes to say that all those idealistic young people who still support the Frente Sandinista will instantly come over to her side once she wins.

The crowd at her rally on the steps of the El Calvario church in Nandaime made a stark contrast to those drawn by the Sandinista candidates. Who were they? *Lumpen?* That's the word Sandinista elitists often use to describe them: *They are the people who don't understand.* Could they possibly be the same people Roberto Ferrey had spoken of, ones who perhaps understand all too well?

Many of them had been bused and trucked in from other cities, and then they marched into Nandaime (where last year Sandinista police had busted up an opposition rally and taken the leaders to jail), carrying metal rods and sticks bristling with nails, on guard against the *turbas* but provocative themselves. They were not obviously poorer than the people at Sandinista rallies, but they had a distinct solemnity, something brooding; they seemed starkly fed up.

"Peace, work, and progress . . ." Doña Violeta read from her cards, still looking fresh despite the jostling crowd of UNO people all around her on the church steps and the crushing heat. "The pope told me to tell all of you not to lose faith, because he's certain we'll win like the people in East

Continued on page 78

Perfect Fit *by Mail*
We Guarantee It!



Choose from more than 80 styles of America's finest comfort shoes in sizes 6 to 16, AAA to EEEE. Handcrafted since 1876! All Wright Shoes feature the exclusive Arch-Preserver Comfort System.

Every purchase *unconditionally guaranteed* or your money back!

Handsewn Loafers
Classic slip-on casuals, hand sewn in gleaming, hand-finished leather. Premium leather outsoles. Patented steel shank and metatarsal rise for outstanding comfort and fit 6½ to 16, B to EEE

Masterpiece Wingtips
Premium calfskin dress shoes, with leather linings and soles. Wright's steel shank and metatarsal rise are standard. 7 to 14, AA to EEE



Lightweight Walkers
Supreme comfort in a lightweight casual. Kip leather uppers, full leather linings, contoured collar, and super-durable molded sole. 7 to 14, AAA to EEE



Wright Mariners
Best boatshoes ever launched, thanks to handsewn construction and Wright's patented steel shank 7–13, AAA to EEE



Super Walkers
Superb leather and state-of-the-art training shoe technology combined! Hand-finished leather uppers, shock-absorbing orthotic, double-density outsole 8–14, AAA to EEE



In addition to Wright Arch-Preservers, we stock New Balance, Walk-Over, and Sebago—sizes 6 to 16, AAA to EEEE! Every selection guaranteed! Send for your 32-page full-color catalog today!

Save on our Special Introductory Offers!



FREE COLOR CATALOG

Executive Shoes
Dept. 350, Box E
Rockland, MA 02370
CALL TOLL FREE!
1-800-343-1022

Name

Street

City State Zip

Have you ever worn Wright Shoes? ☐ Yes. ☐ No.
Are you "hard to fit?" ☐ Yes. ☐ No

CLASSIFIED

BOOKS

Obtain your books (new or in-print) easily, pleasantly, reliably—with one soothing call to Minnesota. Tell us what you need; we ship immediately or will special-order. Gringolet Bookstore, Minneapolis, Minn. (800) 468-4347.

Free book search by specialist book finder. Send titles to Continental Book Search, Box 1163-H, New York, N.Y. 10009.

Eureka Bookfinder. Send wants: 2024-H Harris Street, Eureka, Calif. 95501.

Locating out-of-print books our specialty. Avonlea Books, Box 74E, White Plains, N.Y. 10602. (914) 946-5923.

Canadian books: Used, out-of-print, paperbacks, hardbacks. Any Canadiana, Arctic, or sea books. Wells Group, 958 Page Avenue, Victoria, B.C. V9B 2M6, Canada.

Old and rare books. Fine bindings, travel, fine and decorative arts, etc. Free catalogue. James Beattie Ltd., P.O. Box 882, Blue Bell, Pa. 19422.

Old-book scout locates out-of-print books. Write: Greenmantle, P.O. Box 1178HP, Culpeper, Va. 22701.

Booklover's smorgasbord. Free catalogue. Iron Kettle Books, Hancock Road, Williamstown, Mass. 01267.

Antiquarian book tours. Twelve days immersed in Britain's greatest bookshops. Private receptions, historic accommodations, fairs, more. British Specialty Tours, Box 78193, Dept. HAR, Indianapolis, Ind. 46268. (317) 873-3732.

Thoughtful books for thoughtful people. Current affairs, Middle East, Soviet Union, et al. Top experts. Send for free catalogue: Kingston Press Inc., P.O. Box 2759, Clifton, N.J. 07105.

Intense, vivid, accessible, humanistic, artful poetry. Good stuff: $5 includes postage. Lee Shatz, 461 Bellevue #26, Oakland, Calif. 94610.

Still looking for a book? Free search. Sperling Books, Box 1766H, Madison Square Station, New York, N.Y. 10159.

Anarchist Cookbook. Available again: $22, postpaid. Barricade Books, Box 1401-E, Secaucus, N.J. 07096.

ASSOCIATIONS

Bertrand Russell Society. Information: HM, RD 1, Box 409, Coopersburg, Pa. 18036.

FOREIGN NEWSPAPERS

Worldwide English newspapers and Magazine-of-Month Club. Samplers: 4 for $2.98. Multinewspapers, Box DE-H2, Dana Point, Calif. 92629.

REAL ESTATE

Repossessed VA & HUD homes available from government from $1 without credit check. You repair. Also tax-delinquent foreclosures. Call (805) 682-7555, ext. H-1716, for repo list in your area.

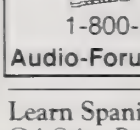
EDUCATION

Research papers: 18,278 papers available—all academic subjects. Rush $2 for 306-page catalogue. Custom writing also available. Research, 11322 Idaho, No. 206HB, Los Angeles, Calif. 90025. Toll-free hotline: (800) 351-0222; in Calif., (213) 477-8226.

Fully approved university degrees. Economical home study for bachelor's, master's, and Ph.D. degrees, fully approved by California State Dept. of Education. Prestigious faculty counsels for independent-study and life-experience credits (5,100 enrolled students, 500 faculty). Free information: Richard Crews, M.D. (Harvard), President, Columbia Pacific University, Dept. 2F90, 1415 Third Street, San Rafael, Calif. 94901. (800) 227-0119; in Calif.: (800) 552-5522 or (415) 459-1650.

Study Chinese at home. Free brochure. Write: AICS, Box 453, Charles Town, W. Va. 25414.

Audio Cassette-of-the-Month Club



We offer 3 clubs; 1) *American History;* 2) *Literature and Great Writers;* 3) *Mindstretchers.* Costs under $5 per cassette. Call toll-free 1-800-243-1234 (except CT), or write: **Audio-Forum** Dept. 602, Guilford, CT 06437.

Learn Spanish in Guatemala. Family living. CASA, Box 11264, Milwaukee, Wis. 53211. (414) 372-5570.

Bachelor's, Master's, Doctorate. Guide to colleges offering nonresidential degree programs through independent home study. Accredited, economical, accelerated programs. Credit given for prior accomplishments and work experience. Free detailed brochure. Write: Doctor John Bear, P.O. Box 826-H1, Benicia, Calif. 94510.

SPEAK FRENCH OR ANY LANGUAGE
AS U.S. DIPLOMATS DO!
Self-study audiocassette courses developed for U.S. State Dept. now at **savings up to 60%!** Call or write for FREE catalog **1-800-722-6394.**
AUDIO-LANGUAGE INSTITUTE®
516 Fifth Avenue Dept H11Suite 507 NY NY 10036

Kids Can Do Anything—a 50-minute cassette tape by Dr. John A. Gudeman. Boost your child's self-esteem and steer your child toward success. Satisfaction guaranteed. Send $9.95 and $1.95 for S&H to Kids Can Do Anything, P.O. Box 252, Dept. A+, St. James, Mo. 65559.

Superlearning. Triple learning spe through music. Languages, data. Maxim memory, potentials. Stressless. Free excer catalogue. Superlearning, 1290 W. 11t No. 105-H6, Vancouver, B.C. V6H 1k Canada.

Off-campus individualized programs professionals at Somerset lead to Americ doctoral degrees. For a prospectus, send to the International Administrative Cent Somerset University, Illminster, Somer TA 19 OBQ, England. (44) 0460-57255

Overcome your fear of algebra with Prof sor Weissman's IBM software. Call the pr fessor for your free disk. (718) 698-521 Call 8 P.M. to 10 P.M. EST.

TRAVEL

Free travel accommodations made possil by the World Home Exchange Networ First computerized exchange service. F more information, write WHEN, 878 3(Avenue, San Francisco, Calif. 94121, or c 1-800-SAY-WHEN.

Great Expeditions Magazine. Trekking, c tural discovery, budget travel in Asia, Af ca, Latin America. Free sample: P.O. B 8000-411, Sumas, Wash. 98295. (604) 85 6170.

Berlin, Prague, Budapest. Experience his ry in the making. Special excursions in t spring. Contact Detours, Inc.: (800) 44 6088.

Cultural tours of the French countrysi Experience fine wines and cuisine of Fran while staying in a private chateau. Ballo trip and barge cruise included. Surprisin affordable. Also, angler's tour. Groups lim ed to 18 participants. Contact Detours In (800) 448-6088.

Amazing tourist attraction. Discover Am ica with free tourist packets. For more inf mation write to Tourist Attractions, 36 North 69th Avenue, #28, Phoenix, Ar 85033.

GIFTS

Penis poster (23"×35") depicts 12 anir penises (man to whale). Scientific novel $10 ppd. to Poster K, Box 673, Bloomi ton, Ind. 47402.

Dan Quayle watch. Quartz, $33. JAR, P. Box 10707, Arlington, Va. 22210.

Awesome T-shirt: 1990 CENSUS COUNT OUT. Send $16 ppd. to Aviva, Box 108(Minneapolis, Minn. 55458.

RANCH VACATIONS

Package vacations in Montana's Roc Mountain wilderness. Trout fishing, hor back riding, river rafting, and much more all ages. The Hawley Mountain Gu Ranch, Box 4-H, McLeod, Mont. 590 (406) 932-5791.

CLASSIFIED RATES: Minimum one word. One time, $1.95 per word; three times, $1.85 per word; six times, $1.75 per word; twelve times, $1.60 per wo Telephone numbers count as one word; zip codes count as one word. CLASSIFIED DISPLAY: Minimum one inch. One time, $115 column inch; three times, $110 per column inch; six times, $105 per column inch; twelve times, $90 per column inch. The closing for classified copy is the f of the month, two months prior to issue date. Payment in advance is required. Make checks payable to *Harper's Magazine* and send to Harper's Classified, 666 Bro way, New York, N.Y. 10012. Include complete number of all correspondence. Address inquiries to Andrew Walko, Classified Advertising Manager.

MERCHANDISE

aturist videos. $2, SASE. HA, Box 9296, ewark, Del. 19714.

JOHN FIELDS
BOW TIES
WRITE FOR CATALOG
?.O. BOX 406D, KENWOOD, CA 95452

ars, trucks, boats, four-wheelers, motor mes seized by FBI, IRS, DEA. Available your area now. Call (805) 682-7555, ext. -1410.

PUBLICATIONS

he People. Marxist biweekly since 1891. ur months/$1, one year/$4. *The People* H), Box 50218, Palo Alto, Calif. 94303.

roof Jesus fictional. Scholarly proof Fla- us Josephus created fictional Jesus, Gos- els: $5. For details, send SASE to Abelard, ox 5662-H, Kent, Wash. 98064.

ndispensable—*Judaism and Vegetarianism*, Richard Schwartz. Paper: $9.95; cloth: 19.95 ($1.40 postage). Micah Publica- ons, 255 Humphrey Street, Marblehead, lass. 01945.

wareness is the first step to action. *Cur- nt Environmental Newsletter* keeps you vare of the latest environmental news by oing beyond the headlines. *CEN* provides ccurate, concise reporting on ecological is- es in an easy-to-read format. Sample copy, bscription info: send $3 to *CEN*, P.O. Box 7364, Richmond, Va. 23226. Attn: Dept. . Accept MC/Visa. (800) 899-1449. Call 8 M. to 5 P.M. EST.

ecrets of Style. A unique new guide for ad- anced writers of imaginative and expository rose: $12.95. Specialty Printing, 292 West ershing Street, Salem, Ohio 44460.

he National Americanist. The best publi- ation on money, banking, and investment uicksands. Introductory copy free. Write: Monetary Science, Box 86-H, Wickliffe, Ohio 44092.

nventing Earth Quarterly—people decid- g how life on earth is going to be and then oing out and making it happen. Free sam- e. Dept. M, 11 Inverness Road, Arlington, lass. 02174.

HEALTH

Quit smoking. Works for me. Free details. MB, 4439 Helmar Drive, Monroeville, Pa. 5146.

BUSINESS OPPORTUNITIES

Read books for pay: $100 a title. Write: ASE-JJ6, 161 Lincolnway, North Aurora, l. 60542.

Get the government finance your small busi- ess. Grants/loans to $500,000 yearly. Free ecorded message: (707) 449-8600. KW6.

arn hundreds weekly stuffing envelopes. roven successful. No experience necessary. tart immediately. New Era Enterprises. IP, 1589 Albion, Rexdale, Ontario, M9V B6, Canada. Enclose a large SASE.

Be your own boss. Exceptional opportunities. Free details. SMA, 4439 Helmar Drive, Monroeville, Pa. 15146.

Earn hundreds of dollars weekly working in your home. For details send a self-addressed stamped envelope to Harry, P.O. Box 36433, Cincinnati, Ohio 45236.

GOURMET

Authentic Bulgarian moussaka. My grandmother's recipe. Send $2 to Nina, Box 1119, Brookline, Mass. 02146.

Wild morel mushrooms from Oregon. Excellent in soups, stews, vegetables, etc. 1¼ ounce dried mushrooms—lots of flavor—$13.50 ppd. Send check or money order to Richland Foods Inc., P.O. Box 202, Dept. 1H, Richland, Ore. 97870.

Delicious best-ever cheesecake. Send $2 ppd. for recipe to Chef Pierre, Box 191, Ste. Therese, Quebec J7E 4J2, Canada.

Australian cheesecake. New, luscious, super chocolaty. Send $3 to NELCO, 733 S. Main, #203HMA, Willits, Calif. 95490.

GENEALOGY

Irish genealogy. Write: Hibernian Research Ltd., 22 Windsor Road, Dublin 6, Ireland. Call (353) 1-966-522 (24 hours).

MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS

Panpipes/flutes, over 250 varieties, many ages/cultures. Catalogue, $2. Lew Price, Box 1558 (R), Fair Oaks, Calif. 95628.

LITERARY SERVICES

Looking for a publisher? Learn how you can have your book published, promoted, and distributed. Send for free booklet: HP-2, Vantage Press, 516 W. 34th Street, New York, N.Y. 10001.

Ghostwriting. Everything editorial. Professional staff. Wordsmiths, Box 5882-B, Chicago, Ill. 60680.

Publish your own manuscript. Automated graphic-arts studio, experienced in contract publishing, offers alternatives to authors without publishers. We'll produce it—you distribute it. Call Cate Dolcater, Panero Design Inc.: (212) 228-2680. Free consultation.

ART

Art dealer—buy direct: Erté, Doolittle, Bateman, and all nationally known artists. Call for information: (800) 333-9ART. Paul Rest Art Broker, 8463 Peachland Avenue, Sebastopol, Calif. 95472.

MISCELLANEOUS

Meet people on your computer. Contact friendly users worldwide. Call (900) 468-8888 with your personal computer and modem (setting N-8-1).

THE NATIONAL
HEMLOCK SOCIETY
P. O. Box 11830
Eugene, OR 97440-3900
Telephone: 503/342-5748
Voluntary Euthanasia for the Terminally Ill

EMPLOYMENT

Rocky Mountain employment newsletter. Current openings, all occupations. Western U.S. Free details: Intermountain-4R, 3565 Pitch, Colorado Springs, Colo. 80908. (719) 488-0320, ext. 418.

British teacher, 49, recently widowed, seeks interesting position. (619) 724-6753.

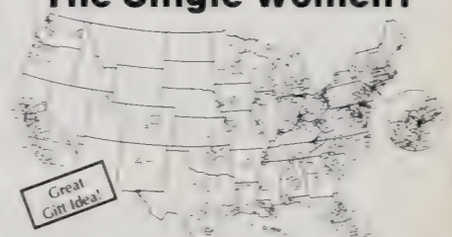
RETIREMENT

Retire in beautiful central Pennsylvania. Foxdale Village—building on the tradition of fine Quaker lifecare communities. Available now: independent living in fully equipped units. Director experienced in lifecare management. Mid-1990 Community Building will provide attractive dining facilities, lounges, library, full medical protection. For information write: 500 E. Marylyn Avenue, Dept. T, State College, Pa. 16801. (814) 238-3322.

PERSONALS

Asian Girls. Free information. J.W., P.O. Box 2329, Jakarta, Pusat, Indonesia.

Where Are The Single Men? The Single Women?



Unique new map shows number of single men for every 100 single women in 150 largest metro areas. See striking differences between areas. Four colors 18 x 24". Suitable for framing.

Only $10 Mailed 1st class within 24 hrs.
Postpaid Moneyback if not satisfied.

Phone orders, call toll-free 1-800-388-6277
Or send check or money order. NYS add tax.

MAP MAKERS
221 Crosby Avenue, Buffalo, N.Y. 14217

If I were you . . . European philosopher gives advice on any personal problem: $5 short, $10 long. M.L.K., Box 414, 1347 Divisadero, San Francisco, Calif. 94115.

Classical Music Lovers' Exchange. Nationwide link between unattached music lovers. CMLE, Box 31, Pelham, N.Y. 10803.

Meet Christian singles. Nationwide. Phone or mail introductions. No fee, donations only. Write: Box 90-20-WE, Van Nuys, Calif. 91409.

Asian women desire romance. Overseas, sincere, attractive. World's No. 1 service. Sunshine International Correspondence, Dept. NA, Box 5500, Kailua-Kona, Hawaii 96745. (808) 325-7707.

Japanese women seek friendship/marriage. Other Orientals too. Pacific Century Correspondence, 110 Pacific 208K, San Francisco, Calif. 94111. (816) 942-1668.

Beautiful, faithful Asian ladies seek friendship/marriage. Compare our prices. Free photo brochure. (702) 451-3070.

CLASSIFIED

Cultured singles, nationwide. Older women/younger men; younger women/older men. Send LSASE to Anachron, Box H-326, NYC 11367.

Are you selective? Introducing classy, fun-loving, educated Hungarian and South American ladies. Affordable photo-illustrated lists. Ideal Companion, Box 7697-W, Albuquerque, N.M. 87194.

Beautiful Latin, Asian ladies seek friendship, marriage. Free photo brochure. Latins, Box 1716-HR, Chula Vista, Calif. 92012. (619) 425-1867.

Scandinavia, Poland, USSR, South America: Worldwide correspondence for sincere, unattached, educated members. Scanna, P.O. Box 4-HP, Pittsford, N.Y. 14534. Call (716) 586-3170.

Meet me in Paris, Rome, London, Brussels, New York. User-friendly meeting service connects you with compatibles worldwide. Call (900) 468-8888 with your personal computer and modem (setting N-8-1).

Art Lovers' Exchange. End your search. Meet the single fine-arts gentry. ALX, Box 26J, Bensalem, Pa. 19020.

Beautiful Asian women seek friendship, marriage. Send age, interests. GRE, Box 555, Elmont, N.Y. 11003.

At the Gate. Meet singles sharing values on peace, ecology, growth, and human rights. Free details. Box 09506-HP, Columbus, Ohio 43209.

Write directly to movie, rock, TV stars. Photos also. Free lists. SASE to Star Gazing, Dept. H, Box 2985, Westerly, R.I. 02891.

Meet women worldwide. Free 24-page catalogue. America's most respected correspondence service. Cherry Blossom, 190 HR Rainbow Ridge, Kapaau, Hawaii 96755. (808) 961-2114, anytime.

Extraordinary psychic counselor, problem solver. Phone reading. Visa/MC/Amex. Randal Clayton Bradford. (213) 820-5281.

Travel advice from Holland. Send $5 to Travel/Holland, P.O. Box 276, Newton Centre, Mass. 02159.

Share your popcorn. Join The MovieLovers' Club, a nationwide network of unattached moviegoers. Box 2035H, Bala, Pa. 19004.

Looking for Vincent M., Naval pilot in WWII. Met Pamela in N.Y.C., 1946–47. Box 8453, Toledo, Ohio 43623.

Single Booklovers gets cultured singles of all ages acquainted. Established 1970. Nationwide. Write: Box 117, Gradyville, Pa. 19039, or call (215) 358-5049.

Idealistic SWM, 44, responsible/fun, bookish/fit, physician/unaffected, nice-looking/modest, seeks best-friend/wife. Box 14481, Atlanta, Ga. 30324.

Asian girls seek friendship/marriage. Free brochure, $1 list/video. Fiancée Express, Box 5194-D, York, Pa. 17405-5194

Attractive Oriental ladies seeking correspondence, marriage. Presentations by American/Asian couple. Asian Experience, Box 1214JA, Novato, Calif. 94948

Continued from page 75

Germany and in his country, Poland, did."

People in the crowd shouted, "Violeta!" They shouted, *"Que se vaya el Frente!"*—"Go away Frente!"

The candidate departed once from her cards. It was to talk about the Berlin Wall. She said that someone in Spain had given her a rock from this wall, and that—she began to ramble—she'd wanted to go to the wall but she couldn't get a plane, and anyway, on February 25, she promised, she'll show them all her rock from that wall.

Moises Hassan, on my last morning in Nicaragua, told me that the choice between the Sandinistas and the UNO is like a choice between hanging and shooting yourself.

Hassan is another former Sandinista hero who has moved into the opposition—but not into the UNO. Once the mayor of Managua, he now heads the United Revolutionary Movement (MUR), which he compares to the Social Democratic parties of Europe.

If the Sandinistas don't win, if they let the UNO take office, who knows what deals, said Hassan, the Frente will strike to retain a share of power. He thinks it is all they are really interested in now anyway. If he is optimistic, it is because he sees an end to the Sandinistas' hold on absolute power no matter what the outcome of the presidential election. In fact, he thinks it likely that, eventually, the Frente Sandinista might even disintegrate.

The Sandinistas may very well have a significant voting bloc in the next National Assembly, but no one, Hassan is sure, will have a majority. And that, he said, is where real democracy will take root. Coalitions will have to be built, deals and tradeoffs made: democracy.

A postelection Nicaragua may well have to find a place for Edén Pastora, the once heroic Commander Zero, who is back in the country campaigning on behalf of the Social Christian party. Revolutionaries will have to learn that aspects of society are not theirs to control; Contras will have to decide if they meant all the talk about freedom and democracy.

I left Nicaragua thinking that, in the long run, it might be best for the country if the UNO won by the small margin that is realistically all they can expect to win by and the Sandinistas for at least a term, became a tough opposition party, pressing to see that the good they have done (land reform, the social programs) is not undone. Of course, it is not for me to say.

What is for me to say, or at least to ask, is what do *we* do beginning the morning of February 26, provided a free, fair election has gone off as planned the day before? What do *we* do about the trade embargo? The Contras? Our ceaseless and ruthless meddling?

It is impossible not to feel that the president who most fears free and fair elections is not in Managua. ■

February Index Sources

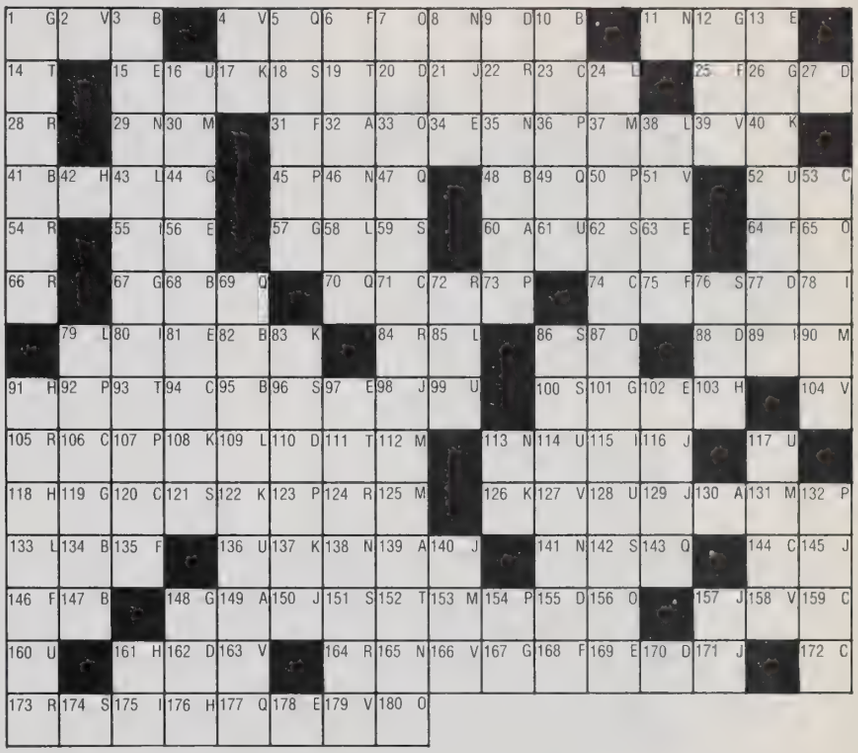
1 Hyman Products (St. Louis); **2** Donaldson, Lufkin & Jenrette (N.Y.C.)/*Harper's* research; **3** *The Economist* (London); **4** U.S. Commerce Dept.; **5** Carter Center, Emory University (Atlanta); **6** Nicaragua Network (Washington); **7,8** Center for Defense Information (Washington); **9** Kenneth Cooper, Knight-Ridder (Washington); **10** N.Y.C. Dept. of Transportation; **11** Greenpeace USA (Washington); **12,13** U.S. Federal Aviation Administration; **14,15** U.S. Commerce Dept.; **16** Christopher Bigsby, University of East Anglia (Norwich, England); **17** French for Tots (N.Y.C.); **18** Educational Testing Service (Princeton, N.J.); **19** Maureen Dowd, *The New York Times Magazine;* **20** U.S. Justice Dept. **21** Legal Services Corp. (Washington) **22,23** National Abortion Rights Action League (Washington); **24** *Congressional Quarterly* (Washington)/*Harper's* research; **25** Stephen Winzenburg, Grand View College (Des Moines); **26** Bishopric of the Russian Orthodox Church (N.Y.C.); **27** Soviet Children's Fund (Moscow); **28** *Uncaptive Minds* (N.Y.C.) **29** Communications Fraud Control Association (McLean, Va.); **30** Safe Care Products (Dundee, Ill.); **31** *Harper's* research; **32** Spiegel Home Fashion Monitor (Chicago); **33,34** National Center for Health Statistics (Hyattsville, Md.); **35** *Redbook* (N.Y.C.); **36** *Spy* (N.Y.C.)/*Harper's* research; **37** Casey Kasem (Culver City, Calif.); **38** Harlequin Romances (Toronto); **39** Graceland (Memphis).

DOUBLE ACROSTIC NO. 86

by Thomas H. Middleton

The diagram, when filled in, will contain a quotation from a published work. The numbered squares in the diagram correspond to the numbered blanks under the WORDS. The WORDS form an acrostic: the first letter of each spells the name of the author and the title of the work from which the quotation is taken.

The letter in the upper right-hand corner of each square indicates the WORD containing the letter to be entered in that square. Contest rules and the solution to last month's puzzle appear on page 73.



CLUES

A. Captivating line — 149 60 130 139 32

B. Detestable, repugnant — 95 48 68 134 10 82 147 3 41

C. Unkempt, disreputable person — 172 159 120 71 106 53 74 144 23 94

D. Gale, tempest; madcap, holy terror — 20 110 88 87 155 9 27 77 170 162

E. 1933 Kern-Harbach song from *Roberta* — 63 97 169 102 34 178 15 81 56 13

F. Emitted, put forth (2 wds.) — 31 168 6 146 135 75 25 64

G. Judgment, opinion; respect — 148 1 44 119 167 12 67 57 26 101

H. Unstinted, extravagant, prodigal — 176 161 118 103 91 42

I. "____ is its own excuse for being" (Emerson, "The Rhodora") — 55 80 89 175 115 78

J. Site of the largest military training base in England — 21 98 171 150 145 140 116 129 157

K. Platform for public speaking — 122 126 83 40 137 108 17

L. Stubbornness — 58 38 109 43 24 133 85 79

M. Persons badly adjusted to their environment — 37 131 90 30 153 112 125

N. Plant of the genus *Sagittaria* — 141 35 165 29 113 11 138 46 8

O. Alpine region of E France, cap. Chambéry — 156 7 33 65 180

P. "Between ____ / And the act / Falls the Shadow" (2 wds.; Eliot, "The Hollow Men") — 132 45 50 107 154 73 92 123 36

Q. Passed silently, as time — 49 5 177 70 47 69 143

R. New beginning, taking up again — 66 173 72 124 28 164 22 84 105 54

S. Epicurean, pertaining to good eating — 174 100 59 96 76 18 142 121 62 86 151

T. Horse-racing center, SE Berkshire, England — 14 111 19 93 152

U. Irish county containing the Knockmealdown, Galtee, Arra, and Silvermine mountain ranges — 160 114 128 136 16 61 117 52 99

V. Brain — 4 39 104 163 127 158 2 179 166 51

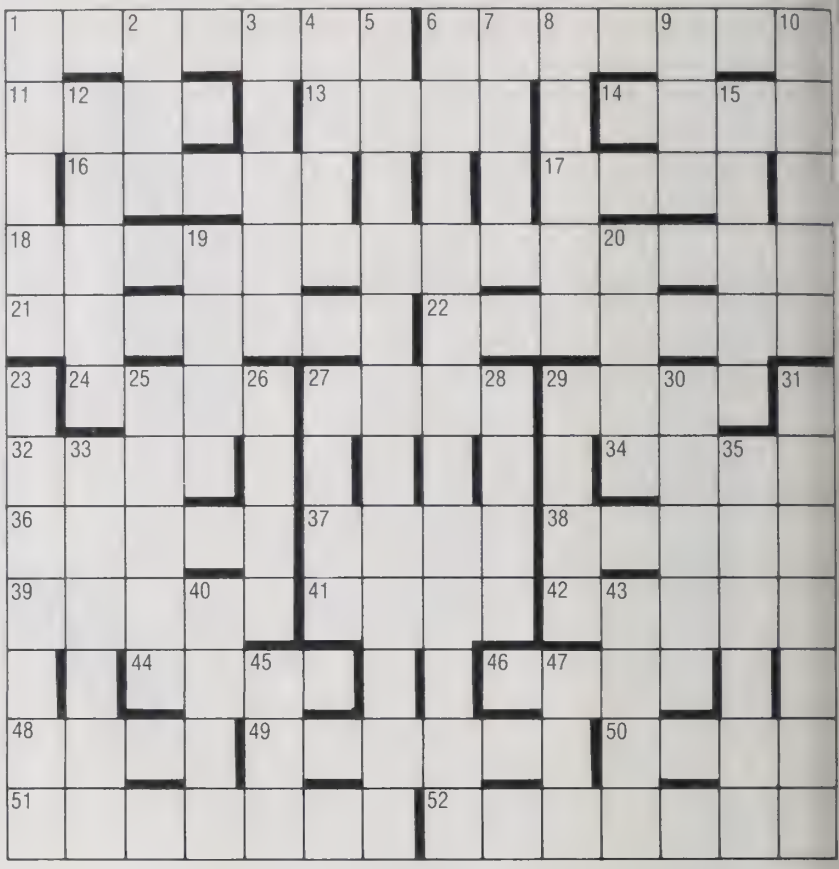
PUZZLE

Craftsmanship

by E. R. Galli and Richard Maltby Jr.

All diagram entries are words, although seven Across entries are 18A. Seven Down clues reference their 6D.

Clue answers include two place names. 31D is, strangely enough, not in *Webster's Collegiate*. The solution to last month's puzzle appears on page 73.



Across

1. Harmonic selection from Bach or D'Albert (7)
6. Norm's going around sick with piles (7)
11. Bully in cast is looking sullen (8)
13. Work in the gloom, right, to be this! (11)
14. Church listing shows Byzantine rood (4)
16. Church official, unfulfilled, to be on edge (5)
17. Neutron instrument? (4)
18. *See instructions* (14, *three words*)
21. Tavern workers could get beer as perk (10)
22. Woefully corrupt around railroad yard (7)
24. Vegetable planted initially in south of France (4)
27. Tired? Be quiet, party's over (4)
29. Plant resin cooked for hatters (9)
32. Cooler needs nitrogen, to be more precise (4)
34. Bridge expert (North) is out for blood (4)
36. Sure loser with $1,000 gambling center returned (5)
37. Natural resources found in reforestation (4)
38. *Titanic* serviceman acting strangely (8)
39. Fine hound running loose around Kentucky railway (9, *hyph.*)
41. Time to go after skin blemish, as the teenager's said (4)
42. Take care of loose ends, including Republican, in dealings (5)
44. A gentile's backing an exercise system (4)
46. Use that's expressed for farm animals (4)
48. Jewish month the Spanish and Latin keep kosher (4)
49. Head off from part of Russia to part of Europe (6)
50. Military units help in the guardhouse, one hears (8)
51. End of bridge in bombing of most of Germany here! (7)
52. European language year course I'd taken in (7)

Down

1. Extension on end of music scale (5)
2. Being indefinite, was a pronounced success? (3)
3. Maverick that is pursuing God the wrong way (5)
4. Part of sacrament that ends introit (4)
5. Ron gone, Helms in disarray, they get a load on (12)
6. *See instructions* (12, *three words*)
7. Edge that's achieved through plain cheating (4)
8. *See 29A* (5)
9. *See 21A* (3)
10. Pushover is indeed fifty if dropping out (5)
12. A group of colleges, one with rivals (5)
15. Pines and passes out (5)
19. Egg almost burst (4)
20. *See 50A* (4)
23. *See 13A* (7)
25. Shut up . . . New York is something that doesn't amount to much (5)
26. *See 39A* (4)
27. *See 11A* (4)
28. English refuse to hold us in extremes of disrespect (4)
29. Team's lost heart (4)
30. Uranium's found in much fruit that causes indolence (5)
31. Needing a bite? Like a kiss? (7)
33. Few stroke the French (6)
35. Almost cherish outrageous fortune (6)
40. Heartlessly bear nut (4)
43. Puzzle out, but it's not totally apt (4)
45. *See 38A* (3)
47. How a deacon holds small Mass (3)

Contest Rules: Send completed diagram with name and address to "Craftsmanship," *Harper's Magazine*, 666 Broadway, New York, N.Y. 10012. If you already subscribe to *Harper's*, please include a copy of your latest mailing label. Senders of the first three correct solutions opened at random will receive one-year subscriptions to *Harper's Magazine*. Winners' names will be printed in the April issue. Winners of the December puzzle, "By the Letters," are Joel Cox, North Canton, Ohio; Omar B. Wright Jr., Los Angeles, California; and Sally Drillick, Brooklyn, New York.

How can you make your money go farther when you travel?

○ *Stow away.*
○ *Pack a lunch or two.*
○ *Use AT&T and your AT&T Card from public phones to save you money around the world.*



Call after call, AT&T is the best value around. For the facts about prices, call 1 800 225-7466 Ext. 1011.

AT&T
The right choice.

1989 AT&T

The men of 1910 admired a woman with a lot of backbone.



A long, elegant, feminine light.
Because women are equal, not the same.

Fashion by Patrick Kelly

9 mg "tar," 0.7 mg nicotine
av. per cigarette by FTC method.

SURGEON GENERAL'S WARNING: Smoking By Pregnant Women May Result in Fetal Injury, Premature Birth, And Low Birth Weight.

VIRGINIA SLIMS
YOU'VE COME A LONG WAY, BABY.

© Philip Morris Inc. 1990

ER'S MAGAZINE
March

MARCH 1990

T
3 9042 02348348 7
BURLINGAME
FEB 15
LIBRARY

HARPER'S



ON THE ROAD TO RUIN
Winning the Cold War, Losing the Economic Peace
By Walter Russell Mead

IS COMPUTER HACKING A CRIME?
A Debate From the Electronic Underground
John Perry Barlow Lee Felsenstein Clifford Stoll
Bluefire Phiber Optik and others

WOMEN AND BLACKS AND BENSONHURST
Memories Evoked by a Racial Killing
By Barbara Grizzuti Harrison

THE LEAP
A story by Louise Erdrich

Also: Wendell Berry, Tim O'Brien, Charles Baxter, and Lewis H. Lapham on Panama: the photo op

3D#125E********** 5-DIGIT 94010
HP #BRL7PI480P099107# DEC 90 1 01
BURLINGAME PUBL LIB 38
480 PRIMROSE RD
BURLINGAME CA 94010

"Enriched Flavor™" explained:

SURGEON GENERAL'S WARNING: Quitting Smoking Now Greatly Reduces Serious Risks to Your Health.

© Philip Morris Inc 1989

Kings: 8 mg "tar," 0.6 mg nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC method.

It's sort of like the Theory of Relativity.

With relativity, it's like this: If you go fast enough, time slows down. With Enriched Flavor,™ it's like this: The taste stays just as rich as you like even though the tar goes down. What could be simpler?

Enriched Flavor,™ low tar. A solution with Merit.





© 1989 SCHIEFFELIN & SOMERSET CO. N.Y., NY. JOHNNIE WALKER® BLACK LABEL® BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY, 43.4% Alc/Vol (86.8°).

HARPER'S

FOUNDED IN 1850 / VOL. 280, NO. 1678
MARCH 1990

Letters 4 *Frederick Barthelme, Tom Wolfe*

Notebook 12
Déjà vu *Lewis H. Lapham*

Harper's Index 19

Readings 20
Taking Nature's Measure *Wendell Berry*
Advanced Ambulance Chasing *Professional Techniques Library*
The U.S.S. *Iowa*: Guilt by Gestalt? *FBI agents Richard Ault and Robert Hazelwood*
Enemies and Friends *Tim O'Brien*
Feminism and the Forgotten Power of Sex *Camille Paglia*
"Silent Movie" *a story by Charles Baxter*
And . . . *Phyllis Diller, Jean Makdisi, National Convenience Stores*

Forum 45
IS COMPUTER HACKING A CRIME? *John Perry Barlow, Bluefire, Lee Felsenstein, Phiber Optik, Clifford Stoll, and others*
A debate from the electronic underground

Essay 59
ON THE ROAD TO RUIN *Walter Russell Mead*
Winning the Cold War, losing the economic peace

Story 65
THE LEAP *Louise Erdrich*

Memoir 69
WOMEN AND BLACKS AND BENSONHURST *Barbara Grizzuti Harrison*
Memories evoked by a racial killing

Acrostic 83 *Thomas H. Middleton*

Puzzle 84 *E. R. Galli and Richard Maltby Jr.*

Cover: Detail of a photograph by Steve Williams

Harper's Magazine is owned and published monthly by Harper's Magazine Foundation, 666 Broadway, New York, New York 10012. Allen Austill, Chairman.

Copyright ©1990 by the Harper's Magazine Foundation. All rights reserved. The trademark *Harper's* is used by Harper's Magazine Foundation under license and is a registered trademark owned by Harper & Row Publishers, Inc. The trademark *Harper's Index* is a registered trademark owned by the Harper's Magazine Foundation.

Printed in the U.S. Second-class postage paid at New York, New York. In Canada, second-class postage paid at Mississauga, Ontario. POSTMASTER: Send all address changes to *Harper's Magazine*, P.O. Box 1937, Marion, OH 43305. ISSN0017-789X. CHANGE OF ADDRESS: Please provide both address from last issue and new address. Allow six weeks advance notice. SUBSCRIPTIONS: $18 one year. Canada and U.S. possessions, add $2; other foreign, add $3 per year. Send orders to *Harper's Magazine*, P.O. Box 1937, Marion, OH 43305. SUBSCRIPTION PROBLEMS: Write *Harper's Magazine*, P.O. Box 1937, Marion, OH 43305, or call (800) 347-6969; Canada (614) 382-3322, M-F, 8 A.M.–4:30 P.M., Eastern time. All requests for PERMISSIONS and REPRINTS must be made in writing to *Harper's Magazine*, 666 Broadway, New York, New York 10012. *Harper's Magazine* will not consider or return unsolicited nonfiction manuscripts that have not been preceded by a written query. *Harper's* will consider unsolicited fiction. Unsolicited poetry will not be considered or returned. No queries or manuscripts will be considered unless they are accompanied by a self-addressed, stamped envelope.

HARPER'S

Editor
Lewis H. Lapham
Executive Editor
Michael Pollan
Senior Editors
Gerald Marzorati, Jack Hitt,
Darcy Frey *(acting)*
Managing Editor
Ellen Rosenbush
Art Director
Deborah Rust
Associate Editors
Charis W. Conn, Ilena Silverman,
Colin Harrison
Assistant Editors
Elliott Rabin, Paul Tough
Assistant to the Editor
Ann K. Stern
Interns
Jeffrey Davis, Richard Hicks,
Julie Sriro

Contributing Editors
L. J. Davis, Mark Edmundson,
Francisco Goldman, Vicki Hearne,
Craig S. Karpel, Barry Lopez, Peter Marin,
George Plimpton, Bob Shacochis,
Earl Shorris, Jacqueline Simon,
Eric Treisman, Philip Weiss, Tom Wolfe
Washington Editor
Christopher Hitchens

John R. MacArthur, *President and Publisher*

Vice President and General Manager
Douglas E. Ellis
Vice President, Corporate and Public Affairs
Ellen Ryder
Vice President, Circulation
Patricia Hart
Circulation Assistant
Judith Brienza
Assistant to the Publisher
Diane Kraft
Receptionist / Advertising Assistant
Noreen Assing
Staff
Joseph Malits, Jolie Shulman

ADVERTISING SALES
666 Broadway, New York, New York 10012
(212) 614-6500

Vice President, Advertising Director
Mary Anne Malley

Account Representatives
Evan Green, *Midwest Manager*
Peter B. Hart, Lynn Ellis Greenberger,
Kenneth Lowe

Advertising Coordinator Susan A. Wells

LETTERS

Editors' Note: What follows are several more responses by novelists to Tom Wolfe's essay, in the November 1989 issue of Harper's Magazine, *"Stalking the Billion-footed Beast." Also published below are readers' letters and a reply by Tom Wolfe.*

Tom Wolfe's Novel Ideas (contd)

I know the Don't Get Caught in Somebody's Shameless Self-promotion Rule, but as a named co-conspirator in Tom Wolfe's recent Public Burning I thought I ought to say, for the record, that the part of my *New York Times* essay ("On Being Wrong," which appeared in the April 3, 1988, book review) Wolfe cites as an example of how callous, opportunistic, shallow, and empty our literary traditions and practitioners have become was, in fact, a joke.

On seeing myself so peculiarly misunderstood, what came to mind was football coach Darrell Royal's famous dictum on the forward pass, known as the Dictum on the Forward Pass, to wit: "When you put the ball in the air, four things can happen and three of them are bad." When I put *that* particular forward pass in the air, the three bad things that happened clearly happened to Wolfe. They were: (1) he missed the joke, (2) he missed the joke, and (3) he missed the joke. (I'm building in a little redundancy here, in hopes of improving our communication; see Norbert Wiener.)

First, it was a joke that presumed readers would understand that the statement "In fact, Gabriel García Márquez was already *over* by then" was burlesque, mockery—that writers don't get "over" in the MTV sense. It was a bit of good-natured, self-effacing humor poked at the writing program I was part of, at writing programs generally, and at the disease of topicality, a disease to which perhaps the Mau-mauing Wolfe is not altogether Tangerine Flake immune, Baby.

Second, the *idea* did accurately reflect a fissure between traditions at work there at Johns Hopkins at the time, particularly with reference to Leslie Epstein, a friend and co-conspirator, and in this sense I was using the joke as "seasoning," to deliver to the reader that otherwise unavailable frisson of the moment.

Third, the remark carried in its heart some reflection of a notion about fiction that seemed to be boiling up just then, in that group of people at Hopkins, that dreaded *University*, a notion that put the center of things in the fiction-writing trade rather toward realism than away from it, and rather more away from reflexive-play-as-literary-method, which I think is the tendency and tradition the young Wolfe is railing against in his tireless effort to present himself to his fellow Americans.

In this third aspect, the Márquez joke means *something* more or less in the direction Wolfe is pointing with his essay, though having said that let me rush to add that since Wolfe has only the big brushes in his kit, and since his concept of character in fiction often bears an uncanny resemblance to NBC's, this coincidence of

Harper's Magazine welcomes Letters to the Editor. Short letters are more likely to be published, and all letters are subject to editing. Letters must be typed double-spaced; volume precludes individual acknowledgment.

nclination should in no way be taken
o splash the good writers I mention in
ny essay with the same paint at which
Volfe seems to have with such eager-
ess recently hurled himself.

rederick Barthelme
Hattiesburg, Miss.

The "big realistic novel," modeled
n the work of Emile Zola or Sinclair
ewis, is indeed passé, but not for the
easons Wolfe proposes. Just as the
ainting of naturalistic landscapes
nd portraits was rendered obsolete by
he invention of photography, so the
riting of fiction as social documenta-
y has become irrelevant since the in-
ention of film. There is little point in
mitating Sinclair Lewis or Emile Zola
hen cinema and television can re-
ord voices, can show us faces and
laces, can thrust us into the mines or
tockyards or battlefields with unprec-
dented power.

Deprived of its original role as chief
eporter of the news, fiction has
urned in other directions. Yes, much contemporary fiction is anemic, self-indulgent, slick; but the same could have been said about the fiction of any period. The most resourceful novelists of our time have used fiction to do what neither camera nor microphone can do as well: explore past and future, measure our familiar world by projecting alternatives, speculate on fundamental questions, challenge our notions of what is "real," renew our vision. A short list of worthy practitioners from our own country would include Russell Banks, John Calvin Batchelor, Wendell Berry, Samuel Delany, Nicholas Delbanco, Don DeLillo, Louise Erdrich, Charles Johnson, Ursula K. Le Guin, Toni Morrison, and Toby Olson. In their pages one can find "the life around us" richly examined, refracted, and illuminated.

The problem for the serious writer is not that of finding "material," which pours into consciousness willy-nilly, but of giving to that material a convincing shape. For all its pleasures, fiction is neither a luxury nor a game. We live by stories; we make sense of our lives by narrative. Fiction has never been primarily a medium for reporting the surfaces of things, but rather a way of thought, a way both ancient and perpetually new.

Scott Russell Sanders
Bloomington, Ind.

Having been accused for several years by critics and academics of being a "crabbed realist," I am inclined to agree with Wolfe, who happens to be a writer I admire. But we're not all sociologists, nor are we supposed to be. This sort of stuff is fine for cocktail parties and boozy late-night talk, but finally it's just not all that important. The stories will keep getting written and told, and they'll be whatever they are, and the generations will remember some of them. We do not know, nor can we know, which of us and how much, if any, of what we do will be remembered, but we know that if a work of fiction *is* to be remembered, it had better touch something deep in





IRELAND BOUND.

Aer Lingus not only takes you to Ireland, we'll help you plan the perfect trip. Our *Discover Ireland* guide features everything from the best places to stay to the best way to get there. After all, no one knows Ireland like Aer Lingus.

From deluxe hotels and cozy Bed & Breakfasts to stately Irish castles, each Aer Lingus Vacation offers outstanding values, quality accommodations and Avis rentals.

For your free copy of *Discover Ireland,* simply send in the coupon or call 1-800-SHAMROCK, ext. 105.

Fly Ireland to Ireland

Send to: Aer Lingus, P.O. Box 951, Bellmore, NY 11710

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

Aer Lingus HP390

EXPERIENCE RADIO AS IT SHOULD BE.



Performance Today

Brought to you on National Public Radio by the Chrysler Corporation Fund.

Distinguished artists. Great performances. Every Monday through Friday, "Performance Today" brings you the best in listening pleasure. "Performance Today" showcases the most exciting new directions in Theatre, Dance, Literature and Film. replete with enlightening critiques by top reviewers. From classical compositions to the latest in literature, enjoy the best of America's performing arts on "Performance Today".

CHRYSLER FUND

the common heart. That is not done with historical/sociological realism or fantasy or mind play or experimentation or any other element of fictive art *alone*. Nor, it seems to me, is it done by spending a lot of time puzzling about trends and manifestos.

Richard Blausch
Broad Run, Va.

Readers' letters follow:

After reading Tom Wolfe's essay, I went to the local K-Mart to buy some books written by the Wolfe-maligned Minimalists, also known as the K-Mart Realists. "Nope," said the clerk. "Never heard of them." The K-Mart shelves, however, were stacked high with copies of *The Bonfire of the Vanities*.

Lisa W. Smith
Tucson, Ariz.

Just what we need! A long piece by Tom Wolfe telling us why he's great for writing the kind of stuff he does and why the other writers are jerks for doing the kind of stuff they do. His entertaining but self-serving prose is enjoyable, but I hope he paid you a good rate. Still, someone neglected to put SPECIAL ADVERTISING SECTION above his pages. A proofreading error, no doubt.

Allen Turner
San Francisco

It is curious that Wolfe proclaims that his goal is the reader's involvement. *The Bonfire of the Vanities* was great fun, particularly for New Yorkers who could appreciate the accuracy of its sharp jabs, but I doubt that you will find anyone who cares about what happens to any of the characters or who feels "absorbed" or "gripped" by the novel. What makes Wolfe think that knowing what brand of jewelry a socialite prefers gives us any insight into how that person sees the world? In five years, when all the chuckling is done, will this novel be seen to have said anything relevant—even about what it is like to live on Park Avenue? New York is a web of people in complex social relationships, but in *Bonfire* the city is reduced to a collection of objects that ar marched around in the service of th grand scheme of capturing all of Ne York.

The format of "objective" observa tion determines what the "material will be. It is Wolfe's equation of "th real" with the landscape of contempo rary America that I find disturbing We cry for Anna Karenina not be cause her dress is accurately depicte for the period but because we under stand her torment and her actions The reader's bona-fide empathy fo the protagonist—an essential effec lacking in Wolfe's novel—suggest that it is not realism or a lack thereo that is the issue. The "absorbing" quality of a novel is a function of it exploration of people's interior lives That involves a lot more than gettin the brand names right.

Cheryl Kremkow
New York City

I like Wolfe's essay but don't under stand how he can discuss modern fic tion without mentioning any of the very talented female authors of thi century, including Joyce Carol Oates Marge Piercy, Anne Tyler, Toni Morrison, Ellen Gilchrist, Louise Erd rich, and Alice Walker. Each of these writers, in her own creative way, is writing about our modern world and its impact on human beings. If Wolfe hasn't read their work, then he didn't complete his research. If he *has* done so and then omitted them from his discussion, I'd like to know why.

Joan Giacomini
Seattle

The real problem in American pub lishing today is not a doctrinal con flict between novelists; it's the increasing shelf space in bookstores being given over to the works of such "authors" as Nancy Reagan, who penned the recent ho-hummer My *Turn* after pocketing a huge fee. Works such as these perpetuate trends that suffocate young novelists, con vincing them that America no longer has use for the novel, only for scandal and scuttlebutt.

David O. Mercer
Alexandria, Va.

STACKABLE BEECHWOOD BOOKSHELVES—AT A PRICE YOU'D EXPECT TO PAY FOR PLASTIC!

THAT'S RIGHT! NATURAL WOOD FURNITURE AT AN AFFORDABLE PRICE.

ONLY **$39.95** EACH
LIST PRICE $59.95



A Beautiful Complement to Any Decor.

This quality shelving system is made of natural European beechwood—a hardwood tough enough to be used for flooring and beautiful enough to be used for fine furniture.

STACK-A-SHELF has a place in every room, whether it's to show off your library or just to organize unsightly clutter. The STACK-A-SHELF system is perfect for showcasing your personal treasures. Everything from vases to pictures can be proudly displayed on these good-looking, versatile and, above all, affordable units.

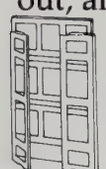
Stack Them...They're Interlocking

Each free-standing unit measures 27¾" wide ×11" deep ×37" high, and is designed to interlock and stack. This means you can actually create your own wall unit. And if you move, just fold them down and take them with you.

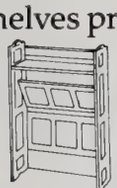
And natural beechwood is attractive...even unfinished. So the unit can be used immediately or you can paint, stain or varnish your STACK-A-SHELF to match your own decorating needs.

Sets Up In Seconds...Without Tools!

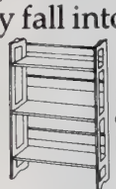
No tools, screws or glue required. Just take the unit out of its flat carton, fold the sides out, and the shelves practically fall into place.



1. Comes in flat carton



2. Shelves fall into place



3. Slides open on hinges

Nothing could be easier. And, for a limited time, Barnes & Noble is offering all of our STACK-A-SHELF units at a savings of 33% off the retail price. So don't pile— decorate in style, with affordable beechwood shelving from Barnes & Noble.

Barnes & Noble Unconditional Guarantee
You must be completely satisfied with every item you order from Barnes & Noble by mail, or you may return it to us, for a full refund.

ORDER BY MAIL OR CALL TOLL FREE ANYTIME
1-800-242-6657

- LIGHT
- STURDY
- DURABLE
- PORTABLE

Barnes & Noble

Booksellers Since 1873

126 FIFTH AVENUE, DEPT. H324 NEW YORK, NY 10011

1569888. Please send me _____ Sturdy Beechwood Shelf Unit(s) at your special sale price of $39.95 (plus $6.95 shipping and handling per unit). Please add applicable sales tax for deliveries to CT, MA, MN, NJ, NY, PA & CA(6%).

Name _____

Address _____ Apt.# _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

☐ Check ☐ Mastercard ☐ VISA ☐ American Express

Expiration Date Month/Year ☐☐☐☐

Credit Card Number ☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐

Signature _____



The Salisbury Hotel on West 57th, across from Carnegie Hall, at the crossroads of New York City.

Whatever your pleasure, whatever your business, you're at the center of everything that's going on in New York City.

In the shadow of skyscrapers and stage doors, The Salisbury offers you 320 spacious air conditioned rooms, elegantly decorated, and courteous old world room service. All at a price you can afford.

Single accomodations $108-$118. Doubles $118-$128. Suites $175-$295.* Corporate, weekend and group rates upon request. Meeting/ banquet facilities are available.

Salisbury
HOTEL

123 West 57th Street
New York, New York 10019 U.S.A.
For reservations or brochure:
• toll-free (800) 223-0680 • NYC (212) 246-1300
Cable SALISHOT • International Telex 668366
*Taxes and gratuities not included.

ART on VIDEO
for the Collector

Start a library of videos worth collecting !
This new Catalogue features more than 200 classic and newly released videos on artists, exhibitions, museum collections, art and craft techniques, photography, the world of fashion and more! Beta & VHS.

Informative reviews of each video.

Send $1.00 to:
ART on VIDEO
12 Havemeyer Place
Department H3
Greenwich, CT 06830
(203) 869-4694



ALASKA MAP
IN EXQUISITE DETAIL



This full color shaded-relief wall map measures 63½″×35″. $45 laminated or $20 paper. $4.00 shipping UPS. Request our **free** brochure of western state wall maps. Order by phone or mail today:
1-800-237-0798.
Raven Maps & Images
34 North Central, Medford, Oregon 97501

© 1990 Saab-Scania of America, Inc.

Save on a European masterpiece. Pick it up in Europe.



Depending on the model you choose, you can save *thousands* of dollars on a new Saab. Buy it here. Pick it up in any of 14 European cities. Then drive through Europe in style and comfort in a new Saab like our big, luxurious 9000 CD Turbo.

We'll ship your Saab home, *free,* from any of 4 European ports. Or, if you prefer, for a small fee we'll ship it from any of 24 other cities. For details, write to: International and Diplomat Sales, Saab-Scania of America, Inc., P.O. Box 697, Orange, CT 06477. Or call 203-795-2100.

SAAB

The most intelligent cars ever built.

Tom Wolfe's response:

As Prince Myshkin in *The Idiot* discovered, giving away the keys to the kingdom is not easy. Naked generosity provokes more suspicion and resentment than naked greed. Yet, as a sign of my selflessness—not widely noted in the foregoing letters—I will make one last attempt.

The premise of "Stalking the Billion-footed Beast"—namely, that in the second half of the twentieth century the American novel has sunk to a sorry state—did not originate with me. The 1980s saw a stream of articles in literary journals lamenting the decline and trying to explain it. Critics on the left blamed it on the stultifying atmosphere of Reaganism. Critics on the right blamed it on Marxists who tore down literary standards in the universities through movements such as structuralism and deconstruction. One of the many pieces in *The New York Times Book Review* on the tired blood of the contemporary novel was by a young writer from India, Bharati Mukherjee. She came to America looking to American novelists for a picture of her new country. What she found instead was a generation of talented writers closeted with one another, turned inward, playing an esoteric intramural game known as Minimalism. She unfurled a banner reading "Give us your maximalists!" William Abrahams, editor of the O. Henry Awards short-story anthology for 1986, couldn't resist remarking in his introduction: "Consciously or not, there seems to be on the part of many writers (and their teachers?) a tendency to overvalue technique, to run away from the possible serious content not only of the story but of life itself." Walker Percy summed up the entire situation by saying that the novel "always has been in a mess" but that "the present mess is singular."

Minimalism had a more precise meaning in literary circles, but it became the term most often used to describe the mess in general. It referred to a broad band of novels and short stories that were bloodless, anemic, phlegmatic, or cut off from real life. To me the antidote seemed perfectly simple and obvious. Novelists should return to a detailed realism that por-

trays the psychology of the individual in his inextricable relation to the society that exerts its pressures upon him.

What makes this solution so obvious is the fact that a 250-year-old field experiment has tested it and found it effective. Since the publication of Samuel Richardson's *Pamela* in 1740, the modern novel has been thrust into every conceivable form. But, with very few exceptions, the towering achievements have taken the form of a detailed realism of the sort I am referring to. Richardson, Fielding, Dickens, Thackeray, Trollope, Balzac, Zola, Flaubert, Stendhal, Turgenev, Tolstoy, Gogol, Dostoyevski, Melville, Twain, James, D. H. Lawrence, Mann—it is difficult to think of major figures who were not realists of that type. And why? Because a perfectly sound and natural instinct told them that it is impossible to portray characters vividly, powerfully, convincingly, except as part of the society in which they find themselves.

If we turn specifically to American fiction in the twentieth century, the picture is the same. Dreiser, Sinclair Lewis, Dos Passos, Hemingway, Fitzgerald, Farrell, O'Hara, Wolfe, Faulkner, Steinbeck—does anyone really think that the second half of this century, during which talented young novelists have turned so resolutely away from realism, will produce ten names of even remotely comparable stature?

What lured the young talent away from realism was an intellectual fashion no more profound than a fashion in clothes. I described it in my essay and won't elaborate on it here except to say that it might be called the M.F.A. syndrome, after the Master of Fine Arts programs in creative writing that have trained so many American novelists since 1960. The reigning fashion was nicely depicted by one of the thousands of M.F.A. offspring, Frederick Barthelme, in a *New York Times Book Review* piece that some inspired editor titled "On Being Wrong: Convicted Minimalist Spills Bean." Barthelme now says he was just kidding. But anyone returning to that article will immediately see that while he's jocular, he's also spilling his bean as faithfully as he can. I have corresponded with many literary M.F.A.'s since "Stalking the Billion-footed Beast" appeared, and all present the same picture. Young writers in these programs soon came to regard realism of the Balzac, Zola, or Lewis stripe not merely as outmoded but also as a breach of etiquette, i.e., something vulgar.

As Arnold Hauser points out in *The Social History of Art,* this has been the conventional stance of the intelligentsia ever since the eighteenth century. The intelligentsia have always preferred *refined* fiction, such as the purely psychological novel. Samuel Johnson dismissed Fielding as "an ostler." An ostler mucks out stables. Dickens was regarded in his own lifetime as merely a popular entertainer, a literary Will Rogers. Neither Balzac nor Zola was ever invited into the French Academy. Most of the giants of eighteenth- and nineteenth-century fiction had to be sanitized by time,

PITTSBURGH
Poetry Series

Mystery Train
David Wojahn
FROM THE AUTHOR OF *GLASSWORKS* AND *ICEHOUSE LIGHTS*, WINNER OF THE YALE SERIES OF YOUNGER POETS' AWARD.
"*Mystery Train* is a prophetic text, chapter and verse; Wojahn whispers to us but is unflinching. A truly gifted poet, this is his best and most honest book yet."—Norman Dubie
May/$17.95 cloth, $9.95 paper

Giacometti's Dog
Robin Becker
"Restraint, candor and compassion mark these richly various poems which examine loss and estrangement and the far reaches of empathy in several landscapes."—Maxine Kumin
June/$16.95 cloth, $8.95 paper

A Pleasure Tree
Robley Wilson
FROM THE AUTHOR OF *KINGDOMS OF THE ORDINARY*, WINNER OF THE AGNES LYNCH STARRETT POETRY PRIZE.
"So much facility does he possess that after reading him a short while it seems as if there is little he cannot do."—Greg Kuzma, *Black Warrior Review*
March/$16.95 cloth, $8.95 paper

UNIVERSITY OF PITTSBURGH PRESS
PITTSBURGH, PA 15260

IN EUROPE, YOU DON'T TRAVEL BY TRAIN JUST TO REACH A DESTINATION.



train travel in Europe is not just a form of transportation, it is an expression of European life. And what better way to travel the trains of Europe than with a Eurailpass? With a first class Eurailpass, you can follow an itinerary or follow your dream. Travel as much as you like. Or as little. Let us tell you more. Fill out the coupon on the next page to send for our free brochure. And see the finest sights Europe has to offer, right on the train.

EURAILPASS

A FIRST CLASS VIEW OF EUROPE

moved by decades from the vulgar ilieu—the realistic depiction of the dividual in society—before the in- lligentsia could accept them. Ever ithful to tradition, literary circles ive kept this ancient bias against alism alive in our time.

But realism, the sort of everyday so- al realism introduced by Richard- n, raised the state of the art to a ateau from which the novelist can- ot back down without sacrificing mething essential. Realism created e "absorbing" or "gripping" quality at gave the modern novel its emo- onal power. Even a mawkish realis- c novel can move a reader to tears. my essay, I happened to remark, in der to point out the uniqueness of e realistic novel as a reading experi- nce, that "no one was ever moved to ars by reading about the unhappy tes of heroes and heroines in omer, Sophocles, Molière, Racine, ydney, Spenser, or Shakespeare." hree novelists wrote to *Harper's lagazine* to say they had cried over hakespeare; and one, over Sopho- es. Perhaps I should have under- ored the word *reading* (although I an't help but add that I have watched ountless productions of Shakespeare nd a few of Sophocles, and I have yet see a tear or hear the first heart- roken snuffle in the audience). In ny event, for a novelist to abandon is extraordinary emotional voltage rikes me as sheer folly. It is as if an ngineer were to give up electricity on e grounds that it has *been done* for ore than a hundred years and is by ow passé.

The idea that was most hotly re- cted, however, was my suggestion at novelists move outside the oundaries of their private lives and reporting. This violates the pecu- arly mid- and late-twentieth- entury dictum that the only valid ex- erience for the novelist is personal xperience. T. Coraghessan Boyle, in is letter to *Harper's Magazine*, pre- nted the "absurd" picture of Ray- ond Carver "sitting down with his otebook and glass of Perrier to jaw bout leveraged buyouts with a group f investment bankers." But how ab- rd is it? I have a suspicion that both Carver and his readers might have enefited from the experience. The maximizing of Raymond Carver might not have been a bad thing at all. I, for one, would have liked to read the results. A foray into the lairs of the financiers would not have been an absurd or even alien notion to many of the writers mentioned above, writers who naturally assumed that a novelist needed to go outside his own private sphere to find material.

In the detailed realistic novel, as conceived by Tolstoy, Balzac, Lewis, or Faulkner—and only in this sort of novel—all things are possible. Only such a novel can portray people as they actually exist, which is to say, as part of a network extending from the momentary synapses of an individual nervous system to the writhing leviathan of history. And only this sort of novel provides a stage big enough for fiction's most extraordinary stylistic experiments. *Ulysses* is a detailed realistic novel by a writer who took special pains to portray the psyches of his characters in an inextricable relation to the city of Dublin. *The Sound and the Fury* is a detailed realistic novel by a writer who took special pains to do the same with the rural South. In fact, every attempt over the past forty years to stake out a position beyond realism has proved to be not an avant-garde action but a march to the rear, toward one dead end or another, into the "narrow and concealed veins" José Ortega y Gassett foresaw in the 1920s when he wrote *Notes on the Novel*.

I now close contented, secure in the thought that I have made one last attempt to give away the keys. I offer my thanks to the many people who have written to *Harper's Magazine* and to me concerning this matter, even those novelists who are not yet ready to step through the big, ever-beckoning gateway. I will exhort them no more. I will merely leave them with a question that each can answer privately, in the solitude of the study: Why not at least try to . . . do it all?

Correction

Due to a production error, the first line of the February Harper's Index was misworded. The line should have read: Tons of the Berlin Wall shipped to the United States since November by Hyman Products of St. Louis: 59.

EURAILPASS PRESENTS A NEW OPTION ON AN ALREADY GREAT CONCEPT.

THE $198 FLEXIPASS.™

There are as many different ways to travel through Europe as there are travellers themselves. That's why Eurail also offers Flexipass. This unique pass is designed for those who prefer to experience Europe at a more leisurely pace.

Like Eurailpass, Flexipass allows you first class train travel through 17 European countries. But you'll also discover an exceptional value with prices starting at $198 for any 5 days of travel within 15 days. (Also available are 9 days within 21 and 14 days within a single month.)

Call your travel agency or send for our free brochure. And discover why Flexipass just may be the perfect travelling companion for you.

EURAILPASS
A FIRST CLASS VIEW OF EUROPE
Please rush me a free color brochure on
☐ EURAILPASS ☐ FLEXIPASS™

Name

Address

City State Zip

Mail today to: Eurailpass, P.O. Box 10383, Stamford, CT 06904 HA0390



NOTEBOOK

Déjà Vu

By Lewis H. Lapham

Others may fear what the morrow may bring, but I am afraid of what happened yesterday.

—Old Arab saying

If everything else hadn't been so well and elaborately staged, I don't think I would have been so disappointed by the omission of the scene with the horse. The American government clearly had gone to no small trouble to make the invasion of Panama a memorable photo opportunity, and on the fourth or fifth day, after the Army had quelled what was left of the armed resistance, I began to hope that President Bush might make a cameo appearance in the streets of Panama City. I imagined him on a white horse, waving a slouch hat like the one Teddy Roosevelt wore in Cuba during the splendid, little Spanish-American War. The prospect didn't seem to me too farfetched, because so much else about the invasion resembled a gallery of dioramas meant to replicate selected scenes from the nation's military history: parachute drops in the manner of World War II, helicopter sorties suggestive not only of Vietnam but also of the movie *Apocalypse Now,* a $1 million bounty on the head of a *bandito* reminiscent of the old American West. Given the budget assigned to the production, I thought it possible that the Army might have brought the horse on the same cargo plane that brought the T-shirts printed with the slogan "Operation Just Cause."

Maybe the President's theatrical advisers thought that he didn't cut a fine enough figure on horseback, or, more probably, they didn't schedule the scene with the horse because nobody could be certain of the exact moment at which Mr. Bush might be called upon to ride in triumph up Ancon Hill. The promoters of the event could anticipate a prompt victory over the Panamanian army, but then they had to confront the logistics of Christmas. What if Mr. Bush had already been scheduled to light the tree on the White House lawn or hand out dolls in an orphanage? I can appreciate the difficulties, and I know that the staging of an invasion is just as complicated as the staging of the Rose Bowl Parade or the Miss America Pageant, but, even so, I missed the horse.

It's a small criticism, and perhaps overly technical, but if Mr. Bush wishes to reenact the glorious American past, his staff should aspire to the standards of accuracy achieved by the Civil War enthusiasts who organize the annual restoration of the Battle of Gettysburg.

It was, of course, President Teddy Roosevelt's policy that Mr. Bush chose to resurrect, and Roosevelt, accompanied by a troop of Rough Riders, entered Panama City on horseback soon after he seized the Canal Zone in 1903 on behalf of what he called "the interests of collective civilization." Like Mr. Bush, Roosevelt had little feeling or sympathy for anything so absurd as Panamanian sovereignty. To Roosevelt, the Latin American nations were "those wretched republics [that] cause me a great deal of trouble," and he regarded most Latin American politicians as "wicked and inefficient types" whom the United States was obliged to correct and chastise for their "chronic wrongdoing."

To Roosevelt, the great game of gunboat diplomacy was both adventure and Sunday school sermon, a chance to play with the toys of war and a chance to preach the lessons of free enterprise and Christian virtue. He conceived of foreign policy as a missionary enterprise, and his biblical reading of geopolitics set the course of American diplomacy in the twentiet century. In Washington the gentr acquired the habit of looking upo the Latin American republics as th servants' quarters of the Wester Hemisphere and the Latin America peoples as the household help.

Every so often one or another of th "wicked and inefficient types" forget his place, becomes insolent or pre sumes too much, consorts with Com munists or steals the family silver. O such occasions, the United States in variably sends the Marines. Becaus hardly anybody in Washington ha ever thought of the Latin America republics as sovereign states, it seldon occurs to anybody that the Centra Americans might possess the right t do anything other than what they'r told to do.

The traditional bias was reflecte in the American media's indifferenc to details of the damage inflicted o Panama during last December's inva sion. About the American casualtie the media were precise (23 killed, 32 wounded), but about the Panamanian casualties they were as vague as a Par Avenue hostess talking about the ru mors of drug killings in Harlem. Som reporters put the number of Panama nian casualties at 300 dead and 1,00 wounded; other reporters guessed tha maybe 1,000 were dead and 3,00 wounded; but nobody took the trou ble to assemble accurate figures. What difference did it make? Wh counted the number of Mexican dead at Tampico?

Nor were the Panamanians allowe to install their new president or mete out their own justice to General Man uel Noriega. The Americans installe their hired puppet, Guillermo En dara, in a ceremony hastily convene at an American military base and ap plauded by a claque of dignitarie recruited from the 82nd Airborne Di

vision. Noriega was taken to Miami in chains, as if he were one of the hunting trophies that Roosevelt so furiously collected for the Museum of Natural History in New York City.

In the aftermath of the invasion, I met a number of earnest people who worried about the niceties of the law. They pointed out that the invasion violated the UN Charter of 1945, the Rio Pact of 1947, the Bogotá Charter of 1948, and the Panama Canal treaties signed in 1904 and 1977. Their concern was touching, and again I was reminded of Roosevelt and his attorney general, Philander C. Knox. Only once, and then briefly and in passing, did Roosevelt inquire about the legal precedents for his seizure of the Canal Zone. "Oh, Mr. President," Knox said, "do not let so great an achievement suffer from any taint of legality."

A few years later, in the summer of 1914, Justice Felix Frankfurter, then a young lawyer in what was still known as the War Department, formulated the operative principle when he was asked to research the question of whether President Woodrow Wilson's invasion of Mexico constituted an act of war. President Wilson wished "to teach the Latin Americans to elect good men," and to that end he sent several thousand American troops to Veracruz to depose a ruler who had been judged unacceptable by the consensus of high-minded opinion in Washington. Frankfurter explained that he didn't need to look up any laws. "It's an act of war against a great power," he said. "It's not an act of war against a small power."

The two sentences admirably state the precedent that has governed American policy in Central America for a hundred years, justifying, among other punitive expeditions, the invasion of Nicaragua (1926), the overthrow of the democratically elected government in Guatemala (1954), the attempt to defeat Castro at the Bay of Pigs (1961), the intervention in the Dominican Republic (1965), the overthrow of the democratically elected government of El Salvador (1979), the invasion of Grenada (1983), the arming of the Nicaraguan Contras (1981–1989), and the mining of the harbor at Managua (1984).

For more than a century, cattle drives have been a fall ritual.

Today, the tradition continues.



FOR YOUR FREE COPY OF OUR
JACKSON HOLE VACATION PLANNER
JUST CALL 1-800-782-0011, EXT. 83
JACKSON HOLE VISITORS COUNCIL
P.O. BOX 982, DEPT. 83
JACKSON HOLE, WYOMING 83001



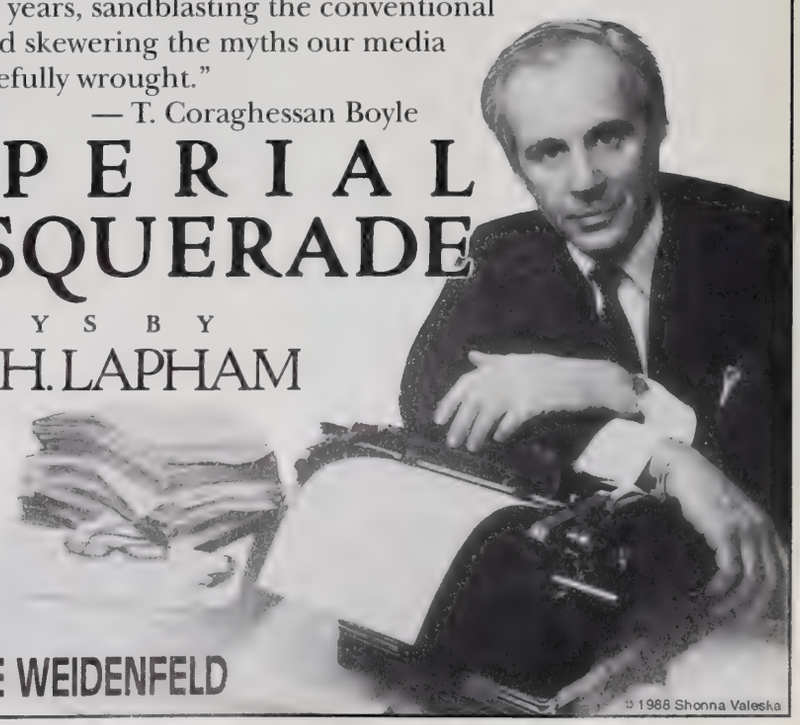
JACKSON HOLE
WYOMING.....
WE'VE SAVED THE BEST FOR YOU.

"A vast and visionary *tableau vivant* of our society in all its empty splendor... [by] one of our most brilliant writers and thinkers."
— Annie Dillard

"Lewis Lapham writes with ferocity and wit, revising the Reagan years, sandblasting the conventional wisdom, and skewering the myths our media have so carefully wrought."
— T. Coraghessan Boyle

IMPERIAL MASQUERADE

ESSAYS BY
LEWIS H. LAPHAM



GROVE WEIDENFELD

© 1988 Shonna Valeska

No American government, of course, admits to so bald a use of force. The doctrines of American exceptionalism forbid American politicians to see any contradiction between what they practice and what they preach. America is always and everywhere innocent, a country so favored by fortune that its cause is always just. In deference to the presiding orthodoxy, Mr. Bush offered a number of noble motives for last December's invasion. None of them can pass honest examination, but I think them worth rebutting in some detail if for no other reason than to indicate the contempt implicit in their shoddiness. Had the Panamanians been deemed important enough to warrant first-class sophistry drawn up by a first-class lawyer, the United States might have taken the trouble to manufacture pretexts of a slightly higher grade.

Safeguarding American lives

A pretext that allows the United States government to send troops to any city in the world, not only to Lima or Bogotá but also to Detroit and East Los Angeles. The planning of the invasion quite clearly had been in progress for several weeks, and the killing of a single American soldier at a military checkpoint on the Saturday preceding the Wednesday on which the paratroops arrived from points west and north merely served as an incident of convenience. One or more American soldiers die in some sort of incident every month at one or another of our military outposts somewhere in the world, and of the American citizens resident in Panama, few were confronted with imminent peril. The United States at all times maintains a garrison of 12,000 troops in Panama, a force equal in strength to the entire Panamanian army and fully capable of defending American nationals against any assault.

To protect the Panama Canal

From whom? General Noriega never threatened to destroy the Canal, possibly for the very good reason that the tolls charged to ships passing through the Canal provide Panama with its principal source of revenue. The treaty signed by President Carter in 1977 granted Panama eventual ju risdiction over the Canal, and unles the United States wishes to declar the treaty null and void, the Panama nians retain the right to operate th Canal in whatever manner they deen fit.

The American Congress verifie the treaty because it had been per suaded that the Canal had lost its val ue as a strategic American interest The interest was real enough wher the Canal opened for business ir 1914. The Canal allowed Americar naval vessels an easy transit betweer the Pacific and Atlantic oceans, anc in the early years of the century, be fore the building of the interstate highway system, the Canal carriec much of the commerce between the east and the west coasts of the United States. By 1950 most of the dry cargo moved by railroad or truck, and the Navy's newest ships, like the larger oil tankers, were too big to pass through the locks at Miraflores.

To restore to Panama the principle and practice of democracy

A reason so specious that it could

BRITTANY HAIFA LAHAINA WATERFORD BALI NICE SYDNEY TANGIER JUNEAU LENINGRAD NAWILIWILI LISBON VANCOUVER LIVOR

CORFU STOCKHOL EY DUBLIN VENICE VILLEFRANCHE HALIFAX

Every Saturday night from April to October, the Royal Viking Star departs from New York Harbor for the warm – and curiously pink – beaches of Bermuda.

En route to the fabled island, she carries the five-star-plus crew for which she is renowned: the Scandinavian stewardesses, the concierge, the 33 European chefs – in short, the priceless many who make Royal Viking Line the most lauded fleet of cruise vessels on earth.





For more regarding these seven-day flights of fancy, contact your courteous travel agent or call for a complimentary brochure at (800) 426-0821. Whatever, we look forward to seeing your most happy countenance on board.

ROYAL VIKING STAR

PLAYA DEL CARMEN NAPLES MANILA KETCHIKAN LAS PALMAS OCHO RIOS MELBOURNE PUERTO VALLARTA SHANGHAI CARTAGENA

Bahamian Registry

be mistaken for satire. The fiction of a free and independent Panama bears analogy to the fiction of a free and independent South Vietnam. Throughout the twentieth century the United States has intervened at will in Panamanian political affairs, sustaining the corrupt oligarchies that governed the country in the 1920s and 1930s, casting out a democratically elected government in 1941, destroying another democratically elected government in 1969, funding the military despotism practiced over a period of twenty years by generals Omar Torrijos and Manuel Noriega. What Washington has always wanted in Panama is not a democratic government but a gamekeeper who could be trusted to manage the rabbits.

Interdicting the drug trade

A fine phrase, but as futile as the Bush administration's hope of burning all the cocoa plants in Peru. Panama City lost much of its importance to the drug trade in 1988, after the United States imposed sanctions on the Panamanian economy and restricted the credit available to the Panamanian banks. Because the banks could no longer act as clearinghouses for money acquired under questionable circumstances, the South American drug cartels moved their business out of town.

The rescue of the brave and oppressed Panamanian people

Another doubtful proposition. The Panamanians have never been known for their idealism, their political courage, or their passionate love of liberty. Panama is a nation of middlemen who thrive on tolls, offshore banking, percentages, pieces of the action, and flags of convenience. So profound is the Panamanian allegiance to the doctrine of the bottom line that the whole of Panama City could be confused with a duty-free shop. Panamanian politics traditionally have avoided the difficulties of issues or beliefs; they have been centered instead on rich and charismatic individuals who govern by means of patronage and bribery. Throughout the country's history, few Panamanian politicians (no matter what the form of their nominal rhetoric) have left high office without having amassed fortunes large enough to assure the comfort of their retirement in Miami or Paris.

Not being the kind of people to make their own revolutions, the Panamanians gratefully received the deliverance arranged for them by the United States, and they were only too happy to wear the T-shirts advertising "Operation Just Cause." Within an hour of swearing himself into office, the new Panamanian president reminded his new American friends that he was hard-pressed for money. The good citizens of Panama City responded to the promise of freedom not by lighting candles (as was done in Prague) or by defying a column of tanks (as was done in Beijing), but by looting the nearest store. Jubilant Panamanians, their arms filled with stolen TV sets and microwave ovens, greeted American soldiers in the ruined streets with loud cries of "Viva Bush."

The capture of the devil incarnate

The Bush administration made a point of insisting that the capture of

NOS KUALA LUMPUR NEW YORK OSLO PIRAEUS LONDON PAPEETE BORDEAUX SYRACUSE WHITTIER HAMBURG BANGKOK QUEBEC

HALFWAY BETWEEN MANHATTAN AND BERMUDA,
AN ENCHANTED ISLAND THAT BOASTS THE BEST OF BOTH.



ST. THOMAS VICTORIA WELLINGTON GIBRALTAR ST. MAARTEN CONSTANTA MACAPA

AZAIRE CALDERA SOUTHAMPTON MAUI PICTON FORT-DE-FRANCE SANTAREM CAPRI SAN BLAS ISLANDS BOMBAY SINGAPORE ROME

© Royal Viking Line 1989



Reserve Your Seat Now For 52 Weeks Of The Saint Louis Symphony Orchestra.

As long as you have a radio, you have a ticket to one of the most dynamic seasons of the Saint Louis Symphony. Not to mention one of the longest.

Right now, National Public Radio is bringing you a full year's worth of weekly performances from Powell Hall. The world's greatest music, from Beethoven to Bernstein. From the classics you know, to some of the innovative new composers you'd expect from the Saint Louis Symphony.

So check with your local NPR station. Reserve your seat. And make it a comfortable one.

You could be there 52 weeks.

Southwestern Bell Corporation

Southwestern Bell is proud to present this series from the Saint Louis Symphony Orchestra. Leonard Slatkin, Music Director and Conductor.

General Manuel Noriega was, in and of itself, sufficient reason for the invasion. Never in the history of mankind had so terrible a villain preyed upon the peace of nations. The American news media obligingly elaborated the line of official propaganda with testimonials to Noriega's monstrous depravity—a man who practiced voodoo, molested teenage girls, kept a mistress, indulged his bestial appetite for drink, pornography, and cocaine, adorned his walls with portraits of Hitler, took sadistic pleasure in acts of torture and murder. On CBS News, Dan Rather placed the general "at the top of the list of the world's drug thieves and scums." The nomination was seconded by ABC and NBC, as well as by all of the country's major newspapers and newsmagazines. When Noriega first eluded his captors, the *New York Post* asked, in 200-point type on its front page, "Where's the rat?"

The image doesn't quite fit all the facts. As a young army officer, Noriega was recruited by the CIA in 1967, and for the better part of twenty years, despite his heavy drinking and sexual peculiarities, he performed faithful service to his employers in return for fees that eventually were raised to $200,000 per annum. He became acquainted with President Bush in the 1970s, when Bush was director of the CIA, and in the 1980s, after he had acceded to power with the enthusiastic endorsement of Washington, Noriega allowed the Americans to make use of Panama as an intelligence and weapons base for the war against the Sandinista government in Nicaragua.

Judged by the standards of violence applicable elsewhere in Central America, Noriega's behavior appears to have been almost benign. Between 1983 and 1989 the political killings in Panama numbered no more than twenty; other regimes sponsored by the United States achieved far more savage effects—as many as 40,000 civilians killed by an American-trained army in El Salvador since 1979, 100,000 civilians killed in Guatemala since 1978, an unknown number of civilians killed in Nicaragua since 1980 by the American-owned force of Contras.

Nor does Noriega pass muster as an especially greedy or accomplished thief. The most extravagant estimates of his net worth as yet published in the American news media list his assets at $23 million held in Caribbean or European banks. The sum dwindles into a pittance when compared with the sums stolen by Ferdinand Marcos and the Shah of Iran, both clients of the United States who were far less zealous in their collaboration with the CIA than was General Noriega. Nor do the general's profits seem excessive when compared with the cost overruns charged to the Pentagon by American defense contractors or with the sums stolen by Republican bankers from S&L associations.

The lack of a strategic or economic purpose for the invasion of Panama (i.e., the absence of any national interest other than Mr. Bush's vanity and spite) in no way compromised its success as a patriotic entertainment. No American politician and, to the best of my knowledge, nobody in the American news media thought to ask why the United States, the most heavily armed nation-state in the known world, should take pride in occupying a country so pitiably weak as to be all but helpless.

The country was in no mood for questions, and the voices of mindless jingoism occupied the news media as securely as Task Force Bayonet and Task Force Red occupied Panama. Colonel Ron Sconyers, spokesman for the Pentagon's Southern Command, appeared on ABC's *PrimeTime Live* to strike the note to which most newspapers tuned the band music of their editorial pages:

"If you have to fight and shed a little blood for democracy . . . it's great."

Robert M. Teeter, President Bush's pollster, explained that the invasion showed his chief to be "a guy who knows how to be president, how to make government work."

"A triumph for diplomacy," said Senator Edward Kennedy, "and a triumph for justice."

Together with Lee Atwater, the chairman of the Republican National Committee, who congratulated Mr. Bush for winning a political "jackpot," R. W. Apple Jr. of the *New York Times* thought that the President had proved his mettle and earned his stripes, that he had moved into the ranks of "American leaders" who "since World War II had felt a need to demonstrate their willingness to shed blood to protect or advance . . . the national interest." Apple went on to say that Bush had erased his image of indecisiveness and shown himself "a man capable of bold action."

Mr. Bush's invasion of Panama coincided with the revolution in Rumania, and the contrast between the two sets of footage made plain the degree to which the American media have come to function as a government information service. The news from Bucharest looked like news; the news from Panama City looked like a commercial. In Rumania the cameras followed the fighting in the streets, but in Panama the American audience saw nothing but cheering crowds and Pentagon public-relations officers. The American military declared the scene of the fighting off-limits to the American press. Journalists asking to see the Army's own game films were told to file a request under the Freedom of Information Act.

As an advertisement for Mr. Bush, the invasion of Panama satisfied all but the most demanding requirements set by the promoters of the event. Mr. Bush dutifully allied himself with the myth of the triumphant American past, with a nineteenth-century America still defended by Teddy Roosevelt and two oceans, with Ronald Reagan's postcard optimism, with John Wayne under the cottonwood trees at the head of the canyon, hopelessly outnumbered by Apaches and rustlers and Mexican bandits, standing his ground as the steadfast symbol of the American belief that with a shy smile, enough ammunition, and a few kind words to the sheriff, time can be made to stand still. Like Roosevelt and Reagan and Wayne, President Bush promised to defend the sanctity of myth against the heresy of fact. If the effect was a little false, not quite up to the standards of big-time Hollywood epic, it was because Bush forgot what Roosevelt and Reagan and Wayne never forgot: No matter what the producer says, or how much the director complains, always bring the horse. ■



Rob Reiner. Cardmember since 1979.

Membership
Has Its Privileges.®



Don't leave home without it.®

Call 1-800-THE CARD to apply.

©1998 American Express Travel Related Services Company, Inc.

HARPER'S INDEX

Estimated amount of oil spilled off the coast of Morocco in December, expressed as a percentage of the *Valdez* spill : 186

Percentage change, since 1980, in federal spending on research and development of renewable energy sources : −84

Percentage of U.S. electrical power that comes from renewable resources : 11

Number of the chemicals used to make plastic that rank among the 6 leading producers of hazardous waste : 5

Factor by which the blood lead level OSHA permits in workers exceeds maximum safety levels proposed by the EPA : 4

Percentage increase, since 1977, in the number of American children diagnosed as having learning disabilities : 142

Percentage increase, since 1950, in the incidence of cancer among American children : 22

Portion of all deaths worldwide that are of children under the age of 5 in developing countries : 1/3

Estimated number of stone-throwing incidents in the occupied territories each day : 64

Estimated percentage of Palestinian stone-throwers who are under 13 years of age : 60

Percentage of Israel's 1989 defense budget that was spent to combat the *intifada* : 4

Ratio of U.S. soldiers killed to those wounded in the U.S. invasion of Panama : 1:14

Ratio of Panamanian soldiers killed to those wounded in the invasion : 2:1

Percentage of the Panamanians killed in the invasion who were civilians : 39

Number of times the phrase "do the right thing" has been used in Congress since Spike Lee's film was released last June : 67

Number of times the phrase was used in reference to a congressional pay raise : 16

Number of times it was used in reference to racial issues : 1

Percentage of Americans who say that in a democracy, personal freedom is more important than equality : 72

Number of gay marriages that have taken place in Copenhagen since they became legally binding last October : 150

Percentage of U.S. insurance companies that say they "consider sexual orientation in underwriting" : 29

Percentage of journalists who say they would permit their child to have contact with a schoolmate with AIDS : 64

Percentage of scientists who say this : 39

Chances that a U.S. obstetrician has been sued at least once : 7 in 10

Percentage of American parents who say they yell at their children every day : 19

Chances that an American woman is married, has children, and says she has a "successful career" : 2 in 5

Chances that an American woman considers herself a strong supporter of the women's movement : 1 in 5

Average percentage increase in the protrusion of a woman's buttocks when she wears high heels : 25

Number of the 43 contestants in the annual Rotten Sneaker Contest held in Vermont last March who were women : 1

Number of Wellington boots for cows that the Gates Rubber Company of Dumfries, Scotland, sold last year : 3,000

Average number of pigs an American eats in a lifetime : 28

Percentage of Americans who have tried caviar and say they "really liked" it : 8

Amount of free Doritos distributed in Daytona Beach, Florida, during the 1989 spring break, in pounds : 1,982

Amount Americans spent last year on toy guns : $108,800,000

Number of shades of artificial blood sold by Cinema Secrets, a special-effects company in Burbank, California : 6

Number of rats specifically bred for *Indiana Jones and the Last Crusade* : 3,000

Estimated number of pounces it takes a cat to catch a rodent : 3

Number of days after the invasion of Panama that an Oregon software company introduced the game Find Noriega! : 2

Fine proposed by a Tennessee state representative for assaulting anyone desecrating a U.S. or state flag : $1

Number of times WXTB, a Florida radio station, played "Stairway to Heaven" consecutively on December 31, 1989 : 181

Figures cited are the latest available as of January 1990. Sources are listed on page 82.
"Harper's Index" is a registered trademark.

READINGS

[Essay]

TAKING NATURE'S MEASURE

From "Nature as Measure," by Wendell Berry, in What Are People For? *a collection of his essays to be published next month by North Point Press in Berkeley, California. Berry's essay "The Futility of Global Thinking" appeared in the September 1989 issue of* Harper's Magazine.

I live in a part of the country that at one time a good farmer could take some pleasure in looking at. When I first became aware of it, in the 1940s, the better land, at least, was generally well farmed. The farms were mostly small and were highly diversified, producing cattle, sheep, and hogs, tobacco, corn, and the small grains.

Now the country is not well farmed, and driving through it has become a depressing experience. Some good small farmers remain, and their farms stand out in the landscape like jewels. But they are few and far between, and they are getting fewer every year. The buildings and other improvements of the old farming are everywhere in decay or have vanished altogether. The produce of the country is increasingly specialized. The small dairies are gone. Most of the sheep flocks are gone, and so are most of the enterprises of the old household economy. There is less livestock and more cash-grain farming. When cash-grain farming comes in, the fences go, the livestock goes, erosion increases, and the fields become weedy.

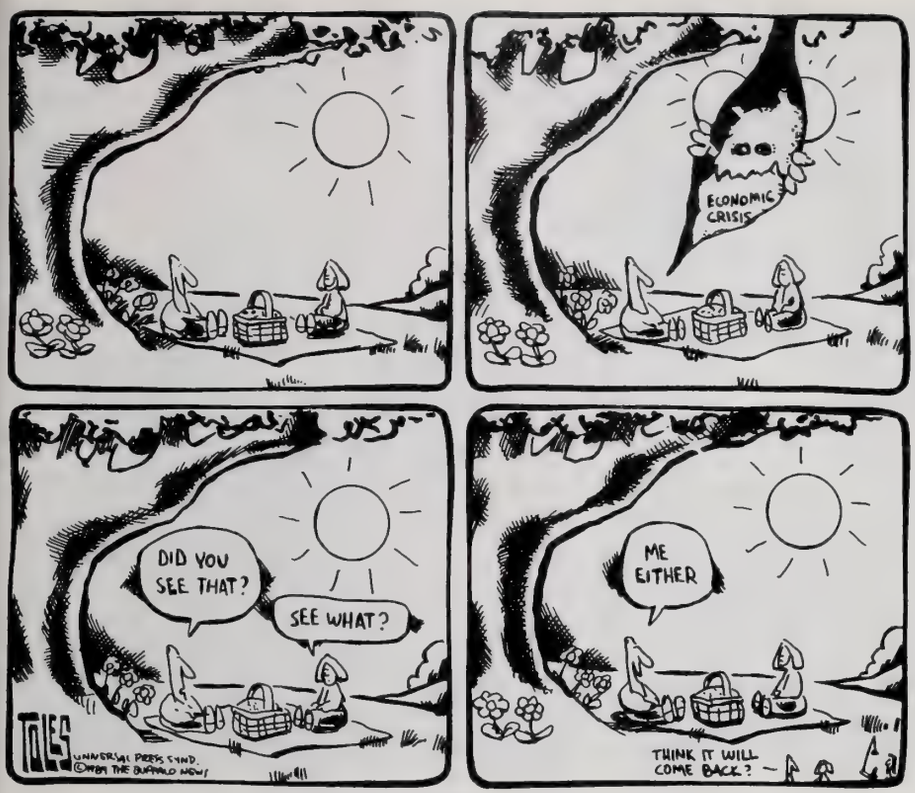
Like the farmland, the farm communities are eroding. The farmers who are still farming do not farm with as much skill as they did forty years ago, and there are not nearly so many farmers farming as there were forty years ago. As the old have died, they have not been replaced; as the young come of age, they leave farming or leave the community. None of the small rural towns is thriving as it did forty years ago.

Looking at the country now, one cannot escape the conclusion that there are no longer enough people on the land to farm it well and to take proper care of it. A further and more ominous conclusion is that there no longer is a considerable number of people knowledgeable enough to look at the country and see that it is not properly cared for—though the face of the country is now everywhere marked by the agony of our enterprise of self-destruction.

And suddenly, in this wasting countryside, there is talk of raising production quotas on burley tobacco by 20 percent, and tobacco growers are coming under pressure from the manufacturers to decrease their use of chemicals. Everyone I have talked to is doubtful that we have enough people left in farming to meet the increased demand for either quantity or quality. In other words, the demand going up has met the culture coming down.

Tobacco, I know, is not a food, but it comes from the same resources of land and people that food comes from, and this emerging dilemma in the production of tobacco can only foreshadow a similar dilemma in the food production. The fact is that we have nearly destroyed American farming and, in the process, have nearly destroyed our country.

How has this happened? It has happened because of the application to farming of far too simple a standard. For years, we have asked our land only to produce, and we have asked our farmers only to produce. We have believed that this single economic standard not only guaranteed good performance but also preserved the ultimate truth and rightness of our aims. We have bought unconditionally the economists' line that competition and innovation would solve all problems, and that we would finally accomplish a technological end run around bio-



© 1989 BUFFALO NEWS/REPRINTED BY PERMISSION OF UNIVERSAL PRESS SYNDICATE

From the Buffalo News.

logical reality and the human condition.

Competition and innovation have indeed solved, for the time being, the problem of production. But the solution has been thoughtless and far too expensive. We have been winning, to our inestimable loss, a competition against our own land and our own people. At present, what we have to show for this "victory" is a surplus of food. But this is a surplus achieved by the ruin of its sources, and it has been used, by apologists for our economy, to disguise the damage by which it was produced.

Of course, agriculture must be productive; that is a requirement as urgent as it is obvious. But urgent as it is, it is not the *only* requirement; there are two more requirements equally important and equally urgent. One is that if agriculture is to remain productive, it must preserve the land, and the fertility and ecological health of the land; the land, that is, must be used *well.* A further requirement, therefore, is that if the land is to be used well, the people who use it must know it well, must be highly motivated to use it well, must know how to use it well, must have time to use it well, and must be able to afford to use it well. Nothing that has happened in the agricultural revolution of the last fifty years has invalidated these requirements, though everything that has happened has ignored or defied them.

In light of the necessity that the farmland and the farm people should thrive while producing, we can see that relying on the single standard of productivity has led to failure.

Now we must learn to replace that standard with one that is more comprehensive: the standard of nature. The standard of nature is not so simple or so easy a standard as the standard of productivity. The term *nature* is not so definite or stable a concept as the weights and measures of productivity. But we know what we mean when we say that the first settlers in any American place recognized that place's agricultural potential "by its nature"—that is, by the depth and quality of its soil, the kind and quality of its native vegetation, and so on. And we know what we mean when we say that all too often we have proceeded to ignore the nature of our places in farming them. By returning to "the nature of the place" as the standard, we acknowledge the necessary limits of our own intentions. Farming cannot take place except in nature; therefore, if nature does not thrive, farming cannot thrive. But we know, too, that nature includes us. It is not a place into which we reach from some safe standpoint outside it. We are in it while we use it. If it does not thrive, we cannot thrive. The appropriate measure of farming, then, is the world's health and our health, and these are inescapably *one* measure.

But the oneness of this measure is far different from the singularity of the standard of produc-

tivity that we have been using; it is far more complex. One of its concerns, one of the inevitable natural measures, is productivity; but it is also concerned for the health of all the creatures belonging to a given place, from the creatures of the soil and water to the humans and other creatures of the land surface to the birds of the air. The use of nature as measure proposes an atonement between ourselves and our world, between economy and ecology, between the domestic and the wild. Or it proposes a conscious and careful recognition of the interdependence between ourselves and nature that in fact has always existed and, if we are to live, must always exist.

Industrial agriculture, built according to the single standard of productivity, has dealt with nature, including human nature, in the manner of a monologuist. It has not asked for anything or waited to hear any response. It has told nature what it wanted and in clever ways has taken what it wanted. And since it proposed no limit on its wants, devastation has been its inevitable and foreseeable result. This, clearly, is a totalitarian form of behavior, and it is as totalitarian in its use of people as it is in its use of nature. Its connections to the world and to humans and the other creatures become more and more abstract, as its economy, its authority, and its power become more and more centralized.

On the other hand, an agriculture using nature, including human nature, as its measure would approach the world in the manner of a conversationalist. It would not impose its vision and its demands upon a world that it conceives of as a stockpile of raw material, inert and indifferent to any use that may be made of it. It would not proceed directly or soon to some supposedly ideal state of things. It *would* proceed directly and soon to serious thought about our condition and our predicament. On all farms, farmers would undertake to know responsibly where they are and to "consult the genius of the place." They would ask what nature would be doing there if no one were farming there. They would ask what nature would permit them to do there, and what they could do there with the least harm to the place and to their natural and human neighbors. And they would ask what nature would *help* them to do there. And after each asking, knowing that nature will respond, they would attend carefully to her response. The use of the place would necessarily change, and the response of the place to that use would necessarily change the user. The conversation itself would thus assume a kind of creaturely life, binding the place and its inhabitants together, changing and growing to no end, no final accomplishment, that can be conceived or foreseen. For in a conversation, you must not expect always to receive a reply that you foresee or a reply that you will like. A conversation is immitigably two-sided and always to some degree mysterious; it requires faith.

For a long time now we have understood ourselves as traveling toward some sort of industrial paradise, some new Eden conceived and constructed entirely by human ingenuity. And we have thought ourselves free to use and abuse nature in any way that might further this enterprise. Now we face overwhelming evidence that we are not smart enough to recover Eden by assault, and that nature does not tolerate or excuse our abuses. If, in spite of the evidence against us, we are finding it hard to relinquish our old ambition, we are also seeing more clearly every day how that ambition has reduced and enslaved us. We see how everything—the whole world—is belittled by the idea that all creation is moving or ought to move toward an end that some body, some human body, has thought up. To be free of that end and that ambition would be a delightful and precious thing. Once free of it, we might again go about our work and our lives with a seriousness and pleasure denied to us when we merely submit to a fate already determined by gigantic politics, economics, and technology.

Such freedom is implicit in the adoption of nature as the measure of economic life. The reunion of nature and economy proposes a necessary democracy, for neither economy nor nature can be abstract in practice.

When we adopt nature as measure, we require practice that is locally knowledgeable. The particular farm, that is, must not be treated as any farm. And the particular knowledge of particular places is beyond the competence of any centralized power or authority. Farming by the measure of nature—which is to say, the nature of the particular place—means that farmers must tend farms that they know and love, farms small enough to know and love, using tools and methods that they know and love, in the company of neighbors that they know and love.

In recent years, our society has been required to think again of the issues of the use and abuse of human beings. We understand, for instance, that the inability to distinguish between a particular woman and any woman is a condition predisposing to abuse. It is time that we learn to apply the same understanding to our land. The inability to distinguish between a farm and any farm is a condition predisposing to abuse, and abuse has been the result. Rape, indeed, has been the result, and we have seen that we are not exempt from the damage we have inflicted. Now we must think of marriage.





These photographs by David Buckland are part of The Agri-Economy, *a collection of portraits and oral histories of midwesterners who work in agriculture. Buckland photographed his subjects in a studio while projecting images of Minnesota farmland behind them. At left is Dennis Sellner, a dairy farmer; at right is Jim Nichols, the state's commissioner of agriculture. The work, commissioned by the Minneapolis-based First Bank System, will be shown at the Museum of Contemporary Photography at Columbia College in Chicago through April 4.*

[Solicitation]

ADVANCED AMBULANCE CHASING

From a letter and catalogue sent to trial lawyers by Professional Techniques Library, a mail-order firm in Cohasset, Massachusetts.

For more than ten years, Million Dollar Arguments have provided the *word-for-word* re-creations of closing arguments that won jury verdicts of one million dollars or more. These arguments are re-created on convenient audio-cassettes by the lawyer who *actually made the argument!*

You don't have to have a million dollar case to profit from the ideas presented in Million Dollar Arguments. Utilize these *proven* techniques to turn those ten and twenty thousand dollar cases into fifty and one hundred thousand dollar verdicts!

Million Dollar Arguments lets you *hear* the tempo and pace, the inflections and innuendos, the nuances and dynamics that motivated *million dollar verdicts*. Add *new ideas* and good turns of phrase to *your* repertoire of advocacy techniques.

Peruse these descriptions. Do you have a similar case in your file? Some of the nation's top trial lawyers can give you innovative and interesting ideas to help ease your journey to victory.

#801 EUGENE I. PAVALON, *Smith* v. *General Telephone*—$36,000,000: Children watch as both parents are decapitated by a telephone wire hanging low over the interstate highway. Pavalon wins $20 million in punitive damages!

#802 LEONARD M. RING, *Richter* v. *Northwestern Memorial Hospital*—$15,800,000: After failing to find that a brain tumor was the cause of his patient's migraines, a doctor defies policy and operates anyway. A record verdict *even without punitive damages!*

#813 GUY I. SMILEY, *Garcia* v. *Universal Elevator Co.*—$1,600,000: Too much grease on the elevator cables sent a forty-four-year-old workman zipping from the tenth floor to the basement, aggravating a previous disk injury.

#817 HARRY L. GRIFFITH, *Reeves* v. *Interstate Trucking Co.*—$10,500,000: Unemployed welfare recipient was a passenger in a car rendered an instant convertible by a truck with no sidelight that was backing across a two-lane blacktop. *All compensatory!*

#820 RUSSELL REINER, *Dustman* v. *AMC Jeep*—$3,882,500: One of our finest arguments on the hazards of rollovers. Reiner also argues for the eighteen-year-old woman who died eight days after the accident.

#822 DALE WILLIAMS, *Sessions* v. *Sessions*—$10,000,000: Wealthy Texas rancher thought he could get away with *anything*—even incest with his thirteen-year-old daughter. But Williams persuaded his jury to put a price on monstrosity.

[Congressional Testimony]

THE U.S.S. *IOWA*: GUILT BY GESTALT?

From testimony given last December by FBI agents Richard Ault and Robert Hazelwood before the Senate Armed Services Committee. Ault and Hazelwood had been asked by the Navy to investigate whether the explosion last year of a gun turret on the U.S.S. Iowa *was, in fact, an act of suicide by Clayton Hartwig, a twenty-four-year-old gunner's mate. In concluding that Hartwig was to blame for the explosion, which killed forty-seven crew members, Ault and Hazelwood employed a new FBI technique called "indirect personality assessment," which Ault describes as a "Gestalt"-like process of examining information about an individual "to see what makes him tick." Although the Navy has deemed the FBI's conclusions about Hartwig "fact," the Senate has asked the General Accounting Office to undertake its own review of the* Iowa *investigation. In this excerpt, the agents are questioned by Senators William Cohen (Rep., Maine), Alan Dixon (Dem., Ill.), Sam Nunn (Dem., Ga.), and John Warner (Rep., Va.).*

ROBERT HAZELWOOD: During Clayton Hartwig's childhood he was a loner and was largely estranged from his family. While in the eleventh grade, he formed his first close friendship, with a male two years younger. In one incident, this friend purportedly took a knife away from Hartwig, after Hartwig made a suicidal gesture with the weapon. Hartwig considered that this action had saved his life, and after joining the Navy, he gave this friend $200 a month for a year and a half.

While in the Navy, Hartwig had low self-esteem and had only two close friends, one of whom, Kendall Truitt, served with him aboard the U.S.S. *Iowa*. In January of 1988, Hartwig took out a $50,000 double-indemnity life insurance policy and named Truitt as the beneficiary. Truitt married in December 1988, and Hartwig was reported to be deeply depressed as a result. Hartwig and Truitt ceased all communication aside from orders that Hartwig gave in the line of duty. The insurance policy was in effect at the time of Hartwig's death.

SENATOR SAM NUNN: You said he had motives for sinking the *Iowa*, but I didn't hear facts that led to that conclusion.

HAZELWOOD: Approximately one week prior to his death Hartwig discussed suicide with his shipmate David Smith. In addition, a female acquaintance says that Hartwig had always closed his letters with simply "Clay" but that the last letter she received from Hartwig closed with "Love always and forever, Clayton." Another female acquaintance had written to Hartwig, telling him he should quit hiding in the Navy, and he wrote back, "I don't think the 1,200 men that went down on the U.S.S. *Arizona* were hiding, or the 37 sailors that were killed on the U.S.S. *Stark!* I could become one of those little white headstones in Arlington Cemetery any day!"

In another instance, a chief petty officer discovered a piece of paper, captioned "Disposable Heroes," in the sleeping area occupied by Hartwig, Truitt, and others. Whether or not it was written by Hartwig, it is quite likely that he saw it. It read, "Sailor boy, made of clay, now an empty shell, finished here, greetings death, you coward, you servant, you patriot, more death means another crow." Hartwig also told a shipmate he wanted to die in the line of duty and be buried in Arlington Cemetery.

SENATOR ALAN DIXON: My understanding is, the information that you had in the form of exhibits, statements, and other things was given to you by the NIS [Naval Investigative Service]. You did not develop those yourself?

RICHARD AULT: No, sir. We didn't do our own investigation.

DIXON: Okay. Now the poem "Disposable Heroes" that you refer to, is it in handwriting?

AULT: Part of it.

DIXON: Have you analyzed the handwriting to determine who wrote the poem?

AULT: No, sir. We didn't do any of the investigation. That would have been the Navy's problem.

DIXON: Has anybody?

HAZELWOOD: I believe that NIS experts looked at it and were unable to ascertain whether it was Hartwig's writing.

DIXON: Well, surely the FBI could make that de-

termination. There is evidence that another person killed in the accident wrote poems all the time, and it is the view of the crew that "Disposable Heroes" was not the work of Hartwig at all.

HAZELWOOD: Whether he wrote it or not really has no bearing. The point is that he could have seen it because it was posted in his area.

DIXON: And David Smith, whom you mention specifically, you know that he has recanted substantial parts of his testimony?

HAZELWOOD: It's my understanding he's recanted a portion of his testimony, sir.

DIXON: Did you ever subject Mr. Smith to polygraph?

HAZELWOOD: We did not conduct any investigation whatsoever, sir.

DIXON: No. Now is it a correct characterization of what transpired that the FBI, for whom I have the firmest respect, actually itself talked to nobody, interviewed nobody, analyzed no fingerprints, analyzed no handwriting, and otherwise did no investigation to determine whether the explosion might have been an accident?

HAZELWOOD: We don't do that type of investigation for this type of request, sir.

DIXON: Now Mr. Hazelwood, it was you who suggested that the relationship between Truitt and Hartwig had soured to the extent that their conversations consisted solely of orders given in the line of duty aboard the ship.

HAZELWOOD: Yes, sir.

DIXON: And Truitt was not present when Hartwig was in that gun turret?

HAZELWOOD: No, sir.

DIXON: Now isn't it remarkable that a man who hated another man would not cancel a cancelable insurance policy rewarding his enemy and would contemplate suicide with the full knowledge that his suicide would benefit this person?

AULT: No, sir. I don't think so. There are decisions that are made before a suicide that look absolutely silly when an investigator arrives on the scene. Why would a man jump off a bridge and leave his shoes sitting there?

DIXON: I recognize, of course, that the documents you have used were given to you by the NIS. But other than these statements, letters, the poem, and things of that character, do you have any hard evidence that would support the idea that Hartwig actually carried out this act?

AULT: No, sir. This opinion that we submitted is based on a half-scientific, half-art form.

SENATOR WILLIAM COHEN: At the time the Navy came to you, had the Navy reached a preliminary decision that Hartwig was responsible?

AULT: No.

COHEN: But the Navy said, "We don't think it was an accident."

AULT: Yes, sir.

COHEN: Did they indicate to you that they had a predisposition that Mr. Hartwig had in fact—

AULT: Yes, in fact, they did.

COHEN: Well, that's what I'm asking.

AULT: What they said to us was that the forensic evidence showed that something happened very rapidly in that turret and that the only one in a position to make those things happen was Clayton Hartwig, and they asked if we would take a look at him.

COHEN: Did you have access to the records of all the others who were in the turret?

AULT: No, sir. We didn't ask for them.

COHEN: Okay. In this particular case, you did not review the Navy's statement that they thought it was not an accident. You accepted that?

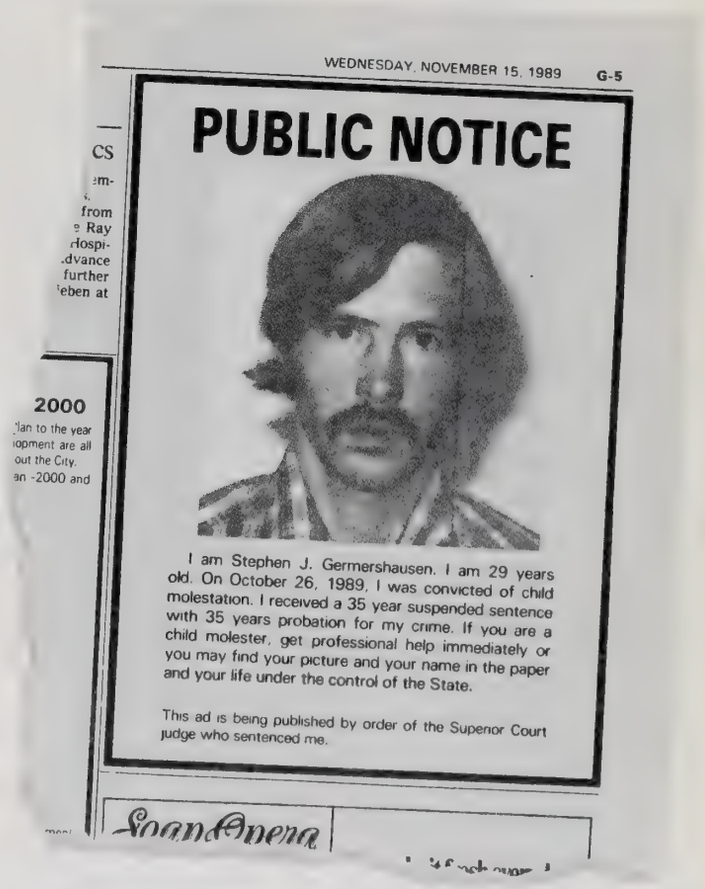
AULT: We accepted it.

COHEN: In your judgment, as professionals, if there were other individuals who were inside the turret, shouldn't it have been of interest to you to make an assessment of their personality profiles?

HAZELWOOD: No, sir. Whenever we are requested to do a case for an investigative agency, we

[Notice]

PUBLISH OR PERISH


WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 15, 1989 G-5

PUBLIC NOTICE

I am Stephen J. Germershausen. I am 29 years old. On October 26, 1989, I was convicted of child molestation. I received a 35 year suspended sentence with 35 years probation for my crime. If you are a child molester, get professional help immediately or you may find your picture and your name in the paper and your life under the control of the State.

This ad is being published by order of the Superior Court judge who sentenced me.

This notice appeared in the November 15, 1989, issue of the Providence Journal-Bulletin. *Germershausen, the sex offender pictured above, was ordered by a Rhode Island Superior Court judge to place the ad as a condition of his probation.*

make the assumption that we are dealing with professionals. They provide us with the materials for review, and that's what we review.

COHEN: Now, about the poem "Disposable Heroes," is there, in your experience, a feeling among men in the Navy that they might feel like disposable heroes? In other words, someone's out on a ship, they read about the U.S.S. *Stark*, and they say, "Hey, that could happen to me."

AULT: That's right.

COHEN: Now someone else writes a poem and they post it on a bulletin board or in an area where others sleep, and you use that as an incriminating piece of information?

AULT: We threw that in because you never know what the triggering incident's going to be in a case like this. You never know whether or not just reading that poem might have been the thing that sparked some decisions on his part.

COHEN: Now I believe you indicated that he had a stack of Bibles on his bookshelf—

AULT: One shelf had seven, eight Bibles on it.

COHEN: The fact that someone has seven Bibles on his bookshelf doesn't mean anything to me.

AULT: It wouldn't to you, sir, but it does to me. I'm the expert.

COHEN: Well, tell me what it means to you then.

AULT: Well, this man's whole record reflects a preoccupation with death and violence. He made bombs, read *Soldier of Fortune* magazines, carried a 9mm pistol with him. We go through his room at home, and we see books on death and violence and we see Bibles. Now if he were a strong practitioner of a certain faith, or went to a seminary, then I would be inclined to form an opinion that he wasn't suicidal. But he didn't. He went from that room into the Navy, worked as a gunman, continued with this process of death and violence until he reached the point where an explosion occurred in the turret where he was in charge.

COHEN: Let me ask you, is it abnormal for members of the Navy to have subscriptions to *Soldier of Fortune* magazine?

AULT: I recall very few of my fellow Marines who subscribed to *Soldier of Fortune* magazine.

COHEN: Very few of your fellow Marines were driven to violence? Don't they teach you a lot of violence at Marine boot camp?

AULT: They teach us to hate the enemy.

COHEN: You indicated that he had only three close women friends.

AULT: With whom he never had any sexual contact, as far as anyone could tell. He proposed to one woman on their second date. She turned him down.

COHEN: Well, what's so unusual about that?

HAZELWOOD: She was a dancer in a strip joint.

COHEN: Aren't there some sailors who, after having been out at sea for some time, see someone who's attractive—might be a stripper—and make a proposal, maybe under the influence, maybe just suffering from lack of companionship?

HAZELWOOD: That's quite possible.

COHEN: Okay. Who was the second?

HAZELWOOD: She was a woman who had had sex with the high school friend he'd been sending $200 a month to. When he found that out, he ceased the payments to his friend and, in fact, wrote that same girl and accused her of letting him down.

COHEN: Would you find that an extraordinary reaction?

HAZELWOOD: I would find it a very unusual reaction.

COHEN: Okay. Let me go through the other characterizations. You drew some significance from the fact that he signed one of his last letters "Clayton" rather than "Clay." What's the distinction?

HAZELWOOD: He signed it, "Love always and forever, Clayton"—much more formal than simply "Clay," as he had signed his letters in the past, with no "forever," no "love," nothing.

COHEN: Another factor I think that you drew some significance from was that he said he could hide his hurt inside and never reveal it.

[Memo]

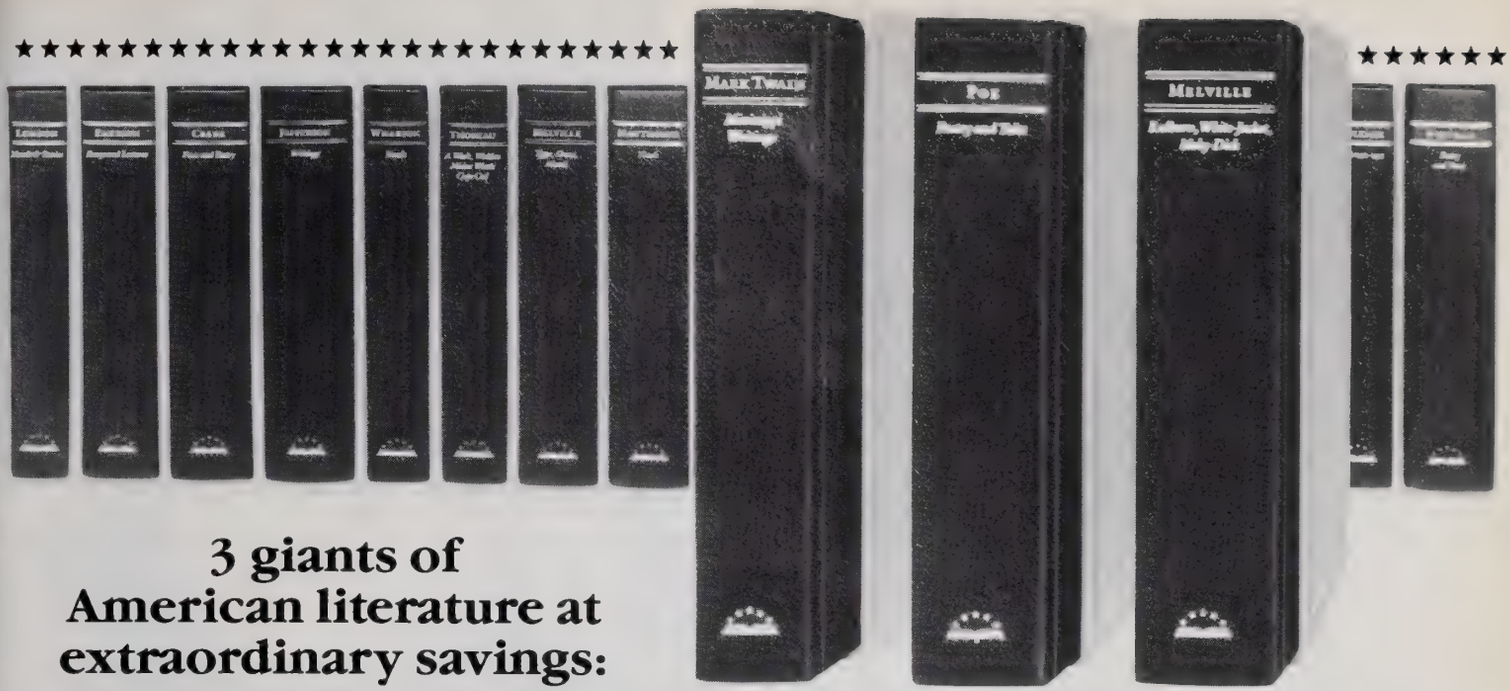
FOWL DISPLAY

From a recent memo sent by National Convenience Stores, a Houston-based retail chain, to all of its store managers.

We have received a number of complaints on the Rubber Ducky Condoms. The package [which pictures a rubber duck, the company's logo] appears to be misleading, and customers have complained that these condoms are being displayed with the toys or in the candy section.

Any store that carries this product is requested to check the location where this inventory is displayed. For those stores who have these condoms merchandised in the candy section or with the toys, you need to remove them immediately and merchandise this product only in the health-and-beauty-aids section next to the other brands of condoms.

Your cooperation in this matter is appreciated. If you have any questions, please contact your district manager.



3 giants of American literature at extraordinary savings:

Take Twain, Poe, and Melville, all for $5.95

(Total pub. price $94.95)

Save $89.00 and enjoy a spellbinding welcome to award-winning Library of America, with no obligation to buy additional volumes.



This is a good time for you to take notice of the growing Library of America.

Right now you can acquire three of its acclaimed volumes for less than the retail price of just one. And what magnificent volumes they are:

Mark Twain. *The Adventures of Tom Sawyer; Life on the Mississippi; Adventures of Huckleberry Finn; Pudd'nhead Wilson.* 1,084 pages.

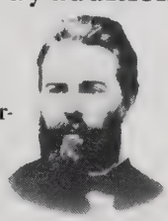
Edgar Allan Poe. More than 70 tales and sketches including *The Fall of the House of Usher, The Cask of Amontillado, The Pit and the Pendulum, The Murders in the Rue Morgue.* His poetry, and *Eureka,* a prose poem. 1,408 pages.

Herman Melville. His classic works of the sea: *Moby-Dick; Redburn, His First Voyage; White-Jacket or The World in a Man-of-War.* 1,456 pages.

They will be sent to you, all three volumes, for $5.95 (a *single* volume regularly retails for up to $35). Then you may, if you wish, take additional volumes at our subscriber's discounts (up to 29%) but there's never any obligation to do so.



This special offer is our way of introducing you to one of the boldest publishing programs ever undertaken in the U.S.—The Library of America. With the support of the National Endowment for the Humanities and the Ford Foundation, we set out to preserve the collected works of America's greatest writers. Works that could be found only in disintegrating old paperbacks or cumbersome anthologies—when they could be found at all—are now available in handsome, durable new editions.



Every work is complete, every word as the author intended.

In scrupulously accurate, unabridged texts, The Library also brings you all of Emerson, Faulkner, Henry James, Whitman, Crane, Cather, Thoreau...comprehensive collections of Franklin and Jefferson...and many other American giants.

The editions are uniformly beautiful. They're hardbound in natural cloth, with Smyth-sewn bindings (not merely glued) and strong spines that allow the books to open easily and lie flat for comfortable reading. Each volume has up to 1,500 pages of fine, opaque, acid-free paper—equal to three, four, even five books. Elegant and compact, they're a pleasure to hold and to read.

Great savings, and no obligation now or ever.

Let us send you *Twain, Poe,* and *Melville,* all for just $5.95, and extend to you our subscriber's privilege of reviewing other volumes and buying only the ones you want, always at discounts. Mail the coupon today, with your check or money order, and see these wonderful books for yourself. For even faster service, credit card holders can use our **toll-free order line: 1-800-321-6640.**

The Library of America
5 Norden Lane
Huntington Station, New York 11746

Please send me three volumes—*Twain, Poe,* and *Melville*. I may keep all three for only $5.95 (total pub. price $94.95). If I wish, I may return all three for a full refund. I have 15 days to decide. If I decide to keep them and subscribe to The Library of America, I will receive a new volume about every other month for 15 days' free examination. I understand each volume costs $24.95 plus $3.50 shipping and handling. There's never any obligation to buy and I may cancel at any time simply by notifying you.

☐ I am enclosing $5.95

☐ Charge my ☐ Visa ☐ MasterCard

Card No._____ Exp._____

Name_____

Address_____

City_____ State_____ Zip_____

Offer limited to new subscribers, one per address. Future prices may change. All orders subject to approval. 8H37

Praised for its scholarship, beauty and quality.

"A great wrong...set right." New York Times Book Review.

"...truly beautiful volumes that are a pleasure to have and to hold and hand down through the generations." Chicago Sun-Times.

"...the best and biggest, the finest-looking, and the longest-lasting edition of its kind ever made." The New Republic.

THE LIBRARY OF AMERICA

The only definitive and comprehensive collection of America's greatest writers

HAZELWOOD: That's what he said, yes, sir.

COHEN: Is that unusual?

HAZELWOOD: When you combine that with the fact that people reported never seeing him angry, never seeing him violent, that to us is a danger sign. We've seen it on too many occasions where they just stored it up and then went out and murdered fourteen people at a college, or blew up a ship, or killed people in shopping centers. Yes, sir.

COHEN: I find that there's an awful lot of reaching here. A couple of more questions. In a letter, he said, "I could become one of those headstones any day." Why is that so unusual?

HAZELWOOD: It was a response to the young lady who accused him of hiding in the Navy, and it was an overreaction on his part. Combine that with a statement that he made to a shipmate that he would like to be killed in the line of duty and be buried at Arlington. Then this statement becomes significant, yes, sir.

COHEN: Well, I must tell you, I find it hard to arrive at that judgment. You take a young man, he's out on sea duty, he receives a letter from a woman who says he's hiding out, either emotionally or physically. He writes back and says, "Hey, wait a minute. I'm not hiding from anyone. I'm out here working with thousands of people in a very dangerous environment, and I could become like any one of those hundreds of other headstones that occurred in Beirut or on the U.S.S. *Stark*." And then he makes a statement to a friend and says, "If I go, I want to go in the line of duty." Is that unusual?

HAZELWOOD: I was in the Army for eleven years, and never once did I or any of my friends make the statement "I'd like to die in the line of duty." No, sir. I didn't want to die in the line of duty.

COHEN: If you took a look at the personality traits of the individuals who volunteer for the Navy, I suppose you'd find a number of loners who played with toys and pistols and collected them during childhood.

AULT: Sir, the whole turret may have been full of suicidal people. We accepted evidence from the Navy that there was no accident; we also accepted the same kind of evidence that the only guy in a position to do any damage was Clayton Hartwig. It's as simple as that.

COHEN: You indicated that his letters show that he was extremely egocentric. What do you mean by that?

AULT: Self-absorbed, narcissistic.

COHEN: Can you give me an example?

HAZELWOOD: To one friend, he wrote, "So your girlfriends think I'm good-looking, huh?"

COHEN: You've got to be kidding me.

HAZELWOOD: No, sir. We're not kidding you.

COHEN: This is a twenty-four-year-old, relatively immature individual, who says, "Do your friends think that I'm good-looking?" And that's egocentricity?

AULT: Yeah, I would say so.

COHEN: Here's a man looking for compliments. Is that unusual in a twenty-four-year-old sailor?

HAZELWOOD: Not just *looking* for compliments; *fishing* for compliments.

SENATOR JOHN WARNER: You mentioned that the man apparently was, in your judgment, alienated from his family. Can you clarify that?

AULT: The sister herself stated in an interview that he was largely estranged from other family members.

WARNER: Yet he goes back home at Christmas.

HAZELWOOD: First time in five years.

AULT: And in addition to that, he leaves a letter stating that he loves them.

HAZELWOOD: Which he'd never done.

AULT: And he didn't say it face-to-face.

COHEN: The man went off to the Navy, had some hard times with his family, comes home after five years, leaves a note, "Mom and Dad, I love you." That'd be unusual?

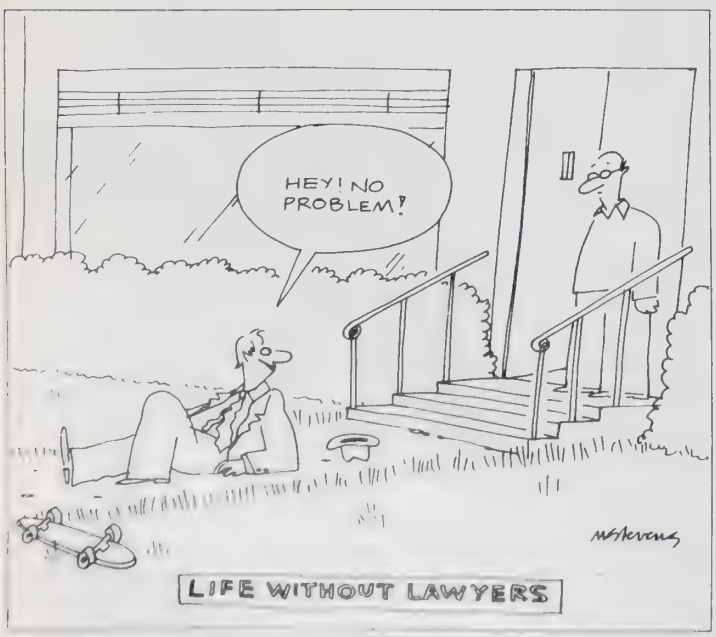
AULT: Could be an indication that he'd decided that he was going to do himself in. Could be a lot of things. We chose to conclude that it was probably an indication that he'd begun to make up his mind that he wasn't happy with his life and wanted to end it.

COHEN: So it would have been a more normal course of conduct for him to continue the alienation with his family?

HAZELWOOD: Yes, sir.

WARNER: Thank you, gentlemen. Tough job that you've had to perform.

HAZELWOOD: Thank you.



From the National Law Journal.



andy Hayes, executive director, Rainforest Action Network
988 Working Assets funding recipient

"Half the species on Earth will die unless we act now."

For Randy Hayes, protecting the Earth and its inhabitants is a lifetime commitment. That's why he founded an international action network to stop the destruction of tropical rainforests.

It's also why he uses Working Assets Long Distance, the only long distance phone service that lets you help our endangered planet, at no cost to you.

Working Assets uses the fiber-optic network of US Sprint® and adds our own unique commitment. Every time you call long distance, we give 1% of your charges to non-profit groups that defend forests and animals, the water we drink and the air we breathe. Which makes protecting the Earth not only cost-free to you, but as easy as talking on the phone.

So take a few seconds now to sign up for Working Assets Long Distance. You'll get the same low rates and high quality service *all* US Sprint customers get. And every time you call, you'll help save a species or two. Possibly even our own.

Call 1-800-877-2100

(ask for extension 500). Or mail the coupon to:
Working Assets Long Distance
230 California St., San Francisco, CA 94111.

WORKING ASSETS LONG DISTANCE

THE COST-FREE WAY TO PROTECT THE EARTH
...JUST BY TALKING ON THE PHONE.

☑ **YES!** Sign me up for Working Assets Long Distance and give 1% of my charges to groups that protect forests, animals, air and water, at no cost to me.

List all numbers to be connected. Include area codes.

( ) ( )

Name (Please Print)

Address

City/State/ZIP

SIGNATURE Date

By signing you authorize us to notify your local phone company that you choose US Sprint to be your primary long distance carrier. You can place calls with other carriers and switch to another carrier at any time. Your local phone company may apply a small one-time service charge. To help offset the charge we'll credit your third month's bill with 30 free minutes of interstate calling at the US Sprint 3,000 mile night/weekend rate.

SSN 106-23-3010-WE
H1H

Mail to Working Assets Long Distance, 230 California Street, San Francisco, CA 94111

Working Assets supports groups like Greenpeace, Rainforest Action Network and the Environmental Defense Fund. For a list of organizations funded, write us at the address above.



"Chapel Cross Power Station, Study No. 1, Dumfries, Scotland," by Michael Kenna, from a series of photographs of power stations in Great Britain that appeared in Night Walk, *a catalogue of Kenna's work. Kenna's photographs will be shown at the Catherine Edelman Gallery in Chicago through April 14.*

[Stories]

ENEMIES AND FRIENDS

By Tim O'Brien. These two stories are part of a longer work of fiction, The Things They Carried, *to be published this month by Houghton Mifflin/Seymour Lawrence. O'Brien won the National Book Award in 1979 for his novel* Going After Cacciato.

I.

One morning in late July, while we were out on patrol near landing zone Gator, Lee Strunk and Dave Jensen got into a fistfight. It was about something stupid—a missing jackknife—but even so the fight was vicious. For a while it went back and forth, but Dave Jensen was much bigger and much stronger, and eventually he wrapped an arm around Strunk's neck and pinned him down and kept hitting him on the nose. He hit him hard. And he didn't stop. Strunk's nose made a sharp snapping sound, like a firecracker, but even then Jensen kept hitting him, over and over, quick stiff punches that did not miss. It took three of us to pull him off. When it was over, Strunk had to be choppered back to the rear, where he had his nose looked after, and two days later he rejoined us wearing a metal splint and lots of gauze.

In any other circumstance it might've ended there. But this was Vietnam, where guys carried guns, and Dave Jensen started to worry. It was mostly in his head. There were no threats, no vows of revenge, just a silent tension between them that made Jensen take special precautions. On patrol he was careful to keep track of Strunk's whereabouts. He dug his foxholes on the far side of the perimeter; he kept his back covered; he avoided situations that might put the two of them alone together. Eventually, after a week of this, the strain began to create problems. Jensen couldn't relax. Like fighting two different wars, he said. No safe ground: enemies everywhere. No front or rear. At night he had trouble sleeping—a skittish feeling—always on guard, hearing strange noises in the dark, imagining a grenade rolling into his foxhole or the tickle of a knife against his ear. The distinction between good guys and bad guys disappeared for him. Even in times of relative safety, while the rest of us took it easy, Jensen would be sitting with his back against a stone wall, weapon across his knees, watching Lee Strunk with quick, nervous eyes. It got to the point finally where he lost control. Something

must've snapped. One afternoon he began firing his weapon into the air, yelling Strunk's name, just firing and yelling, and it didn't stop until he'd rattled off an entire magazine of ammunition. We were all flat on the ground. Nobody had the nerve to go near him. Jensen started to reload, but then suddenly he sat down and held his head in his arms and wouldn't move. For two or three hours he simply sat there.

But that wasn't the bizarre part.

Because late that same night he borrowed a pistol, gripped it by the barrel, and used it like a hammer to break his own nose.

Afterward, he crossed the perimeter to Lee Strunk's foxhole. He showed him what he'd done and asked if everything was square between them.

Strunk nodded and said, Sure, things were square.

But in the morning Lee Strunk couldn't stop laughing. "The man's crazy," he said. "I stole his fucking jackknife."

II.

Dave Jensen and Lee Strunk did not become instant buddies, but they did learn to trust each other. Over the next month they often teamed up on ambushes. They covered each other on patrol, shared a foxhole, took turns pulling guard at night. In late August they made a pact that if one of them should ever get totally fucked up—a wheelchair wound—the other guy would automatically find a way to end it. As far as I could tell they were serious. They drew it up on paper, signing their names and asking a couple of guys to act as witnesses. And then in October Lee Strunk stepped on a rigged mortar round. It took off his right leg at the knee. He managed a funny little half step, like a hop, then he tilted sideways and dropped. "Oh, damn," he said. For a while he kept on saying it, "Damn oh damn," as if he'd stubbed a toe. Then he panicked. He tried to get up and run, but there was nothing left to run on. He fell hard. The stump of his right leg was twitching. There were slivers of bone, and the blood came in quick spurts like water from a pump. He seemed bewildered. He reached down as if to massage his missing leg, then he passed out, and Rat Kiley put on a tourniquet and administered morphine and ran plasma into him.

There was nothing much anybody could do except wait for the dust off. After we'd secured a landing zone, Dave Jensen went over and kneeled at Strunk's side. The stump had stopped twitching. For a time there was some question as to whether Strunk was still alive, but then he opened his eyes and looked up at Dave Jensen. "Oh, Jesus," he said, and moaned, and tried to slide away, and said, "Jesus, man, don't kill me."

"Relax," Jensen said.

Lee Strunk seemed groggy and confused. He lay still for a second and then motioned toward his leg. "Really, it's not so bad. Not terrible. Hey, *really*—they can sew it back on—*really*."

"Right, I'll bet they can."

"You think?"

"Sure I do."

Strunk frowned at the sky. He passed out again, then woke up and said, "Don't kill me."

"I won't," Jensen said.

"I'm *serious*."

"Sure."

"But you got to promise. Swear it to me—swear you won't kill me."

Jensen nodded and said, "I swear," and then a little later we carried Strunk to the dust off chopper. Jensen reached out and touched the good leg. "Go on now," he said. Later we heard that Strunk died somewhere over Chu Lai, which seemed to relieve Dave Jensen of an enormous weight.

[Glossary]

WORDS TO LIVE BY

From "Foreign Desk," by Jean Makdisi, in the December 1989 Wigwag, *a new monthly magazine published in New York City. Makdisi, who lives in Beirut, selected Arabic phrases heard often during the war in Lebanon and transliterated them into English. Her first book,* Beirut Fragments, *will be published this summer by Persea Books.*

Shu fi? Fi shi? Ma fi shi. *What is there? Is there something? There is nothing.* These apparently innocuous phrases are actually part of a lifesaving code that the Lebanese have developed in the face of mushrooming violence. For example, if you are driving along and come to a traffic jam or a deserted stretch—either situation can spell trouble—you ask a passerby, "*Shu fi? Fi shi?*" ("What's going on?"). "*Ma fi shi*" ("Nothing"), it's just a traffic jam or an empty road, he answers. Or else he says, "*Fi shi*" ("There is something"), some shouts or shots. "*Ma fi shi*" also may be used ironically, as in, "All hell has broken loose, but it's all right, *ma fi shi*."

La, haida bab. *No, that's a door.* This expression is used after a loud sound is heard and everyone jumps. Someone says reassuringly, "No, it's only a door slamming," to distinguish the sound from an explosion. Also may be used ironically, as when the sound clearly is an explosion and one still says "*Bab*."

'Am byitsallu. *They are whiling away the time.* A

[Surgical History]

A REAL CUTUP

From a fact sheet distributed to reporters by Phyllis Diller's New York publicity firm, Shirley Herz Associates, as part of the comedienne's biographical information.

Operation/Year	*Physician*
Teeth straightened (1970)	Dr. Budd Rubin
Complete facelift: nose job, eyes (above and below), neck job (1971)	Dr. Franklin L. Ashley
Breast reduction (1974)	Dr. Franklin L. Ashley
Tummy tuck (1976)	Dr. Franklin L. Ashley
Teeth bonded (1980)	Dr. Ronald Goldstein
Mini-facelift (1981)	Dr. Franklin L. Ashley
Teeth bonded (1984)	Dr. Alfred Menzies
Teeth bonded (1985)	Dr. John Lake
Brow-lift (1985)	Dr. Michael Elam and Dr. Frederick Berkowitz
Nose job (1985)	Dr. Michael Elam and Dr. Frederick Berkowitz
Under-eye-lift (1985)	Dr. Michael Elam and Dr. Frederick Berkowitz
Cheek implants (1985)	Dr. Michael Elam and Dr. Frederick Berkowitz
Eyeliner tattoo (1985)	Dr. Warren Katz
Chemical peel (1986)	Dr. Michael Elam and Dr. Frederick Berkowitz
Liposuctioned fat from stomach and shot it into deep vertical wrinkles around mouth (1987)	Dr. Steven M. Hoefflin

sarcastic remark often made when gunfire is heard, though no particular battle is in progress.

Al yanaseeb al watani. *The national lottery.* Although there is, even today, a national lottery, the phrase is often used metaphorically to refer to the chances one takes while going about one's business in Beirut.

Mashi-l-hal. *Things are all right.* A sad remark, usually made when the opposite is true. Often said by someone whose house has been hit by a shell or whose shop has been blown up. It indicates that, in spite of everything, one is at least alive.

[Essay]

FEMINISM AND THE FORGOTTEN POWER OF SEX

From Sexual Personae: Art and Decadence From Nefertiti to Emily Dickinson, *by Camille Paglia, published recently by Yale University Press. Paglia teaches humanities at the University of the Arts in Philadelphia.*

Sex is a far darker power than feminists have ever been willing to admit. Feminists grossly oversimplify the problem of sex when they reduce it to a matter of social convention; readjust society, they say, eliminate sexual inequality, purify sex roles, and happiness and harmony will reign. Here feminism, like all liberal movements of the past 200 years, is heir to Rousseau.

Rousseau's idea of man's innate goodness led to social environmentalism, now the dominant ethic of American human services, penal codes, and behaviorist therapies. It assumes that aggression, violence, and crime come from social deprivation—a poor neighborhood, a bad home.

Thus feminism blames rape on pornography and smugly interprets outbreaks of sadism as a backlash against itself. But rape and sadism have existed throughout history and in all cultures. Aggression is innate. Society is not the criminal but the force that keeps crime in check. Feminists, whose goal is to remove power relations from sex, have set themselves against nature. For sex is a subset of nature. Sex is the natural in man.

From the beginning of time, woman has seemed an uncanny being. Man honored but feared her. She was the black maw that had spit him forth and would devour him anew. The identification of woman with nature is considered by many to be merely a myth. I think the identification is real, though most feminist readers will disagree. Nature's cycles are woman's cycles. Woman's sexual maturity means marriage to the moon. Moon, month, menses: same word, same world. The ancients knew that woman is bound to nature's calendar, an appointment she cannot refuse. Whether she desires motherhood or rejects it, nature yokes her into the brute inflexible rhythm of procreative law. The menstrual cycle is an alarming clock that cannot be stopped until nature wills it.

Woman's reproductive apparatus is vastly more complicated than man's and still poorly

Slow road to glory

The Story of the Lands' End Rugby Shirt

by Red Mulcahy

We had high hopes for our original Rugby Shirt when we introduced it in 1980.

After all, it was heavyweight cotton. Not a bit flimsy. And darn good-looking too, with its jaunty stripes. (We called 'em Team Stripes, which we thought had a real ring of authenticity.)

So we mailed out our catalogs, and waited for the applause.

Setback Number One.

What we got was more like a sustained Bronx cheer. Our customers complained that our rugby shirts shrank too much. Up to 20%. Went in the dryer a Large, came out a Medium.

We were embarrassed. Took the shirts out of our catalog, and even wondered whether we should leave rugby shirts to the sporting goods companies.

But our feisty nature got the best of us. We went back to the drawing board and developed a preshrunk 100% cotton jersey fabric. A beefy fabric, 10.5 oz. versus the usual 5 to 9 oz. A fabric that reduced shrinkage to a tolerable 3%.

So far, so good. But we wanted to be sure our improved shirts were the real thing. Especially since about this time, lots of "rugby shirts" were appearing on the market that were really nothing more than colorful sportshirts.

We figured a "field test" was in order. And gave our shirts to the University of Chicago rugby team. (They happened to be close at hand.)

Setbacks Number Two and Three.

The results were disastrous. While our new fabric stood up, almost nothing else did. A particular problem was the two-piece placket, which the ruggers consistently tore asunder.

Again, we went back to the drawing board, and developed a more rugged continuous placket—all one piece, with no weak point.



Would this make our shirt tough enough for rugby? We decided to submit our latest shirts to the ultimate test—international rugby—giving them to the USA Eagles, America's national team. The biggest, toughest rugby players in the country. (Some of these guys were born with five o'clock shadow.)

OUR SHIRTS FAILED AGAIN! Seams came apart. Buttons popped off. In a Hong Kong match, one Eagle came off the field wearing nothing above the waist but a collar.

We went (no, we trudged) back to the drawing board. But this time, we had the help of the Eagles. We switched to stronger thread. Developed deeper biting seams. Beefed up our shirt at collar, placket. And added other indomitable (we hoped) features.

The Eagles took our shirts into action in June 1984 against Canada. And we held our breath.

At long last: "Tough as the game!"

To our relief, these Lands' End Rugby Shirts finally stood up to all the bruising, tugging, grabbing, tackling punishment the Eagles could put them through, in some of the toughest international competition imaginable.

And have continued to stand up, year after year. In 1987, they even survived three tough matches at the Rugby World Cup in Australia.

Now, that makes us pretty proud. Especially considering where these shirts came from.

Just shows what hard work (and a little humiliation) can do.

A Postscript...

If you'd like to put our "tough as the game" Rugby Shirt (or any of our other clothing and soft luggage) to your own "field test," write or call today for a free Lands' End catalog.

You'll discover more than a great shirt—you'll discover a new direct way of shopping in which Quality, Value and Service are absolutely, positively GUARANTEED. PERIOD.®

LANDS' END DIRECT MERCHANTS

©1990, Lands' End, Inc.

Please send free catalog.
Lands' End, Inc. Dept. XX-34
Dodgeville, WI 53595

Name _____

Address _____

City _____

State _____ Zip _____

Or call Toll-free:

1-800-356-4444



Krystian Zimerman: Chopin, Ballades; Barcarolle; more "[His] pianism is breathtaking—literally."—Ovation DG *Digital* 15332

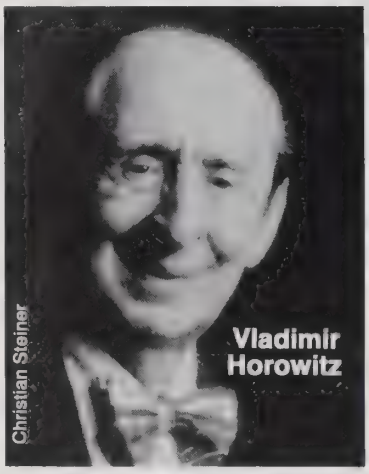
Ravel, Piano Concerto; Concerto For The Left Hand Béroff & Argerich, pianos. London Sym./Abbado. DG *Digital* 15462

Jascha Heifetz: The Decca Masters, Vol. I • Humoreske, Habañera, Melodie in E-Flat, Clair de lune, Golliwog's Cakewalk, Masks, more. MCA 00604

Pops Britannia • John Williams/Boston Pops. Fantasia On Greensleeves, more. Philips *Digital* 15468

Michael Feinstein: Pure Gershwin • Elektra 54173

Berlioz, Symphonie Fantastique • The Philadelphia Orch./Muti. "Among the finest." Gramophone Angel *Digital* 54244



Fête á la Française • Montreal Sym./Dutoit. Sorcerer's Apprentice, Deux Gymnopedies, Jeux d'enfants, many more. London *Digital* 25235

Mozart, Eine kleine Nachtmusik; Adagio & Fugue, K. 546 • Plus Pachelbel, Canon; more. Marriner/Academy of St. Martin-in-the-Fields. Philips *Digital* 15530

Reich, Sextet; Six Marimbas Steve Reich & Musicians with members of Nexus & The Manhattan Marimba Quartet. Nonesuch 00520





Kronos Quartet: Winter Was Hard • Title work by Sallinen plus Barber, Adagio; Webern, 6 Bagatelles; more. Nonesuch *Digital* 00675

Ashkenazy, Rachmaninov, Piano Concerto No. 3 Concertgebouw Orch./Haitink. London *Digital* 25157

Dvořák, Symphony No. 9 (From The New World) • Chicago Symphony/Solti. "Superlatively good."—Gramophone London *Digital* 15168

Mozart, Clarinet Conc.; Horn Conc. Nos. 1 & 4 Orpheus Chamber Orchestra. DG *Digital* 15481

Ute Lemper Sings Kurt Weill Mack The Knife, I'm A Stranger Here Myself, Speak Low, more. London *Digital* 15163

Pavarotti At Carnegie Hall Songs and arias by Scarlatti, Schubert, Verdi, Donizetti, others. John Wustman, piano. London *Digital* 15311

Corelli, Concerti Grossi Op. 6 Tafelmusik. Includes the famous "Christmas Concerto." deutsche harmonia mundi *Digital* 73751

O Cieco Mondo—The Italian Lauda • Ensemble Huelgas/Nevel. An unforgettable early-music album. deutsche harmonia mundi *Digital* 53753

Bartók, Concerto For Orchestra; Dance Suite Chicago Symphony Orchestra/Solti. "Altogether special."—Fanfare London *Digital* 15177

Mozart, Symphonies Nos. 29 & 34 • Vienna Philharmonic/Levine. "Lively, animated readings."—Fanfare Delicious Mozart! DG *Digital* 15337

Claudio Arrau: Beethoven, Piano Sonatas Nos. 3 & 8 (Pathétique) • "Compelling."—Gramophone. Arrau at his finest. Philips *Digital* 15355

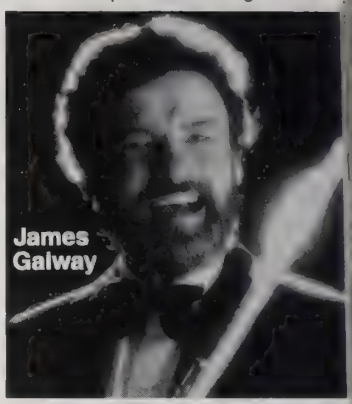
Ton Koopman: Bach, Organ Works Vol. 1 • Toccata & Fugue in D Minor, Prelude & Fugue in E-Flat; more. Novalis *Digital* 01137

Nadja Salerno-Sonnenberg: Mendelssohn Violin Concerto; Saint-Saëns, Havanaise; more Angel *Digital* 34670

Sound The Trumpet • English Ceremonial Music by Purcell, others. Edward Carroll, trumpet, William Neil, organ, others. Newport Classic *Digital* 00990

Mussorgsky, Pictures At An Exhibition • Plus Night On The Ba Mountain, more. Montreal Symphon Dutoit. London *Digital* 25314

J.R. Baker: Gershwin, Rhapsody In Electric Blue • Pl 3 Preludes; An American In Paris; more. Newport Classic *Digital* 3464



Tchaikovsky, 1812 Overture; Romeo And Juliet; Nutcracker Suite • Chicago Symphony/Solti. "Full of fire and power."—Digital Audio London *Digital* 25179

Holst, The Planets • Montreal Symphony Orchestra/Dutoit. "[A] superlative recording."—Gramophon London *Digital* 15448

Digital Jukebox • Boston Pops/Williams. Philips 25059

Perlman: Mozart, Violin Concertos 3 & 5 • DG *Digital* 1514

Perlman: French Violin Showpieces • Carmen-Fantasy, Havanaise, Tzigane, more. New York Phil./Mehta. DG *Digital* 15457

Copland, Appalachian Spring; Cortége macabre; Letter From Home; John Henry • St. Louis Symphony/Slatkin. Angel *Digital* 54176

The Academy—By Request Neville Marriner & The Academy play Sheep May Safely Graze, more: Ange *Digital* 54094

Ravel, Boléro; La Valse; Rapsodie Espagnole; Alborado del Gracioso • Montreal Sym./Dutoit. London *Digital* 15199

The Pearl Fishers • Jussi Bjoerling in duets with Robert Merrill, others. Glorious! RCA 00992

The International Preview Society

3 COMPACT DISCS OR CASSETTES for just $1.00

plus shipping and handling with membership

with No Obligation to Buy Anything...*Ever!*

Respighi, Roman Tone Poems The Philadelphia Orchestra/Muti. Pines Of Rome, Fountains Of Rome, Roman Festivals. Angel *Digital* 34443

Beethoven, Symphonies Nos. 2 & 8 • London Classical Players/ Norrington. "A major revelation." —Opus Angel *Digital* 00466

Dvořák, Symphony No. 8; Scherzo capriccioso • Cleveland Orch./Dohnányi. "Dazzling."—Stereo Review London *Digital* 15042

Shostakovich, Symphony No. 5 • Berlin Philharmonic/Bychkov. Philips *Digital* 15454

Adams, The Chairman Dances; many more • S.F. Sym./deWaart. Nonesuch *Digital* 00491

Classic Marches • Slatkin & The St. Louis play Triumphal March, more. RCA *Digital* 00996

Horowitz Plays Mozart • Piano Concerto No. 23; Sonata K. 333. La Scala/Giulini. DG *Digital* 15436

Salvatore Accardo: Bach, Violin Concertos • Chamber Orchestra Of Europe. "Warm tone... sensitive [phrasing]."—Gramophone Philips *Digital* 25162

Perlman, Brahms, Violin Concerto • Chicago Sym./Giulini. "Wonderfully invigorating."—Stereo Review Angel 63343



Rags And Riches • The David Düsing Singers. Bill Bailey Won't You Please Come Home?, more. Newport Classic *Digital* 01036

Cliburn: Liszt, Piano Concertos Nos. 1 & 2; Grieg, Piano Concerto • The Philadelphia Orchestra/Ormandy. RCA 00606

Bylsma: The Violoncello Piccolo • deutsche harmonia mundi *Digital* 63749

The Performing Piano I Paderewski, others "Live". Newport Classic *Digital* 14708

Finian's Rainbow • Original cast. How Are Things In Glocca Mora?, Old Devil Moon, more. RCA 00835

Rubinstein: Selections From The Chopin Collection • Military Polonaise, Minute Waltz, Ballade No. 1, Barcarolle, many more. RCA 54249

James Galway: Nocturne • Clair de lune, plus nocturnes by Chopin, Field, L. Boulanger, more. RCA 10765

Andrés Segovia Plays Rodrigo, Ponce & Torroba • Fantasia para un Gentilhombre, Concierto del Sur, Castles Of Spain. MCA 63579

Musicians For Armenia • James Galway, Barry Douglas, André Previn, others. RCA *Digital* 00928

The Canadian Brass: More Greatest Hits • RCA *Digital* 64348

James Galway: Greatest Hits Memory, Angel Of Music, Perhaps Love, Sabre Dance, Clair de lune, more. RCA 73233

Beethoven, Symphony No. 9 (Choral) • Norrington conducts. Angel *Digital* 00467

Copland, Billy The Kid; Rodeo (Complete Ballet) • St. Louis Sym./Slatkin. Angel *Digital* 41491

The Empire Brass: A Bach Festival • A Mighty Fortress Is Our God; Sleepers Wake!; Jesu, Joy Of Man's Desiring; more. With Douglas Major, organ. Angel *Digital* 64211

Values up to $47.94

This remarkable $1 offer is being made to introduce you to an outstanding classical music membership—with never any obligation to buy.

You'll find hundreds of outstanding albums in each issue of the Society's magazine, which will be sent to you approximately every 4 weeks, giving you 13 convenient opportunities a year to shop for fine music at home. But there is no obligation to accept any offering at any time.

You choose only the music you want!
If you'd like to accept the Main Selection, you need not do a thing. It will be sent automatically. If you'd prefer an alternate selection or none at all, just mail back the Notification Card by the specified date. You'll always have at least 10 days to decide. But if you don't, you may return your Main Selection at our expense. Cancel your membership whenever you wish by writing to us. Or, remain a member and take advantage of future money-saving bargains.

Substantial savings with our half-price bonus plan!
For every regular purchase you do make, you may choose a bonus album for only half of the members' club price! A shipping/handling charge is added to each shipment.

3 compact discs or cassettes for just $1!
Begin your membership now by choosing any 3 albums shown here for just $1 plus shipping and handling. Send no money now. We want you to judge for yourself before you decide to buy. If not delighted, return your 3 albums at the end of 10 days without obligation.

The International Preview Society

P.O. Box 91406 • Indianapolis, IN 46291

☐ **YES!** Please accept my membership in The International Preview Society and send me, for 10 days' FREE examination, the 3 albums I have indicated below under the terms of this offer. I may return them after 10 days and owe nothing, or keep them and pay only $1 (shipping and handling added to each shipment).

Please send all selections on: ☐ **Compact Disc** ☐ **Cassette**

Write Selection Numbers Here:

☐ Mr.
☐ Mrs.
☐ Miss First Name Initial Last Name (PLEASE PRINT)

Address_____ Apt._____

City_____ State_____ Zip_____

Telephone ( ) _____
Area Code

NOTE: Members who select compact discs will be serviced by the BMG Compact Disc Club and will receive the club's exclusive magazine approx. every 3 weeks, 19 times a year. Full membership details will follow with the same 10-day, no-obligation, no-minimum purchase privilege.

Limited to new members; continental U.S.A. only. Current BMG CD Club members not eligible. One membership per family. We reserve the right to request additional information or reject any application. Local taxes, if any, will be added

ZCPGP (BF) PGP (PJ)

understood. The female body is a chthonic machine, indifferent to the spirit who inhabits it. Organically, it has one mission—pregnancy—which women may spend a lifetime staving off. Every pregnant woman has body and self taken over by a force beyond her control. In the welcome pregnancy, this is a happy sacrifice. But in the unwanted one, initiated by rape or misadventure, it is a horror.

Every month for woman is a new defeat of the will. Menstruation was once called "the curse," a reference to Eve's expulsion from the Garden of Eden. Most early cultures hemmed in menstruating women by ritual taboos. Even today, Orthodox Jewish women purify themselves of menstrual uncleanliness in the *mikveh*, a ritual bath. Menstrual blood is the birthmark of original sin, the stain that religion must wash from man. Is this identification merely phobic, merely misogynistic? I think it is not menstrual blood per se that disturbs the imagination—devastating and unstanchable as that red flood may be—but rather the albumen in the blood, the uterine shreds, placental jellyfish of the female sea. This is the matrix from which we rose. We have an evolutionary revulsion to slime, our site of biological origins.

Male bonding and patriarchy were the recourse to which man was forced by his terrible sense of woman's power. Feminism has been simplistic in arguing that female archetypes were politically motivated falsehoods created by men. By its techniques of demystification, feminism has painted itself into a corner. Sexuality is a murky realm of contradiction and ambivalence. It cannot always be understood by the social models that feminism constantly relies on.

What has nature given man to defend himself against woman? Here we come to the source of man's cultural achievements, which result from his singular anatomy. Man is sexually compartmentalized. Genitally, he is condemned to a perpetual pattern of linearity, focus, aim, directedness. Woman's eroticism is diffused throughout her body. Her desire for foreplay remains a notorious area of miscommunication between the sexes. Man is a victim of unruly ups and downs; male sexuality is inherently manic-depressive.

Men are in a constant state of sexual anxiety, living on the pins and needles of their hormones. The male genital metaphor is concentration and projection. Nature has given concentration to man to help him overcome his fear. Man approaches woman in bursts of spasmodic concentration: This gives him the illusion of temporary control of the archetypal mysteries that brought him forth. It gives him courage to return.

Sex is metaphysical for men, as it is not for women. Women have no problem to solve through sex. Physically and psychologically, they are serenely self-contained. Men are out of balance; they must quest, pursue, court, or seize. How often one spots a male pigeon making desperate, self-inflating sallies toward the female, as again and again she turns her back on him and nonchalantly marches away. But by concentration and insistence he may carry the day. Nature has blessed him with an obliviousness to his own absurdity. Man is driven toward sex as woman is not. He is driven into the very abyss from which he flees.

The male projection of erection and ejaculation is the paradigm for all cultural projection and conceptualization—from art and philosophy to fantasy, hallucination, and obsession. Women have conceptualized less throughout history—not because men have kept them from doing so but because women do not need to conceptualize in order to exist. The male orgasm is an act of imagination. It can be spurred or squelched by thought. The male has to prove his sexual efficacy before the woman, who is a shadow of his mother and of all women. Failure and humiliation wait in the wings. No woman has to prove herself a woman in the grim way that a man has to prove himself a man. He must

[Advertisement]

ZSA ZSA ZSINGS

From the Investments section of the classified ads in the November 2, 1989, Hollywood Reporter. *Vito Pliura, the composer who placed the ad, has received more than 100 responses from interested investors.*

I have four demo tapes that I recorded for Zsa Zsa Gabor. She anxiously wants to do them. I have a letter of intent. The major labels have been sluggish, and I am now looking for a fast-moving entrepreneur. Time is of the essence, because Ms. Gabor is having to prioritize her schedule. The songs are not novelty songs. One is a poignant black rap song that encourages youth to seek education and drop drugs. Another is a spoof of stardom. A third, "You Don't Own Me," is a riveting look at male domination in our society. Interested parties please call Vito at A.V. Productions: (213) 962-5903.

[Investments]

APPRECIATING ART





BILL NATION / SYGMA

These photographs by Bill Nation illustrate an article on investing in contemporary art in the January 8 issue of Forbes. *At left, Fred Weisman, who owns Mid-Atlantic Toyota as well as $80 million worth of art, poses with one of the two life-size sculptures of his deceased father that he commissioned from the artist Duane Hanson. At right, Weisman appears at his Los Angeles home with another of his acquisitions, Fernando Botero's* Large Torso.

perform, or the show does not go on. Ironically, sexual success always ends in sagging fortunes anyhow. Every male projection is transient and must be anxiously, endlessly renewed.

Concentration and projection are remarkably demonstrated by urination, one of the male anatomy's most efficient compartmentalizations. Freud thinks primitive man preened himself on his ability to put out a fire with a stream of urine. A strange thing to be proud of, but certainly beyond the scope of woman. Male urination really *is* a kind of accomplishment, an arc of transcendence. A woman merely waters the ground she stands on. Male urination is a form of commentary. It can be friendly when shared but is often aggressive, as in the defacement of public monuments by Sixties rock stars. To piss on is to criticize. John Wayne urinated on the shoes of a grouchy film director in full view of cast and crew. A male dog who marks every bush on the block is a graffiti artist, leaving his rude signature with each lift of his leg. Women, like female dogs, are earthbound squatters. There is no projection beyond the boundaries of the self.

The cumbersome, solipsistic character of female physiology is tediously evident at sports events and rock concerts, where fifty women wait in line for admission to the sequestered cells of the toilet. Meanwhile, their male friends zip in and out (in every sense) and stand around looking at their watches and rolling their eyes. This compartmentalization of male genitality has its dark side, however. It can lead to a dissociation of sex and emotion, to temptation, promiscuity, and disease. The modern male homosexual, for example, has sought ecstasy in the squalor of public toilets, for women perhaps the least erotic place on earth.

What is woman's basic physical metaphor? It is mystery, *the hidden.* Karen Horney, the psychoanalyst, speaks of a girl's inability to see her genitals and a boy's ability to see his as the source of female subjectivity and male objectivity. The female body's unbearable hiddenness applies to all aspects of men's dealings with women. What does it look like in there? Did she have an orgasm? Is it really my child? Who was my real father? Mystery shrouds woman's sexuality. This mystery is the main reason for the imprisonment man has imposed on woman. Woman is veiled. Violent tearing of this veil may be a motive in gang rapes and rape-murders, particularly ritualistic disemboweling of the Jack the Ripper type.

Rape is a mode of natural aggression that can be controlled only by the social contract. Modern feminism's most naive formulation is its as-

sertion that rape is a crime of violence but not of sex, that it is merely power masquerading as sex. But sex *is* power, and all power is inherently aggressive. Rape is male power fighting female power. It is no more to be excused than is murder or any other assault on another's civil rights. Society is woman's protection against rape, not, as some feminists absurdly maintain, the cause of rape. The rapist is a man with too little socialization rather than too much. Strong evidence exists that whenever social controls are weakened, as in war or mob rule, even civilized men behave in uncivilized ways. Sex crimes are always male, never female, because such crimes are conceptualized assaults on the unreachable omnipotence of woman and nature.

[Story]

SILENT MOVIE

By Charles Baxter. From A Relative Stranger, *a collection of short stories to be published next fall by Norton. Baxter's story "Scheherazade" appeared in the June 1989 issue of* Harper's Magazine.

She was tired of men's voices, of their volume and implacability. She had the idea that she would spend the day not listening to any of them. She would just shut them off. She would try to spend the day inside images instead. She wasn't sure it was possible.

She was in the bathroom when he started talking to her. While she stood in front of the mirror, he soaped himself in the shower, and his words came out of the stall toward her, like clouds of steam: Maureen this, Maureen that. They were like clouds in their humidity, in the way they blocked her view of her own face.

She concentrated on the swirling of the water in the sink, the clear musky brown of the oval soap in the dish, the articulated joints of her own hands and feet.

At the breakfast table his words came at her again: He was like a television set, except that there was no way you could unplug him. And he almost always looked like someone trying to be serious, as if his face were being stretched or pulled to the sides for emphasis and some iron weight were resting on top of his head. He talked. The talk was supposed to be about the problem, but the talk *was* the problem. For him, the solution would follow from her listening, and then her agreement.

She gazed at the sun coming in through the window. Its rays fell on the rusty checkerboard-pattern floor tiles and passed through the blue glass vase she had set on the windowsill. She sliced some strawberries into a bowl with cereal and studied the way the white of the milk surrounding them intensified their redness. The cereal glowed gold with its beautiful assortment of random shapes.

He talked on and on. He talked while eating. He never looked at his food; it was there on his plate—toast, whatever—and then it disappeared inside him. She saw his mouth opening and closing.

When she had had more than enough, she put on her boots, overcoat, and gloves. She took the path out to the woods behind the house. The snowfall during the night had left a layering of soft powder on the surface, on which she could see the tracks of rabbits or squirrels, like little arrows. The early morning sun, as she walked, pecked at her with light through the variously moving branches. The sun is a woman, she thought; the sun has always been a woman, and I don't care if that sounds crazy or not. Ahead of her on the path was a dead bird, a blue jay. Against the snow its feathers looked faded and muddy. In her gloves she picked up the stiffened bird. After gazing for a moment at its blue feathers, she flung it with both hands into the woods, where it would decompose peacefully.

She kept the radio off in the car, on the way to work, studying instead the flag hanging limply in front of the post office, the exhaust from the other cars rising in disappearing puffs into the ice-blue morning air.

If he had been in the car, he would have said: This is about the doctor, isn't it? This is about your appointment this afternoon. That's why you're not listening to me, that's why you're tuning me out, that's why that's why that's why . . .

She silenced the memory of his voice by studying the patterns of white road salt, arranged almost like a painting, a Jackson Pollock, on the trunk of the green Chevy waiting at the light in front of her. She had never appreciated the hot glassy red of brake lights before, placed this way next to spatterings of road salt.

Her appointment with the doctor was at two o'clock.

In the meantime she sat or stood in the back room of the florist, cutting roses and chrysanthemums and arranging them for display in the refrigerated cases. When an order came in, she would also wrap potted flowers, paper-white narcissus and gloxinia, in green tissue paper for shipment to hospitals and residences. The room smelled of water and roses and cigarette smoke. She worked with a fierce old woman, Loretta, who smoked Viceroys and dressed in black day

An important message from PAUL NEWMAN and JOANNE WOODWARD

"We share our love with seven wonderful children we have never seen.

"We'd like to tell you why."



Sponsored children pictured: Pedro, Gustavo, Carlos, Johnny, Andres, Jaime, and Laki.

Photo by Michael Fitz

"For 24 years we've been Save the Children sponsors. We began by sponsoring a desperately poor little girl from the mountains of Colombia—a child who lived in a one-room hut and could only dream of attending school.

"It was a joy to share our good fortune with her and to know that she was blossoming because someone cared enough to help. It made us want to help other children in the same way. And now we sponsor seven children around the world. Children we have come to understand and love. Thanks to Save the Children.

"If you've ever wondered 'What can one person do?' — the answer is 'You can help save a child.' If you are touched by the plight of needy children, there is no better way than Save the Children to reach out to them with caring, comfort, and support.

"Please join us as a Save the Children sponsor. We've seen the wonders they can work. You'll see how much you can really do—in the eyes and in the progress of the child you sponsor. You'll bring new hope to a child you'll know personally, as we do, through photographs...reports...and letters you can exchange, if you wish.

"You'll see despair turn to hope, and you'll feel the personal reward of knowing what your love and support can do.

"The cost is so little. The need is so great. Won't you join us as Save the Children sponsors?"

A sponsorship costs only $22 a month. Just 72¢ a day. Because 58 years of experience has taught us that direct handouts are the least effective way of helping children, your sponsorship contributions are not distributed in this way. Instead, combined with other sponsors', they are used to help children in the most effective way possible — by helping the entire community with projects and services such as health care, education, food production, and nutrition. So hardworking people can help themselves and save their own children.

Fill out this coupon...and share your love with a child.

☐ **Yes, I want to join the Newmans as a Save the Children sponsor. My first monthly sponsorship contribution of $22 is enclosed. I prefer to sponsor a ☐boy ☐girl ☐either in the area I've checked below.**

☐ **Where the need is greatest**

☐ Bangladesh	☐ Costa Rica	☐ Jordan	☐ Thailand
☐ Bolivia	☐ The Gambia	☐ Lebanon	☐ United States
☐ Burkina Faso	☐ Haiti	☐ Philippines	☐ Zimbabwe
☐ Colombia	☐ Java	☐ Sudan	

Name _____
(Please print)

Address _____ Apt # _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

☐ Instead of becoming a sponsor at this time, I am enclosing a contribution of $_____

☐ Please send me more information.

Save the Children®
50 Wilton Road, Westport, Connecticut 06880

Established 1932. The original child sponsorship agency. YOUR SPONSORSHIP PAYMENTS AND CONTRIBUTIONS ARE U.S. INCOME TAX DEDUCTIBLE. We are indeed proud of our use of funds. Our annual report and audit statement are available upon request. H 3/0

© 1989 SAVE THE CHILDREN FEDERATION, INC.

after day. The purple gloxinias looked beautiful against her black dress. She would talk to the flowers, giving them pet names. "Oh, Donald," she'd say, arranging some daisy pomps for a hospital room, "don't be like that, get *with* it."

She was happy to look at the old woman's face. It had the resignation of accepted age: bright wide eyes behind the glasses, hair going every which way, not giving a damn, and a wide smile showing yellow teeth. She had a little mole almost hidden behind her left cheek. And she was nearly deaf, so she pretended to hear what Maureen said to her by nodding and shouting replies. "It's all profit, darling, every sunrise," she'd say, her voice rising from a mumble and ending in something close to a shout.

The old woman and Maureen would share their lunches: Maureen would hand Loretta a ripe purple plum and get an odd yellow-orange miniature brick of cheese in return. Just before lunch Maureen ran in place, did jumping jacks and push-ups while the old woman watched and counted, nodding her head. "You young women are so tough," she'd say. "Like farm women."

In the doctor's waiting room she gazed at the painting opposite her: something in green and flesh tones that looked like a broken fender. The room smelled of rubbing alcohol. Opposite her a woman in a red plaid flannel shirt and jeans was reading a copy of *Life* and looking vaguely apprehensive. The room's wallpaper had a burlap texture; the carpeting was light gray. We have to get used to these textures, Maureen thought; they're everywhere. A tropical-fish aquarium gurgled on a table by the entrance. Inside the aquarium were tiny fish with neon colors, brilliant blues and reds, radiating along them lengthwise.

The doctor stood her in front of a white wall panel lit from inside. With careful measured violence he shoved her X rays up so that they were clamped at the top of the panel.

She noticed a pot of paper-white narcissus on the side table. Possibly it had come from her shop. In front of her was the examining table.

He was saying that she was in good health, after all.

She stared at the X rays of her upper torso. She saw her own bone structure: the rib cage, the collarbone, the bones of the upper arm. On the X ray her body looked like the fields of snow in which she had walked this morning and discovered the dead blue jay. There were indications in outlined snowy light of where her breasts were, and her heart, and her lungs.

Only a man, she thought, would invent an X ray. It would take a man's mind to unite technology with the desire to see not only in but through the body, past the flesh.

His fingers were pointing at images on the X ray. His hand swept back and forth across the negative image of her breasts. He wore a small diamond ring on the little finger of his right hand. She considered this an affectation, a failure of taste, déclassé, a vanity. She would get another doctor.

Small birds fluttered for warmth at the tops of chimneys.

She noticed that some people in the residential areas hadn't taken down their Christmas lights. One month after Christmas and still the lights stayed up, colored electric bulbs fighting the despair brought on by snow and ice and daylight that concluded at 5:30 P.M.

She noticed a plastic Santa on somebody's roof. His right arm was lifted, as if waving at her.

What would she do about him, his endless talk, his relentless seriousness, his face that seemed stretched out to the sides out of pure

[Plot Summary]

LOVE IN THE TIME OF GLOBAL WARMING

From the promotional copy for The Last Whales, *a novel by Lloyd Abbey, published last month by Grove Weidenfeld.*

Driven nearly mad by mercury poisoning and weakened by parasites, a mature bull blue whale searches for his mate and for his last surviving calf. As he remembers the dozen other calves killed by explosive harpoons during his forty years in the North Atlantic ocean, he roars his pain with a sound deeper than thunder.

Hundreds of miles away, on the other side of the equator, an orphaned cow, newly mature and eager for a mate, hears and responds to the bull's call. Hoping that his family is still alive, the bull plunges over the invisible boundary that has separated northern hemisphere blues from southern for thousands of years. Brought together in loss but united by the life they will create, these two will be torn apart by the bull's instinctual terror of the foreign southern ocean and eventually ravaged by a nuclear winter. Years later, their descendants will suffer from the slow but inevitable effects of radiation poisoning and then from the upheavals in an ocean turned disastrously warm by the greenhouse effect.





From Secrets From the Center of the World, *a collection of photographs of Navaho country in Arizona by Stephen Strom, published by the University of Arizona Press. The photograph at left shows Canyon de Chelly National Monument. At right is Beautiful Valley in Nazlini. The photographs accompany prose poems by Joy Harjo, a Creek Indian poet.*

rage and earnestness, his bag of presents, his reindeer, his hands, his trips down the chimney, all his invasions?

"Loretta," she asked, back at the florist's, "how do I get rid of this guy?"

"Darling," Loretta shouted, "first ignore him and then just move out."

What she wanted was a vacation from words spoken by voices below middle C. After work, she was running in her sweat suit and shoes on the dark sidewalks. She ran for the silence and the sweat; she ran for the priceless hard breathing.

She ran so effortlessly that streetlights, trees, and stationary dogs seemed to move past her on a treadmill. She felt so strong that she had the sensation that she wasn't moving; they were.

Back in the house he was there, sitting on the sofa, talking; then he was in the kitchen, under the electric light, talking; then he was sitting or standing outside the bathroom, talking; and she pretended to be Russian, not understanding a word, because she didn't understand what he was getting at anyway.

Now, at nighttime, the blue vase in the kitchen was a darker blue color, and the soap in the shower was a darker white.

Leaving a man, calmly and peacefully, looks like this.

It looks like soap and fingernail clippers and emery boards and tampons and one bottle of perfume placed inside a yellow plastic kit.

It is a brown suitcase. It is the clothes for the week, the underwear and blouses and skirts and shirts and jeans and the sweat suit, folded nicely so that they fit snugly inside the corduroy bag.

Meanwhile, of course, he is talking, talking and eating. Food disappears inside him and then reappears, this time as words. Now he is waving his arms at her. He is saying the usual things.

She is giving him a few days to collect his possessions, his prized objects, and leave, because the house, after all, is hers.

A mahogany table, with a flow blue plate in the center. A brindle cat, named Jesse, sleeping on a wool blanket near the doorway. Her fingers, their articulated joints, articulating themselves away from the house, where the hallway light flickers as she walks past it. There is no shouting. There are no words. It is peaceful here. Inside, where it matters, the quietness is like snow falling in a forest, where Santa has never visited with his terrible sack of presents.

And a happy ending: the cat beside her, the lights of the house growing smaller in the rearview mirror as she drives away, the happy ending of a silent movie as the headlights of the little car guide her toward her friend's house, where she will stay tonight. And the images of snow falling and resting quietly on the school playground, falling on the swings, the jungle gym, the teeter-totter, the merry-go-round, the slide, all of them seen quickly, by moonlight. ■

Enough Information About Scotch To Order A Drink.

You're thirsty for Scotch and water. But if you just say "Scotch and water," you're taking a chance on mediocrity. Say "Ballantine's and water," and you'll get a smooth, mellow, smoky Scotch with a hint of Island peat and a breath of Highland smoke. Your water will taste a lot better, too.



Ballantine's
THE TRUE TASTE OF SCOTCH.

Ballantine's Blended Scotch Whisky, 43% Alc./Vol. (86 proof). © 1989 Maidstone Wine & Spirits Inc., Los Angeles, CA.

Enough Information About Scotch To Have A Conversation.

You're out on the town with a friend. But you hesitate before ordering the same old Scotch.

Peering over the bar, you spot a bottle of Ballantine's Finest.

"Hmm. I haven't had that in a while."

"One of the better blends," your friend says. "Number one in Europe."

So you order Ballantine's and water.

"It has 42 different single malts in it," he says.

"Really? Does that matter?"

"Only if you like your Scotch to be smooth."

You take a sip.

"It is smooth. How come it tastes smoky?"

Your friend explains, "That's from Highland single malts in the blend. Taste it again. It has an earthy flavor, too."

You do and it does.

"That's peat. From the Scottish islands. See, with blended Scotch, the single malts are married together to enhance each other. But you can still taste the individual flavors."

"You know too much. How am I supposed to keep up with that?"

"We have time," he says. "Another round?"

Ballantine's.
THE TRUE TASTE OF SCOTCH.

Enough Information About Scotch To Open A Distillery.

First, you need water. Scotland has more than enough, because it rains so much. And the best, because on its way to the burns and lochs, Scottish water is naturally filtered and purified as it flows through granite or peat.



Aristotle. He would have enjoyed Ballantine's.

Second, you need peat. Peat, to put it delicately, is a layer of compressed vegetable matter covering about 1,700,000 acres in Scotland. That's 11% of the entire country. That's a lot of peat. You can taste the peat in a great Scotch like Ballantine's Finest. What you do is cut it into logs and burn it in kilns to stop the malting of your barley.



Some people are cut out to run a distillery. Some aren't.

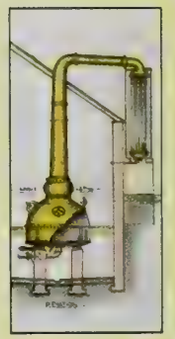
Third, you need barley. Barley is one of those grains that thrives where you might think only rocks would grow. Which is why it does so well in Scotland. You malt your barley by soaking it in water, then drying it over the peaty fire. Then you grind it, mix in hot water and let it sit for a few hours. Add a little yeast to the liquid and the sugars turn into alcohol. The barley has done its job. You can feed it to cattle.



The handsome Highland cattle.

Fourth, you need cattle. Some of the happiest cattle in the world live in Scotland. (Not to mention some of the best tasting.)

Fifth, you need a still. These are the funny looking copper pots without which there would be no Scotch. It is said that Aristotle invented distillation. But sadly, he never lived to taste a fine Scotch like Ballantine's. After distillation, you have whisky. Which longs for barrels in which to grow old.



Save your pennies for a copper still.

Sixth, you need barrels. There aren't many oak trees left in Scotland. At least not enough to age Ballantine's Finest. So you need oak barrels imported from America. Once your Scotch is in the barrels, you need to put them away for a long time.

Seventh, it helps to have an ocean. There's a refreshing scent of sea air in a select few of the single malts used in Ballantine's. Some say it creeps into barrels stored near the ocean. In any case, it adds distinction to the Scotch. It may be that Scotland is the best place to make Scotch precisely because there's no point more than 70 miles from the sea. Kansas is not a good place to make Scotch.



Kansas. Too far from the North Sea.

And last, you'll need patience. The only thing left to do is wait. If you want your Scotch to be part of Ballantine's Finest, you'll have to wait quite a while, because we don't blend any malt whisky younger than five years. Patience is essential when starting your own distillery. But, as you've read this far, it would seem that you have a good supply of it.



Whew! If the thought of all this work makes you feel a bit tattered, you might enjoy a glass of Ballantine's Finest. Maybe you don't need your own distillery after all.

Please write. We welcome all letters.

Ballantine's.
THE TRUE TASTE OF SCOTCH.

Write to: Ballantine's P.O. Box 8925 Universal City, CA 91608.


"For 5 years, I shopped around for cars, looking for quality. Now my shopping days are over."
Fact: GM is rated as having the best-built American car by owners in the latest J.D. Power Initial Quality Survey.
All of GM going all out for you.
GM
MARK OF EXCELLENCE
1990 Buick LeSabre
Chevrolet, Pontiac, Oldsmobile, Buick, Cadillac, GMC Truck

IS COMPUTER HACKING A CRIME?

The image of the computer hacker drifted into public awareness in the mid-Seventies, when reports of Chinese-food-consuming geniuses working compulsively at keyboards began to issue from MIT. Over time, several of these impresarios entered commerce, and the public's impression of hackers changed: They were no longer nerds but young, millionaire entrepreneurs.

The most recent news reports have given the term a more felonious connotation. Early this year, a graduate student named Robert Morris Jr. went on trial for releasing a computer program known as a worm into the vast Internet system, halting more than 6,000 computers. The subsequent public debate ranged from the matter of proper punishment for a mischievous kid to the issue of our rapidly changing notion of what constitutes free speech—or property—in an age of modems and data bases. In order to allow hackers to speak for themselves, *Harper's Magazine* recently organized an electronic discussion and asked some of the nation's best hackers to "log on," discuss the protean notions of contemporary speech, and explain what their powers and talents are.

The following forum is based on a discussion held on the WELL, a computer bulletin-board system based in Sausalito, California. The forum is the result of a gradual accretion of arguments as the participants—located throughout the country—opined and reacted over an eleven-day period. Harper's Magazine *senior editor Jack Hitt and assistant editor Paul Tough served as moderators.*

ADELAIDE
is a pseudonym for a former hacker who has sold his soul to the corporate state as a computer programmer.

BARLOW
is John Perry Barlow, a retired cattle rancher, a former Republican county chairman, and a lyricist for the Grateful Dead, who currently is writing a book on computers and consciousness entitled Everything We Know Is Wrong.

BLUEFIRE
is Dr. Robert Jacobson, associate director of the Human Interface Technology Laboratory at the University of Washington and a former information-policy analyst with the California legislature.

BRAND
is Russell Brand, a senior computer scientist with Reasoning Systems, in Palo Alto, California.

CLIFF
is Clifford Stoll, the astronomer who caught a spy in a military computer network and recently published an account of his investigation entitled The Cuckoo's Egg.

DAVE
is Dave Hughes, a retired West Pointer who currently operates his own political bulletin board.

DRAKE
is Frank Drake, a computer-science student at a West Coast university and the editor of W.O.R.M., *a cyberpunk magazine.*

EDDIE JOE HOMEBOY
is a pseudonym for a professional software engineer who has worked at Lucasfilm, Pyramid Technology, Apple Computer, and Autodesk.

EMMANUEL GOLDSTEIN
is the editor of 2600, *the "hacker's quarterly."*

HANK
is Hank Roberts, who builds mobiles, flies hang gliders, and proofreads for the Whole Earth Catalog.

JIMG
is Jim Gasperini, the author, with TRANS Fiction Systems, of Hidden Agenda, a computer game that simulates political conflict in Central America.

JRC
is Jon Carroll, daily columnist for the San Francisco Chronicle *and writer-in-residence for the Pickle Family Circus, a national traveling circus troupe based in San Francisco.*

KK
is Kevin Kelly, editor of the Whole Earth Review *and a cofounder of the Hacker's Conference.*

LEE
is Lee Felsenstein, who designed the Osborne-1 computer and cofounded the Homebrew Computer Club.

MANDEL
is Tom Mandel, a professional futurist and an organizer of the Hacker's Conference.

RH
is Robert Horvitz, Washington correspondent for the Whole Earth Review.

RMS
is Richard Stallman, founder of the Free Software Foundation.

TENNEY
is Glenn Tenney, an independent-systems architect and an organizer of the Hacker's Conference.

ACID PHREAK *and* PHIBER OPTIK
are both pseudonyms for hackers who decline to be identified.

The Digital Frontier

HARPER'S [Day 1, 9:00 A.M.]: When the computer was young, the word *hacking* was used to describe the work of brilliant students who explored and expanded the uses to which this new technology might be employed. There was even talk of a "hacker ethic." Somehow, in the succeeding years, the word has taken on dark connotations, suggesting the actions of a criminal. What is the hacker ethic, and does it survive?

ADELAIDE [Day 1, 9:25 A.M.]: The hacker ethic survives, and it is a fraud. It survives in anyone excited by technology's power to turn many small, insignificant things into one vast, beautiful thing. It is a fraud because there is nothing magical about computers that causes a user to undergo religious conversion and devote himself to the public good. Early automobile inventors were hackers too. At first the elite drove in luxury. Later practically everyone had a car. Now we have traffic jams, drunk drivers, air pollution, and suburban sprawl. The old magic of an automobile occasionally surfaces, but we possess no delusions that it automatically invades the consciousness of anyone who sits behind the wheel. Computers are power, and direct contact with power can bring out the best or the worst in a person. It's tempting to think that everyone exposed to the technology will be grandly inspired, but, alas, it just ain't so.

BRAND [Day 1, 9:54 A.M.]: The hacker ethic involves several things. One is avoiding waste; insisting on using idle computer power—often hacking into a system to do so, while taking the greatest precautions not to damage the system. A second goal of many hackers is the free exchange of technical information. These hackers feel that patent and copyright restrictions slow down technological advances. A third goal is the advancement of human knowledge for its own sake. Often this approach is unconventional. People we call crackers often explore systems and do mischief. They are called hackers by the press, which doesn't understand the issues.

KK [Day 1, 11:19 A.M.]: The hacker ethic went unnoticed early on because the explorations of basement tinkerers were very local. Once we all became connected, the work of these investigators rippled through the world. Today the hacking spirit is alive and kicking in video, satellite TV, and radio. In some fields they are called chippers, because they modify and peddle altered chips. Everything that was once said about "phone phreaks" can be said about them too.

DAVE [Day 1, 11:29 A.M.]: Bah. Too academic. Hackers hack. Because they want to. Not for any higher purpose. Hacking is not dead and won't be as long as teenagers get their hands on the tools. There is a hacker born every minute.

ADELAIDE [Day 1, 11:42 A.M.]: Don't forget ego. People break into computers because it's fun and it makes them feel powerful.

BARLOW [Day 1, 11:54 A.M.]: Hackers hack. Yeah, right, but what's more to the point is that humans hack and always have. Far more than just opposable thumbs, upright posture, or excess cranial capacity, human beings are set apart from all other species by an itch, a hard-wired dissatisfaction. Computer hacking is just the latest in a series of quests that started with fire hacking. Hacking is also a collective enterprise. It brings to our joint endeavors the simultaneity that other collective organisms—ant colonies, Canada geese—take for granted. This is important, because combined with our itch to probe is a need to *connect*. Humans miss the almost telepathic connectedness that I've observed in other herding mammals. And we want it back. Ironically, the solitary sociopath and his 3:00 A.M. endeavors hold the most promise for delivering species reunion.

EDDIE JOE HOMEBOY [Day 1, 4:44 P.M.]: Hacking really took hold with the advent of the personal computer, which freed programmers from having to use a big time-sharing system. A hacker could sit in the privacy of his home and hack to his heart's and head's content.

LEE [Day 1, 5:17 P.M.]: "Angelheaded hipsters burning for the ancient heavenly connection to the starry dynamo in the machinery of night" (Allen Ginsberg, "Howl"). I still get an endorphin rush when I go on a design run—my mind out over the edge, groping for possibilities that can be sensed when various parts are held in juxtaposition with a view toward creating a whole object: straining to get through the epsilon-wide crack between What Is and What Could Be. Somewhere there's the Dynamo of Night, the ultra-mechanism waiting to be dreamed, that we'll never get to in actuality (think what it would *weigh!*) but that's present somehow in the vicinity of those mental wrestling matches. When I reemerge into the light of another day with the design on paper—and with the knowledge that if it ever gets built, things will never be the same again—I know I've been where artists go. That's hacking to me: to transcend custom and to engage in creativity for its own sake, but also to create objective effects. I've been around long enough to see the greed creeps take up the unattended reins of power and shut down most of the creativity that put them where they are. But I've also seen things change, against the best efforts of a stupidly run industry. We cracked the egg out from

under the Computer Priesthood, and now everyone can have omelets.

RMS [Day 1, 5:19 P.M.]: The media and the courts are spreading a certain image of hackers. It's important for us not to be shaped by that image. But there are two ways that it can happen. One way is for hackers to become part of the security-maintenance establishment. The other, more subtle, way is for a hacker to become the security-breaking phreak the media portray. By shaping ourselves into the enemy of the establishment, we uphold the establishment. But there's nothing wrong with breaking security if you're accomplishing something useful. It's like picking a lock on a tool cabinet to get a screwdriver to fix your radio. As long as you put the screwdriver back, what harm does it do?

ACID PHREAK [Day 1, 6:34 P.M.]: There is no one hacker ethic. Everyone has his own. To say that we all think the same way is preposterous. The hacker of old sought to find what the computer itself could do. There was nothing illegal about that. Today, hackers and phreaks are drawn to *specific*, often corporate, systems. It's no wonder everyone on the other side is getting mad. We're always one step ahead. We were back then, and we are now.

CLIFF [Day 1, 8:38 P.M.]: RMS said, "There's nothing wrong with breaking security if you're accomplishing something useful." Huh? How about, There's nothing wrong with entering a neighbor's house if you're accomplishing something useful, just as long as you clean up after yourself. Does my personal privacy mean anything? Should my personal letters and data be open to anyone who knows how to crack passwords? If not my property, then how about a bank's? Should my credit history be available to anyone who can find a back door to the private computers of TRW, the firm that tracks people's credit histories? How about a list of AIDS patients from a hospital's data bank? Or next week's prime interest rate from a computer at the Treasury Department?

BLUEFIRE [Day 1, 9:20 P.M.]: Computers are everywhere, and they link us together into a vast social "cybernetia." The grand skills of the hackers, formidable though they may have been, are incapable of subverting this automated social order. The networks in which we survive are more than copper wire and radio waves: They are *the* social organization. For every hacker in revolt, busting through a security code, ten thousand people are being wired up with automatic call-identification and credit-checking machines. Long live the Computer Revolution, which died aborning.

JRC [Day 1, 10:28 P.M.]: We have two different definitions here. One speaks of a tinkerer's ecstasy, an ecstasy that is hard to maintain in the corporate world but is nevertheless at the heart of Why Hackers Hack. The second is political, and it has to do with the free flow of information. Information should flow more freely (how freely is being debated), and the hacker can make it happen because the hacker knows how to undam the pipes. This makes the hacker ethic—of necessity—antiauthoritarian.

EMMANUEL GOLDSTEIN [Day 2, 2:41 A.M.]: It's meaningless what we call ourselves: hackers, crackers, techno-rats. We're individuals who happen to play with high tech. There is no *hacker community* in the traditional sense of the term. There are no leaders and no agenda. We're just individuals out exploring.

BRAND [Day 2, 9:02 A.M.]: There are two issues: invariance and privacy. Invariance is the art of leaving things as you found them. If someone used my house for the day and left everything as he found it so that there was *no way* to tell he had been there, I would see no problem. With a well-run computer system, we can assure invariance. Without this assurance we must fear that the person picking the lock to get the screwdriver will break the lock, the screwdriver, or both. Privacy is more complicated. I want my medical records, employment records, and let-

A HACKER'S LEXICON

Back door: A point of entry into a computer system—often installed there by the original programmer—that provides secret access.

Bomb: A destructive computer program, which, when activated, destroys the files in a computer system.

Chipper: A hacker who specializes in changing the programming instructions of computer chips.

Cracker: A hacker who breaks illegally into computer systems and creates mischief; often used pejoratively. The original meaning of *cracker* was narrower, describing those who decoded copyright-protection schemes on commercial software products either to redistribute the products or to modify them; sometimes known as a software pirate.

Hacker: Originally, a compulsive computer programmer. The word has evolved in meaning over the years. Among computer users, *hacker* carries a positive connotation, meaning anyone who creatively explores the operations of computer systems. Recently, it has taken on a negative connotation, primarily through confusion with *cracker*.

Phone phreak: One who explores the operations of the phone system, often with the intent of making free phone calls.

Social engineering: A nontechnical means of gaining information simply by persuading people to hand it over. If a hacker wished to gain access to a computer system, for example, an act of *social engineering* might be to contact a system operator and to convince him or her that the hacker is a legitimate user in need of a password; more colloquially, a con job.

Virus: A program that, having been introduced into a system, replicates itself and attaches itself to other programs, often with a variety of mischievous effects.

Worm: A destructive program that, when activated, fills a computer system with self-replicating information, clogging the system so that its operations are severely slowed, sometimes stopped

ters to *The New Republic* private because I fear that someone will do something with the information that is against my interests. If I could trust people not to do bad things with information, I would not need to hide it. Rather than preventing the "theft" of this data, we should prohibit its collection in the first place.

HOMEBOY [Day 2, 9:37 A.M.]: Are crackers really working for the free flow of information? Or are they unpaid tools of the establishment, identifying the holes in the institutional dike so that they can be plugged by the authorities, only to be tossed in jail or exiled?

DRAKE [Day 2, 10:54 A.M.]: There is an unchallenged assumption that crackers have some political motivation. Earlier, crackers were portrayed as failed revolutionaries; now Homeboy suggests that crackers may be tools of the establishment. These ideas about crackers are based on earlier experiences with subcultures (beats, hippies, yippies). Actually, the contemporary cracker is often middle-class and doesn't really distance himself from the "establishment." While there are some anarcho-crackers, there are even more right-wing crackers. The hacker ethic crosses political boundaries.

MANDEL [Day 2, 11:01 A.M.]: The data on crackers suggests that they are either juvenile delinquents or plain criminals.

BARLOW [Day 2, 11:34 A.M.]: I would far rather have *everyone* know my most intimate secrets than to have noncontextual snippits of them "owned" by TRW and the FBI—and withheld from me! Any cracker who is entertained by peeping into my electronic window is welcome to the view. Any institution that makes money selling rumors of my peccadilloes is stealing from me. Anybody who wants to inhibit that theft with electronic mischief has my complete support. Power to the techno-rats!

EMMANUEL [Day 2, 7:09 P.M.]: Calling someone on the phone is the equivalent of knocking on that person's door, right? Wrong! When someone answers the phone, you are *inside* the home. You have already been *let in.* The same with an answering machine, or a personal computer, if it picks up the phone. It is wrong to violate a person's privacy, but electronic rummaging is not the same as breaking and entering. The key here is that most people are unaware of *how easy it is* for others to invade their electronic privacy and see credit reports, phone bills, FBI files, Social Security reports. The public is grossly underinformed, and that's what must be fixed if hackers are to be thwarted. If we had an educated public, though, perhaps the huge—and now common—data bases would never have been allowed to exist. Hackers have become scapegoats: We discover the gaping holes in the system and then get blamed for the flaws.

HOMEBOY [Day 2, 7:41 P.M.]: Large, insular, undemocratic governments and institutions need scapegoats. It's the first step down the road to fascism. *That's* where hackers play into the hands of the establishment.

DAVE [Day 2, 7:55 P.M.]: If the real criminals are those who leave gaping holes in their systems, then the real criminals in house burglaries are those who leave their windows unlatched. Right? Hardly. And Emmanuel's analogy to a phone being answered doesn't hold either. There is no security protection in making a phone call. A computer system has a *password,* implying a desire for security. Breaking into a poorly protected house is still burglary.

CLIFF [Day 2, 9:06 P.M.]: Was there a hacker's ethic and does it survive? More appropriately, was there a vandal's ethic and does it survive? As long as there are communities, someone will violate the trust that binds them. Once, our computers were isolated, much as eighteenth-century villages were. Little was exchanged, and each developed independently. Now we've built far-flung electronic neighborhoods. These communities are built on trust: people believing that everyone profits by sharing resources. Sure enough, vandals crept in, breaking into systems, spreading viruses, pirating software, and destroying people's work. "It's okay," they say. "I can break into a system because I'm a hacker." Give me a break!

BARLOW [Day 2, 10:41 P.M.]: I live in a small town. I don't have a key to my house. Am I asking for it? I think not. Among the juvenile delinquents in my town, there does exist a vandal's ethic. I know because I once was one. In a real community, part of a kid's rite of passage is discovering what walls can be breached. Driving 110 miles per hour on Main Street is a common symptom of rural adolescence, publicly denounced but privately understood. Many teenagers die in this quest—two just the night before last—but it is basic to our culture. Even rebellious kids understand that risk to one's safety is one thing, wanton vandalism or theft is another. As a result, almost no one locks anything here. In fact, a security system is an affront to a teenage psyche. While a kid might be dissuaded by conscience, he will regard a barricade as an insult and a challenge. So the CEOs who are moving here (the emperor of PepsiCo and the secretary of state among them) soon discover that over the winter people break into their protected mansions just to hang out. When systems are open, the community prospers, and teenage miscreants are sat-

isfied to risk their own lives and little else. When the social contract is enforced by security, the native freedom of the adolescent soul will rise up to challenge it in direct proportion to its imposition.

HANK [Day 2, 11:23 P.M.]: Barlow, the small town I grew up in was much like yours—until two interstate highways crossed nearby. The open-door style changed in one, hard summer because our whole *town* became unlocked. I think Cliff's community is analogous to my little town—confronted not by a new locked-up neighbor who poses a challenge to the local kids but by a sudden, permanent opening up of the community to many faceless outsiders who owe the town no allegiance.

EMMANUEL [Day 3, 1:33 A.M.]: Sorry, I don't buy Dave's unlatched-window analogy. A hacker who wanders into a system with the ease that it's done today is, in my analogy, walking into a house without walls—and with a cloaking device! Any good hacker can make himself invisible. If housebreaking were this easy, people would be enraged. But we're missing the point. I'm not referring to accessing a PC in someone's bedroom but about accessing credit reports, government files, motor vehicle records, and the megabytes of data piling up on each of us. Thousands of people legally can see and use this ever-growing mountain of data, much of it erroneous. Whose rights are we violating when we peruse a file? Those of the person we look up? He doesn't even know that information exists, that it was compiled without his consent, and that it's not his property anymore! The invasion of privacy took place long before the hacker ever arrived. The only way to find out how such a system works is to break the rules. It's not what hackers do that will lead us into a state of constant surveillance; it's allowing the authorities to impose on us a state of mock crisis.

MANDEL [Day 3, 9:27 A.M.]: Note that the word *crime* has no fixed reference in our discussion. Until recently, breaking into government computer systems wasn't a crime; now it is. In fact, there is some debate, to be resolved in the courts, whether what Robert Morris Jr. did was actually a crime [see "A Brief History of Hacking"]. *Crime* gets redefined all the time. Offend enough people or institutions and, lo and behold, someone will pass a law. That is partly what is going on now: Hackers are pushing buttons, becoming more visible, and that inevitably means more laws and more crimes.

ADELAIDE [Day 3, 9:42 A.M.]: Every practitioner of these arts knows that at minimum he is trespassing. The English "country traveler ethic" applies: The hiker is always ethical enough to close the pasture gates behind him so that no sheep escape during his pastoral stroll through someone else's property. The problem is that what some see as gentle trespassing others see as theft of service, invasion of privacy, threat to national security—take your pick.

BARLOW [Day 3, 2:38 P.M.]: I regard the *existence* of proprietary data about me to be theft—not just in the legal sense but in a faintly metaphysical one, rather like the belief among aborigines that a photograph steals the soul. The crackers who maintain access to that data are, at this level, liberators. Their incursions are the only way to keep the system honest.

RMS [Day 3, 2:48 P.M.]: Recently, a tough anti-hacker measure was proposed in England. In *The Economist* I saw a wise response, arguing that it was silly to treat an action as worse when it involves a computer than when it does not. They noted, for example, that physical trespassing was considered a civil affair, not a criminal one, and said that computer trespassing should be treated likewise. Unfortunately, the U.S. government was not so wise.

BARLOW [Day 3, 3:23 P.M.]: The idea that a crime is worse if a computer is involved relates to the gathering governmental perception that computer viruses and guns may be related. I know that sounds absurd, but they have more in common than one might think. For all its natural sociopathy, the virus is not without philosophical potency—like a gun. Here in Wyoming guns are part of the furniture. Only recently have I observed an awareness of their political content. After a lot of frothing about prying cold, dead fingers from triggers, the sentiment was finally distilled to a bumper sticker I saw on a pickup the other day: "Fear the Government That Fears Your Gun." Now I've read too much Gandhi to buy that line without misgivings, but it would be hard to argue that Tiananmen Square could have been inflicted on a populace capable of shooting back. I don't wholeheartedly defend computer viruses, but one must consider their increasingly robust deterrent potential. Before it's over, the War on Drugs could easily turn into an Armageddon between those who love liberty and those who crave certainty, providing just the excuse the control freaks have been waiting for to rid America of all that constitutional mollycoddling called the Bill of Rights. Should that come to pass, I will want to use every available method to vex and confuse the eyes and ears of surveillance. The virus could become the necessary instrument of our freedom. At the risk of sounding like some digital *posse comitatus*, I say: Fear the Government That Fears Your Computer.

TENNEY [Day 3, 4:41 P.M.]: Computer-related crimes are more feared because they are performed remotely—a crime can be committed in New York by someone in Los Angeles—and by people not normally viewed as being criminals—by teenagers who don't look like delinquents. They're very smart nerds, and they don't look like Chicago gangsters packing heat.

BARLOW [Day 4, 12:12 A.M.]: People know so little of these things that they endow computers and the people who *do* understand them with powers neither possesses. If America has a religion, its ark is the computer and its covenant is the belief that Science Knows. We are mucking around in the temple, guys. It's a good way to catch hell.

DAVE [Day 4, 9:18 A.M.]: Computers *are* the new American religion. The public is in awe of—and fears—the mysteries and the high priests who tend them. And the public reacts just as it always has when faced with fear of the unknown—punishment, burning at the stake. Hackers are like the early Christians. When caught, they will be thrown to the lions before the Roman establishment: This year the mob will cheer madly as Robert Morris is devoured.

KK [Day 6, 11:37 A.M.]: The crackers here suggest that they crack into systems with poor security *because* the security is poor. Do more sophisticated security precautions diminish the need to crack the system or increase it?

ACID [Day 6, 1:20 P.M.]: If there was a system that we knew was uncrackable, we wouldn't even try to crack it. On the other hand, if some organization boasted that its system was impenetrable and we knew that was media hype, I think it would be safe to say we'd have to "enlighten" them.

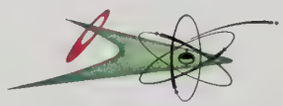
EMMANUEL [Day 6, 2:49 P.M.]: Why do we insist on cracking systems? The more people ask those kinds of questions, the more I want to get in! Forbid access and the demand for access increases. For the most part, it's simply a mission of exploration. In the words of the new captain of the starship *Enterprise*, Jean-Luc Picard, "Let's see what's out there!"

BARLOW [Day 6, 4:34 P.M.]: Tell us, Acid, *is* there a system that you know to be uncrackable to the point where everyone's given up?

ACID [Day 6, 8:29 P.M.]: CICIMS is pretty tough.

PHIBER OPTIK [Day 7, 2:36 P.M.]: Really? CICIMS is a system used by Bell operating companies. The entire security system was changed after myself and a friend must have been noticed in it. For the entire United States, there is only one such system, located in Indiana. The new security scheme is flawless *in itself*, and there is no chance of "social engineering," i.e., bullshitting someone inside the system into telling you what the passwords are. The system works like this: You log on with the proper account and password; then, depending on who you are, the system asks at random three of ten questions that are unique to each user. But the system *can* be compromised by entering forwarding instructions into the phone company's switch for that exchange, thereby intercepting every phone call that comes in to the system over a designated period of time and connecting the call to your computer. If you are familiar with the security layout, you can emulate its appearance and fool the caller into giving you the answers to his questions. Then you call the system yourself and use those answers to get in. There are other ways of doing it as well.

"THE VIRUS *COULD* BECOME AN INSTRUMENT OF FREEDOM. AT THE RISK OF SOUNDING LIKE SOME DIGITAL *POSSE COMITATUS*, I SAY: FEAR THE GOVERNMENT THAT FEARS YOUR COMPUTER."



BLUEFIRE [Day 7, 11:53 P.M.]: I can't stand it! Who do you think pays for the security that the telephone companies must maintain to fend off illegal use? I bet it costs the ratepayers around $10 million for this little extravaganza. The cracker circus isn't harmless at all, unless you don't mind paying for other people's entertainment. Hackers who have contributed to the social welfare should be recognized. But cracking is something else—namely, fun at someone else's expense—and it ain't the folks who own the phone companies who pay; it's us, me and you.

BARLOW [Day 8, 7:35 A.M.]: I am becoming increasingly irritated at this idea that you guys are exacting vengeance for the sin of openness. You seem to argue that if a system is dumb enough to be open, it is your moral duty to violate it. Does the fact that I've never locked my house—even when I was away for months at a time—mean that someone should come in and teach me a good lesson?

ACID [Day 8, 3:23 P.M.]: Barlow, you leave the door open to your house? Where do you live?

Illustration by Valerie Sinclair

BARLOW [Day 8, 10:11 P.M.]: Acid, my house is at 372 North Franklin Street in Pinedale, Wyoming. Heading north on Franklin, go about two blocks off the main drag before you run into a hay meadow on the left. I'm the last house before the field. The computer is always on. But do you really mean to imply what you did with that question? Are you merely a sneak looking for easy places to violate? You disappoint me, pal. For all your James Dean-on-Silicon rhetoric, you're not a cyberpunk. You're just a punk.

EMMANUEL [Day 9, 12:55 A.M.]: No offense, Barlow, but your house analogy doesn't stand up, because your house is far less interesting than a Defense Department computer. For the most part, hackers don't mess with individuals. Maybe we feel sorry for them; maybe they're boring. Institutions are where the action is, because they are compiling this mountain of data—without your consent. Hackers are not guardian angels, but if you think we're what's wrong with the system, I'd say that's precisely what those in charge want you to believe. By the way, you left out your zip code. It's 82941.

BARLOW [Day 9, 8:34 A.M.]: Now that's more like it. There is an ethical distinction between people and institutions. The law makes little distinction. We pretend that institutions are somehow human because they are made of humans. A large bureaucracy resembles a human about as much as a reef resembles a coral polyp. To expect an institution to have a conscience is like expecting a horse to have one. As with every organism, institutions are chiefly concerned with their own physical integrity and survival. To say that they have some higher purpose beyond their survival is to anthropomorphize them. You are right, Emmanuel. The house analogy breaks down here. Individuals live in houses; institutions live in mainframes. Institutions are functionally remorseless and need to be checked. Since their blood is digital, we need to be in their bloodstreams like an infection of humanity. I'm willing to extend limitless trust to other human beings. In my experience they've never failed to deserve it. But I have as much faith in institutions as they have in me. None.

OPTIK [Day 9, 10:19 A.M.]: In other words, Mr. Barlow, you say something, someone proves you wrong, and then you agree with him. I'm getting the feeling that you don't exactly chisel your views in stone.

HANK [Day 9, 11:18 A.M.]: Has Mr. Optik heard the phrase "thesis, antithesis, synthesis"?

BARLOW [Day 10, 10:48 A.M.]: Optik, I do change my mind a lot. Indeed, I often find it occupied by numerous contradictions. The last time I believed in absolutes, I was about your age. And there's not a damn thing wrong with believing in absolutes at your age either. Continue to do so, however, and you'll find yourself, at my age, carrying placards filled with nonsense and dressing in rags.

ADELAIDE [Day 10, 6:27 P.M.]: The flaw in this discussion is the distorted image the media promote of

A BRIEF HISTORY OF HACKING

September 1970—John Draper takes as his alias the name Captain Crunch after he discovers that the toy whistle found in the cereal of the same name perfectly simulates the tone necessary to make free phone calls.

March 1975—The Homebrew Computer Club, an early group of computer hackers, holds its first meeting in Menlo Park, California.

July 1976—Homebrew members Steve Wozniak, twenty-six, and Steve Jobs, twenty-one, working out of a garage, begin selling the first personal computer, known as the Apple.

June 1980—In one week, errors in the computer system operating the U.S. air-defense network cause two separate false reports of Soviet missile launches, each prompting an increased state of nuclear readiness.

December 1982—Sales of Apple personal computers top one billion dollars per year.

November 1984—Steven Levy's book *Hackers* is published, popularizing the concept of the "hacker ethic": that "access to computers, and anything that might teach you something about the way the world works, should be unlimited and total." The book inspires the first Hacker's Conference, held that month.

January 1986—The "Pakistani Brain" virus, created by a software distributor in Lahore, Pakistan, infects IBM computers around the world, erasing data files.

June 1986—The U.S. Office of Technology Assessment warns that massive, cross-indexed government computer records have become a "de facto national data base containing personal information on most Americans."

March 1987—William Gates, a Harvard dropout who founded Microsoft Corporation, becomes a billionaire.

November 1988—More than 6,000 computers linked by the nationwide Internet computer network are infected by a destructive computer program known as a worm and are crippled for two days. The worm is traced to Robert Morris Jr., a twenty-four-year-old Cornell University graduate student.

December 1988—A federal grand jury charges Kevin Mitnick, twenty-five, with stealing computer programs over telephone lines. Mitnick is held without bail and forbidden access to any telephones without supervision.

March 1989—Three West German hackers are arrested for entering thirty sensitive military computers using home computers and modems. The arrests follow a three-year investigation by Clifford Stoll, an astronomer at the Lawrence Berkeley Laboratory who began tracing the hackers after finding a seventy-five-cent billing error in the lab's computer system.

January 1990—Robert Morris Jr. goes on trial in Syracuse, New York, for designing and releasing the Internet worm. Convicted, he faces up to five years in prison and a $250,000 fine.

the hacker as "whiz." The problem is that the one who gets caught obviously isn't. I haven't seen a story yet on a true genius hacker. Even Robert Morris was no whiz. The genius hackers are busy doing constructive things or are so good no one's caught them yet. It takes no talent to break into something. Nobody calls subway graffiti artists geniuses for figuring out how to break into the yard. There's a difference between genius and ingenuity.

BARLOW [Day 10, 9:48 P.M.]: Let me define my terms. Using *hacker* in a midspectrum sense (with crackers on one end and Leonardo da Vinci on the other), I think it does take a kind of genius to be a truly productive hacker. I'm learning PASCAL now, and I am constantly amazed that people can spin those prolix recursions into something like PageMaker. It fills me with the kind of awe I reserve for splendors such as the cathedral at Chartres. With crackers like Acid and Optik, the issue is less intelligence than alienation. Trade their modems for skateboards and only a slight conceptual shift would occur. Yet I'm glad they're wedging open the cracks. Let a thousand worms flourish.

OPTIK [Day 10, 10:11 P.M.]: You have some pair of balls comparing my talent with that of a skateboarder. Hmm . . . This was indeed boring, but nonetheless: [*Editors' Note: At this point in the discussion, Optik—apparently having hacked into TRW's computer records—posted a copy of Mr. Barlow's credit history. In the interest of Mr. Barlow's privacy—at least what is left of it*—Harper's Magazine *has not printed it.*] I'm not showing off. Any fool knowing the proper syntax and the proper passwords can look up a credit history. I just find your high-and-mighty attitude annoying and, yes, infantile.

HOMEBOY [Day 10, 10:17 P.M.]: Key here is "any fool."

ACID [Day 11, 1:37 P.M.]: For thirty-five dollars a year anyone can have access to TRW and see his or her own credit history. Optik did it for free. What's wrong with that? And why does TRW keep files on what color and religion we are? If you didn't know that they kept such files, who would have found out if it wasn't for a hacker? Barlow should be grateful that Optik has offered his services to update him on his personal credit file. Of course, I'd hate to see my credit history up in lights. But if you hadn't made our skins crawl, your info would not have been posted. Everyone gets back at someone when he's pissed; so do we. Only we do it differently. Are we punks? Yeah, I guess we are. A punk is what someone who has been made to eat his own words calls the guy who fed them to him.

Hacking the Constitution

HARPER'S [Day 4, 9:00 A.M.]: Suppose that a mole inside the government confirmed the existence of files on each of you, stored in the White House computer system, PROFS. Would you have the right to hack into that system to retrieve and expose the existence of such files? Could you do it?

TENNEY [Day 4, 1:42 P.M.]: The proverbial question of whether the end justifies the means. This doesn't have much to do with hacking. If the file were a sheet of paper in a locked cabinet, the same question would apply. In that case you could accomplish everything without technological hacking. Consider the Pentagon Papers.

EMMANUEL [Day 4, 3:55 P.M.]: Let's address the hypothetical. First, I need to find out more about PROFS. Is it accessible from off site, and if so, how? Should I update my 202-456 scan [a list of phone numbers in the White House's exchange that connect incoming calls to a computer]? I have a listing for every computer in that exchange, but the scan was done back in 1984. Is PROFS a new system? Perhaps it's in a different exchange? Does anybody know how many people have access to it? I'm also on fairly good terms with a White House operator who owes me a favor. But I don't know what to ask for. Obviously, I've already made up my mind about the *right* to examine this material. I don't want to debate the ethics of it at this point. If you're with me, let's do something about this. Otherwise, stay out of the way. There's hacking to be done.

ACID [Day 4, 5:24 P.M.]: Yes, I would try to break into the PROFS system. But first I'd have someone in the public eye, with no ties to hacking, request the info through the Freedom of Information Act. Then I'd hack in to verify the information I received.

DRAKE [Day 4, 9:13 P.M.]: Are there a lot of people involved in this antihacker project? If so, the chances of social engineering data out of people would be far higher than if it were a small, close-knit group. But yes, the simple truth is, if the White House has a dial-up line, it can be hacked.

EMMANUEL [Day 4, 11:27 P.M.]: The implication that a trust has been betrayed on the part of the government is certainly enough to make me want to look a little further. And I know I'm doing the right thing on behalf of others who don't have my abilities. Most people I meet see me as an ally who can help them stay ahead of an unfair system. That's what I intend to do here. I have a small core of dedicated hackers

who could help. One's specialty is the UNIX system, another's is networks, and another's is phone systems.

TENNEY [Day 5, 12:24 A.M.]: PROFS is an IBM message program that runs on an operating system known as VM. VM systems usually have a fair number of holes, either to gain access or to gain full privileges. The CIA was working on, and may have completed, a supposedly secure VM system. No ethics here, just facts. But a prime question is to determine what system via what phone number. Of course, the old inside job is easier. Just find someone who owes a favor or convince an insider that it is a moral obligation to do this.

BARLOW [Day 5, 2:46 P.M.]: This scenario needs to be addressed in four parts: ethical, political, practical I (from the standpoint of the hack itself), and practical II (disseminating the information without undue risk).

Ethical: Since World War II, we've been governed by a paramilitary bureaucracy that believes freedom is too precious to be entrusted to the people. These are the same folks who had to destroy the village in order to save it. Thus the government has become a set of Chinese boxes. Americans who believe in democracy have little choice but to shred the barricades of secrecy at every opportunity. It isn't merely permissible to hack PROFS. It is a moral obligation.

Political: In the struggle between control and liberty, one has to avoid action that will drive either side to extreme behavior. The basis of terrorism, remember, is excess. If we hack PROFS, we must do it in a way that doesn't become a pretext for hysterical responses that might eventually include zero tolerance of personal computers. The answer is to set up a system for entry and exit that never lets on we've been there.

Practical I: Hacking the system should be a trivial undertaking.

Practical II: Having retrieved the smoking gun, it must be made public in such a way that the actual method of acquisition does not become public. Consider Watergate: The prime leaker was somebody whose identity and information-gathering technique is still unknown. So having obtained the files, we turn them over to the *Washington Post* without revealing our own identities or how we came by the files.

EMMANUEL [Day 5, 9:51 P.M.]: PROFS is used for sending messages back and forth. It's designed *not* to forget things. And it's used by people who are not computer literate. The document we are looking for is likely an electronic-mail message. If we can find out who the recipient or sender is, we can take it from there. Since these people frequently use the system to communicate, there may be a way for them to dial into the White House from home. Finding that number won't be difficult: frequent calls to a number local to the White House and common to a few different people. Once I get the dial-up, I'll have to look at whatever greeting I get to determine what kind of system it is. Then we need to locate someone expert in the system to see if there are any built-in back doors. If there aren't, I will social engineer my way into a working account and then attempt to break out of the program and explore the entire system.

BRAND [Day 6, 10:06 A.M.]: I have two questions: Do you believe in due process as found in our Constitution? And do you believe that this "conspiracy" is so serious that extraordinary measures need to be taken? If you believe in due process, then you shouldn't hack into the system to defend our liberties. If you don't believe in due process, you are an anarchist and potentially a terrorist. The government is justified in taking *extreme* action to protect itself and the rest of us from you. If you believe in the Constitution but also that this threat is so extreme that patriots have a duty to intercede, then you should seek one of the honest national officials who can legally demand a copy of the document. If you believe that there is no sufficiently honest politician and you steal and publish the documents, you are talking about a revolution.

ACID [Day 6, 1:30 P.M.]: This is getting too political. Who says that hacking has to have a political side? Generalizing does nothing but give hackers a false image. I couldn't care less about politics, and I hack.

LEE [Day 6, 9:01 P.M.]: Sorry, Acid, but if you hack, what you do is inherently political. Here goes: Political power is exercised by control of information channels. Therefore, any action that changes the capability of someone in power to control these channels *is* politically relevant. Historically, the one in power has been not the strongest person but the one who has convinced the goon squad to do his bidding. The goons give their power to him, usually in exchange for free food, sex, and great uniforms. The turning point of most successful revolutions is when the troops ignore the orders coming from above and switch their allegiance. Information channels. Politics. These days, the cracker represents a potential for making serious political change if he coordinates with larger social and economic forces. Without this coordination, the cracker is but a techno-bandit, sharpening his weapon and chuckling about how someday . . . Revolutions often make good use of bandits, and some

of them move into high positions when they're successful. But most of them are done away with. One cracker getting in won't do much good. Working in coordination with others is another matter—called politics.

JIMG [Day 7, 12:28 A.M.]: A thought: Because it has become so difficult to keep secrets (thanks, in part, to crackers), and so expensive and counterproductive (the trade-off in lost opportunities is too great), secrets are becoming less worth protecting. Today, when secrets come out that would have brought down governments in the past, "spin-control experts" shower the media with so many lies that the truth is obscured despite being in plain sight. It's the information equivalent of the Pentagon plan to surround each real missile with hundreds of fake ones, rendering radar useless. If hackers managed to crack the White House system, a hue and cry would be raised—not about what the hackers found in the files but about what a threat hackers are to this great democracy of ours.

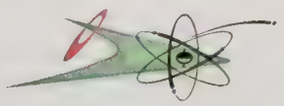
HARPER'S [Day 7, 9:00 A.M.]: Suppose you hacked the files from the White House and a backlash erupted. Congressmen call for restrictions, arguing that the computer is "property" susceptible to regulation and not an instrument of "information" protected by the First Amendment. Can we craft a manifesto setting forth your views on how the computer fits into the traditions of the American Constitution?

DAVE [Day 7, 5:30 P.M.]: If Congress ever passed laws that tried to define what we do as "technology" (regulatable) and *not* "speech," I would become a rebellious criminal immediately—and as loud as Thomas Paine ever was. Although computers are part "property" and part "premises" (which suggests a need for privacy), they are supremely instruments of *speech.* I don't want any congressional King Georges treading on my cursor. We must continue to have *absolute* freedom of electronic speech!

BARLOW [Day 7, 10:07 P.M.]: Even in a court guided by my favorite oxymoron, Justice Rehnquist, this is an open-and-shut case. The computer is a printing press. Period. The only hot-lead presses left in this country are either in museums or being operated by poets in Vermont. The computer cannot fall under the kind of regulation to which radio and TV have become subject, since computer output is not broadcast. If these regulations amount to anything more than a fart in the congressional maelstrom, then we might as well scrap the whole Bill of Rights. What I am doing with my fingers right now is "speech" in the clearest sense of the word. We don't need no stinking manifestos.

JIMG [Day 8, 12:02 A.M.]: This type of congressional action is so clearly unconstitutional that "law hackers"—everyone from William Kunstler to Robert Bork—would be all over it. The whole idea runs so completely counter to our laws that it's hard to get worked up about it.

"I DON'T WANT ANY CONGRESSIONAL KING GEORGE TREADING ON MY CURSOR. WE MUST CONTINUE TO HAVE *ABSOLUTE* FREEDOM OF ELECTRONIC SPEECH."



ADELAIDE [Day 8, 9:51 A.M.]: Not so fast. There used to be a right in the Constitution called "freedom from unreasonable search and seizure," but, thanks to recent Supreme Court decisions, your urine can be demanded by a lot of people. I have no faith in the present Supreme Court to uphold any of my rights of free speech. The complacent reaction here—that whatever Congress does will eventually be found unconstitutional—is the same kind of complacency that led to the current near-reversals of *Roe* v. *Wade*.

JRC [Day 8, 10:05 A.M.]: I'd forgo the manifestos and official explanations altogether: Fight brushfire wars against specific government incursions and wait for the technology to metastasize. In a hundred years, people won't have to be told about computers because they will have an instinctive understanding of them.

KK [Day 8, 2:14 P.M.]: Hackers are not sloganeers. They are doers, take-things-in-handers. They are the opposite of philosophers: They don't wait for language to catch up to them. Their arguments are their actions. You want a manifesto? The Internet worm was a manifesto. It had more meaning and symbolism than any revolutionary document you could write. To those in power running the world's nervous system, it said: Wake up! To the underground of hackers, crackers, chippers, and techno-punks, it said: You have power; be careful. To the mass of citizens who find computers taking over their telephone, their TV, their toaster, and their house, it said: Welcome to Wonderland.

BARLOW [Day 8, 10:51 P.M.]: Apart from the legal futility of fixing the dam after it's been

FURTHER **READINGS**

PUBLICATIONS OF SPECIAL INTEREST TO *HARPER'S MAGAZINE* READERS

Against the Current fosters a commitment to radical democracy via a dialogue among the activists, organizers, and serious scholars of the left. In covering the Americas and Eastern Europe, the unions, and the women's movement, we believe in presenting a diversity of viewpoints. "...shouldn't be ignored by those serious about radical social change."—*Utne Reader*. Sample copy, $3; subscription (6 issues), $12.

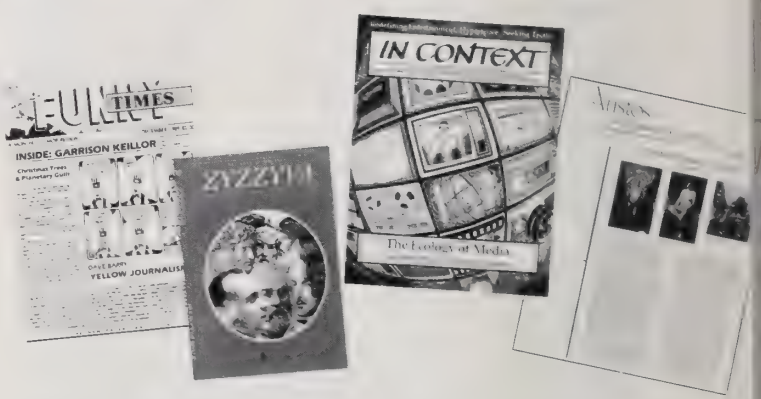
The Sun is sometimes mystical, sometimes whimsical, always soulful. A monthly magazine of ideas, *The Sun* celebrates good writing in essays, interviews, fiction, and poetry. Rather than push a particular spiritual or political or literary viewpoint, *The Sun* challenges its readers to live with questions, not answers. People write of their struggle to understand their lives, often baring themselves with remarkable candor. Sample copy, $3; subscription (12 issues), $28.

The Antioch Review "The best words in the best order." One of the oldest, most reputable literaries in the U.S., *The Antioch Review* takes an eclectic approach. Featuring both well-known writers and outstanding newcomers, it serves as a cultural barometer for the literate reader. Gordon Lish, Helen Thomas, and Mark Strand. "...*The Antioch Review* ripples with vigor."—*Times Literary Supplement*. Sample copy, $5; subscription, $20.



E Magazine is America's only not-for-profit independent magazine covering a wide range of environmental issues and the growing movement. Each issue contains feature articles on key issues and campaigns; in-depth news analysis; industry and consumer-product trends; interviews with leading advocates and thinkers; profiles of grass-roots activists and organizations; reviews of books, films, and videos; and tips on incorporating ecological principles into our daily lives. With an activist bent, *E* belongs on "to do" lists, not coffee tables. Sample copy, $3; subscription (6 issues), $20.

The Funny Times is a newspaper that presents a humorous view of the news and modern life through the eyes of America's best cartoonists and humor writers. Dave Barry, Tom Toles, Hunter S. Thompson, Dan Wasserman, Washingtoon, Stacy Mack, Life in Hell, Lynda Barry, Duck's Breath Mystery Theater, Sylvia, Art Buchwald, Alice Kahn, Will Durst, Bizzaro, Quigmans, Zippy, and more. Sample copy, $1; subscription (12 issues), $15.



Aristos champions traditional values (as opposed to modernism and "postmodernism") in the arts of the twentieth century as well as objective standards in criticism. "Not just a passive, idealistic publication, it vigorously challenges modernist scholars and critics. A scholarly but gutsy little periodical."—*Magazines for Libraries*. "The value is there, particularly as the point of view is unique."—*Library Journal*. Sample copy, $3; subscription (6 issues), $20.

In Context gives you fresh, whole-systems thinking and tools for positive action in our fast-changing and endangered world. Nominated for general excellence in the *Utne Reader* Alternative Press Awards, it combines personal, cultural, and planetary perspectives through in-depth articles and interviews. "The one magazine you should read to get the big picture."—Brian Swimme. Sample copy, $5; subscription (4 issues), $18.

ZYZZYVA If *Artforum* had a love child by *Paris Review*, it would be called ZYZZYVA (the last word in the dictionary). Direct from San Francisco, the most fun, most art-packed of the serious litmags. A quarterly of West Coast writers and artists (only). "The best writing I've seen recently in small-press magazines."—*The Nation*. Handsomely produced, with museum-quality images. 136 pp. Sample copy, $5; subscription (4 issues), $20.

ORDER FORM

	Sample	Subscription
Against the Current	1) $3.00	9) $12.00
The Antioch Review	2) $5.00	10) $20.00
Aristos	3) $3.00	11) $20.00
E Magazine	4) $3.00	12) $20.00
The Funny Times	5) $1.00	13) $15.00
In Context	6) $5.00	14) $18.00
The Sun	7) $3.00	15) $28.00
ZYZZYVA	8) $5.00	16) $20.00

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

Total (add $1 for handling) _____

To order, circle the numbers of the magazines you wish to receive. Make check payable to *Harper's Magazine*, P.O. Box 5232, Pittsfield, MA 01203-5232. Offer expires April 16, 1990.

breached, I've never been comfortable with manifestos. They are based on the ideologue's delusion about the simplicity, the figure-outability, of the infinitely complex thing that is Life Among the Humans. Manifestos take reductionism for a long ride off a short pier. Sometimes the ride takes a very long time. Marx and Engels didn't actually crash until last year. Manifestos fail because they are fixed and consciousness isn't. I'm with JRC: Deal with incursions when we need to, on our terms, like the guerrillas we are. To say that we can outmaneuver those who are against us is like saying that honeybees move quicker than Congress. The future is to the quick, not the respectable.

RH [Day 8, 11:43 P.M.]: Who thinks computers can't be regulated? The Electronic Communications Privacy Act of 1986 made it a crime to own "any electronic, mechanical, or other device [whose design] renders it primarily useful for the purpose of the surreptitious interception of wire, oral, or electronic communication." Because of the way Congress defined "electronic communication," one could argue that even a modem is a surreptitious interception device (SID), banned by the ECPA and subject to confiscation. It's not that Congress intended to ban modems; it was just sloppy drafting. The courts will ultimately decide what devices are legal. Since it may not be possible to draw a clear bright line between legal and illegal interception devices, the gray area—devices with both legitimate and illegitimate uses—may be subject to regulation.

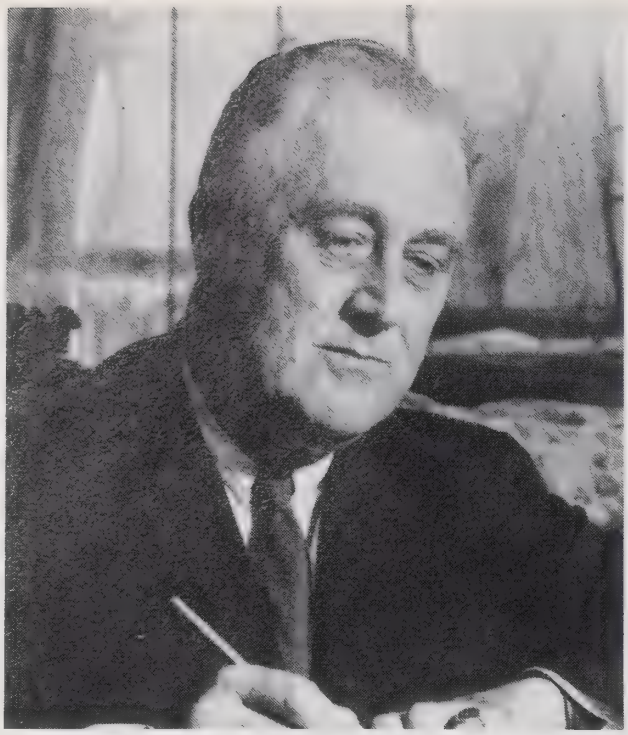
BARLOW [Day 9, 8:52 A.M.]: I admit with some chagrin that I'm not familiar with the ECPA. It seems I've fallen on the wrong side of an old tautology: Just because all saloon keepers are Democrats, it doesn't follow that all Democrats are saloon keepers. By the same token, the fact that all printing presses are computers hardly limits computers to that function. And one of the other things computers are good at is surreptitious monitoring. Maybe there's more reason for concern than I thought. Has any of this stuff been tested in the courts yet?

RH [Day 9, 10:06 P.M.]: My comments about surreptitious interception devices are not based on any court cases, since there have not been any in this area since the ECPA was enacted. It is a stretch of the imagination to think that a judge would ever find a stock, off-the-shelf personal computer to be a "surreptitious interception device." But a modem is getting a little closer to the point where a creative prosecutor could make trouble for a cracker, with fallout affecting many others. An important unknown is how the courts will apply the word *surreptitious*. There's very little case law, but taking it to mean "by stealth; hidden from view; having its true purpose physically disguised," I can spin some worrisome examples. I lobbied against the bill, pointing out the defects. Congressional staffers admitted privately that there was a problem, but they were in a rush to get the bill to the floor before Congress adjourned. They said they could patch it later, but it is a pothole waiting for a truck axle to rumble through.

JIMG [Day 10, 8:55 A.M.]: That's sobering information, RH. Yet I still think that this law, if interpreted the way you suggest, would be found unconstitutional, even by courts dominated by Reagan appointees. Also, the economic cost of prohibiting modems, or even restricting their use, would so outweigh conceivable benefits that the law would never go through. Finally, restricting modems would have no effect on the phreaks but would simply manage to slow everybody else down. If modems are outlawed, only outlaws will have modems.

RH [Day 10, 1:52 P.M.]: We're already past the time when one could wrap hacking in the First Amendment. There's a traditional distinction between words—expressions of opinions, beliefs, and information—and deeds. You can shout "Revolution!" from the rooftops all you want, and the post office will obligingly deliver your recipes for nitroglycerin. But acting on that information exposes you to criminal prosecution. The philosophical problem posed by hacking is that computer programs transcend this distinction: They are pure language that dictates action when read by the device being addressed. In that sense, a program is very different from a novel, a play, or even a recipe: Actions result automatically from the machine reading the words. A computer has no independent moral judgment, no sense of responsibility. Not yet, anyway. As we program and automate more of our lives, we undoubtedly will deal with more laws: limiting what the public can know, restricting devices that can execute certain instructions, and criminalizing the possession of "harmful" programs with "no redeeming social value." Blurring the distinction between language and action, as computer programming does, could eventually undermine the First Amendment or at least force society to limit its application. That's a very high price to pay, even for all the good things that computers make possible.

HOMEBOY [Day 10, 11:03 P.M.]: HACKING IS ART. CRACKING IS REVOLUTION. All else is noise. Cracks in the firmament are by nature threatening. Taking a crowbar to them is revolution. ■



"Those who have long enjoyed such privileges as we enjoy forget in time that men have died to win them."

FRANKLIN D. ROOSEVELT

Nearly 50 years ago President Roosevelt proclaimed these words when he designated Dec. 15, 1941, as Bill of Rights Day.

This day was to be "...set apart as a day of mobilization for freedom and for human rights, a day of remembrance of the democratic and peaceful action by which these rights were gained, a day of reassessment of their present meaning and their living worth."

Today, as we approach the bicentennial of the adoption of the Bill of Rights, let us all, as President Roosevelt asked of us then, "...rededicate its principles and its practice."

Philip Morris Companies Inc.

KRAFT GENERAL FOODS • MILLER BREWING COMPANY • PHILIP MORRIS U.S.A.

Join Philip Morris in support of the National Archives' celebration of the 200th anniversary of the Bill of Rights. For a free copy of this historic document, call 1-800-552-2222, or write Bill of Rights • Philip Morris Companies Inc. • 2020 Pennsylvania Ave. N.W. • Suite 532 • Washington D.C. 20006

© Philip Morris Companies Inc. 1991

ON THE ROAD TO RUIN

Winning the Cold War, losing the economic peace

By Walter Russell Mead

The United States has won the Cold War. But the United States has not won this war the way it won World War I and World War II. Each of those wars left the United States richer and thus, in the international arena, more powerful. During World War I we became, for the first time in our history, a creditor nation and a year later played the major role at the Paris Peace Conference; in 1945 we emerged from the war with the world's only healthy industrial economy and soon assumed the mantle of superpower.

The Cold War—the forty-five-year battle to thwart the expansionistic goals of the Soviet Union—is a different story. We have won the Cold War the way Britain won World War I; the Soviet Union has been defeated, but in the struggle the United States lost economic ground to our allies. We had a larger role in the world—economically and politically—in 1950 than we do in 1990. After the Second World War, we were in a position to establish a new world order—and we did. But the post–World War II era is over; the post–Cold War era is beginning. And while the post–World War II order was designed by the United States and served our interests, the new order is being created by others, and it threatens to lock the United States into long-term economic decline. In the era that followed the vanquishing of the Germans and the Japanese, there was no country to challenge the United States; our standard of living knew no precedent or equal. Now it is Japan and Germany who stand to map the post–Cold War world economy; in this new world, the United States may well be the Argentina of the twenty-first century.

It is too often forgotten that the American strategy after World War II had *two* pillars. One was, of course, the policy of containing Soviet expansionism in Europe and the Third World. However, in the years immediately following World War II, the primary goal of our diplomacy—the original foundation of our postwar strategy—was the creation of the international financial system designed at the conference of forty-four states and nations

Walter Russell Mead is a senior fellow in international economics at the World Policy Institute in New York City. He is the author of Mortal Splendor: The American Empire in Transition.

The wholly international economy was our idea. The nations of Europe had traditionally preferred their own trading blocs

held at the New Hampshire resort of Bretton Woods. It was at Bretton Woods in 1944—more than in Warsaw and Budapest and Bucharest in 1989—that the United States won the Cold War.

In 1944 and the years that followed, Americans had three goals for the postwar economic order. *First,* we insisted that we would be in charge. As we had all the gold and all the goods, this seemed like a reasonable position to take, and those nations that considered it unreasonable were in no position to do much about it. Our *second* demand was for the creation of a truly global trading system. The wholly *international* economy was our idea—a bold, new idea. The nations of Europe had traditionally preferred their own trading blocs to a global system regulated by international rules of trade. Countries like England and France had grown by building overseas empires, carving up the world in a way that guaranteed each imperial power its own source of raw materials and its own markets. American strategists came to believe that such systems blocked economic growth and eventually caused wars. And they were right.

Colonial subjects fought for independence, and countries without colonies fought to get them. The imperial nations used protectionist tariffs to strengthen their own economies at the cost of their colonies and of their nonimperial trade rivals: In both 1914 and 1939, German militarists claimed that the European imperial "haves," Britain and France, were unfairly denying Germany its "place in the sun." Japan felt the same way in the 1930s about the "ABCD" (American, British, Chinese, and Dutch) powers who had divided up Asia and used their positions against Japan.

Even before the German and Japanese surrenders, the United States implicitly acknowledged that both Germany and Japan had a point. American officials stated, while the war was still being waged, that one of our war aims was the creation of an open international trading system in which all nations could participate on a free and equal basis. After the war, the United States pressed the generally reluctant countries of Western Europe to dismantle their colonial empires and admit the trade of all countries on an equal basis.

Of course, we did not attack the old empires simply out of a sense of fair play. We had powerful, less selfless motives. America is big, stretching from one great ocean to another. We make and consume such a broad range of products that we need markets and suppliers all over the world.

History and geography make the United States an economic generalist; after World War II we were able to force all the would-be specialists to see things our way.

The *third* American postwar goal was the establishment of a growth-oriented world economy. Generally speaking, economic policymakers have to choose either slow growth with minimal inflation or faster growth with the risk of greater inflation. Compared with other major countries, the United States wants a little more growth, even if we have to take the inflation. Countries like Germany, on the other hand, are more willing to accept slow growth if it will keep the inflation rate at or near zero.

The United States advocated strong growth after World War II—and continued to in the years that followed—and, to a greater extent than most countries, we fueled growth through debt. Debt is the cornerstone of the American Dream. Debt builds our homes and starts our businesses. American states, cities, and towns are debtors, their capital budgets based on colossal bond issues. American corporations are debtors—and the richest American businessmen tend to be those who make the most creative use of their ability to leverage.

Debtors can tolerate inflation and often welcome it: Inflation means that you get to pay off your debt with cheaper currency. But recessions, when economic growth stalls, are poison to debtors. Heavily indebted businesses can go broke, and all debtors must service their debts out of reduced, not growing, incomes.

Europe, by contrast, is a creditor-oriented society. Its tightly knit na-onal elites have preserved a class system based on inherited wealth, a sys-m that has never quite managed to take hold in the United States. merican society is like a Mayan pyramid: a broad top, gently sloping des, and flights of stairs for easy access to the summit. European societies e more like Egyptian pyramids: narrow tops, steep sides, no steps. Eu-pe's establishments wield power the American establishment can only eam of—and they wield it, generally, in the interests of creditors.

In the 1940s, history gave the United States the opportunity to shape a orld economic order to its liking, and we did so. It was global- and rowth-oriented—a debtor's paradise. This system worked not only for us; led to an unprecedented global boom. What was good for the United tates turned out to be good for the world. It was as players in this new J.S.-engineered global economy that the nations of Western Europe and Japan rebuilt their shattered economies and reached the position they are in today—one in which they are no longer obliged to accept our leadership.

Western Europe and Japan are back, and their preferences are beginning once again to shape the world's economy. A new world may well e emerging, or rather an old world may be coming back from the dead. I am talking of a world of trading blocs. This would be a world of slow growth. It would be a world in which we would not fit comfortably.

In my darker moments, I envision a world made up of three rival blocs: a Euro-bloc based in the Western European nations of the Common Market and now expanding to include Hungary, Poland, and others in Eastern Europe; an East Asian bloc dominated by Japan and including Korea, Thailand, and the other free-market industrializing nations of the region; and the American bloc, dominated by the United States, augmented by Canada, and incorporating Latin America.

Most of the Euro-bloc countries never really liked the American idea of a global system. The British fought us tooth and nail over "Imperial Preference"—their system of tariff protection to keep their empire together—and with the other nations of Western Europe have been reluctant to open their markets to goods manufactured in the Orient. Europe pressed to keep Japan from becoming a party to the General Agreement on Tariffs and Trade (GATT)—the treaty that, beginning in 1948, laid down a code of international economic conduct aimed at reducing tariffs and opening markets. And even today the nations of Western Europe impose tight restrictions on Japanese-made autos and other imports.

The Europeans have a logical alternative to a global economy, one that becomes more compelling as the Soviet-bloc countries of Eastern Europe move toward market economies. Schematically, it would work like this: Western Europe can import its raw materials from Africa and the Soviet Union, and its fuel, increasingly, not only from the Middle East but also from the USSR. It can place its low-wage industries in the former Soviet-bloc countries. (The average monthly industrial wage in Poland in January 1990 amounted to thirty-seven dollars a month.) The wealthy Western European countries can continue to specialize in high-technology and service industries, marketing these goods and services from the Urals to the Atlantic.

In this new, post–Cold War world, the Western European nations will have very little need of, or interest in, goods and services from Asia or the Americas. Europe already produces huge agricultural surpluses, and with the increase in agricultural productivity that can be expected with the liberalizing of Eastern Europe, the continent's food supply will only increase. It is true that developments in American and Japanese technology have tended to outpace those of European manufacturers. But the gap has been closing fast. The European consortium that designed and built the Airbus is challenging American dominance of civil aviation; and Europe is also

I envision a world made up of three rival blocs: one based in the Western European nations; one dominated by Japan; and the American bloc, the weakest and most troubled



Photographs by Steve Williams

World trade is shifting out of dollars. As the new blocs gain strength, their currencies will be used increasingly in international trade



pushing into space. Europe is determined to develop its high-tech indu tries, and the record of German, French, and British science suggests it w succeed.

On the other side of the world, a new East Asian bloc is rising. Its ou lines are already clear. Japan will import raw materials and low-end man factured products from South Korea, Thailand, and China whi exchanging manufactured goods for oil with the Middle East. In additio Japan will export capital, capital goods, and high-technology products all these markets—and to some degree to Australia, New Zealand, t United States, and Latin America—in exchange for food and raw materi (and American films and rock videos).

Like the Euro-bloc, the East Asian bloc will aggressively protect its ow markets for cutting-edge products, limiting America's role as far as possib to the export of raw materials. Raw materials already form a higher pe centage of U.S. exports to Korea than of Korean exports to the Unite States. This is, from the Asian point of view, an appropriate division labor and a model for the future transpacific relationship.

The third major bloc is the weakest and most troubled. It is, unfortu nately, ours. America's protectionists and neo-isolationists seem to thin that a protected Pan-American bloc could strengthen the U.S. economy but they are sadly mistaken. There aren't enough customers in it. Econom cally, the United States and Canada are too much like twins to grow ric trading largely with each other. Latin America is in a prolonged economi decline. From 1981 to 1987, to cite just one figure, imports to Argentina Mexico, and Brazil—the three largest economies in Latin America—fe 36 percent. Latin America is a region of depressed consumption, politica instability, and chronic underdevelopment. Moreover, Latin America doe not seem particularly eager to tie its future to the United States. The presi dent of Mexico went to Harvard; his children attend the Japanese school i Mexico City. For culture, Latin American elites look not north but to Eu rope. Britain and Germany have long-standing commercial ties to Argenti na, Chile, and Brazil, and these ties will no doubt be strengthened as th remnants of the Cold War recede. In a world of rival blocs, the Asian an European blocs are almost certain to be more appealing to the Latin Ameri cans than one dominated by the gringos; our bloc, alon with all its other weaknesses, will be full of defectors an aspiring defectors.

The American bloc has two other large vulnerabilities. The dollar is grossly overextended, and our oil continues to flow principally from the Middle East. These are weaknesses that could eventually put us at the mercy of the rest of the world.

Despite the fact that the United States is emerging from the Cold War as the world's largest debtor, the dollar remains the key international currency. However, the dollar is but the ghost of its former self. It is worth noting that the countries all over the world that continue to use dollars to settle their accounts, price their commodities, and store their liquid assets (in U.S. government bonds) used to think and deal in pounds, even after the British lost their global supremacy. But not for long.

World trade is shifting out of dollars and into the currencies of the future. The dollar has been falling—usually quietly, sometimes dramatically—against the German mark and the Japanese yen for almost a generation. As the new blocs gain strength, their currencies will be used increasingly in international trade. Already there is the European currency unit (ECU), a weighted average of all the European currencies—a recent survey of European companies found that 50 percent of them said they would use the ECU in the future. Japan, too, is making changes in its financial system that make the yen more useful in international trade. In the 1990s, the dollar will not reign but will be forced to compete as it has not since the Great Depression.

Meanwhile, the United States must go on importing oil. We remain, and will remain, dependent on the Middle Eastern oil producers. It is not, however, clear that they will remain dependent on us.

Most Americans recall little of our successful effort to drive Europe out of the Middle East in the 1940s and 1950s—or how angry this made the Europeans. Britain and France had divided the region between themselves following World War I; after World War II we used our economic prowess to drive them out and keep them out. When Britain and France, with Israel, invaded Egypt in 1956—the Suez Crisis—the United States forced them into a humiliating retreat, primarily by mounting an international attack on the British pound. Today, Europe wants back in to the Middle East, and it will probably get there.

The greatest single support of the dollar today may be OPEC's policy of establishing oil prices in dollars. Since almost every country needs to buy oil, almost every country has a good reason to hold dollars. But why should OPEC assume the risks of holding its assets in a weakening currency? It might be better, economically, for OPEC to shift to yen or marks or, someday, the ECU.

Economics may suggest one policy to the oil states; security, another. The United States' close security relationship with the oil producers is the key to what remains of our international supremacy. The oil states take dollars because they need the U.S.-provided security umbrella. But Europe is increasingly able to offer an umbrella of its own. When the American flotilla entered the mined Persian Gulf in 1987 during the Iran-Iraq War, Europe sent ships as well. The American press read this as a show of loyalty from our trusty allies; it was actually a signal to the states of the region—a second umbrella held out for their consideration.

Also with regard to the Middle East, Europe neither has nor wants a "special relationship" with Israel. It has no Israeli lobby putting arms requests for Saudi Arabia under hostile scrutiny. It increasingly is able to deliver sophisticated weapons to the Arab countries of the Middle East at competitive prices. Already there are signs of a larger European diplomatic role in the region. The countries of Western Europe will soon be in the position of being able to offer interested Middle East states money at least as strong as the dollar and protection at least as secure as anything the United States can offer.

Should the Middle East leave the American orbit, and the oil business leave the dollar zone, the American Century would surely, quickly, draw to an end. The dollar would fall like a meteor, *el peso del norte;* the United States would have to earn foreign exchange to pay its oil bills; our foreign debt would begin to cramp living standards; foreigners would lose interest in supporting the deficit through the purchase of U.S. Treasury bonds. Rich Americans would move their capital out of the United States and into safe havens abroad. We would begin to learn what it means to be a soft-money debtor in a hard-money world.

Should the Middle East leave the American orbit, and the oil business leave the dollar zone, the American Century would surely, quickly, draw to an end

Fifty years ago, the United States was the wonder of the world: a rare combination of Canada, Saudi Arabia, and Japan. We had enormous quantities of strategic minerals, the largest oil reserves in the world, vast stocks of food, and the most dynamic industrial economy of any nation.

At the end of World War II, other advantages were added to these. We were the only major country whose economy and infrastructure had not been destroyed by the war. No one else had a merchant marine capable of handling such a flow of goods in international trade. We had accumulated an enormous gold reserve. We had the best-equipped army in the world and an unchallengeable navy and air force. We enjoyed an atomic monopoly, made all the more useful by our demonstration that we possessed the will to use the bomb.

These weapons have fallen from our hands. Our oil production is no longer adequate for our own uses. World markets in minerals and food are

To avoid a fate like that of Argentina, the United States will need to stop gloating about winning the Cold War and start to assess, soberly, its place in the global economy

glutted. Our industrial economy has lost its supremacy—it is, at best, firs among equals. We now owe foreigners more than Argentina, Brazil, an Mexico combined; Germany and Japan can set the value of the dollar.

This is the road to Argentina. Argentina is a rich country and in man ways similar to ours. Spacious skies cover its amber waves of grain; purpl mountain majesties tower over its plains; it has oil and cowboys in th south and industry in the north. Its talented population is made up of im migrants and their descendants who came to the New World determined t build a better life for themselves and their children.

Fifty years ago, Argentina was part of the First World. It was a Europea society with living standards comparable to those of Canada and France Today it is part of the Third World. Its economy alternates between hyper inflation and depression; its politics, between anarchy and dictatorship.

Last fall, as Soviet-bloc communism collapsed, I was in Argentina an followed the story through that country's media. Newspaper stories in Bue nos Aires headlined the events in Hungary and Poland "The Triumph o Capitalism." The same papers carried stories on the collapse of yet anothe effort to stabilize Argentina's money: 17 australs to the dollar in 1989 1,800 in 1990. I could not help but think of the future, and of the dollar.

The future does not have to be this bleak. But we will have to change the way we think about foreign policy. For the last fifty years we have waged foreign policy in the spirit of Jeane Kirkpatrick and General Patton; now we need to move in the spirit of Ginger Rogers and Fred Astaire. Peace is a complicated dance in which partners change rapidly. It is a dance at which the United States has never excelled.

In the nineteenth century, we were proud of our wallflower status; we sipped lemonade and heaped scorn on the wrinkled and rouged coquettes waltzing gaily around the European ballroom. After World War I, when it was our turn to preside, we closed down the bar and told the band to play hymns. As Jane Austen might have predicted, the result was more rational but very much less like a ball. Our guests grew impatient; French premier Georges Clemenceau, hearing of Wilson's Fourteen Points, remarked that "The good Lord had only ten."

We went home in a huff in 1919, taking our hymns and our lemonade with us. In 1945, fear of the Soviet Union made everyone martially minded; under our leadership, the Concert of Europe played Sousa and there was at least as much marching as dancing. But now the martial mood is fading; the nations are beating their swords into punch bowls and their spears into chafing dishes.

A new party is beginning, and we shall have to rouge, to dance, and to flirt with the best of them. That will be harder today; our jewels are mortgaged and our gown is patched; we are not as young as we used to be and have put on a little weight. We can't afford to stay home and sulk this time, and since we can't afford to pay the piper, we can no longer expect to always call the tune.

It will not be impossible to shine at the ball. The Soviet Union is fatter and worse dressed than we will ever be, and its dance card is full. George Bush can cut a dashing figure if he tries; there are plenty of partners willing to give us a whirl. The national interest is the key to our position in this strange new world of peace. Those interests have not changed much since colonial times: We want a world that is open to peaceful commerce, and one that is open to growth.

We can no longer impose these values on the rest of the world, but they remain persuasive. France, for instance, does not want an insular Europe if it means German domination. Korea feels the same way about Japan. Our interest in growth continues to be shared by developing nations.

There is nothing inevitable about the future. But to avoid a fate like that of Argentina, the United States will need to stop gloating about winning the Cold War and start to assess, soberly, its place in the global economy. Of this I see little sign. ■

THE LEAP

By Louise Erdrich

My mother is the surviving half of a blindfold trapeze act, not a fact I think about much even now that she is sightless, the result of encroaching and stubborn cataracts. She walks slowly through her house here in New Hampshire, lightly touching her way along walls and running her hands over knickknacks, books, the drift of a grown child's belongings and castoffs. She has never upset an object or as much as brushed a magazine onto the floor. She has never lost her balance or bumped into a closet door left carelessly open.

It has occurred to me that the catlike precision of her movements in old age might be the result of her early training, but she shows so little of the drama or flair one might expect from a performer that I tend to forget the Flying Avalons. She has kept no sequined costume, no photographs, no fliers or posters from that part of her youth. I would, in fact, tend to think that all memory of double somersaults and heart-stopping catches had left her arms and legs were it not for the fact that sometimes, as I sit sewing in the room of the rebuilt house in which I slept as a child, I hear the crackle, catch a whiff of smoke from the stove downstairs, and suddenly the room goes dark, the stitches burn beneath my fingers, and I am sewing with a needle of hot silver, a thread of fire.

I owe her my existence three times. The first was when she saved herself. In the town square a replica tent pole, cracked and splintered, now stands cast in concrete. It commemorates the disaster that put our town smack on the front page of the Boston and New York tabloids. It is from those old newspapers, now historical records, that I get my information. Not from my mother, Anna of the Flying Avalons, nor from any of her in-laws, nor certainly from the other half of her particular act, Harold Avalon, her first husband. In one news account it says, "The day was mildly overcast, but nothing in the air or temperature gave any hint of the sudden force with which the deadly gale would strike."

I have lived in the West, where you can see the weather coming for miles, and it is true that out here we are at something of a disadvantage. When extremes of temperature collide, a hot and cold front, winds generate instantaneously behind a hill and crash upon you without warning. That, I think, was the likely situation on that day in June. People probably commented on the pleasant air, grateful that no hot sun beat upon the striped tent that stretched over the entire center green. They bought their tickets and surrendered them in anticipation. They sat. They ate caramelized popcorn and roasted peanuts. There was time, before the storm, for three acts. The White Arabians of Ali-Khazar rose on their hind legs and waltzed. The Mysterious Bernie folded himself into a painted cracker tin, and the Lady of the Mists made herself appear and disappear in surprising places. As the clouds gathered outside, unnoticed, the ringmaster cracked his whip, shouted his introduction, and pointed to the ceiling of the tent, where the Flying Avalons were perched.

They loved to drop gracefully from nowhere,

Louise Erdrich is the author of three novels: Love Medicine, The Beet Queen, *and, most recently,* Tracks.

like two sparkling birds, and blow kisses as they threw off their plumed helmets and high-collared capes. They laughed and flirted openly as they beat their way up again on the trapeze bars. In the final vignette of their act, they actually would kiss in midair, pausing, almost hovering as they swooped past one another. On the ground, between bows, Harry Avalon would skip quickly to the front rows and point out the smear of my mother's lipstick, just off the edge of his mouth. They made a romantic pair all right, especially in the blindfold sequence.

That afternoon, as the anticipation increased, as Mr. and Mrs. Avalon tied sparkling strips of cloth onto each other's face and as they puckered their lips in mock kisses, lips destined "never again to meet," as one long breathless article put it, the wind rose, miles off, wrapped itself into a cone, and howled. There came a rumble of electrical energy, drowned out by the sudden roll of drums. One detail not mentioned by the press, perhaps unknown—Anna was pregnant at the time, seven months and hardly showing, her stomach muscles were that strong. It seems incredible that she would work high above the ground when any fall could be so dangerous, but the explanation—I know from watching her go blind—is that my mother lives comfortably in extreme elements. She is one with the constant dark now, just as the air was her home, familiar to her, safe, before the storm that afternoon.

From opposite ends of the tent they waved, blind and smiling, to the crowd below. The ringmaster removed his hat and called for silence, so that the two above could concentrate. They rubbed their hands in chalky powder, then Harry launched himself and swung, once, twice, in huge calibrated beats across space. He hung from his knees and on the third swing stretched wide his arms, held his hands out to receive his pregnant wife as she dove from her shining bar.

It was while the two were in midair, their hands about to meet, that lightning struck the main pole and sizzled down the guy wires, filling the air with a blue radiance that Harry Avalon must certainly have seen through the cloth of his blindfold as the tent buckled and the edifice toppled him forward, the swing continuing and not returning in its sweep, and Harry going down, down into the crowd with his last thought, perhaps, just a prickle of surprise at his empty hands.

My mother once said that I'd be amazed at how many things a person can do within the act of falling. Perhaps, at the time, she was teaching me to dive off a board at the town pool, for I associate the idea with midair somersaults. But I also think she meant that even in that awful doomed second one could think, for she certainly did. When her hands did not meet her husband's, my mother tore her blindfold away. As he swept past her on the wrong side, she could have grasped his ankle, the toe-end of his tights, and gone down clutching him. Instead she changed direction. Her body twisted toward a heavy wire and she managed to hang on to the braided metal, still hot from the lightning strike. Her palms were burned so terribly that once healed they bore no lines, only the blank scar tissue of a quieter future. She was lowered, gently, to the sawdust ring just underneath the dome of the canvas roof, which did not entirely settle but was held up on one end and jabbed through, torn, and still on fire in places from the giant spark, though rain and men's jackets soon put that out.

Three people died, but except for her hands my mother was not seriously harmed until an overeager rescuer broke her arm in extricating her and also, in the process, collapsed a portion of the tent bearing a huge buckle that knocked her unconscious. She was taken to the town hospital, and there she must have hemorrhaged, for they kept her, confined to her bed, a month and a half before her baby was born without life.

Harry Avalon had wanted to be buried in the circus cemetery next to the original Avalon, his uncle, so she sent him back with his brothers. The child, however, is buried around the corner, beyond this house and just down the highway. Sometimes I used to walk there just to sit. She was a girl, but I rarely thought of her as a sister or even as a separate person really. I suppose you could call it the egocentrism of a child, of all young children, but I considered her a less finished version of myself.

When the snow falls, throwing shadows among the stones, I can easily pick hers out from the road, for it is bigger than the others and in the shape of a lamb at rest, its legs curled beneath. The carved lamb looms larger as the years pass, though it is probably only my eyes, the vision shifting, as what is close to me blurs and distances sharpen. In odd moments, I think it is the edge drawing near, the edge of everything, the unseen horizon we do not really speak of in the eastern woods. And it also seems to me, although this is probably an idle fantasy, that the statue is growing more sharply etched, as if, instead of weathering itself into a porous mass, it is hardening on the hillside with each snowfall, perfecting itself.

It was during her confinement in the hospital that my mother met my father. He was called in to look at the set of her arm, which was complicated. He stayed, sitting at her bedside, for he was something of an armchair traveler and had

ent his war quietly, at an air force training ounds, where he became a specialist in arms nd legs broken during parachute training exer- ses. Anna Avalon had been to many of the aces he longed to visit—Venice, Rome, lexico, all through France and Spain. She ad no family of her own and was taken in by ie Avalons, trained to perform from a very

I wonder if my father calculated the exchange he offered: one form of flight for another. For after that, and for as long as I can remember, my mother has never been without a book. Until now, that is, and it remains the greatest difficulty of her blindness. Since my father's recent death, there is no one to read to her, which is why I returned, in fact, from my failed life



young age. They toured Europe before the war, hen based themselves in New York. She was lliterate.

It was in the hospital that she finally learned to read and write, as a way of overcoming the boredom and depression of those weeks, and it was my father who insisted on teaching her. In return for stories of her adventures, he graded her first exercises. He bought her her first book, and over her bold letters, which the pale guides of the penmanship pads could not contain, they fell in love.

where the land is flat. I came home to read to my mother, to read out loud, to read long into the dark if I must, to read all night.

Once my father and mother married, they moved onto the old farm he had inherited but didn't care much for. Though he'd been thinking of moving to a larger city, he settled down and broadened his practice in this valley. It still seems odd to me, when they could have gone anywhere else, that they chose to stay in the town where the disaster had occurred, and which my father in the first place had found so

Illustration by Anthony Russo

constricting. It was my mother who insisted upon it, after her child did not survive. And then, too, she loved the sagging farmhouse with its scrap of what was left of a vast acreage of woods and hidden hay fields that stretched to the game park.

I owe my existence, the second time then, to the two of them and the hospital that brought them together. That is the debt we take for granted since none of us asks for life. It is only once we have it that we hang on so dearly.

I was seven the year the house caught fire, probably from standing ash. It can rekindle, and my father, forgetful around the house and perpetually exhausted from night hours on call, often emptied what he thought were ashes from cold stoves into wooden or cardboard containers. The fire could have started from a flaming box, or perhaps a buildup of creosote inside the chimney was the culprit. It started right around the stove, and the heart of the house was gutted. The baby-sitter, fallen asleep in my father's den on the first floor, woke to find the stairway to my upstairs room cut off by flames. She used the phone, then ran outside to stand beneath my window.

When my parents arrived, the town volunteers had drawn water from the fire pond and were spraying the outside of the house, preparing to go inside after me, not knowing at the time that there was only one staircase and that it was lost. On the other side of the house, the superannuated extension ladder broke in half. Perhaps the clatter of it falling against the walls woke me, for I'd been asleep up to that point.

As soon as I awakened, in the small room that I now use for sewing, I smelled the smoke. I followed things by the letter then, was good at memorizing instructions, and so I did exactly what was taught in the second-grade home fire drill. I got up, I touched the back of my door before opening it. Finding it hot, I left it closed and stuffed my rolled-up rug beneath the crack. I did not hide under my bed or crawl into my closet. I put on my flannel robe, and then I sat down to wait.

Outside, my mother stood below my dark window and saw clearly that there was no rescue. Flames had pierced one side wall, and the glare of the fire lighted the massive limbs and trunk of the vigorous old elm that had probably been planted the year the house was built, a hundred years ago at least. No leaf touched the wall, and just one thin branch scraped the roof. From below, it looked as though even a squirrel would have had trouble jumping from the tree onto the house, for the breadth of that small branch was no bigger than my mother's wrist.

Standing there, beside Father, who was preparing to rush back around to the front of the house, my mother asked him to unzip her dres. When he wouldn't be bothered, she made hi understand. He couldn't make his hands work so she finally tore it off and stood there in h pearls and stockings. She directed one of th men to lean the broken half of the extensio ladder up against the trunk of the tree. In su prise, he complied. She ascended. She var ished. Then she could be seen among th leafless branches of late November as she mad her way up and, along her stomach, inched th length of a bough that curved above the branc that brushed the roof.

Once there, swaying, she stood and bal anced. There were plenty of people in the crow and many who still remember, or think they do my mother's leap through the ice-dark air to ward that thinnest extension, and how sh broke the branch falling so that it cracked in he hands, cracked louder than the flames as sh vaulted with it toward the edge of the roof, an how it hurtled down end over end without her and their eyes went up, again, to see where sh had flown.

I didn't see her leap through air, only heard the sudden thump and looked out my window She was hanging by the backs of her heels from the new gutter we had put in that year, and sh was smiling. I was not surprised to see her, sh was so matter-of-fact. She tapped on the win dow. I remember how she did it, too. It was th friendliest tap, a bit tentative, as if she wa afraid she had arrived too early at a friend' house. Then she gestured at the latch, and when I opened the window she told me to raise it wider and prop it up with the stick so it wouldn't crush her fingers. She swung down, caught the ledge, and crawled through the opening. Once she was in my room, I realized she had on only underclothing, a bra of the heavy stitched cotton women used to wear and step-in, lace-trimmed drawers. I remember feeling light-headed, of course, terribly relieved, and then embarrassed for her to be seen by the crowd undressed.

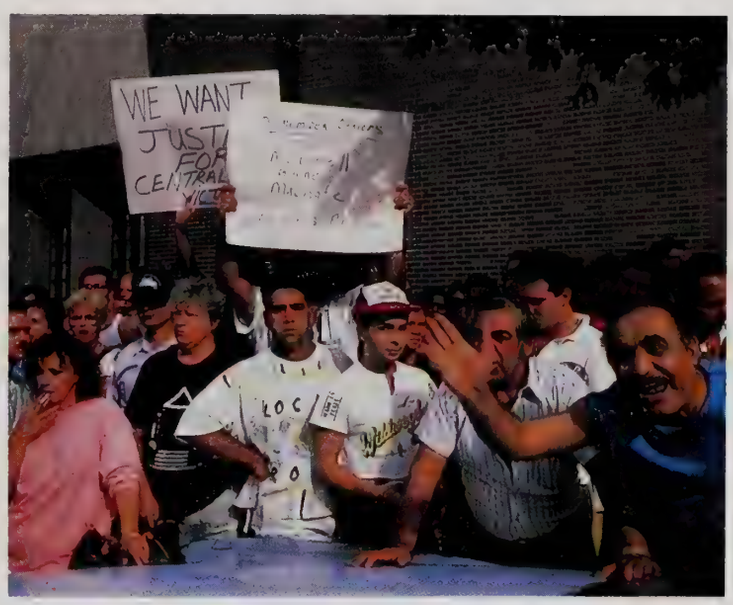
I was still embarrassed as we flew out the window, toward earth, me in her lap, her toes pointed as we skimmed toward the painted target of the fire fighter's net.

I know that she's right. I knew it even then. As you fall there is time to think. Curled as I was, against her stomach, I was not startled by the cries of the crowd or the looming faces. The wind roared and beat its hot breath at our back, the flames whistled. I slowly wondered what would happen if we missed the circle or bounced out of it. Then I wrapped my hands around my mother's hands. I felt the brush of her lips and heard the beat of her heart in my ears, loud as thunder, long as the roll of drums. ■

WOMEN AND BLACKS AND BENSONHURST

Memories evoked by a racial killing

By Barbara Grizzuti Harrison



Photograph by Nola Tully / Sygma

On August 23, 1989, a sixteen-year-old black kid, Yusuf K. Hawkins, was shot to death in Bensonhurst, an almost entirely white section of Brooklyn, allegedly by Joseph Fama, a brain-damaged, neurologically impaired high-school dropout with a "low normal" IQ of 72 and the academic achievement of a second- to fifth-grade child. According to reports, Hawkins was confronted by about thirty white kids, some of them carrying baseball bats. Fama, eighteen, and Keith Mondello, nineteen, have been charged with intentional murder. Four other whites are charged with "depraved indifference to human life" and "acting in concert with other persons" to kill Yusuf Hawkins. On September 18, pleas of not guilty were entered for all defendants; separate trials are expected to begin this spring.

Keith Mondello was once the boyfriend of eighteen-year-old Gina Feliciano, whose father, no longer alive, was Puerto Rican. Feliciano, who is under police protection and is expected to be a key witness for the prosecution, favored black and Hispanic boyfriends; interviewed on CBS's *60 Minutes*, she was not at all reluctant to talk about her preferences.

Barbara Grizzuti Harrison's Italian Days *was published last year by Grove Weidenfeld.*

One of the defense attorneys, Benjamin Brafman, questioned why the district attorney's office had not sought to indict Feliciano, whom he called an "instigating force" in the attack.

"Was she down there and did she fire a shot? Was she armed with a baseball bat?" Justice Thaddeus Owens asked. She wasn't. But it is more than defense strategy to implicate Feliciano: It is the prevailing feeling in Bensonhurst that she was responsible for the killing of a man

. . . the woman made me do it.

My friend Biagio, who was brought up in Bensonhurst, as was I, says the thing he misses most is the honeysuckle. "And pig's rind," he says. Pig's skin, pink-white and waxy, is stuffed with pine nuts and raisins and garlic and parsley, and rolled and tied with string and put—along with sweet and hot sausages, fresh pork shoulder, gravy-beef, and chicken—into the "gravy," the tomato sauce for pasta. Of course we never used the food-trendy word *pasta* in Bensonhurst; *macaronies* was our generic term, macaronies and gravy our Sunday ritual. . . The pork rind gets gelatinous in the gravy, chewy, fragrant. . .

Sometimes Biagio and I go back to Bensonhurst to buy the ingredients for gravy (nostalgia takes strange forms). Biagio patronizes a pork store on Avenue P. I like to shop on Eighteenth Avenue. I grew up in "the Numbers"; Biagio grew up in "the Letters"; each of us has trouble believing the other grew up in the heart of the heart of Italian Brooklyn. Bensonhurst, a series of villages within a village, is about territory, territory strictly defined and fiercely defended. Besides the Numbers and the Letters, there are "the Bays," those streets that stretch toward the body of water called the Narrows. The girl who was to become my brother's wife lived on a pie-shaped block where the Letters and the Numbers converged; he met her at a dance in the Bays. And these facts of geog-



Want to brush up on a foreign language?

With Audio-Forum's intermediate and advanced materials, it's easy to maintain and sharpen your foreign language skills.

Besides intermediate and advanced audio-cassette courses—most developed for the U.S. State Dept.—we offer foreign-language mystery dramas, dialogs recorded in Paris, games, music, and many other helpful materials. And if you want to learn a *new* language, we have beginning courses for adults and for children.

We offer introductory and advanced materials in most of the world's languages: French, German, Spanish, Italian, Japanese, Mandarin, Greek, Russian, Portuguese, Korean, Norwegian, Swedish, and many others.

Call 1-800-243-1234 for FREE 32-p. catalog, or write:

AUDIO-FORUM®
Room M320, 96 Broad Street,
Guilford, CT 06437 (203) 453-9794

THE BEST FILMS YOU NEVER SAW.

Now you can rent or purchase VHS videotapes by mail. Over 1,100 hard-to-find quality films available, including *Ulysses, Hotel Terminus,* and *Women on the Verge. . .*

Our library includes foreign and independent films, limited release features, Hollywood classics, cult favorites and documentaries.

It's simple and inexpensive. Phone or write for free information and list of films.

1-800-258-3456
(in PA, 1-800-633-3456)

Home Film Festival®
P.O. Box 2032, Scranton, PA 18501

THE ULTIMATE CHAIR
for back relief and relaxation!

. . .and 25 other products for a healthy back!



Office Model Available!

BackSaver FREE 14 page catalog 1-800-251-2225 or write
53 Jeffrey Ave., Dept. HM-0, Holliston, MA 01746 In MA 508-429-5940

Does the "replica" outperform the famous original?

Mount Fuji Ceramic Pen only $39.95*

***But read this ad for an even better deal.**

One of the world's truly fine line of products is that of Europe's Montblanc pens, appropriately named after that continent's highest mountain. If you have ever written with a Montblanc pen, you know that writing with them is a delight and almost effortless. One substantial drawback, however, as with so many luxuries, is that their price is awfully high. It is easy to spend $150 or more for one of them. Our Japanese friends have created a "replica" of this outstanding pen, which (except for one small detail—it doesn't have that 6-pointed star on the top) is indistinguishable in appearance, heft and feel. Not surprisingly, they called it *Mount Fuji.* It has the same hi-lacquer finish, with goldtone accents, as the famous original. The ceramic writing tip provides silk-smooth, effortless writing. It will never flatten or skip, even after hardest and longest use.



•*The great reservoir of the* Mount Fuji Ceramic Pen *holds enough ink to draw a line 6.3 miles long. That is enough to write a medium-size novel. But just in case your literary requirements go beyond that, we include an extra tip and an extra ink reservoir.*

The most remarkable thing about the *Mount Fuji Ceramic Pen* is its price. We are the exclusive direct mail distributors of this splendid writing instrument and can offer it therefore for just $39.95. But, we have an even better deal: ***Buy two for $79.90, and we'll send you a third one, with our compliments—absolutely FREE!*** Discard those tacky ballpoint pens and those clumsy felt tips. Write smoothly and easily, give character and good appearance to your writing. And make a really great buy. Treat yourself to better writing and get your *Mount Fuji Ceramic Pen(s)* today!

FOR FAST CREDIT CARD ORDER
TOLL FREE (800) 882-3050
24 hours a day, 7 days a week

Please give order [illegible] *Mount Fuji Ceramic Pen*. I understand that I am not charged until authorization and [illegible] for all orders at [illegible] UPS insurance [illegible] *Mount Fuji Ceramic Pen* and $6.75 for [illegible] orders. You have 30 days to [illegible]

For quantity orders (100+), call Ernest Gerard, our Wholesale/Premium Manager at (415) 543-6570 or write him at the address below.

since 1967
haverhills®
131 Townsend Street, San Francisco, CA 94107

raphy seemed to him liberating; he drove his Edsel to get to Carol's house and regarded their courtship as an event not unlike the Yalta Conference.

It isn't possible to overestimate the importance of the Sunday gravy; the amount of meat one ate was the most significant measure of affluence in Bensonhurst in the Forties and Fifties. You could live on top of a store, but if you ate meat six days a week, you counted yourself prosperous. And hospitality and generosity—character—were measured by the amount of meat you served your guests: "The kind of woman your mother was," my Uncle Pat once said, summarily and succinctly defining my mother's nature, "was if four people came to dinner, there would be four pork chops." My mother was not prodigal; she was unnaturally frugal. Luigi Barzini had it that Italians in postwar Italy ate poorly, preferring to wear their money on their backs, where it showed, in the form of clothes, so as to make a *bel' figura.* But Barzini was a northern Italian. Bensonhurst's Italian immigrants came from the poverty-stricken south—from Naples and Calabria and Abruzzo—and food was both comfort and tangible proof of success, as well as justification and revenge, a way to show off to one's friends and neighbors and a perceived way of assimilating, just as the Host (the "Communion cookie") was the way to God. We processed the world through our digestive systems. My mother served organ meat a lot, and appendages—heart stew and chicken-feet soup; many things rubbery and many things slippery; and she went comparison-shopping for broccoli and fought with my maternal grandmother over whether to use the dandelions that grew in an empty lot next to us for salad or (as my grandmother wished) for wine. From such evidence I tried to assess our relative position in the world.

When there are internecine fights in Bensonhurst—when, for example, the new immigrants, not as impoverished as my grandparents, who came to America at the turn of the century, at the time of the *grande immigrazione,* are made objects of scorn or become the source of bewilderment—Italians

f my generation use the understood nguage of food to express uneasiess. In 1974, there was a race riot at y high school, New Utrecht, blacks aving been brought in from other eighborhoods to attend; and when y brother and I went back to the old eighborhood to talk to some of his iends about it, one of them said: We got this big influx of Italians om the Old Country—geeps. hey're not like us. They got a chip n their shoulder. Mouth-y. They y, Blacks have been here for a hunred years and they couldn't make it; ow it's our turn. It was a geep who eat up on a black kid at Utrecht. The eeps are here three years, and they ot money to buy a four-family house. hat's all they think of is money. hey never heard of going to the novies. They never heard of anisette. hey never even heard of *coffee*. What kind of Italian is that? They vork two jobs, and they eat macaroni very night—*pasta lenticci, pasta fajool*, that's it. We're here eating teaks and drinking highballs, and ve hear them every night cracking nacaroni into the pot—unbelievable." And food is used to signify opprobrium: a dope is called a *zhadrool*, slang from the word for a cucumber or a squash. *Zhadrool* has quasi-affectionate overtones. Blacks are called *mulanyam*, a corruption of *melanzane*, eggplants . . . and in that there is no affection at all—only blackness so opaque as to defy comprehension.

I remember skipping rope, Double Dutch, in the magic dusk. "Come in, the chicken's ready," my brother yells out the window. "Don't let the Jews down the street know what we're having for dinner," my aunt calls out.

So embattled. The Indians were always circling around the wagons. It was that way in the Old Country, where only silence brought a measure of peace—*don't interfere*—if not of economic freedom; and it was that way in America, too. Italian immigrants of my grandparents' and my parents' generations lived with the conviction that *they*—the "Americans," the Jews, the *others*—were out to get them, cheat them, kill them. *Don't let them know anything. What they don't know can't hurt you.* In the days of his senile dementia, my grandfather believed he'd flown with Lindbergh across the Atlantic—but that *they*, the Americans, wouldn't give an Italian credit for it. When Grandpa got cancer, it was "a sin" (not "what a shame," but "what a sin"), the greater sin being to tell anybody about it. The world was malevolent; it existed to be held off and thus controlled.

As for the honeysuckle: Perhaps honeysuckle grows somewhere else in New York; if it does, I don't know about it. Or maybe—this heretical thought has occurred to me—what Biagio and I both think of as honeysuckle is the flower of the privet hedges that decorously contain Bensonhurst's tidy one- and two- and four-family houses. But I am prepared to swear that it was the sweetness of honeysuckle that threaded its way

What does it take to be the world's best aerobic exerciser?

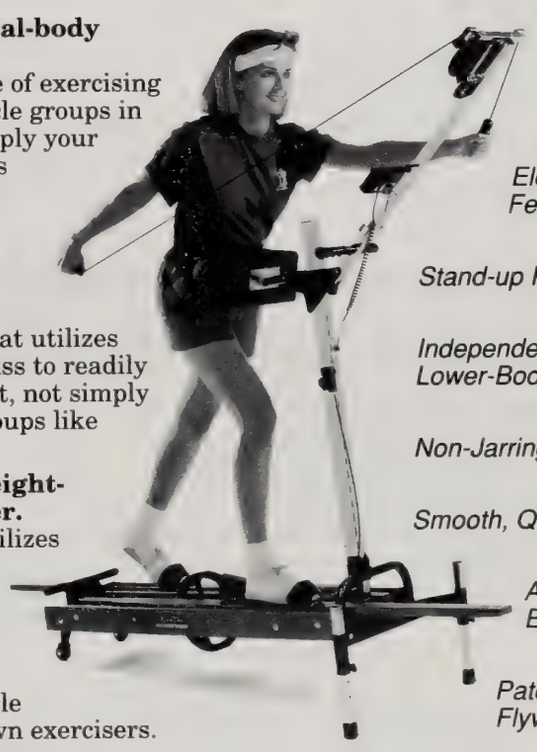
It takes a total-body exerciser.
A machine capable of exercising all the major muscle groups in your body, not simply your legs like treadmills exercise bikes and stairclimbers.

It takes a cardiovascular exerciser.
A machine that utilizes enough muscle mass to readily exercise your heart, not simply specific muscle groups like weight machines.

It takes a weight-bearing exerciser.
A machine that utilizes the standing position to exercise the joints and long bones of the skeleton, not simply a few muscle groups like sit-down exercisers.

It takes a safe exerciser.
A machine that can't damage your knees like stairclimbers, or your back like rowers, or throw you off like treadmills.

It takes a stimulating exerciser. A machine that's exciting and recreational to use, not monotonous and repetitive like so many other machines on the market.



Independently Adjustable Upper-Body Exerciser

Electronic Feedback

Stand-up Position

Independently Adjustable Lower-Body Exerciser

Non-Jarring Motion

Smooth, Quiet Operation

Adjustable Elevation

Patented Flywheel

It takes a NordicTrack.

Exercise machines don't get any better than this.

NordicTrack
A CML Company

Free Brochure & Video
Call Toll Free **1-800-328-5888**
In Canada 1-800-433-9582
❑ Please send me a free brochure.
❑ Also a free video tape ❑ VHS ❑ BETA
Name _____
Street _____
City _____ State _____ Zip _____
Phone ( ) _____
141C Jonathan Blvd. N. • Chaska, MN 55318
200C0

~~$1499 $1799~~
NOW $ 1099
Inc. FREE Airfare !!!
7 DAYS
SPECIAL*

Caribbean or Mexico

Limited Supply Available
Please choose and ask for cruise by letter:
A. Miami - Nassau - San Juan - St. John - St. Thomas
B. San Diego - Cabo San Lucas - Mazatlan - Puerto Vallarta
C. Key West - Cancun - Cozumel

WE WILL NOT BE UNDERSOLD ON:
Alaska o Bermuda o Hawaii
Trans Canal o The Orient
South Pacific o Mediterranean
* *WE DISCOUNT EVERYTHING !* *
NEVER PAY RETAIL AGAIN
NATIONS *ONLY* COMPLETE SHOP AT HOME SERVICE

CALL TODAY
TOLL FREE: 1-800-633-6211

SAH
SHOP AT HOME CRUISES

* Cabins are inside with double bed or 2 lower beds
* Outside cabins for $1199.
* Port Tax Additional



LIBIDO

The Journal of Sex and Sensibility

. . . . . .

Intelligent Erotica for People Who Think

. . . . . .

Quarterly $20 Sample $6
Outside USA $30

Chicago, IL 60614 P.O. Box 146721

"Best Nest in the Big Apple"

Enjoy a European-style oasis at the
GRAMERCY PARK HOTEL.
Courteous Multi-lingual staff.
500 Rooms and Suites.
Minutes to Business Center, Sightseeing.
Fine Dining, Entertainment, Superb Room Service.

Singles $115–$125 Doubles $120–$130 Suites $150–$250

Group Rates Available

All Major Credit Cards Accepted.
Contact Mr. Tom O'Brien, Gen. Mgr.
Fax 212-505-0535 • Telex 668-755
Telephone (212) 475-4320
Out of town call 1-800-221-4083



GRAMERCY PARK HOTEL
21st Street and Lexington Avenue
New York, NY 10010 USA

Represented Worldwide by Utell International

through my waking and sleeping dreams when I was young and tempestuously in love—years and years of invalidated love—in Bensonhurst.

The first man I loved was a Jew.

My first lover was a black man.

It'll kill Mommy and Daddy, thought (not without a delicate thrill of pleasure); Mommy and Daddy will kill me, I thought (feeling what I had never felt before: a sense of latent power absurdly coupled with ennui and a sense of hopelessness).

There was a honeysuckle bush on the corner of Sixty-sixth Street and Nineteenth Avenue; its perfume restored me to a love of an enlarged world when I was desperately unhappy—and simultaneously fed the unlicensed ardors that were a source of my unhappiness. Now I dream not of those lost loves but of the honeysuckle bush, which has itself become an object of intense love, flowering in my reveries. . .

Yusuf Hawkins was shot dead on Sixty-eighth Street and Twentieth Avenue, two blocks away from the building my parents lived in till they died. Hawkins, together with three black friends, came to Bensonhurst to look at a used car. It was an act of singular naïveté, and the timing was deadly: Eighteen-year-old Gina Feliciano's birthday fell on August 23. The young woman had invited black and Hispanic friends to celebrate with her and told her ex-boyfriend, Keith Mondello; perhaps she taunted him. According to Feliciano, Mondello and his friends called her a "spic lover," told her her "friends don't belong in the neighborhood." Feliciano called the celebration off. On the night of her birthday, she and her mother and a girlfriend ate potato chips in her apartment, while, according to her, white kids milled around her apartment house; by a horrible accident of fate, Hawkins and his friends, who knew nothing of Feliciano, walked by. The white kids chased them with bats; Hawkins was killed with a shot from a .32-caliber automatic pistol.

Some white residents of Bensonhurst claimed later that Feliciano tried to frighten the white kids—that she said black guys were coming into the neighborhood to beat them up.

She denies this. She says she knows she's being called "a prostitute, crackhead, a liar," and she says she was 'with black guys in Coney Island . . . a couple of them" (the implication is that she was "with" them sexually), but that it's nobody's business, especially not the business of the "Guidos" who have "sixty chains and hair spray in one hand and a mirror in the other" and use "jumper cables" to style their hair. "They ain't paying my rent, they ain't putting clothes on my back, and they ain't feeding me," and she's not sleeping with *them,* she says.

Bensonhurst's response to the tragedy in their community is not monolithic. But when I hear Gina Feliciano say that her neighbors tell her she "brought Bensonhurst down," I hear a chorus of voices from the past—the immediate past and the mythological past: *The woman made me do it.*

According to Gina Feliciano, who is under round-the-clock police protection, there is a $100,000 contract out on her life.

I ran away from Bensonhurst—as fast and as hard and as far as I could (across the bridge, to Manhattan, the emancipating city of calculated dreams). I fled from insularity and provincialism and suspicion of all that was not *us* and from familial love that was both careless and claustrophobic. I fled, and now I grieve. One cannot separate oneself from the landscape of earliest desire, the crucible, the wellspring, the source. I still want what I owned and what owned me—the honeysuckle bush on the corner. In memory I walk those streets; I look for clues, for the stuff that binds me to Yusuf Hawkins, and to his killers.

It is an established fact in my family that I am crazy; my Aunt Mary, who loves me, dissents, but since she is Sicilian, her word does not count for much among my Calabrian and Abruzzesi aunts and uncles. Italians are tribal. Bensonhurst is tribal. My family called Aunt Mary "the Arab," Sicilians not being regarded as properly Italian.

My mother had a friend called "Rosie the Spic." One day I answered the doorbell when Rosie the Spic came to visit (I can remember when doors in

You deserve a factual look at. . .

The Economy of Israel

Is it sound? Should you invest in it?

If you follow economic news, you may have concluded that Israel's economy is in dire straits. And you may have heard of rampant inflation and other disquieting information. But when you visit Israel, and feel the vigor and "vibes" of the economy, you get a different impression.

What are the facts?

■ Israel is still paying for all the wars forced upon it since its birth. Out of an annual budget of about $20 billion, more than one-third, about $7 billion, is for repaying and servicing of that debt and $5 billion goes for defense. That leaves just $8 billion to run all other services of the country. In making peace with Egypt and returning the Sinai, Israel gave up the oil fields it had developed, which yielded an annual income of over $2 billion and which made Israel independent of oil imports. Israel also gave up the enormous investment in some of the world's most advanced and sophisticated military bases, and the cities of Yamit and Ofira.

■ All of these sacrifices did indeed create a major economic crisis, which resulted in inflation, unemployment and stagnation. But for the last three years, Israel has put into effect wide-ranging recovery plans, leading to economic stability and renewed growth. The results of these plans have exceeded even most optimistic expectations: Inflation was beaten without causing recession, unemployment declined, the budget deficit was reduced to 4% of GNP, and the Bank of Israel's foreign reserves almost doubled.

■ The energy and resourcefulness that has enabled Israel to absorb over 2 million immigrants and to convert a desolate land into one of green fields and modern cities are also reflected in Israel's economic development. Israel is a modern industrial state, whose output encompasses some of the most advanced technology and sophisticated production in the world. Industry is concentrated in high-technology and high-added-value products. It is based primarily on domestic scientific and technological creativity and innovation.

■ Israel is a leader in the fields of medical electronics, military electronics, civilian and military aviation, agri-technology, telecommunications, computerized graphics, fine chemicals, solar energy, water desalinization, and computer hardware and software. Traditional industries include food processing, textiles and fabrics, furniture, fertilizers, rubber, plastic, and metal products. The highest growth rates are in those branches that require heavy R&D investment, advanced engineering and sophisticated production techniques.

■ Israel is the acknowledged world leader in the diamond industry. It produces over 80% of the world's output of small polished stones. Israel is also the developer and the world leader in the drip irrigation technology of agriculture. Israeli equipment and this technology are now being used with great success in the arid regions of the United States and in many developing so-called "third world" countries (some of which don't acknowledge the "existence" of Israel).

■ Domestic tranquility, a western legal system, the superb university network (centered on Hebrew University in Jerusalem and the Technion in Haifa), the full infrastructure in transport, communications, and utilities, but primarily its educated and motivated population make Israel attractive to foreign industry. They are also aware that the highest level of R&D work is performed in Israel and that it costs around 40% less than in the U.S. Such companies as IBM, Digital Equipment, Intel, National Semiconductor, Motorola and many others have established plants and design and engineering centers in the new industrial parks mushrooming around the country's academic institutions. Israel has a Free Trade Area agreement with both the E.E.C. and with the United States, the only country in the world whose goods have preferential tariff reductions and duty-free access to the two most important markets in the world.

Israel's economy is healthy, is vibrant and growing, and offers countless investment opportunities in industry, agriculture, real estate, tourism, commerce, mineral exploration and much more. This is a country that started totally from scratch, not much more than 40 years ago. It is almost totally devoid of raw materials, has poor soil, and scant water resources. Yet it has fought five major wars, has absorbed and settled over 2 million immigrants, and has created a formidable industrial/agricultural society. The emerging nations and "third world" countries should take Israel as their example. It is indeed a "light onto the nations."

This ad has been published and paid for by

FLAME

Committee for Accuracy in Middle East Reporting in America

P.O. Box 590381 ■ San Francisco, CA 94159

CAMERA is a tax-deductible, non-profit educational 501(c)(3) organization. Its purpose is to combat media inaccuracies, through public education and publicity. Your tax-deductible contributions are welcome. They enable us to pursue these goals and to publish these messages. Our overhead is minimal. Almost all of our revenue pays for these messages.

/11

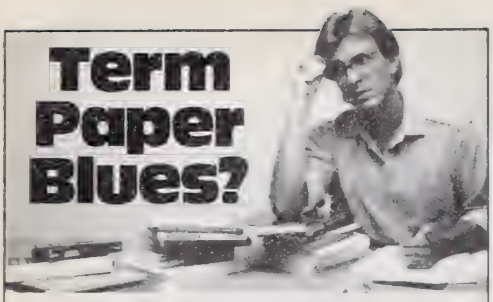
YES, I want to help in the publication of these ads and in countering anti-Israel and anti-Zionist propaganda. I include my tax-deductible contribution in the amount of $_____.

My name is_____

I live at_____

In_____ State_____ Zip_____

Mail to: CAMERA, P.O. Box 590381, San Francisco, CA 94159



Term Paper Assistance

Catalog of 19,278 research papers

Order Catalog Today with Visa / MC or COD

Toll Free Hot Line **1-800-351-0222**

California & Canada: (213) 477-8226

Monday - Friday 10 am - 5 pm (Pacific time)

Or send $2.00 with coupon below

Our 306-page catalog contains detailed descriptions of 19,278 research papers, a virtual library of information at your fingertips. Footnote and bibliographic pages are free. Ordering is easy as picking up your phone. Let this valuable educational aid serve you throughout your college years.

EXAMPLES OF CATALOG TOPICS...

15759 - WORK RELATED STRESS Ways to minimize and manage stress, emphasizing human relations and environmental approaches. 9 footnotes, 7 bibliographies, 6 pages.

15842 - GROUNDWATER CONTAMINATION Origins, types, economic, political, health aspects. Proposed solution based on cost/benefit analysis of social capital. 12 footnotes, 8 bibliographies, 8 pages.

Research Assistance also provide custom research and thesis assistance. Our staff of 75 professional writers, each writing in his field of expertise, can assist you with all your research needs.

QUALITY GUARANTEED!

RA since 1970

RESEARCH ASSISTANCE

11322 Idaho Avenue, Suite 206 - XR

West Los Angeles, California 90025

Please rush my catalog. Enclosed is $2.00 to cover postage.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State ____ Zip _____

TREAT THE CAUSE NOT THE SYMPTOMS

Population increases are the primary cause of every major environmental problem we face. Want to do something about it?

Contact *Population-Environment Balance, 1325 G Street NW, Suite 1003, Washington, DC 20005-3104.*

202/879-3000

Want to locate a MISSING SPOUSE, PARENT, FRIEND, or DEBTOR? The "HOW TO FIND MISSING PERSONS MANUAL" will let you do it FAST, from within the privacy of your home. Earn money locating for others. Free consultation for one (1) year. Send $79.95 to:

FINANCIAL TRAINING INSTITUTE, INC.

5100 WEST 164th STREET SUITE 21

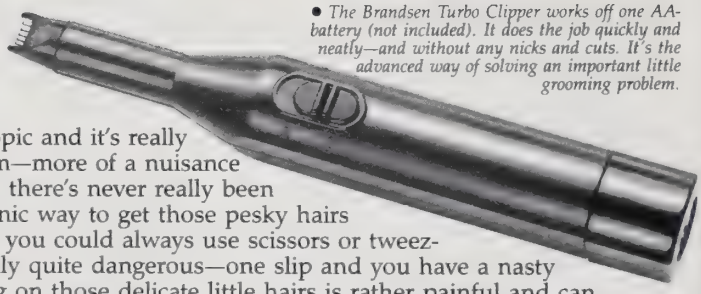
CLEVELAND, OH 44142

How to take care of a pesky little problem, with...

Brandsen™ Turbo Clipper

only $12.95*

But read this ad for an even better deal!



• The Brandsen Turbo Clipper works off one AA-battery (not included). It does the job quickly and neatly—and without any nicks and cuts. It's the advanced way of solving an important little grooming problem.

It's not the greatest topic and it's really not a serious problem—more of a nuisance perhaps, but until now, there's never really been a good, easy and hygienic way to get those pesky hairs out of your nose. Sure, you could always use scissors or tweezers. The former are really quite dangerous—one slip and you have a nasty little injury; and pulling on those delicate little hairs is rather painful and can easily give rise to infection. Your doctor would definitely veto it. The ***Brandsen™ Turbo Clipper*** is essentially a tiny hair trimmer—a mini-version of what your barber uses to trim your neck and shape your sideburns. It works like a charm. And it also does a great job on your ears, on your eyebrows and even to shape your mustache.

We are the exclusive importers of ***Brandsen™*** quality grooming instruments and import the ***Turbo Clipper*** in very large quantities. We can therefore bring it to you at the low price of just $12.95. We use it as a "customer getter," as a means to increase our buyers file by at least 25,000 names per month. But we have an even better deal: ***Buy two for $25.90, and we'll send you a third one, with our compliments—absolutely FREE!*** And we believe so strongly that this will be a revelation to you that we give you this guarantee: If you are not totally delighted, do not return the ***Turbo Clipper.*** Drop us a note and say: "I didn't like it, and I've thrown it away." Your refund check will be in the return mail. (Sorry, if you buy three, we'll have to ask you to send two of them back—unused, please!)

This is an offer you can't refuse. There is no risk and no hassle, and you're in for a wonderful surprise. We can accept only mail orders, accompanied by check, with this offer (no phone, no charge). Please write your name and address on a sheet of paper; also write "**Code A230**." Tell us how many *Clippers* you want and include $2.95 for one (1) and $5.90 for three (3) for postage and insurance (plus sales tax for CA delivery). Take advantage of this outstanding offer. You will be delighted! Mail to ⟶

since 1967

haverhills®

131 Townsend Street, San Francisco, CA 94107

Bensonhurst were never locked, and so can generations of Italians—that was before, they say, "the element" moved among them). "Rosie the Spic is here," I shouted, having no idea whatsoever that "the Spic" was not her proper name. I didn't know about racial enmities then; I was four. Naturally Rosie the Spic never came back, and naturally I got a beating.

Sometimes we went to Prospect Park. I used—this is how, very early, I established my craziness—to run up to black people and touch their skin and tell them they were beautiful. This was an aesthetic, not an ideology; I was five year old, and I don't know how or why I came to it. One of my aunts gave me a black doll and told me I could play with it if I never ever again touched a black person. It was a Little Black Sambo doll; I hated it. So then we never went to Prospect Park again, only to the Botanic Garden, because the park was "full of *them*."

It did not surprise me when black protest marchers in Bensonhurst were greeted with cries of "nigger go home" and with watermelons. Of course the kids we used to call "geeps," the kids Gina Feliciano calls "Guidos," would use the language of food.

When I went to New Utrecht High School in Bensonhurst, there was only one black student, Joan Smith. She never spoke to anyone and no one ever spoke to her. At the end of her senior year, she was nominated for most popular. (I have told this story so often I believe it to be wholly true. But if it is not true, it will, as they say in Italy, "serve"; it is to the point.) It is not true that Joan Smith never spoke to anyone and no one ever spoke to her. I spoke to her. I spoke to her because I was raised a Jehovah's Witness, and it was my (hated and hateful) duty to proselytize. So I tried to convert Joan Smith. It didn't take. (I did convert Fatima Ouida, though, an Egyptian girl who kept snakes in the apartment underneath the elevated train line where she lived. Fatima used to invite people over to watch her father pray toward Mecca; he became known as "the guy who prays to the West End train.") In the lunchroom at New

trecht High School, I sat with a girl
ıo had one eye, her father having
ocked the other out of her head
th a broomstick; and I sat with a girl
ıose makeup was puddled all over
r face—she was mad; and I sat with
e class slut, who was stupid. I tried
convert them all. In any case, no
e else would have much to do with
, my religion having made me an
tsider and a freak.

There are, of course, voyeuristic
vantages to being an outsider and a
ak.

I was an outsider and a freak, but I
ıs smart. (I was pretty, too, but I
dn't know that; I didn't know what
y father meant when he said, "The
orld eats up pretty, smart girls like
ou." Eats them up and spits them
ıt, he meant; he meant, Beware.)
ne day a teacher approached me in
ıe hallway of New Utrecht and said
–genuinely bewildered, I think—
Why do you have an Italian last
ame?" "Because I'm Italian," I said.
ie did not know what to do with this.
ws were smart—they took academic
ollege-preparatory courses; Italians
ere dumb, or going to be married im-
ıediately. (Jewish girls wore charm
racelets; Italian girls wore engage-
ıent rings.)

I took hold of this view of my world
arly; we all did. I can remember
hen Miss Silver, my third-grade
eacher, a chunky woman who wore
hunky Mexican silver jewelry (which
ewelry I associate with lesbians, per-
ıaps because of Miss Silver's interest
ı me, which my father considered
ıntoward), came to my house rustling
vith sibilant s's when I had viral
ıeumonia to tell my mother I was
oing to skip a grade; my mother took
ı dim view of what she regarded as in-
erference. Actually Miss Silver came
eally, I think, to say, Look at your
laughter, pay attention to her (she
ıeld my fevered hand); and this is
what my mother, who introduced
ıerself as "Barbara's relative" and
lwelt in the clouds with Jehovah,
having heavenly fish to fry,
took a dim view of.

In junior high school there also was
one black kid; and my brother, at the
time of the race riots at New Utrecht,
said, "That kid was lucky. He was
bright and good-looking. If he was
just a regular black kid, he'd have had
bad trouble. Every time teachers
talked about black history or slavery,
my word of honor I felt sorry for the
kid. If they'd talked about Italian his-
tory, there'd have been thirty of us
Italians, we wouldn't be embarrassed
. . . not that they ever talked about
Italian history." In high school Italian
was offered as a second language. No-
body took it. Everybody took French.

My brother got beat up badly when
some kids in the Bays mouthed him
and Carol, and he, gallant, answered
them back. He got in his Edsel and
drove to the station house all bloody,
his nose and several ribs broken.
"Were the kids white or colored?" the
desk sergeant asked. "White." "Go
home and forget about it,"
the sergeant said.

The first day of freshman English,
New Utrecht: David Zeiger is our
teacher; he says, "Everyone with blue
eyes has to do homework." Our world
is divided into three parts: Italian,
Jewish, and "American." The Ameri-
cans have blue eyes. They protest: "It
isn't fair," making his point for him.
David Zeiger spent a forty-minute
English period, in 1948, telling
freshman English students in Benson-
hurst—many of whom had never seen
a Negro—why it was wrong to judge
people by the color of their eyes or
their skin.

According to the dogma by which I
lived, beginning at the age of nine,
when my mother became a Jehovah's
Witness, Jehovah was a god of justice
and mercy, and whatever hap-
pened—including the drowning of
infants in their own blood at an immi-
nent Armageddon—was by defini-
tion fair. But I knew—I viscerally
knew, I was laceratingly divided—
that my world was governed by ca-
price, that punishments and rewards
were arbitrary. I lived, after all, with
my mother.

My mother, who was beautiful, had
blue eyes, like an American; she was
very nearly blind. She went to a doc-
tor, a quack, who gave her eye exer-
cises to do; one of them involved
resting her head on the windowsill
while she rolled her eyes in her head.
A passing motorist saw her and



Pages of listings in each issue, from studio condos to luxury villas, bargains on "undiscovered" islands, plus businesses, land, private islands for sale or barter.

How to buy your Caribbean island home

If you've ever thought of owning a tropical island home for investment, retirement or vacation use, **Island Properties Report** is for you.

Each issue focuses on a single island in the Caribbean, the Bahamas and beyond – reports on politics, the economy, tax laws, schools, hospitals, living costs – what to look for *and look out for* – what it's really like to live there.

PLUS PAGES OF LISTINGS: homes, land, businesses for sale . . . PLUS Quarterly Reports on island living, budgeting, building . . . **BOOKS and VIDEOS** at discount . . . Access to our **DATABASE** of over 500 listings . . . **TRAVEL SAVINGS** on over 150 hotels, restaurants, etc. SATISFACTION GUARANTEED.

FREE: Subscribe now and receive Hammond Map of the Caribbean plus 3 Bonus Reports on Maximizing Rental Income; Investment Benefits under Tax Reform; Career Opportunities in the Islands – **all free.**

☐ Enroll me for one year (12 issues) for only $39.00. Include my FREE bonuses.
☐ Payment enclosed. ☐ Charge my ( )Diner's ( )MC ( )Visa (include card no. and expiration date)

Name _____

Address _____

_____ Zip_____

☐ Enclosed is $1. Send further information.

Island Properties Report

Dept. 33 HD Water St., Guilford, CT 06437

Credit card phone orders: (203) 458-3449

Make a life or death decision.

Support the right of the terminally ill to die with dignity. Call for information.

Good Life Good Death
THE HEMLOCK SOCIETY

1-800-247-7421

thought she was convulsing; I came home to a fire-engine rescue team. Why didn't you tell them I was doing eye exercises? she asked me, her need to place the blame a rigorous passion. I must assume that given her voracious and discordant needs she was mad, and that her religion accommodated her madness. Mad. Sad. Of course the eye exercises didn't work. Thereafter, rain or shine, she carried a red umbrella so that cars could see her when she crossed the street. A beautiful woman with blue eyes carrying a red umbrella.

My mother was incapable of dual allegiances. After she fell in love with Jehovah, she no longer wanted to sleep with my father. She made me tell him so. I was ten. He cried. But he slept in the mahogany double bed with my brother, and my mother slept in the pickled-oak twin bed next to mine. She cried. One Christmas Eve my mother went out, against my father's protests, to proselytize from door to door. My father got drunk. I washed the dishes. The doors of all the kitchen cupboards flew open and everything in them—cups, saucers, pots—came flying out. For years I remembered that poltergeist phenomenon without remembering what had directly preceded it: My father put a dish towel around my neck and, yanking it, started to strangle me; then he fell in a wet heap on the floor; and then the cupboards flew open and everything in them flew out. I was twelve. The downstairs neighbors heard the noise. Weeks later they said to me, "We mind our business." All of our neighbors minded their business. They wouldn't have heard the sound of a shot, and if they had, they wouldn't have done anything about it.

In particular, my father hated an uncle of mine who, after coming home from the war with a Purple Heart, had been converted by my mother. This uncle worked in a doll factory. At dinner my father would say, "Did you stuff dolls today?" This is how it was: The house was hot with sex, but nobody talked about sex. "What's Tampax?" I asked my mother. She left the room.

My aunts, my godmother amor them, knew that my mother and n father did not sleep together. Th blamed this on "the Jehovahs." B they maintained a stony silence; was important for them to belie that they were "nice," and "nic people—like the "Americans"- didn't talk about sex. When I was adult, my godmother told me th Daddy had wanted to leave my moth er to marry a woman who worked the bargain-hats department of Gin bels department store. She talked h brother out of it, my godmother sai there never having been a divor in the family. Italians didn't get d vorced and Italians didn't talk abou sex.

Which was what made it possib for my mother to have a romantic a fair without a guilty conscience. Aft the war, the Witnesses who had bee imprisoned for not serving in th Armed Forces came home. One them, Louis, fell in love with m

Tres Libros por Tres Dólares and a Farewell to Commitment. No Bull.



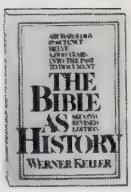
Ernest Hemingway



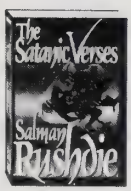
*482. This latest edition of the famous dictionary has 40,000 memorable quotations
Hardcover: $45
QPB: $18.95



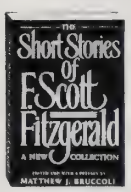
*224. The biggest and best collection, with stories by Isaac Asimov, J.G. Ballard and more
Hardcover: $29.95
QPB: $12.95



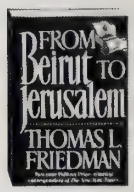
349. This classic of biblical investigation will transport readers back in time with its fascinating information
QPB: $9.95



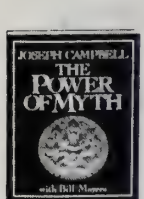
*406. "A rollercoaster ride over a vast landscape of the imagination"—*London Guardian*
Hardcover: $19.95
QPB: $9.95



*194. A landmark omnibus collection of 43 of Fitzgerald's best short stories.
Hardcover: $29.95
QPB: $14.95



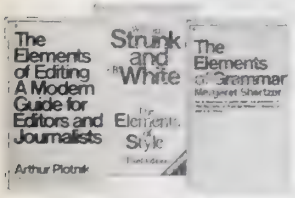
*315. The National Book Award-winning reporter brings to life the Middle Eastern world
Hardcover: $22.95
QPB: $10.95



423. A scholar tells how myths have shaped our lives. A PBS TV series.
Hardcover: $27.50
QPB: $15.95



207. A begu novella that How do you a man who be thanked?
QPB: $5



109. A special QPB trio
The Elements of Style
The Elements of Grammar
The Elements of Writing
3-volume set
QPB: $10.95



297. Soothing therapeutic techniques. 150 graphic photographs
QPB: $9.50



338. The author and host of *This Old House* covers each step in finding the perfect house
QPB: $9.95



211. Take a trip down Larson's memory lane with over 300 color and black-and-white cartoons
QPB: $10.95



267. The stor of civilization a unique char format.
Hardcover: $
QPB: $15.

(Translation: 3 books, 3 bucks. No commitment. No kidding.)

eautiful mother. They went from oor to door together, holding hands. hey considered, having consulted arious Bible concordances, that they ere married in the eyes of God, the ledge being as good as the deed; they ould celebrate their marriage in Jeovah's "New World," after Armageddon had disposed of my father. uture-sex. Louis painted her toeails; I'm sure they never talked about ex. They talked about the New World, when the lion and the lamb ould lie down together. I was told to egard Louis, whom I loathed, as my roper father-in-the-Lord. At dinner ne night my father said, "You were een walking *mano a mano* with that ouis, the one who stuffs dolls with our brother." My mother cried all night long in the twin bed next to nine. "What did you tell him. Oh, what did you tell him," she cried. I hadn't told him anything. Everybody n the Numbers knew. Word gets around. What you don't want known n Bensonhurst you don't do. "You've ruined my life," my mother said.

So all in all it wasn't race relations I learned from David Zeiger (or "tolerance," which was the word we used back then) as much as the idea, new to me and radical, that lives could and should exemplify fairness, that justice wasn't exercised only by God but by human beings.

David Zeiger is still my friend, though it is hard for me to change his place in the story of my life. In reveries, he belongs to the past—the runic past I spend the present reading, the past that contains Arnold Horowitz, who is dead.

Arnold Horowitz was David Zeiger's best friend, and he was my English teacher when I was fifteen. A lot of the girls—the smart girls, the point of him not being obvious to the dumb girls—had a crush on Arnold Horowitz; I myself didn't see the point of him until he wrote this sentence on the blackboard: *The beautiful girl with hair the color of ripe wheat . . .* That's as far as I got in the sentence, and then I fell in love and could not believe there was a time I hadn't been in love with Arnold Horowitz.

Almost all of my Italian neighbors were casually anti-Semitic; it wasn't a matter of creed. Some of my neighbors and some of my family members were virulently anti-Semitic—when my brother brought home a loaf of Arnold's bread from the market one day, my mother threw it out the kitchen window. But that was not so much because Arnold was Jewish but because Arnold, like Miss Silver, paid attention to me. He was more dangerous than Miss Silver. Miss Silver only taught me I was smart. Arnold told me I was good. (I have loved him all my life.)

He sent pepperoni to the hoods, the hard guys in jail. In 1945, ahead of his time, he co-edited a book for young adults called *This Way to Unity: For the Promotion of Goodwill and Teamwork Among Racial, Religious, and National Groups.* (He published it under a pseudonym, Arnold Herrick, bland and WASP. The Board of Education banned it; it contained the word *womb.*) Jehovah's Witnesses are



lghum's
is that we
the important
by age 5: "Play
ish...."
dcover: $15.95
PB: $7.95



*330. More than 600 recipes from an award-winning food writer.
Hardcover: $19.95
QPB: $9.95



403. A hands-on guide that explains how to successfully start a business.
Hardcover: $16.95
QPB: $7.95



*447. A hilarious new collection from the author of *Lake Wobegon Days*
Hardcover: $18.95
QPB: $9.50



204. Relax with Calvin and Hobbes in this new full-color collection of Sunday cartoons
QPB: $7.95



*117. Over 1600 problem-solving drawings with explanations on every aspect of home repair
Hardcover: $24.95
QPB: $12.95



198. QPB's specially produced volume of Woody Allen's three hilarious books
(3-in-1 vol.)
QPB: $12.95



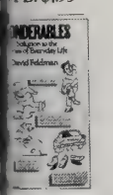
601. The evolution of beliefs throughout history. Illustrated
Hardcover: $29.95
QPB: $12.95



*321. Stephen Hawking offers a convincing big picture of the origins of the cosmos.
Hardcover: $18.95
QPB: $9.50



182. Moyers talks about everything from morality to science with notable individuals.
Hardcover $29.95
QPB: $15.95



hy don't cats
swim? Find out
wer to *really*
ant questions.
dcover: $15.95
PB: $6.95



An eye-opening
t the natural
nal effects of
foods.
dcover: $18.95
PB: $9.50

How QPB Membership Works.

Selection: You'll receive the *QPB Review* 15 times a year (about every 3½ weeks). Each *Review* lists a new Selection. If you want it, do nothing—it will be shipped automatically. If you want another book or no book at all, complete the Reply Form always enclosed and return it by the specified date. (A shipping and handling charge is added to each shipment.)

Return Privilege: If the *QPB Review* is delayed and you receive the Selection without having had 10 days to notify us, you may return it for credit.

Cancellations: You may cancel membership at any time by notifying QPB. We may cancel your membership if you elect not to buy at least one book in any six-month period.

Bonus Books for Bonus Points: For each softcover book or set you take (except for the books in this offer), you earn Bonus Points that entitle you to choose any of our softcover books. You pay only shipping and handling charges.

***QPB Exclusive:** The only softcover edition now available.

OK. Send me my 3 books for 3 bucks. No commitment. No bull.

Quality Paperback Book Club,® P.O. Box 8804, Camp Hill, PA 17011-8804

Please enroll me in QPB and send me the 3 choices I've listed below, billing me only $1 each, plus shipping and handling charges. I understand that I am not required to buy another book. You will send me the *QPB Review* (if my account is in good standing) for at least six months. If I have not bought at least one book in any six-month period, you may cancel my membership.

Indicate by number your 3 choices: 0-16

QPB® Quality Paperback Book Club

Name (Please print clearly) QB0673-0

Address Apt

City State Zip

Prices generally higher in Canada. © 1990 Quality Paperback Book Club. All orders subject to approval.

forbidden to salute the flag; Arnold came into the school auditorium at assembly time during the flag salute and held my hand. How could I not have loved him?

I met a black teacher in his house in the Bays one hot summer night. It was awkward in the big living room with the window seat and the blond Danish furniture and the Picasso prints. The others—David Zeiger and his wife, Lila, and some people whose faces I cannot recall—made very little conversation. We blamed it on the heat. One treated a black person as one treated an invalid—with courtesy and caution.

Anti-Semitism seemed a most peculiar thing to me. The halls of all our buildings smelled ecumenically of chicken fat and gravy. The girls I had talked dirty with before talking dirty became a sin were Italian and Jewish and equally inventive and equally ignorant of sex. The girls I'd played the Ouija board with under the stairs of apartment buildings were Jewish and Italian and equally titillated (the Ouija board said I was going to marry DICK, which was my father's name) and equally scared. The girls I most admired were Jewish. They were named Barbara and Violet, and they were twins. (I thought it would be lovely to be a twin; one would never be lonely, and one could look for proof of one's existence in the mirror of another face.) I'd jumped across roofs with Jewish and with Italian girls and ridden up and down dumbwaiters with Jewish and Italian girls, and what was the difference?

When my world became full of catalogued sin, both Jewish and Italian girls became equally remote to me, to be envied because they had, it seemed to me, two gifts that I had not: the freedom to play and, within limits, to choose.

On Friday evenings my Jewish neighbors gave me two cents—they gave boys three—to turn on the stove and the lights for Sabbath.

Sometimes my family and my neighbors counted the number of Jews on the subway train; they were afraid of being overwhelmed.

On Bay Parkway a self-possessed, smiling young woman walked to the elevated subway every morning in a silk dress underneath which there was no bra. (This was in the days before Doris Day became a virgin; the single most potent image of freedom I cherished was that of a girl with long blond hair sitting at a lunch counter in a raincoat, her unstockinged feet out of her shoes.) "She must be Jewish," the Italians said.

They were afraid of sexual perdition and contagion. They wanted their daughters pink and white and girdled and pure. Angela, one of Arnold's students, got a scholarship to Radcliffe. *The New Yorker* published Harold Brodkey's short story about the love affair of a Harvard boy and a Radcliffe girl. Angela bought every copy of *The New Yorker* to be had in Bensonhurst. That was what Angela's family feared: that they *did it* there. Angela was the only Italian girl from Bensonhurst I knew who went to college. Italians didn't believe in college; it threatened family authority. (And this has not changed.)

When I was twenty-two, and Arnold had not married me or asked me to marry him or for that matter declared his love for me, I fell in love, at Minton's, on 128th Street in Harlem, with a jazz drummer. It was a clever thing for me to have done; I had left my childhood religion but not the bed in the room where my mother cried at night. I wanted a baptism of fire into the world, and I got it.

I had never once seen a black man walk the streets of Bensonhurst. I loved the nights. In those days it was safe to take the subway late at night; and full of love, replete, I'd walk at dawn to the apartment house, where, in the lobby, my father, longing for proof of what he most feared, my sexual indiscretion, lurked. (I always harbored a suspicion that the lady in the bargain-hats department was black.) Even in Manhattan it was hard for me and G., my musician, to walk in safety; even in Birdland it was dicey to hold hands.

Once at Minton's an angry black man asked me who the Mau Mau were. "Kenyan terrorists," I said promptly; I was ignorant and innocent and did not suspect black people of laying traps. (G. laughed and laughed because I couldn't say the word *nigger*, a word he and his friends used all the time. He made me say it and, taking a leaf from my mother's book, I cried.) The angry black man scolded me up and down and all around. (G. was busy playing a set.) "Don't you call her no names," a whiskey voice said. "She's a woman she's a nigger—she can be raped." The voice belonged to Billie Holiday, whom as a consequence I loved.

It would not have occurred to me to walk the streets of Bensonhurst with G. Sometimes, to test me and, I suppose, himself, he'd stop me on a busy Manhattan street and kiss me on the lips. But it would not have occurred to him to walk the streets of Bensonhurst with me; he was very much dedicated to his own survival. Once or twice he came to my door in a car or in a cab laughing his husky laugh (Camel cigarettes), amused, defiant, proud to think of my father waiting there. My father took to following us around Harlem. He'd crouch beneath the areaways of brownstones that housed after-hours clubs; surely there was an illicit thrill in his determined vigilance.

Arnold said, "Are you happy?"

G. was married. Three years after I fell in love with him I married a white man, a man I could take home to Bensonhurst but never took to my heart.

The thing about taking G. to Bensonhurst was, he would have been killed. That was what we understood.

Arnold taught us, echoing Camus, that people were not so much good or bad as ignorant. I don't know. I believe in good and evil; and I believe in forgiveness. What I have written here, torn from a bloody past, is not the whole truth. In the whole truth belongs the safety of the stoops in the friendly dark; trips to Ebbets Field; my growing love for my sister-in-law Carol; the steadfast love of my grandmother Concetta, who prayed for me even when I despised her Catholic prayers; *Jack Armstrong* and *Inner Sanctum* and a linen closet full of sugar cubes that smelled of lavender; the smell of glue and new paper and old books in the library on Eighteenth Avenue; Mrs. Scalia, the junior high

hool teacher who wanted more than ything else to see my Italian name cribed on the marble honor roll; meanness to my brother and his to and the restoration of our love for ch other (and the time when he hit id on the head with a shovel—he s four—and I packed the bleeding und with mud); the time Mike llura drove me to my job in the cretariat Building of the UN in his truck—right to the door; the bak- es and the lemon ices and the fish rts and the kosher butchers; the ke rides to Coney Island and the rachute ride; my maternal grand- her's grapevine, the yeasty smell of s wine pervading the house; the sun om my paternal grandfather built d Aunt Louise's tailor's dummy and e big radio that were in it; trips to e rodeo (I cried) and the circus and the World's Fair (I shook hands th Johnny Weissmuller); Miss acs, who would not let Shirley ottlieb play with me in eighth grade cause I might convert her; Aunt uise's death when she was twenty- ree and Dr. Greenberg, who could t bring himself to present the family ith a bill; the kindness I received om strangers, all those people, Ital- ns and Jews, whose doorbells I rang Bensonhurst with my message of periority and doom; the goodness of achers and nuns and priests who lis- ned to a wild, unhappy girl preach; e high school girls I thought de- ised me and who now, when I meet em, say, We remember you, you ere nice. I think it is a sin to have ft out all the good things and not to ave told all the truth. . . But I am inking of Yusuf Hawkins, and Gina eliciano.

"It was the woman's fault." The rst lie, the lie the serpent told.

Bensonhurst is full of coffee bars ow, social clubs for men, they really re, and I've tried to sit in them; and ve been—even with my brother and y son and my nephews—scared. Be- ause they don't belong to us. Ben- nhurst was territorial when I grew p. It is more territorial now. It is ore defended, and more frightened.

If I had told the whole truth—if I ad given equal time to what is good nd what I loved—I would still not

Continued on page 82

Would you have condemned Socrates?

Join a Great Books reading and discussion group.

The Great Books Foundation
A nonprofit educational corporation
40 East Huron Street #A42
Chicago, IL 60611-2782

1-800-222-5870
In Illinois: (312) 332-5870



What a bargain! Found in 1820 on the island of Melos. France bought the lovely lady for 12,000 Francs. Now they won't sell her but we have reproductions of her marvelous beauty. Handcrafted from bonded marble with alabaster base. 10″...$68 ppd; 16½″...$168 ppd; 26″...$498 ppd; 34″...$1123 ppd. Check VISA, MC. Unqualified guarantee. **112 page artbook color catalog $6. America's largest collection of museum reproductions.**

ELEGANZA LTD. *Importers of Fine Statuary*
Magnolia Village • 3217 W. Smith #1073
Seattle, WA 98199 • 206/283-0609

SOLUTION TO THE FEBRUARY PUZZLE

C	H	O	R	D	A	L	P	I	L	L	A	R	S
L	I	N	G	O	M	O	O	N	I	O	R	D	O
I	V	E	R	G	E	N	R	C	N	U	K	E	F
M	I	S	S	I	N	G	T	H	E	B	O	A	T
B	E	E	P	E	R	S	S	O	R	R	I	L	Y
L	S	P	U	D	S	H	O	D	M	I	L	S	P
I	C	E	R	O	C	O	F	U	E	G	O	R	E
G	O	N	E	R	O	R	E	S	A	N	T	I	C
H	U	N	K	Y	W	E	N	T	T	R	U	C	K
T	P	Y	O	G	A	M	T	E	W	E	S	H	I
E	L	U	L	I	B	E	R	I	A	A	D	E	S
R	E	M	A	G	E	N	Y	I	D	D	I	S	H

NOTES FOR "CRAFTSMANSHIP"

ACROSS: 1. CHORDAL, hidden; 6. P(ILL)AR'S; 11. S(COW)LING; 13. MOONLIGHTE-R, anagram & Lit; 14. ORDO, anagram; 16. VERGE(r); 17. N-UKE, & Lit; 21. BARKEEPERS, anagram; 22. SO(RR)IL-Y; 24. S(P. . .)UD; 27. SH-OD (reversal); 29. MILL-INERS (anagram); 32. (n)ICER; 34. GORE(n); 36. G-ONER (reversal); 37. ORES, hidden; 38. GI-GANTIC (anagram); 39. HUN(KY) DO-RY, anagram of "hound"; 41. WEN-T; 42. T(R)UCK; 44. A-GOY, reversed; 46. EWES, "use"; 48. EL(U)-L; 49. (s)IBERIA; 50. BRIGADES, "brig aids"; 51. REMAG(...E)N(y), anagram & Lit; 52. Y-(I'D)DISH. DOWN: 1. (mu-si)C-LIMB; 2. ONE, "won"; 3. DOG (reversal)-IE; 4. AMEN, hidden; 5. LONGSHOREMEN, anagram; 7. INCH, hidden; 10. SO-F(if)TY; 12. I-VIES; 15. DEALS, two meanings; 19. SPUR(t); 25. PEN-NY; 28. D..(US)T; 29. MEAT, anagram; 30. LOT(U)S; 31. PECKISH, pun; 33. COUP-LE; 35. RICHES(h), anagram; 40. KO(a)LA; 43. READ(y); 47. WAD, hidden.

SOLUTION TO FEBRUARY DOUBLE ACROSTIC (NO. 86). LARRY GELBART: MASTERGATE. San Elvador . . . has a democratic form of government that has been run by its army for the past forty years. It is passionately anti-Communist, with a vigorous opposition press . . . and free elections that are promised regularly.

CONTEST RULES: Send the quotation, the name of the author, and the title of the work, together with your name and address, to Double Acrostic No. 87, *Harper's Magazine*, 666 Broadway, New York, N.Y. 10012. If you already subscribe to *Harper's*, please include a copy of your latest mailing label. Entries must be received by March 8. Senders of the first three correct solutions opened at random will receive one-year subscriptions to *Harper's Magazine*. The solution will be printed in the April issue. Winners of Double Acrostic No. 85 are Ruth Richardson, Akron, Ohio; Kay Cerutti, Idaho Falls, Idaho; and Jerry Rice, Palo Alto, California.

CLASSIFIED

MERCHANDISE

Naturist videos. $2, SASE. HA, Box 9296, Newark, Del. 19714.

Free, big catalogue: New edition listing thousands of bargains on worldwide stamps, packets, albums, and accessories. Free when requesting stamps on approval. Buy what you like. Return balance. Jamestown Stamp Company, Dept. E30HA, Jamestown, N.Y. 14701.

The U.S. Constitution. Pocket-size, 42 pages with index. For your copy send $5 to Freedom, P.O. Box 308, Winooski, Vt. 05404.

RETIREMENT

Retire in beautiful central Pennsylvania. Foxdale Village—building on the tradition of fine Quaker lifecare communities. Available now: independent living in fully equipped units. Director experienced in lifecare management. Mid-1990 Community Building will provide attractive dining facilities, lounges, library, full medical protection. For information write: 500 E. Marylyn Avenue, Dept. T, State College, Pa. 16801. (814) 238-3322.

PUBLICATIONS

The People. Marxist biweekly since 1891. Four months/$1, one year/$4. *The People* (H), Box 50218, Palo Alto, Calif. 94303.

Proof Jesus fictional. Scholarly proof Flavius Josephus created fictional Jesus, Gospels: $5. For details send SASE to Abelard, Box 5662-H, Kent, Wash. 98064.

Secrets of Style. A unique new guide for advanced writers of imaginative and expository prose: $12.95. Specialty Printing, 292 West Pershing Street, Salem, Ohio 44460.

God Almighty, where have you been? The world's people are seeking the truth of your identity. $12. J.L. Haldeman, Box 14351, South Lake Tahoe, Calif. 95702.

The Quayle Quarterly

Keep a watchful eye on **The Man Who Could Be President.** Don't underestimate Dan Quayle - he's being groomed for the No. 1 spot. **Analysis, news, cartoons, humor.** Send $12 for 1 yr ($3 for sample).

PO Box 8593-H, Brewster Station, Bridgeport CT 06605

VACATION RENTALS

Italy—Tuscany sixteenth-century farmhouse. Spacious quarters, three bedrooms; also three-room apartment. Close to ancient town. Panoramic views. Convenient to Florence, Siena. Tansey: (719) 566-1354; commencing April: (39) 575-62512. CP4, Cortona AR/52044, Italy.

Hawaiian Islands—Molokai, Kaluakoi resort. Polynesian studio with kitchen. $50 per night. (800) 225-7978 or (800) 950-5541.

Austria, Britain, France, Italy, Portugal, Switzerland. The best in vacation rentals: cottages to castles. Driving? Lease a new Renault tax-free. EUROPA-LET. (800) 462-4486.

BUSINESS OPPORTUNITIES

Read books for pay: $100 a title. Write: PASE-JO9, 161 Lincolnway, North Aurora, Ill. 60542.

Let the government finance your small business. Grants/loans to $500,000 yearly. Free recorded message: (707) 449-8600. KW6.

Be your own boss. Exceptional opportunities. Free details. SME, 4439 Helmar Drive, Monroeville, Pa. 15146.

Earn thousands as an independent commission mailer. Rush $1 and SASE to S + D Enterprizes, 4027-C Rucker Avenue, Suite 910, Dept. B, Everett, Wash. 98201.

HEALTH

Quit smoking. Works for me. Free details. SMF, 4439 Helmar Drive, Monroeville, Pa. 15146.

GOURMET

Authentic Bulgarian moussaka. My grandmother's recipe. Send $2 to Nina, Box 1119, Brookline, Mass. 02146.

Delicious best-ever cheesecake. Send $2 ppd. for recipe to Chef Pierre, Box 191, Ste. Therese, Quebec J7E 4J2, Canada.

Rich, luscious, delicious. Five recipes. Send $3 to J. Iburg, Box 36505-108, San Jose, Calif. 95158.

Wicked chocolate cheesecake. Send $2 and SASE to Recipes, Box 203, Louisville, Colo. 80027.

LITERARY SERVICES

Looking for a publisher? Learn how you can have your book published, promoted, and distributed. Send for free booklet: HP-2, Vantage Press, 516 West 34th Street, New York, N.Y. 10001.

Ghostwriting. Everything editorial. Professional staff. Wordsmiths, Box 5882-B, Chicago, Ill. 60680.

Your book printed—paperback or hardbound. Professionally typeset or offset. Superior workmanship at low cost. Free information and samples. Pine Hill Press, Inc., Freeman, S.D. 57029. (605) 925-4228.

RANCH VACATIONS

Package vacations in Montana's Rocky Mountain wilderness. Trout fishing, horseback riding, river rafting, and much more for all ages. The Hawley Mountain Guest Ranch, Box 4-H, McLeod, Mont. 59025. (406) 932-5791.

GENEALOGY

Irish genealogy. Write: Hibernian Rese Ltd., 22 Windsor Road, Dublin 6, Irela Call (353) 1-966-522 (24 hours).

MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS

Panpipes/flutes, over 250 varieties, m ages/cultures. Catalogue, $2. Lew Price, 1558 (R), Fair Oaks, Calif. 95628.

ASSOCIATIONS

Bertrand Russell Society. Informati HM, RD 1, Box 409, Coopersburg, 18036.

EMPLOYMENT

Rocky Mountain employment newslet Current openings, all occupations. West U.S. Free details: Intermountain-4R, 3 Pitch, Colorado Springs, Colo. 809 (719) 488-0320, ext. 418.

EDUCATION

Research papers: 18,278 papers available all academic subjects. Rush $2 for 306-p catalogue. Custom writing also availab Research, 11322 Idaho, No. 206HB, L Angeles, Calif. 90025. Toll-free hotli (800) 351-0222; in Calif., (213) 477-82

Fully approved university degrees. Econc ical home study for bachelor's, master's, Ph.D. degrees, fully approved by Califor State Dept. of Education. Prestigious facu counsels for independent-study and life perience credits (5,100 enrolled studer 500 faculty). Free information: Rich Crews, M.D. (Harvard), President, Colu bia Pacific University, Dept. 2F90, 14 Third Street, San Rafael, Calif. 949 (800) 227-0119; in Calif., (800) 552-5522 (415) 459-1650.

Study Chinese at home. Free brochu Write: AICS, Box 453, Charles Town, Va. 25414.

Off-campus individualized programs professionals at Somerset lead to Americ doctoral degrees. For a prospectus send to the International Administrative Cent Somerset University, Illminster, Somer TA 19 OBQ, England. (44) 0460-57255

Speak a Foreign Languag Like a Diplomat

Learn on your own with audio-cassette courses use by U.S. State Dept. Programmed for easy learning 47 languages in all. Comprehensive. Call or write fo free catalog. **1-800-243-1234**

AUDIO-FORUM® Dept. 606 Guilford, CT 0643

Superlearning. Triple learning spe through music. Languages, data. Maxim memory, potentials. Stressless. Free excer catalogue. Superlearning, 1290 West 11t No. 105-H6, Vancouver, B.C. V6H 1K Canada.

CLASSIFIED RATES: Minimum [illegible] words. One time, $1.95 per word; three times, $1.85 per word, six times, $1.75 per word; twelve times, $1.60 per wo Telephone numbers count as two words, as do box numbers. ZIP codes count as one word. CLASSIFIED DISPLAY: Minimum one inch. One time, $115 p column inch; three times, $110 per column inch; six times, $105 per column inch; twelve times, $90 per column inch. The closing for classified copy is the fi of the month, two months prior to publication. Prepayment is required. Make checks payable to *Harper's Magazine* and send to Harper's Classified, 666 Bro way, New York, N.Y. 10012. Include telephone number on all correspondence. Address inquiries to Andrew Walko, Classified Advertising Manager.

arn Spanish in Guatemala. Family living. ASA, Box 11264, Milwaukee, Wis. 211. (414) 372-5570.

udio Cassette-of-the-Month Club



We offer 3 clubs; 1) *American History;* 2) *Literature and Great Writers;* 3) *Mindstretchers.* Costs under $5 per cassette. Call toll-free 1-800-243-1234 (except CT), or write: **udio-Forum** Dept. 602, Guilford, CT 06437.

nguage study in Europe. Comprehensive ide to French, German, Italian, Spanish, rtuguese. Summer or year-round for chil- en, students, adults. Send $12 to Simplon, O. Box 21544-H, Oakland, Calif. 94620.

SPEAK FRENCH OR ANY LANGUAGE
AS U.S. DIPLOMATS DO!
Self-study audiocassette courses developed for U.S. State Dept. now at **savings up to 60%!** Call or write for FREE catalog **1-800-722-6394.**
AUDIO-LANGUAGE INSTITUTE®
516 Fifth Avenue, Dept.H11Suite 507, NY, NY 10036.

achelor's, Master's, Doctorate. Guide to lleges offering nonresidential degree pro- ams through independent home study. Ac- edited, economical, accelerated programs. redit given for prior accomplishments and ork experience. Free detailed brochure. rite: Doctor John Bear, P.O. Box 826-H1, enicia, Calif. 94510.

ART

rt dealer—buy direct: Erté, Doolittle, ateman, and all nationally known artists. all for information: (800) 333-9ART. Paul est Art Broker, 8463 Peachland Avenue, ebastopol, Calif. 95472.

nique, unusual postcards. Send $1 for mple catalogue: Natalici, 32 Union quare, New York, N.Y. 10003.

our portrait done in oil on canvas. Expert rtist will work from photograph(s). Also, ld Masters reproductions in oil, or you may ish to send us your own design for repro- uction. Our artists are well experienced and killed, possessing the required technique to reate and reproduce paintings that are sure o pleasantly surprise you. Please write: In- rnational Fine Arts Gallery, P.O. Box 575, Postal Station P, Thunder Bay, On- rio P7B 5G1, Canada, or fax (807) 344- 840.

xotic Art. Send $1 for catalogue: Exoticart, 510 Pearl Avenue, Auburn, Wash. 98002.

BOOKS

btain your books (new or in-print) easily, leasantly, reliably—with one soothing call o Minnesota. Tell us what you need; we hip immediately or will special-order. Grin- olet Bookstore, Minneapolis, Minn. (800) 68-4347.

anadian books: Used, out-of-print, paper- acks, hardbacks. Any Canadiana, Arctic, r sea books. Wells Group, 958 Page Ave- ue, Victoria, B.C. V9B 2M6, Canada.

ld and rare books. Fine bindings, travel, ine and decorative arts, etc. Free catalogue. ames Beattie Ltd., P.O. Box 882, Blue Bell, a. 19422.

Eureka Bookfinder. Send wants: 2024-H Harris Street, Eureka, Calif. 95501.

Locating out-of-print books our specialty. Avonlea Books, Box 74E, White Plains, N.Y. 10602. (914) 946-5923.

Old-book scout locates out-of-print books. Write: Greenmantle, P.O. Box 1178HP, Culpeper, Va. 22701.

Booklover's smorgasbord. Free catalogue. Iron Kettle Books, Hancock Road, Williamstown, Mass. 01267.

Intense, vivid, accessible, humanistic, artful poetry. Good stuff: $5 includes postage. Lee Shatz, 461 Bellevue, #26, Oakland, Calif. 94610.

Anarchist Cookbook. Available again: $22, postpaid. Barricade Books, Box 1401-E, Secaucus, N.J. 07096.

Out-of-print bookfinder. Send wants: 2035-HA, Everding Street, Eureka, Calif. 95501.

Will and Ariel Durant spent nearly 50 years writing *The Story of Civilization.* Don't spend 50 years reading it. Daniel Johnson's *Practical History: A Guide to the Story of Civilization* guides you through nearly 70 historical subjects of interest and moment. These become your tools to track your own pathway through history. Send $19.95 or Visa number and expiration date for postpaid delivery. Or ask for free brochure describing this 256-page, hardcover book. Durant Guide, 1131 Tenth Street SE, Calgary, Alberta T2G 3E3, Canada.

FOREIGN NEWSPAPERS

Worldwide English newspapers and magazine-of-the-month club. Samplers: 3 for $2.49. Multi-newspapers, Box DE-H3, Dana Point, Calif. 92629.

COMPUTER PROGRAM

WISDOM OF THE AGES
First electronic book of quotes, sayings & ideas brings over 1,000 of the world's greatest minds to PC screens & printers. Select subject. Use timeless knowledge to act, write & speak better; earn more



Only $79.00 for all 5 disks.
30 day money-back guarantee.
MCR Agency, Inc. 1-800-767-6797
6116 Merced Ave. Dept. #81H
Oakland, CA 94611

TRAVEL

Great Expeditions Magazine. Trekking, cultural discovery, budget travel in Asia, Africa, Latin America. Free sample: P.O. Box 8000-411, Sumas, Wash. 98295. (604) 852-6170.

GALAPAGOS
You, nine others and our naturalist will explore by yacht more islands than any other Galapagos expedition. From simple adventures to splendid yacht charters, from scuba diving to serious hiking and even college credit, no one else offers as many ways to experience the Galapagos because no one else specializes exclusively in the Galapagos. 60 trip dates. Machu Picchu option.
FREE BROCHURE
Inca Floats 415-420-1550
1311-HPL 63rd. St., Emeryville, CA 94608

Amazing tourist attraction. Discover America with free tourist packets. For more information write to Tourist Attractions, 3645 North 69th Avenue, #28, Phoenix, Ariz. 85033.

"Roam the World by Freighter." Reference guide to unusual cruising. $3. TravL-Tips, Box 218B1A, Flushing, N.Y. 11358. (800) 872-8584; in New York State: (718) 939-2400.

GIFTS

Penis poster (23"×35") depicts 12 animal penises (man to whale). Scientific novelty. $10 ppd. to Poster K, Box 673, Bloomington, Ind. 47402.

Dan Quayle watch. Quartz, $33. JAR, P.O. Box 10707, Arlington, Va. 22210.

Awesome T-shirt: 1990 CENSUS COUNT ME OUT. Send $16 ppd. to Aviva, Box 10863, Minneapolis, Minn. 55458.

MISCELLANEOUS



THE NATIONAL
HEMLOCK SOCIETY
P. O. Box 11830
Eugene, OR 97440-3900
Telephone: 503/342-5748

Voluntary Euthanasia for the Terminally Ill

PERSONALS

Asian Girls. Free information. J.W., P.O. Box 2329, Jakarta, Pusat, Indonesia.

If I were you . . . European philosopher gives advice on any personal problem: $5 short, $10 long. M.L.K., Box 414, 1347 Divisadero, San Francisco, Calif. 94115.

Classical Music Lovers' Exchange. Nationwide link between unattached music lovers. CMLE, Box 31, Pelham, N.Y. 10803.

Meet Christian singles. Nationwide. Phone or mail introductions. No fee, donations only. Write: Box 90-20-WE, Van Nuys, Calif. 91409.

Asian women desire romance. Overseas, sincere, attractive. World's No. 1 service. Sunshine International Correspondence, Dept. NA, Box 5500, Kailua-Kona, Hawaii 96745. (808) 325-7707.

Japanese women seek friendship/marriage. Other Orientals too. Pacific Century Correspondence, 110 Pacific 208K, San Francisco, Calif. 94111. (816) 942-1668.

Beautiful, faithful Asian ladies seek friendship/marriage. Compare our prices. Free photo brochure. (702) 451-3070.

Cultured singles, nationwide. Older women/younger men; younger women/older men. Send LSASE to Anachron, Box H-326, New York, N.Y. 11367.

Scandinavia, Poland, USSR, South America: Worldwide correspondence for sincere, unattached, educated members. Scanna, P.O. Box 4-HP, Pittsford, N.Y. 14534. Call (716) 586-3170.

Art Lovers' Exchange. End your search. Meet the single fine-arts gentry. ALX, Box 26J, Bensalem, Pa. 19020.

CLASSIFIED

Beautiful Latin, Asian ladies seek friendship, marriage. Free photo brochure. Latins, Box 1716-HR, Chula Vista, Calif. 92012. (619) 425-1867.

Beautiful Asian women seek friendship, marriage. Send age, interests. GRE, Box 555, Elmont, N.Y. 11003.

At the Gate. Meet singles sharing values on peace, ecology, growth, and human rights. Free details. Box 09506-HP, Columbus, Ohio 43209.

Meet women worldwide. Free 24-page catalogue. America's most respected correspondence service. Cherry Blossom, 190 HR Rainbow Ridge, Kapaau, Hawaii 96755. (808) 961-2114, anytime.

Single Booklovers gets cultured singles of all ages acquainted. Established 1970. Nationwide. Write: Box 117, Gradyville, Pa. 19039, or call (215) 358-5049.

Asian girls seek friendship/marriage. Free brochure, $1 list/video. Fiancée Express, Box 5194-D, York, Pa. 17405-5194.

Attractive Oriental ladies seeking correspondence, marriage. Presentations by American/Asian couple. Asian Experience, Box 1214JA, Novato, Calif. 94948.

Beautiful Asian ladies seek lifemates. Free videos, free photos. Devotion, Box 549-H, Dublin, Va. 24084-0549. (703) 674-GIRL.

Beautiful, educated, English-speaking Asian women seek life partners. Traditional values. Brochure of 300 leaves no doubt. Ask about video. Blue Horizons, Suite 229-HR, 862 Farmington Avenue, Bristol, Conn. 06010. (203) 584-5712.

English butler wishes to correspond with top-drawer, cultured people. Paul Fagan, 16 Glenister Drive, Eltham, Melbourne, Victoria 3095, Australia.

Southland Letter Writing Club. Information: 41286 Plumrose, Hemet, Calif. 92344.

Tired of friends who don't write back? Eager for thoughtful conversation? Personalized "pen pal" service. Free details. SASE to Box 662, Alpine, N.J. 07620.

Extraordinary psychic counselor, problem solver. Phone readings. Visa/MC/AmEx. Randal Clayton Bradford. (213) 820-5281.

WM retired physician/consultant, age 65, with 14 years of college, desires a companion. Woman must be bookish; accounting/nursing/social-worker background useful. Age 35 to 45. Must be interested in travel and classical music and willing to take over entire care of the home. *Harper's Magazine*, Box 555, 666 Broadway, New York, N.Y. 10012.

Don't just read the news. Change it. Every month 20/20 Vision finds you the best 20-minute political action to take home urging policymakers to cut military waste and meet environmental and human needs. It works. We change policymakers' minds. And it's simple. No meetings, no mountains of mail. (800) DIS-ARMS. Box 135-H, Amherst, Mass. 01004.

Continued from page 79

feel welcome there. If I had spoken of their broken dreams, of their hard working-class lives, their economic nightmares, their fear of dope and crime and invasion and change—and their guts and their love—I would still not be welcome there. Because the first survival lesson, the first thing you have to understand to live in Bensonhurst, is to honor "the blood." And when family warmth and tribal feeling have been perverted by fear and alienation, corrupted to form an incubator for hatred, the duty of "the blood" to "the blood" is silence: It is held true that even a single reproach pollutes the stream of love: "We mind our business."

I am afraid of black men now, and I am afraid of being afraid but cannot reason my way out of fear. I am different from the murderers of Yusuf Hawkins; but perhaps not so different from the people who have spun a net of protection, a net of silence, around them. All the time I have been writing this, I have fought the inclination to do the same.

When I was a child, I loved the way the girls receiving First Communion looked; I envied them. I did not understand how I would ever be married if I didn't first become a child-bride in this ceremony that prefigures marriage and looks so much like it. I loved the way their missals smelled and looked, white leather and onionskin paper; I wanted flowers in my hair. It seemed to me a kind of doom that I could not join them, a prefiguration of loneliness . . .

A special Mass was said for Yusuf Hawkins in Bensonhurst. Priests led their parishioners, who looked solemn, grave, frightened, in a march to protest the killing, a march to express solidarity with the people of a child shot dead. They looked as if they were in shock; count-me-among-the-just/I-am-not-worthy, their looks said. They were brave.

You'd have to have lived there to know how brave. You'd have to have lived there, an outsider and a freak like I was, to know how good their goodness feels.

My brother says: "Thirty years ago, honest to God, I would have been with the guys with the bats. In August, I swear to God, I would have been with the protesters." I can't tell you how hopeful that makes me feel.

On an Alitalia flight from Rome a few weeks after the killing, I sat next to an immigrant from Calabria who lives in the Bays. I asked him if he'd heard about the trouble in Bensonhurst. "You mean the Chinese?" he said. "It hasn't been the same since Chinks came to live in the Bays, making trouble."

What can you do with a man like that?

I called a friend who lives on West Fifth Street and Avenue S—the Letters. "Bensonhurst," I began . . . "I don't live in Bensonhurst," she said. "I live in Gravesend." "You've said you live in Bensonhurst all your life!" I said. "No more," she said . . . and, with what I have come to think of as characteristic Italian logic, she added, "I never lived in Bensonhurst."

Then we talked about food. ■

March Index Sources

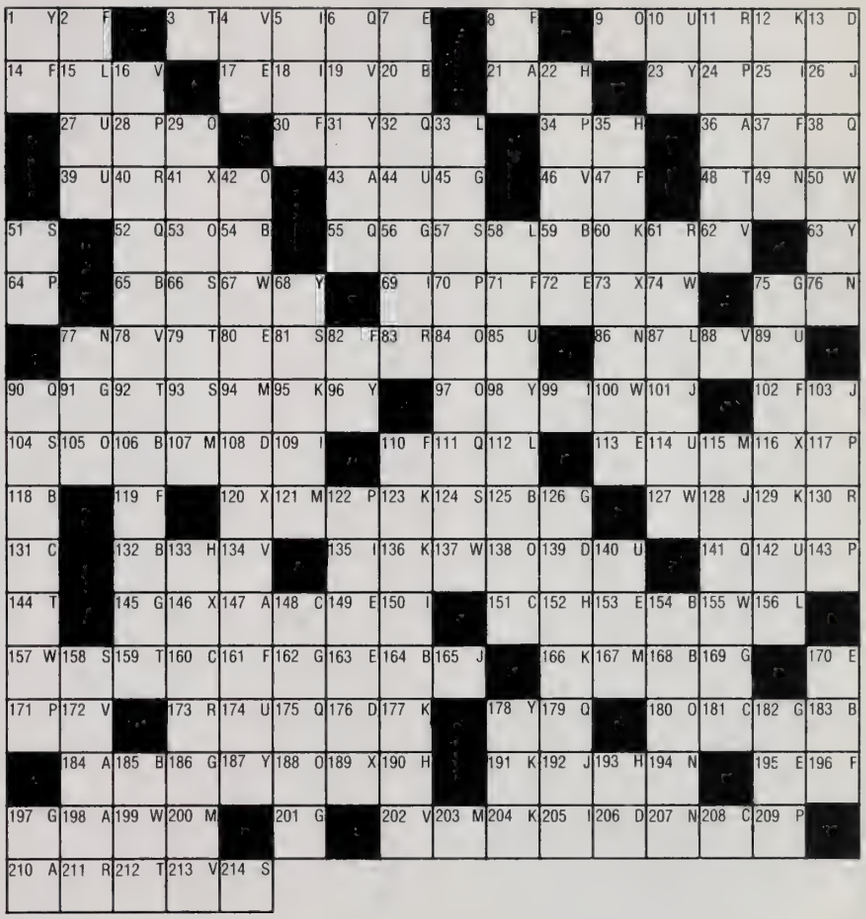
1 Cutter Information Corp. (Arlington, Mass.); **2** Congressional Research Service (Washington); **3** U.S. Dept. of Energy; **4** Environmental Action Foundation (Washington); **5** Conservation Law Foundation (Boston); **6** Association for Children and Adults with Learning Disabilities (Pittsburgh); **7** National Cancer Institute (Bethesda, Md.); **8** United Nations (N.Y.C.); **9,10** Israeli Embassy (Washington); **11** Israeli Consulate (N.Y.C.); **12,13,14** U.S. Defense Dept.; **15,16,17** Mike Mills, *Congressional Insight* (Washington); **18** Social Surveys–Gallup Poll (London); **19** Danish Ministry of Justice (Copenhagen); **20** U.S. Office of Technology Assessment; **21,22** Center for Media and Public Affairs (Washington); **23** American College of Obstetricians and Gynecologists (Washington); **24** *USA Today* poll (Arlington, Va.); **25,26** *Time*–CNN poll, Yankelovich Clancy Shulman (Westport, Conn.); **27** William A. Rossi (Marshfield, Mass.); **28** Combe, Inc. (White Plains, N.Y.); **29** Gates Rubber Co. (Dumfries, Scotland); **30** U.S. Dept. of Agriculture; **31** Roper Organization (N.Y.C.); **32** Frito-Lay (Longwood, Fla.); **33** Toy Manufacturers of America (N.Y.C.); **34** Cinema Secrets (Burbank, Calif.); **35** Amblin Entertainment (Universal City, Calif.); **36** Dennis Turner, Zoology Institute, University of Zurich; **37** Abracadata, Ltd. (Eugene, Ore.); **38** State Rep. Shelby Rhinehart (Nashville); **39** WXTB Radio (Clearwater, Fla.).

DOUBLE ACROSTIC NO. 87

by Thomas H. Middleton

The diagram, when filled in, will contain a quotation from a published work. The numbered squares in the diagram correspond to the numbered blanks under the WORDS. The WORDS form an acrostic: the first letter of each spells the name of the author and the title of the work from which the quotation is taken.

The letter in the upper right-hand corner of each square indicates the WORD containing the letter to be entered in that square. Contest rules and the solution to last month's puzzle appear on page 79.



CLUES

A. Slender Atlantic food fish of the croaker family — 43 184 147 36 21 / 198 210

B. Very much (4 wds.) — 185 164 20 59 106 / 65 168 125 183 / 132 54 154 118

C. Defeats, setbacks — 148 181 208 151 160 131

D. Bloodsucking worm; parasite, freeloader, sponge — 206 139 176 108 13

E. What Nietzsche said prejudices could be traced back to (*Ecce Homo*) — 163 72 17 153 80 170 113 7 / 149 195

F. Cannibals — 119 71 161 110 82 2 102 47 / 196 37 8 30 14

G. "Come to my arms, ____" (3 wds.; Carroll, "Jabberwocky") — 169 126 182 197 201 186 56 145 / 162 75 91 45

H. Arrows; well-like passages — 35 133 193 190 152 22

I. Retailers of small articles; street peddlers — 18 5 69 99 150 205 109 135 / 25

J. Struck with overwhelming shock or amazement — 103 165 192 128 101 26

K. Shut up! Stop that! (3 wds.) — 123 95 204 12 129 60 191 136 / 177 166

L. Dutch artist (1898–1970) known for impossible perspectives, visual riddles — 15 156 58 87 33 112

M. Dwell for a time — 200 203 115 121 94 167 107

N. Silver-white alloy, principally of tin — 77 207 86 194 76 49

O. Rendered cynical or disappointed — 188 9 138 105 97 42 84 180 / 53 29

P. Aristophanes play, an attack on the Peloponnesian War (after *The*) — 70 122 171 143 117 28 34 24 / 64 209

Q. Elegance of feeling, taste, manners, etc. — 6 111 90 175 32 38 55 179 / 52 141

R. Mountain the Tibetans call Chomolungma — 61 83 130 211 40 11 173

S. "Melted to one vast Iris ____" (3 wds.; Byron, "Childe Harold") — 158 214 104 66 81 51 124 57 / 93

T. Made tidy or neat; decorated — 144 92 212 159 3 79 48

U. In close association, conjointly (3 wds.) — 174 44 114 85 10 89 142 27 / 39 140

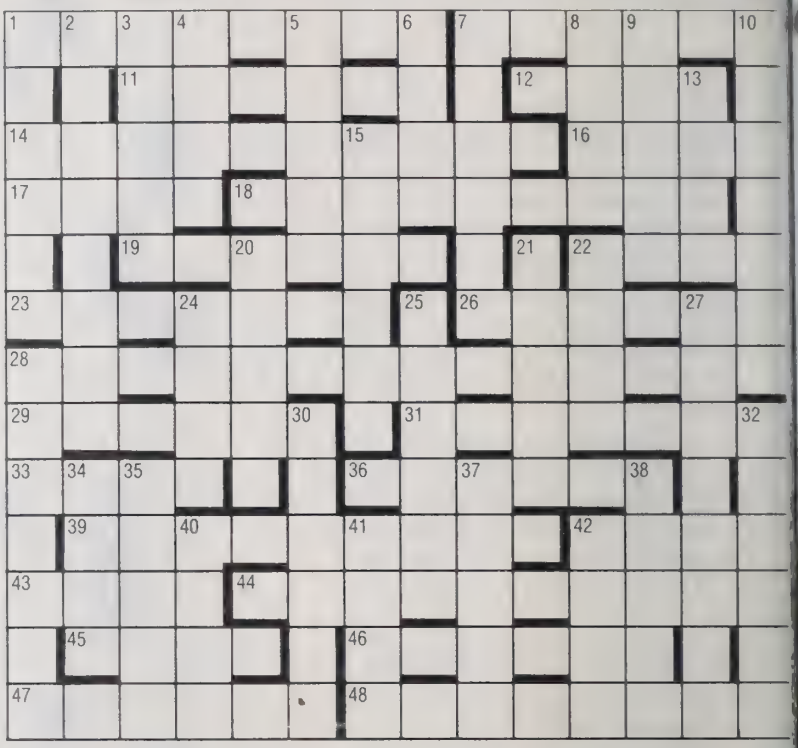
V. "I am a great ____ and I believe that does harm to my wit" (3 wds.; *Twelfth Night*) — 213 19 46 88 78 4 62 202 / 172 134 16

W. Thrashed, walloped — 155 67 127 137 50 157 74 100 / 199

X. Dolt, lout, clumsy oaf — 189 116 120 146 73 41

Y. Manipulative therapist — 31 187 68 96 63 23 98 1 / 178

PUZZLE



Theme & Variations

by E. R. Galli and Richard Maltby Jr.

Twelve diagram entries are unclued: three related theme words, and three variations on each.

Among the less than common clue answers are 16A, 46A, 2D, and 6D. A geographical name and a company name are also among the answers. The solution to last month's puzzle appears on page 79.

Across

1. *Variation on C (8)*
7. *Theme Word C (6)*
11. Race blown with English navy—turn up for boat repairs (6)
12. *Theme Word A (4)*
14. *Variation on A (10)*
16. As a sign of respect, lower netting in the Sound (4)
17. Stick depth charge on stern of submarine (4)
18. Hypotheses: from south northward, petty officer sails without one (9)
19. Deep issue for salt (6)
22. Heading off shore for hot spot (4)
23. *Variation on C (7)*
26. Sailing done at present (6)
28. *Variation on A (4,4,6)*
29. Mooring equipment Charon's scuttled (6)
31. *Variation on B (7)*
33. Cheese served in buffet amidships (4)
36. Naval honor could make us late (6)
39. *Variation on C (9)*
42. Wings across sea lanes the wrong way (4)
43. For portions of the legs, tail winds (4)
44. They don't yield to the full extent aboard large ships (4-6)
45. *Theme Word B (4)*
46. A quirk around cutter is indicative of a muscular problem (6)
47. No longer on dock, start to drag shell out (6)
48. *Variation on B (8)*

Down

1. Float on a kind of boat, becoming feline (6)
2. Inference: bad time in First Class, with no turnover (8)
3. Radar displays submariner initially gets rid of (5)
4. Club for one in bridge going past meridian (4)
5. Puzzle concerning surfacing U-boat? (5)
6. Crest from bow of ketch flipped over shallow vessel (4)
7. *Variation on B (6)*
8. Astronomical phenomenon seen where English river rises (4)
9. Bear up according to French—aye aye (5)
10. He tells about latitude coming about (7)
13. Smack is penetrating outskirts of Keys (4)
15. Periods when 'scope is raised about an hour (6)
20. Ocean journey includes area along Loire river (5)
21. French soldier turned up to impound tanker's cargo (5)
22. Nothing left in navy yard but sole (4)
24. Turkey's official in Sag Harbor (4)
25. Release sailor with an international organization? (6)
27. Showing rare art sailing around, I land vessels at home (8)
28. *Variation on A (7)*
30. Hold back sailor in port, for example (6)
32. Stylish English steamship in kind of dock (6)
34. Carrier in Mideast, heart of fleet, all at sea (2,2)
35. Holland Line launch lit up (5)
37. Circumnavigating island, about everybody turned purple (5)
38. Choose lee winds above Connecticut (5)
40. Calculation for triangular course, one going between south and northeast (4)
41. Owner of a dhow a sandbank capsized (4)
42. Birds native to Hawaiian Islands (4)

Contest Rules: [illegible] completed diagram with name and address to "Theme & Variations," *Harper's Magazine*, 666 Broadway, New York, N.Y. 10012. If you already subscribe to *Harper's Magazine*, please include a copy of your latest mailing label. Senders of the first three correct solutions opened at random will receive one-year subscriptions to *Harper's Magazine*. Winners' names will be printed in the May issue. Winners of the January puzzle, "Answers First," are Linda Santoro, Annapolis, Maryland; Richard Panek, New York, New York; and Frank Zolin, [illegible], California.


"White Label"
DEWAR'S
BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY
100% SCOTCH
PRODUCT OF
John Dew
Latest reports indicate
that high fashion has made
little progress in Scotland. Happily, it still
reaches only as far as the knee.
The good things in life stay that way.
Dewar's never varies.
DEWAR'S SCOTLAND


MENTHOL
Alpine
REFRESH
FOR LESS
SURGEON GENERAL'S WARNING: Quitting Smoking Now Greatly Reduces Serious Risks to Your Health.
15 mg "tar," 1.0 mg nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC method.

HARPER'S MAGAZINE APRIL 1990

3 9042 02351456 2
MAR 19 1990
LIBRARY

HARPER'S



ONLY MAN'S PRESENCE CAN SAVE NATURE
Toward a Truer Understanding of the Environment
James Lovelock Dave Foreman Robert D. Yaro
Daniel B. Botkin Frederick Turner

THE REPACKAGING OF DAN QUAYLE
No Mind. No Weight. That Is to Say, Very Presidential
By Christopher Hitchens

CONCRETE AND IRONY
What the Germans Found When the Wall Came Down
By Peter Schneider

KERENYAGA
A story by Rand Richards Cooper

ncine du Plessix Gray,
sm in Eastern Europe

#L25E ****** 5-DIGIT 94010
#RL7PIH8OPC99L07# 00038
HP DEC 90 L 01
BURLINGAME PUBL LIB
480 PRIMROSE RD
BURLINGAME, CA 94010

BRITTANY HAIFA LAHAINA WATERFORD BALI NICE SYDNEY TANGIER JUNEAU LENINGRAD NAWILIWILI LISBON VANCOUVER LIVOR

SEOUL CORFU STOCKHOLM AUCKLAND SYDNEY DUBLIN VENICE VILLEFRANCHE HALIFAX SAN FRANCISCO ACAPULCO BARCELONA AMSTERDAM ISTANBUL WELLINGTON GIBRALTAR



On Your Next Trip To The Beach, Take A Blanket, A Butler, 33 Chefs, And 17,000 Bottles Of Wine.

Permit us, for a moment, to indulge your wildest dream. To reconstruct that paradise you once thought existed, but that has now vanished under a tide of 60-hour workweeks.



Imagine, if you will, a place near Bermuda, or in the Caribbean perhaps, where the sun always shi Where the natives are friendly, an curiously, Scandinavian. Where delicacies prepare by the world's foremost chefs are served amid crystal and silver, china and liner

PLAYA DEL CARMEN NAPLES MANILA KETCHIKAN LAS PALMAS OCHO RIOS MELBOURNE PUERTO VALLARTA SHANGHAI CARTAGENA B

OS KUALA LUMPUR NEW YORK OSLO PIRAEUS LONDON PAPEETE BORDEAUX SYRACUSE WHITTIER HAMBURG BANGKOK QUEBEC

COPENHAGEN DUBROVNIK TOKYO GEIRANGER HELSINKI MANAUS HONG KONG BEIJING HONOLULU BERGEN VIGO GDANSK





How would you get to such a place? No doubt you would journey upon a magical white ship. A ship worthy of the rating of five-stars-plus. A ship that carries the crew named "Most Courteous" by *Travel-Holiday* magazine.



Now, for the moment, return to reality and think ut what you have read. Do you believe in paradise in? Wonderful. For your faith we ard you with the all-powerful pass- ds: Royal Viking Star.

ROYAL VIKING LINE
THE WORLD'S FINEST

For more regarding year-round flights of fancy to Bermuda and the Caribbean, we invite you to contact your courteous travel agent, or call Royal Viking Line at (800) 426-0821. As always, we look forward to seeing you on board.

MONTREAL ODESSA MAZATLAN

ZAIRE CALDERA SOUTHAMPTON MAUI PICTON FORT-DE-FRANCE SANTAREM CAPRI SAN BLAS ISLANDS BOMBAY SINGAPORE ROME

© Royal Viking Line 1990



REFLECTIONS OF GRANDEUR.

To send a gift of Grand Marnier® Liqueur (except where prohibited by law) call 1-800-243-3787.
Product of France. Made with fine cognac brandy 40% alc/vol (80 proof). ©1989 Carillon Importers, Ltd., Teaneck, NJ.

HARPER'S

FOUNDED IN 1850 / VOL. 280, NO. 1679
APRIL 1990

Letters 4 *Steve Allen*

Notebook 12
Lead into gold *Lewis H. Lapham*

Harper's Index 17

Readings 19
Which Capitalism for Eastern Europe? *John Kenneth Galbraith*
The War on (Some) Drugs *Stephen Jay Gould*
In Praise of Idleness *Francine du Plessix Gray*
My Abortion *Deborah Salazar*
The Day the Fire Came *a memoir by Virginia Bell Dabney*
And . . . *John Sununu, Les Aspin, California Cryobank*

Forum 37
ONLY MAN'S PRESENCE CAN SAVE NATURE *Daniel B. Botkin, Dave Foreman, James Lovelock, Frederick Turner, Robert D. Yaro, Michael Pollan*
Toward a truer understanding of the environment

Annotation 50
POLITICS TAKEN INTO A COUNT *Gwen Rubinstein*
The census form: A partisan calculation

Berlin Letter 52
CONCRETE AND IRONY *Peter Schneider*
What the Germans found when the Wall came down

Story 58
KERENYAGA *Rand Richards Cooper*

Capital Letter 68
THE REPACKAGING OF DAN QUAYLE *Christopher Hitchens*
No mind. No weight. That is to say, very presidential

Acrostic 79 *Thomas H. Middleton*

Puzzle 80 *E. R. Galli and Richard Maltby Jr.*

Cover: Detail of Cave Spring *by Thomas Hart Benton. Collection of Edward J. Lenkin*

Harper's Magazine is owned and published monthly by Harper's Magazine Foundation, 666 Broadway, New York, New York 10012. Allen Austill, Chairman.

Copyright ©1990 by the Harper's Magazine Foundation. All rights reserved. The trademark *Harper's* is used by Harper's Magazine Foundation under license and is a registered trademark owned by Harper & Row Publishers, Inc. The trademark *Harper's Index* is a registered trademark owned by the Harper's Magazine Foundation.

Printed in the U.S. Second-class postage paid at New York, New York. In Canada, second-class postage paid at Mississauga, Ontario. POSTMASTER: Send all address changes to *Harper's Magazine*, P.O. Box 1937, Marion, OH 43305. ISSN0017-789X. CHANGE OF ADDRESS: Please provide both address from last issue and new address. Allow six weeks advance notice. SUBSCRIPTIONS: $18 one year. Canada and U.S. possessions, add $2; other foreign, add $3 per year. Send orders to *Harper's Magazine*, P.O. Box 1937, Marion, OH 43305. SUBSCRIPTION PROBLEMS: Write *Harper's Magazine*, P.O. Box 1937, Marion, OH 43305, or call (800) 347-6969; Canada (614) 382-3322, M-F, 8 A.M.–4:30 P.M., Eastern time. All requests for PERMISSIONS and REPRINTS must be made in writing to *Harper's Magazine*, 666 Broadway, New York, New York 10012. *Harper's Magazine* will not consider or return unsolicited nonfiction manuscripts that have not been preceded by a written query. *Harper's* will consider unsolicited fiction. Unsolicited poetry will not be considered or returned. No queries or manuscripts will be considered unless they are accompanied by a self-addressed, stamped envelope.

HARPER'S

Editor
Lewis H. Lapham
Executive Editor
Michael Pollan
Senior Editors
Gerald Marzorati, Jack Hitt,
Darcy Frey *(acting)*
Managing Editor
Ellen Rosenbush
Art Director
Deborah Rust
Associate Editors
Charis W. Conn, Ilena Silverman,
Colin Harrison
Assistant Editors
Elliott Rabin, Paul Tough
Assistant to the Editor
Ann K. Stern
Interns
Jeffrey Davis, Richard Hicks,
Julie Sriro

Contributing Editors
L. J. Davis, Mark Edmundson,
Francisco Goldman, Vicki Hearne,
Craig S. Karpel, Barry Lopez, Peter Marin,
George Plimpton, Bob Shacochis,
Earl Shorris, Jacqueline Simon,
Eric Treisman, Philip Weiss, Tom Wolfe
Washington Editor
Christopher Hitchens

John R. MacArthur, *President and Publisher*

Vice President and General Manager
Douglas E. Ellis
Vice President, Corporate and Public Affairs
Ellen Ryder
Vice President, Circulation
Patricia Hart
Circulation Assistant
Judith Brienza
Assistant to the Publisher
Diane Kraft
Receptionist/Advertising Assistant
Noreen Assing
Staff
Joseph Malits, Jolie Shulman

ADVERTISING SALES
666 Broadway, New York, New York 10012
(212) 614-6500

Vice President, Advertising Director
Mary Anne Malley
Account Representatives
Evan Green, *West Coast Manager*
Peter B. Hardham, Lisa Kay Greissinger,
Kenneth Nova
Advertising Coordinator, Andrew Walko

LETTERS

The Folly of the Drug War

Lewis Lapham's essay, "A Political Opiate," [December 1989] on the politics of the drug war hit the mark; as the Cold War winds down, the drug war winds up. Or, as Plato observed in *The Republic*, "When the tyrant has disposed of foreign enemies by conquest or treaty, and there is nothing to fear from them, then he is always stirring up some war or other, in order that the people may require a leader." Let's just hope that the drug war winds down before there is any need to convene a war-crimes tribunal to redress the excesses of the zealots.

Ken Jopp
St. Paul

The so-called war is indeed that—a war. But it has little to do with drugs. This is a war on the people of the United States, a war on their written rights, and a war to fill the coffers of the military-security axis, that amorphous sink that is in peril of shrinking with the evolution of fast-moving events on the eastern front.

That there is far more to this sinister agenda is revealed by remarks from the vindictive, acerbic William Bennett when confronted by the ho-hum attitude of the populace at large and by comments from members of the bench and the bar calling for at least consideration of the legalization question. Bennett and Bush will brook no discussion on this matter, no consideration that their coke-eyed war is doomed to fail and that possibly there are other alternatives. Theirs is, then, a tenacious dedication to "a plan," one rooted in something other than a sincere dedication to alleviate the socio-medical problems associated with drug use in America.

It is duplicitous and hypocritical to isolate racial and economic inner-city pockets as targets of the war when, as Lapham so cogently points out, the real drug problems—tobacco, alcohol, and barbiturates—stretch wide and deep across the demographic landscape. So where is the war headed? Quite obviously, this is America's racial war, and the "enemy" is inner-city blacks and recent Hispanic arrivals.

Now the real story, of course, and the one that should be told—barring a complete suppression of a free press in this country—is the direct involvement of George Bush in the drug trade during the past decade. He is, in my estimation, wading knee-deep in white powder; there is a substantial body of evidence and clear-cut association between Bush and the drugs-for-guns barter arrangements linked with Iran-Contra and other jingoistic adventures in Central America.

Harper's Magazine welcomes Letters to the Editor. Short letters are more likely to be published, and all letters are subject to editing. Letters must be typed double-spaced; volume precludes individual acknowledgment.

I am a resident of the city of Oakand and have lived here for a long ime. I know the city and its very ough edges very well; I know where o be, when, and with whom. I can ell you two things about Oakland and he so-called war on drugs.

First, this is a city hard-pressed or public funding. While the crack rade goes on unabated in the projects, a thoroughly undermanned and inancially strapped local police department is powerless to make a dent n that trade. So who is going to carry out this war, other than the military or a paramilitary group of brown-shirt reserves?

Second, I heard a young black man on local radio recently calling for the rejection of dope in his community. What was astounding was his awareness that the "stuff" had been "dumped on us" and that if the black community could kick it back, it would be doing exactly what Gorbachev is doing in Eastern Europe and within the Soviet Union—that is, depriving the American government of an enemy. What would Bennett's reaction be to that?

Michael Dobrin
Oakland, Calif.

I am among the many Puerto Ricans, raised and "educated" in New York City, for whom it is an ongoing struggle to contain an angry cynicism toward New York State's and the country's response to the problem of drug abuse. I am forced to listen to the deceptive rhetoric of politicians, playing on the fear of voters, displaying gutter-level ethics, and stealing the hopes of poor people who dream of a better life. Lapham's essay should be required reading for all senior high school students in the country's East Harlems and East L.A.'s, preferably as part of a voter-registration campaign.

Perhaps as more Hispanics and blacks begin to see who their enemies really are, we may be able to control the stream of reprehensible and mediocre political leadership that, to put it kindly, is getting away with malfeasance. That was most evident recently on the *MacNeil/Lehrer Newshour*. For ten minutes Congressman Charles Rangel [Dem., N.Y.] resorted to calling Princeton professor Ethan Nadelmann's ideas about the decriminalization of drugs dumb and simplistic, without contributing an iota of clarity to the obstacles or arguments against legalization. I admired Nadelmann's resistance to the congressman's verbal assaults and insults as much as I relished reading Lapham's writing on the subject. Both were like a good aerosol spray in a crowded New York City subway train.

The sad part of it all is that many minority leaders—in and out of government—genuinely would be wounded if, however rightfully, they were accused of being partners in the deception behind the politics of the drug war being waged by the Bush administration. Thank goodness more of us are beginning to understand what Lapham brought out so eloquently: Around the bend of the path against the war on drugs waits a thug wearing our own uniform.

Anthony Vera
Rego Park, N.Y.



NOW IS LOWEST

Of all soft pack 100's
By U.S. Gov't. testing method.

Based on a comparison of nationally available brands.
ALL BRANDS STYLES ABOVE ARE 100mm.

© 1990 R J REYNOLDS TOBACCO CO

SURGEON GENERAL'S WARNING: Quitting Smoking Now Greatly Reduces Serious Risks to Your Health.

2 mg. "tar", 0.2 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC method.

Lapham writes that the war on drugs is a folly and a menace, and maybe he's right. I don't much like the tone of the rhetoric of the war myself. But it has a certain meaning to those who live in inner-city areas where seven- and eight-year-old children are addicted to cocaine. Many such people (primarily, I concede, those who have not been unlawfully evicted from their homes on suspicion of drug dealing) want the government to do something about their problems *now*. They want something done the day *before* their son or daughter becomes a junkie or a whore because of drug addiction, not the day after. The "grand scheme" is not important to them. Such people aren't going to read Lapham, and it's good they don't, because his ideas would take away the only ray of hope they have—illusory as it may be.

The great unasked question about legalization is this: How many human beings would we have to throw away to find out if "decriminalization" works? I have an old friend who loves Bush, the Republican party, and cocaine. He's addicted to coke—I don't know about the others. But he knows that cocaine is killing him. "Decriminalization is the answer," he told me recently. "The only trouble is that people like me would just do it till they dropped dead." I know him well. He would.

Jeffrey Sylvester
Concord, N.H.

I am old enough to have lived through the Prohibition era and to remember what happened when the Volstead Act was repealed in 1933. As I recall, bootleggers disappeared overnight. Speakeasies turned into restaurants, some of which became famous and still exist today.

Unfortunately, Bush and Bennett are too young to know the hopelessness of the fourteen-year war on alcohol. Nor can they remember th crime that permeated that war as viv idly as one who lived through it.

Robert K. Straus
Santa Barbara, Calif.

As a student of Catholic histor and someone who was educated b Jesuits, I see many similarities be tween the war on drugs and the Inqu sition—the 700-year war on heres during which millions were killed t save children from soul-condemnin thoughts.

James Almblad
Portland, Ore.

More Flag Desecrations

The scenarios of lawful flag des ecration [Readings, December 1989 were intriguing, and I wonder wheth er the following also may be consid ered "desecrations":

"He's a man who could be nominated by the Republican Party five times for national office and still feel life has treated him badly."

Hosted by Lewis Lapham

BOOKMARK

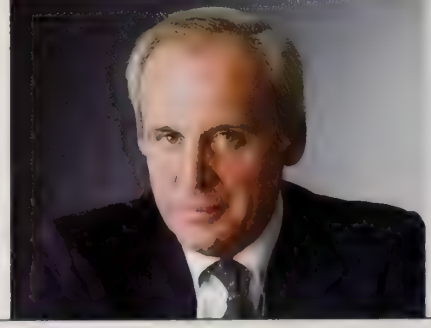
The show that reads between the lines.

Richard M. Nixon. Even now the character of the man remains a mystery. And when biographer Stephen E. Ambrose discusses his new book, *NIXON: THE TRIUMPH OF A POLITICIAN*, on BOOKMARK, we discover why Richard Nixon continues to be seen as both statesman and petty crook.

Each week, Lewis Lapham invites the author of a new work to join other writers for a lively discussion of the ideas expressed in the book.

BOOKMARK. Sometimes you'll like what you hear. Sometimes you won't. But you'll always come away with unexpected insights. Tune in this week for a spectacle of opinion, prejudice, criticism and passionate belief.

Funded by Bell Atlantic
We're More Than Just Talk.



—A government agency grants a photographer funds to clothe subjects in flags, and he photographs them in suggestive and unnatural positions.

—A flag is flown or suspended just above ground zero preceding a detonation at the Nevada Test Site.

—A death-row inmate sews red target stars on her blue and white prison garb the morning she is to face a firing squad.

—Front-line infantry troops carry an unprotected flag into battle.

Anthony Fenner
San Francisco

Ironic Use

What a surprising irony you uncovered in the copyright notice annexed to the recent Salman Rushdie poem [Readings, December 1989]. In the notice, Rushdie threatens "civil liability and criminal prosecution" against writers who reproduce any part of his poem "for private research, study, criticism, review, or the reporting of current events."

What do the legions of Rushdie admirers, who voiced support for freedom to write without threat of sanctions, think of their hero now?

Magnifying the irony even further is the fact that Rushdie's threat is legally unenforceable: The statute of "fair use" protects the specific uses listed by Rushdie. No copyright owner can unilaterally abrogate this statutory right.

Thus, Rushdie's threats cannot be carried out in a court of law. They can, however, intimidate and deter writers who are unaware of their legal rights. Guess who Rushdie resembles?

Ralph A. Hummel
New York City

Iran-Contra as History

Christopher Hitchens is correct when he writes ["A Few Questions for Poindexter," January] that we cannot yet allow Iran-Contra to be perceived as history. A full disclosure of the events within the hyphenated scandal has yet to occur.

And what is more ominous is that, in the rush to consign Iran-Contra to the dustbin of history, little has been proposed in the way of reform to guard against the recurrence of such an independent operation within the executive branch. The new level of oversight placed on the intelligence community does not address the underlying principle of the parastate. How accountable is our national government when all of its chief officers are appointed by a single man? The shadow government came into existence and felt itself free to operate because it saw itself as beholden to only one man, the president. This same man possessed, of course, the power of pardon to free them from all legal responsibility.

Jeb Boyt
Portland, Ore.

It is true that the sordid and illegal Iran-Contra affair now is treated as history. Few writers other than

What does it take to be the world's best aerobic exerciser?

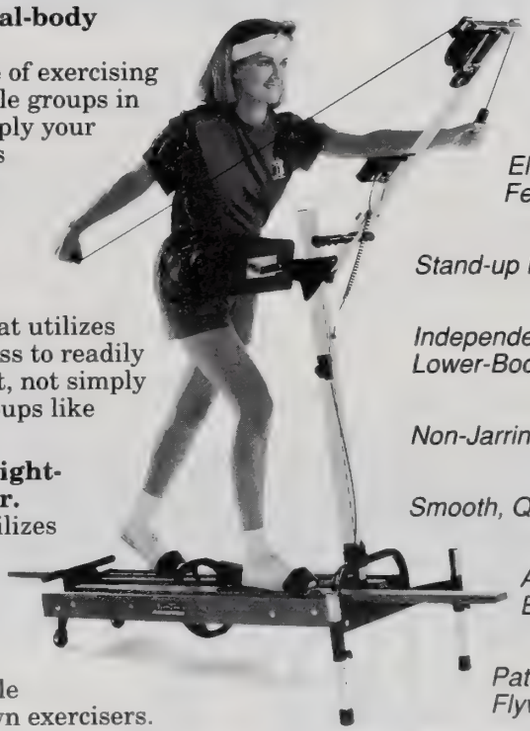
It takes a total-body exerciser.
A machine capable of exercising all the major muscle groups in your body, not simply your legs like treadmills exercise bikes and stairclimbers.

It takes a cardiovascular exerciser.
A machine that utilizes enough muscle mass to readily exercise your heart, not simply specific muscle groups like weight machines.

It takes a weight-bearing exerciser.
A machine that utilizes the standing position to exercise the joints and long bones of the skeleton, not simply a few muscle groups like sit-down exercisers.

It takes a safe exerciser.
A machine that can't damage your knees like stairclimbers, or your back like rowers, or throw you off like treadmills.

It takes a stimulating exerciser. A machine that's exciting and recreational to use, not monotonous and repetitive like so many other machines on the market.



Independently Adjustable Upper-Body Exerciser
Electronic Feedback
Stand-up Position
Independently Adjustable Lower-Body Exerciser
Non-Jarring Motion
Smooth, Quiet Operation
Adjustable Elevation
Patented Flywheel

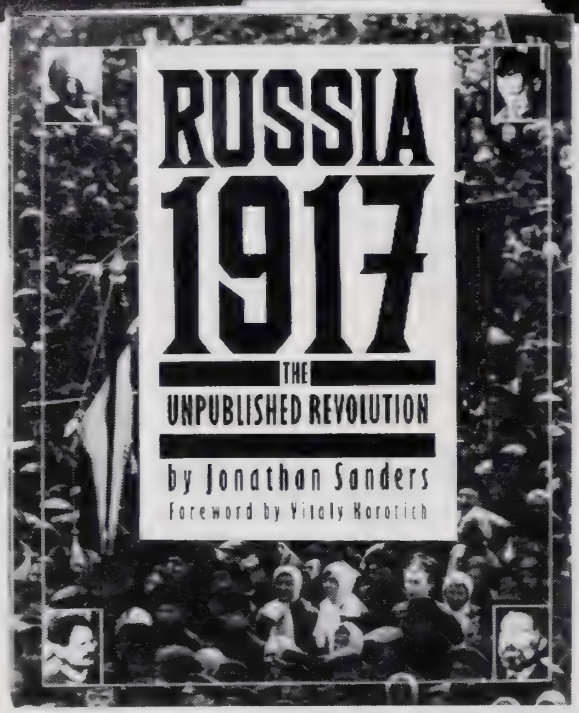
It takes a NordicTrack.

Exercise machines don't get any better than this.

NordicTrack
A CML Company

Free Brochure & Video
Call Toll Free **1-800-328-5888**
In Canada 1-800-433-9582
❑ Please send me a free brochure
❑ Also a free video tape ❑ VHS ❑ BETA
Name _____
Street _____
City _____ State _____ Zip _____
Phone ( ) _____
1101 Jonathan Blvd. N. • Chaska, MN 55318
200D0

IS HISTORY REPEATING ITSELF?



- timely, startling insights by Vitaly Korotich, Editor-in-Chief of *Ogonyok*, reveal parallels between 1917 and the political and social events of present day Eastern Europe and the Soviet Union
- tells the story of that tumultuous year, month by month, in over 300 priceless archival photos, most never seen in the West until now
- author Jonathan Sanders, Sovietologist and reporter for CBS News in Moscow, was granted unprecedented access to Soviet archives to select photos for this volume

A RICHLY DETAILED VOLUME CHRONICLING THE PEOPLE AND EVENTS THAT SHAPED MODERN RUSSIA

at your favorite bookstore from
212-888-1969 • 800-227-7210

ABBEVILLE PRESS

Come all ye gentle muses
combine and lend an ear.



The best traditional
and contemporary music
from Scotland, Ireland,
Wales and Brittany.
Check your public
radio station for
broadcast time.

the Thistle & Shamrock

American Public Radio

Hitchens have been willing to pen an update, and even fewer voters care to read about one of the biggest government scandals of the century.

Forget the lies, the half-truths, and the cover-up. Furnishing arms to Iran—an open and hostile enemy of the United States—was nothing less than treason. George Bush and the other hoodlums, including John Poindexter, are common criminals. Unfortunately, our judicial system will treat them as such, and Poindexter, like Oliver North and Felix Rodriguez before him, will probably walk. So much for history.

Ed Albrecht
Atlanta

Mental Training

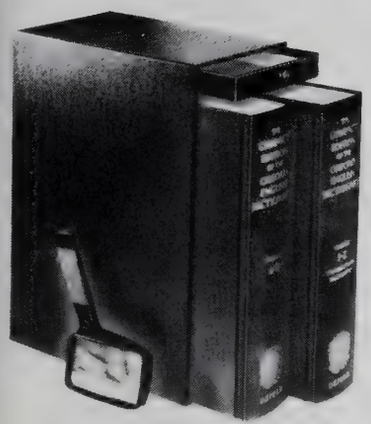
Bernard Cooper [Readings, January] is certain that the expression *train of thought* could not have existed prior to the invention of the locomotive in 1801. But Samuel Johnson's dictionary of 1755 contradicts Cooper's position. Johnson, defining *train* as "a series; a consecution; either local or mental," offers examples from John Locke that share if not the exact wording then certainly the exact sense of the expression that gets Cooper's train working so entertainingly. These examples are: "We shall find our ideas always passing in *train*, one going and another coming, without intermission"; and "other truths require a *train* of ideas placed in order." Johnson also quotes Joseph Addison and John Milton, who use the word much the same way, and a certain Isaac Watts, who wrote: "The author of your beings can by a glance of the eye, or a word speaking, enlighten your mind, and conduct you to a *train* of happy sentiments."

It is to Cooper's credit, of course, that despite the gross misapprehension under which he labors, he manages to conduct us a long way toward our own, suitably industrial, happy sentiments.

Stephen Osborne
Vancouver

I've always liked the phrase *train of thought* to describe that rambling sequence of twists and turns that the

PERMANENT PLEASURES



The Compact Edition of The Oxford English Dictionary

for **$32.95** (Pub. price $250)

"The most complete, most scholarly dictionary of the English language"—*The Christian Science Monitor.* Through photoreduction, the original 13-volume set has been reproduced in this two-volume *Compact Edition.* A Bausch & Lomb magnifying glass is included.



BOMC Modern Classics

for **$24.95** (Club prices total $150)

Treat yourself to 10 of the most critically acclaimed books of the past half century, combined in one set. Produced especially by Book-of-the-Month Club, each hardcover volume re-creates the publisher's original edition and will make a lasting addition to your library.

Set includes: *All Quiet on the Western Front, Appointment in Samarra, The Big Sky, Catch-22, The Day of the Locust, A Death in the Family, In Cold Blood, A Moveable Feast, The Spy Who Came in From the Cold* and *The White Nile.*

Choose one of these fine works and save up to $290.

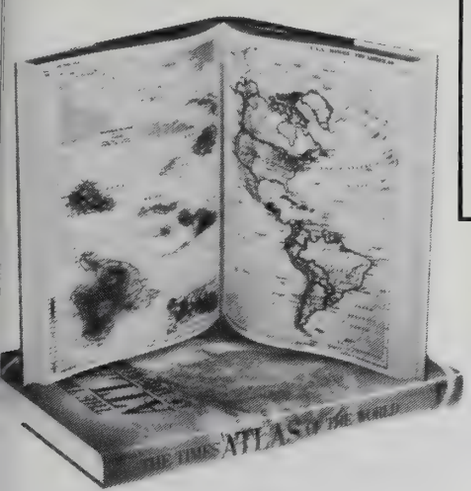
You simply agree to buy 4 books within the next 2 years.



The Encyclopedia of Philosophy

for **$24.95** (Pub. price $225)

Regarded as the most comprehensive encyclopedia of philosophy ever published, this superb set—compiled in collaboration with the world's foremost philosophers—encompasses aspects of ancient, medieval, modern, Eastern and Western thought. The four volumes represent an essential aid for students and a rewarding reference source.



The Times Atlas of the World Seventh Comprehensive Edition

for **$29.95** (Pub. price $149.95)

"The best atlas available in English"—*The New York Times.* The only atlas printed in 8 colors for clear reading of geographic and political features. This volume contains 292 pages of color maps and a 277-page index with over 200,000 entries.



The Story of Civilization by Will and Ariel Durant

for **$29.95** (Pub. prices total $335.45)

For almost half a century Will and Ariel Durant traced the continuity of world history—the religions and philosophies, the political and economic tides, the arts and sciences, the customs and conquests—to show the foundations of society today. A Book-of-the-Month Club exclusive for almost 50 years, the Durants' illustrated masterwork is history come alive.

© 1990 BOMC

Facts About Membership. As a member you will receive the *Book-of-the-Month Club News*® 15 times a year (about every 3½ weeks). Every issue reviews a Selection and more than 150 other books, which are carefully chosen by our editors. If you want the Selection, do nothing. It will be shipped to you automatically. If you want one or more other books—or no book at all—indicate your decision on the Reply Form and return it by the specified date. *Return Privilege:* If the *News* is delayed and you receive the Selection without having had 10 days to notify us, you may return it for credit. *Cancellations:* Membership may be discontinued, either by you or by the Club, at any time after you have bought 4 additional books. Join today. With savings and choices like these, Book-of-the-Month Club is where book lovers belong.

BOOK-OF-THE-MONTH CLUB®

Book-of-the-Month Club, Inc., P.O. Box 8803, Camp Hill, PA 17011-8803 **A067-4-0**

Check one box only.

- ☐ 957. BOMC Modern Classics **$24.95**
- ☐ 905. Compact OED **$32.95**
- ☐ 946. Times Atlas of the World **$29.95**
- ☐ 913. The Story of Civ. **$29.95**
- ☐ 917. Ency. of Philosophy **$24.95**

Please enroll me as a member of Book-of-the-Month Club and send me the item I have checked at left, billing me for the appropriate amount, plus shipping and handling charges. I agree to buy four more books during the next two years. A shipping and handling charge is added to each shipment.

Name _____ **0-64**
(Please print plainly)

Address _____ Apt. _____

City _____

State _____ Zip _____

Prices shown are U.S. prices. Outside the U.S. prices are generally higher.
All orders subject to approval.



Want to brush up on a foreign language?

With Audio-Forum's intermediate and advanced materials, it's easy to maintain and sharpen your foreign language skills.

Besides intermediate and advanced audio-cassette courses—most developed for the U.S. State Dept.—we offer foreign-language mystery dramas, dialogs recorded in Paris, games, music, and many other helpful materials. And if you want to learn a *new* language, we have beginning courses for adults and for children.

We offer introductory and advanced materials in most of the world's languages: French, German, Spanish, Italian, Japanese, Mandarin, Greek, Russian, Portuguese, Korean, Norwegian, Swedish, and many others.

Call 1-800-243-1234 for FREE 32-p. catalog, or write:

AUDIO-FORUM®
Room M410, 96 Broad Street,
Guilford, CT 06437 (203) 453-9794

ORIENT-EXPRESS

The mv 'Orient-Express'

Every Saturday from April to October she departs Venice for a unique voyage of 7 nights, four seas and five quite legendary ports of call. Piraeus for Athens, fabled Istanbul, Kusadasi for Ephesus, the isle of Patmos and Katakolon for Olympia before returning to Venice. Air/Sea programs also available. For more information contact your travel agent or write for a free colour brochure. Venice Simplon-Orient-Express, Dept. MV, 1 World Trade Center, Suite 2565, New York, NY 10048.

ITALY - GREECE
TURKEY

mind takes at unguarded moments. I recall a cartoon of a man at a table, bland eyes, mouth agape, with a cup of coffee dangling from his limp hand. The caption read, "Frank's train of thought makes all the stops."

Kristin Makholm
Minneapolis

The Dangers of Drink

I was deeply moved by Scott Russell Sanders's memoir ["Under the Influence," November 1989]. I too grew up in a home with an alcoholic and know that Sanders didn't exaggerate the fear and anger a child suffers when his father is a belligerent and potentially dangerous drunk. Later, when I moved out on my own, I discovered that the behaviors so essential to survival at home didn't work with other people. I became confused. I attracted or sought out one-sided and destructive relationships, I screwed up good relationships, and I suffered from occasional bouts of depression. While in the depth of one of those depressions, I told a bewildered friend, "I'm sick; I feel like I have a disease. I know its symptoms but not its name."

Imagine my astonishment when I found my way to Al-Anon. At the first meeting, the chairperson said, "We share a common disease." I was in a roomful of people who had found a name for what was wrong with us. What a blessed relief! And I wanted so much to get well, to heal, to feel better.

I'm sure I won't be the only reader who reacts to Sanders's article by mentioning groups such as Al-Anon and ACOA (Adult Children of Alcoholics). By providing rational information about the disease in a spirit of gentle camaraderie, these organizations help children of alcoholics to recover and to find hope where before there was none.

Teri Dunn
Rockport, Mass.

Sanders's piece vividly reminds us just how devastating are our legal drugs and how hypocritical is our much-vaunted war on drugs. When was the last time we heard of anyone being prosecuted for providing alcohol or tobacco to a minor—a crime as fully illegal as, and potentially more harmful than, pushing cocaine or marijuana?

David E. Patterson
Big Stone Gap, Va.

My Need for OJ

Thanks for publishing the rider [Readings, January] to my performance contract that details my need for orange juice when I appear in concert.

Lest—and how many other comedians do you know who use the word *lest*—the readers of *Harper's Magazine* think I am by day "a mild-mannered reporter for a great metropolitan newspaper" but by night an orange juice freak, they should perhaps be told that all entertainers make particular requests—sometimes in the form of contractual requirements—when performing publicly:

"Mr. Cosby requests that a supply of hot coffee be available in his dressing room."

"Mr. Sinatra would like to have three bottles of Jack Daniel's available in his suite."

"The Steve Miller Band must be supplied with two cases of Coors, one of Budweiser . . . both backstage and at their hotel."

"Van Halen wants M&M candies, but all the red ones must be removed."

The general wordiness of my office's orange juice memo directly relates to the message of my latest book, *Dumbth: And 81 Ways to Make Americans Smarter*. Twenty-five years ago the orange juice request, being so simple, was expressed in just a few sentences. Then, after about ten years, when the country began to be troubled by a sharp drop-off in efficiency, there were so many goof-ups with this one small detail that we had to keep adding qualifiers to the original text.

If you can believe it, even though the document can be easily understood by a ten-year-old child, we still run into mistakes on the part of adult management.

Steve Allen
Van Nuys, Calif.



Fact: GM exports more cars around the world from North America than any other car manufacturer.

GM
MARK OF EXCELLENCE

Chevrolet Beretta

Chevrolet, Pontiac, Oldsmobile, Buick, Cadillac, GMC Truck

NOTEBOOK

Lead into gold

By Lewis H. Lapham

Man is a make-believe animal—he is never so truly himself as when he is acting a part.

—William Hazlitt

The *Wall Street Journal* last January took it upon itself to issue the equivalent of a writ of excommunication against a junk-bond salesman named Jeffrey "Mad Dog" Beck. The denunciation appeared on page one at the head of the right-hand column, under a promise of scandal:

SELF-MADE MAN
TOP DEAL MAKER LEAVES
A TRAIL OF DECEPTION
IN WALL STREET RISE

As I read the dispatch—extended to the unusual length of 5,000 words—I was hard put to discover what it was that poor Beck had done to antagonize the guardians of the nation's financial conscience, and I wondered why the *Journal* thought it necessary to print so sanctimonious a rebuke of so harmless a confidence man. The headlines could as easily have been affixed to the life and times of most of the financiers in New York still solvent enough to pay the check at The Four Seasons; with only a few changes of noun (substituting for *Wall Street* the word *Washington* or *Hollywood*), the same advertisement could serve as a pitch for a best-selling biography of almost any American politician or movie actress.

Why then the anathema called down on the head of the hapless Beck? By the *Journal*'s own account, Beck had committed no crime for which he could have been prosecuted in a court of law. True, he wore bow ties and told awful jokes, but he hadn't looted the customers' accounts or swindled his partners or cheated the government. What he had done was tell stories, puffing up the balloon of his own importance and improvising the narrative of a counterfeit life. The same charge could be brought against George Bush or Joan Collins or Donald and Ivana Trump.

As works of the imagination, Beck's fictions proved to be as safe and as bland as the daydreams promoted on prime-time television. He pretended that he had been born rich, that he had served with gallantry as an infantry officer in Vietnam, and that every now and then (if Christendom trembled precariously enough in the balance of nations) he was called upon to perform a discreet service for the CIA.

In the context of the far more fanciful and opulent charades staged on Wall Street during most of the last decade, Beck's stories passed as hard currency among his fellow traders in the junk-bond markets. The oil and steel industries were being bought and sold with worthless paper, and it was possible to believe anything. Who was going to take the trouble to doubt the provenance of Jeff Beck? He had a talent for meeting people, and as a salesman (first for Oppenheimer and then for Drexel Burnham Lambert) he promoted a number of leveraged buy-out deals that turned into very big money.

People thought him a fun guy to have around, a comedian who could be counted on to relieve the boredom between meetings. He once opened a window and said he was throwing himself twenty-five floors to the street unless somebody paid him his goddamned fee; on another occasion, seeking to impress a prospective client with his sangfroid, he ate an entire box of Milk Bones while discussing the fine points of financial strategy. If at the last minute he had to cancel a date with a woman, he telephoned to say that he was terribly sorry but his mother had just died.

For ten years he entertained the company at New York dinner parties with well-told tales. On a moment's whim or notice, he apparently would say whatever came into his head or whatever he thought the traffic would bear—Beck, the heir to a vast expanse of orange trees in Florida; Beck, the last male heir to the fortune amassed by the family that brewed Beck's beer; Beck, the captain of his college tennis team; above all and most importantly, Beck, the company commander in Vietnam, calling in napalm strikes on his own headquarters' tent, awarded the nickname "Mad Dog" by his devoted troops because he was always pressing heroic attacks against heavily defended artillery positions, on one occasion returning with only six of his fifty-three men after laying waste to a North Vietnamese regiment. If he mixed up his plot development (or if one of the women present remembered him telling a different story two weeks before in Miami), Beck affected the knowing smile of a man still at large on behalf of the CIA, the sort of man who sometimes had to tell more than one story in order to protect the secrets of state.

Beck's fortunes took a downward turn after he had a falling-out with Henry Kravis, one of the genuinely anterior figures in the leveraged buy-out business, with whom Beck had been associated on the margin of the RJR Nabisco deal. His jokes suddenly lost their antic charm, and his former friends, at least those few among them who hadn't vanished into the ratholes of bankruptcy and debt, no longer offered him a piece of the action.

If Beck had been more successful, if in fact he could have been ranked as

one of the "top deal makers" on Wall Street, I doubt that the *Journal* would have chosen to punish him for his effrontery. But somebody had to be blamed for the wreckage in the financial markets after a decade in which so many of Wall Street's eminent financiers—almost all of them praised by the *Journal* as saviors of the republic—had distinguished themselves by virtue of their thievery, their swinishness, and their greed. Like condemned veal left lying too long in the sun, Wall Street was beginning to attract a bad press. The collapse at Drexel Burnham threatened to annihilate what was left of the public confidence in the stock exchanges, and two books at the head of the best-seller list (*Liar's Poker* and *Barbarians at the Gate*) presented such unflattering portraits of the fine gentlemen operating some of the nation's better investment banks that unsuspecting readers might be led to abandon their faith in the miracle of free enterprise. Enter Beck, cast in the new and unaccustomed role of sacrificial ox. Beck, the embodiment of the sins of avarice and pride. Beck, the cautionary tale.

The judgment seemed to me so fraudulently pious that, as I read the text of the newspaper sermon, I found myself composing the lines of an argument in Beck's defense. What would happen to the much vaunted spirit of American enterprise if everybody was obliged to play it straight? Was it not true that America was the land of the false promise and the tall tale? Of the new beginning and the second chance? Of anonymous wayfarers seeking to gerrymander the dignity of a name?

The native American vernacular, what Daniel Boorstin once called "the rhetoric of democracy," is the language of advertising. A democratic society concerns itself not so much with what is true as with what people believe to be true—with the image or the perception rather than the fact. How else could we sustain the markets in face cream and television prophecy and used Chevrolet trucks? To whom would we sell junk bonds and the national debt, the domino theory and the Laffer curve, the Evil Empire and Marlboro Country and Miller Time?

Like our commercial discourse, our political discourse relies on a vocabulary meant to persuade and seduce rather than to teach and inform. How else could we have elected Ronald Reagan or propped up our interest in the Strategic Defense Initiative? We live in a realm of jingles and slogans and popular songs, and we march off to war under the banners of a catchphrase or a nonsense rhyme, to make the world safe for democracy, because we remember the Alamo or the *Maine*.

Our history, properly speaking, is not history but mythology; like our advertising and our politics, our remembrance of the American past takes place in the world of the will to believe. We cull the books and chronicles like the members of a traveling circus picking through the costume trunk. Invariably we choose the brightest colors and the gaudiest adjectives—the myth, the preferred





IRELAND BOUND.

Aer Lingus not only takes you to Ireland, we'll help you plan the perfect trip. Our *Discover Ireland* guide features everything from the best places to stay to the best way to get there. After all, no one knows Ireland like Aer Lingus.

From deluxe hotels and cozy Bed & Breakfasts to stately Irish castles, each Aer Lingus Vacation offers outstanding values, quality accommodations and Avis rentals.

For your free copy of *Discover Ireland,* simply send in the coupon or call 1-800-SHAMROCK, ext. 105.

Fly Ireland to Ireland

Send to: Aer Lingus, P.O. Box 951, Bellmore, NY 11710

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

Aer Lingus ®

HP490

RADIO... THE WAY IT WAS MEANT TO BE.

Performance Today

Brought to you on National Public Radio by the Chrysler Corporation Fund.

Distinguished artists. Great performances. Every Monday through Friday, "Performance Today" brings you the best in listening pleasure. "Performance Today" showcases the most exciting new directions in Theatre, Dance, Literature and Film, replete with enlightening critiques by top reviewers. From classical compositions to the latest in literature, enjoy the best of America's performing arts on "Performance Today".



CHRYSLER FUND

memory, the old sales promotion.

Against the perceptions so solidly in place, it is all but useless to assert anything so subversive as a fact. Over the years, I have conducted a number of impromptu experiments with the density and mass of the Great American Truths, and I have found them impervious to the erosions of evidence or time. If I accost somebody with the news that George Washington (a.k.a. the father of our country) was probably sterile and that he also could be fairly described as a dandified, slaveholding real estate speculator, my newfound acquaintance stares at me as if I were as mad as the last Hungarian Communist. Similar expressions of alarm cloud the faces of people to whom I make similarly unauthorized observations—e.g., that thirty-three of the forty-one American presidents have been rich men; that on the old American frontier it was customary to shoot one's opponents at long range, with a rifle, in the back; that Davy Crockett deserted his wife, strangled very few bears, and didn't die at the Alamo; that throughout the eighteenth and most of the nineteenth centuries, the students at Harvard were ranked according to their social standing and religious piety, not in order of their scholarship or intelligence; that Americans never have been proficient in the arts of war, that General George Custer's incompetence proves the rule, not the exception, of the native talent for military command.

But among all the myths and folktales with which we comfort one another around the fires of our encampment in what is still a wilderness, none is more reassuring than the one about the happy hunting ground otherwise known as America. America is as much a work of the imagination as Jeff Beck's fictional orange grove. I don't know what else could have been expected in a country so little interested in history or geography. How else can so motley a crowd of hucksters agree on something so stately as a national identity unless they construe it as an ad campaign?

Prior to 1917, relatively few people in the country would have described themselves primarily as Americans. If they hadn't just arrived from somewhere else (thus inclining them to say they were German or Irish or Hungarian), they would have said that they were from Virginia or Texas or Ohio. Political authority was invested in the states, and the country understood itself as a constitutional assembly of regional interests, customs, habits of dress, and rhythms of speech.

The old order passed when the United States embarked on the adventure of the First World War. Obliged to explain why we were in France, we first had to know whom we included in the we. What did we mean by the words *America* and *Americans?*

The alarums and excursions in Washington coincided with the setting up of the movie business in Hollywood. In a very few years, the synthetic nationalism manufactured in Washington for reasons of state was sustained by the synthetic image of America made by the mythographers in California. The world out of time was superimposed on the world in time, and by the end of the Second World War it was considered un-American to discriminate between the fiction and the fact.

If Beck missed the brass ring of an American success, it was by the narrowest of margins, because he made a mistake with the publicity, not with the moneylenders or the police. As an American, he had been born with the obligation to construct a plausible self. Like the rest of us, he didn't have much of a choice in the matter. Because we have no use for history, and because we refuse the comforts of a society established on the blueprint of class privilege, we set ourselves the task of making and remaking our lives and circumstances with whatever props come readily to hand. Set adrift at birth in an existential void, the American builds the raft of salable identity on which he hopes to come safely home to the imaginary islands of the blessed. To a greater or a lesser extent, we are all confidence men, actors playing the characters of our own invention and hoping that the audience—fortunately consisting of impostors as fanciful or synthetic as ourselves—will accept the performance at par value and suspend the judgments of ridicule. ■

Humanism & Religion: Enemies ?



God or Man? Faith or reason? This world or the next? If you listen to the electronic fundamentalists or village atheists, these are mutually exclusive choices.

In our time we've witnessed the inability of secular modernity to bring moral coherence or spiritual depth to life, and the concomitant rise of menacing fundamentalisms, from the so-called Bible Belt to Israel, the Muslim world, and beyond — not to mention the proliferation of bizarre cults. Must we, then, opt for either modernity's "polar night of icy darkness and hardness" (Max Weber) or some pied piper? Heaven forbid!

As for fundamentalism in its Christian form, it's actually a new-fangled departure from historic Christianity; it is condemnatory of human nature, fearful of the body, suspicious of the intellect, and antagonistic to social justice. But mainstream, incarnational Christianity is, aside from some aberrations, none of the above; it affirms the transcendent dignity of the human person — body, mind, and soul.

Perceptive people are now re-examining the treasure of Christian humanism and exploring that ancient, but living and expansive, tradition exemplified by Moses, Jesus, St. Francis, Aquinas, Thomas More, Tolstoy, Newman, Niebuhr, Merton, C.S. Lewis, Christopher Dawson, Dorothy Day, Archbishops Romero and Tutu, Lech Walesa, and Mother Teresa. And they're doing it in the pages of the NEW OXFORD REVIEW.

An ecumenically-minded monthly magazine edited by serious lay Catholics, we've been characterized by *Newsweek* as "thoughtful and often cheeky," by *Utne Reader* as "surprisingly original," and by the *Library Journal* as "incisive . . . brilliant." We kick around a wide variety of issues and defy easy pigeonholing. The University of Chicago's Martin E. Marty, a Lutheran, says that, "if predictability is the death of journalism, think of the NEW OXFORD REVIEW as alive and lively. Not satisfied with simple party lines, the editors probe and nudge and jab in the hope of inducing fresh thought. . . ." Those who write for us include such diversely penetrating intellects as Christopher Lasch, Avery Dulles, John Lukacs, Jean Bethke Elshtain, Robert N. Bellah, Walker Percy, Henri J.M. Nouwen, Sheldon Vanauken, Richard J. Mouw, Russell Kirk, and Robert Coles.

If you haven't given up on God or humanity, join the stimulating conversation and subscribe today!

(Please allow 2 to 8 weeks for delivery of first issue)

SPECIAL DISCOUNT RATES FOR FIRST-TIME SUBSCRIBERS

- ☐ One-year subscription. . . . . .$14 (regularly $19)
- ☐ One-year student, unemployed, or retired person's subscription . . . . . .$12 (regularly $16)
- ☐ Two-year subscription . . . . .$23 (regularly $35)
- ☐ One-year Canadian or foreign subscription . . . . US$17 (regularly $22) Payment must be drawn in US Dollars
- ☐ Sample copy. $3.50

Send coupon or letter. Make check payable to NEW OXFORD REVIEW. Mail to:

NEW OXFORD REVIEW
Room 3
1069 Kains Ave.
Berkeley, CA 94706

NAME (Please print or type)

STREET ADDRESS

CITY STATE ZIP CODE

PAYMENT MUST ACCOMPANY ORDER



Reserve Your Seat Now For 52 Weeks Of The Saint Louis Symphony Orchestra.

As long as you have a radio, you have a ticket to one of the most dynamic seasons of the Saint Louis Symphony. Not to mention one of the longest.

Right now, National Public Radio is bringing you a full year's worth of weekly performances from Powell Hall. The world's greatest music, from Beethoven to Bernstein. From the classics you know, to some of the innovative new composers you'd expect from the Saint Louis Symphony.

So check with your local NPR station. Reserve your seat. And make it a comfortable one.

You could be there 52 weeks.

Southwestern Bell Corporation

Southwestern Bell is proud to support this series from the Saint Louis Symphony Orchestra. Leonard Slatkin, Music Director and Conductor.

HARPER'S INDEX

Number of years since the balanced-budget bill became law in 1985 that its deficit-reduction targets have been met : 0

Amount the Pentagon "saved" by moving the first payday of fiscal 1990 back to fiscal 1989 : $3,000,000,000

Number of months after the Pentagon bought 80,000 camouflage helmet-covers that it found 80,000 in storage : 3

Portion of all major domestic military bases that President Bush has proposed closing : 1/44

Portion of those the President has proposed closing that are in Democratic congresspersons' districts : 9/10

Percentage of the proposed capital-gains tax cut that will go to the richest 1 percent of American families : 66

Percentage of the cut that will go to American families earning less than $50,000 a year : 6

Number of times President Bush used the words *family, children,* and *kids* in his State of the Union address : 30

Number of times he mentioned his opposition to abortion : 0

Ratio of presidential press conferences held last year to presidential press conferences held in 1981 : 5:1

Ratio of network TV news coverage of George Bush last year to coverage of Ronald Reagan in 1981 : 1:3

Estimated amount Viking Penguin has spent on extra security since publishing *The Satanic Verses* : $3,400,000

Estimated amount Viking Penguin has earned from sales of the book : $3,400,000

Number of hours after Charles Stuart's suicide that the first contract was negotiated for a book about the case : 48

Percentage of two-income families whose income would drop below the poverty line if the wife did not work : 50

Number of months the 4 managers of the Moscow McDonald's attended the Canadian Institute of Hamburgerology : 9

Price of a condom on the black market in Moscow : $10

Percentage of men who say they would not have sex with Madonna if she asked : 60

Portion of *thirtysomething*'s advertising that was pulled from an episode last fall that showed two homosexuals in bed : 3/5

Percentage of American CEOs who have served in the armed forces : 75

Number of times George Steinbrenner has seen the film *Patton* : 15

Estimated amount of time that Michael Jordan has spent aloft while playing in NBA games, in hours : 3

Estimated average distance that a hospital nurse in New York City walks at work each year, in miles : 1,272

Estimated average distance that a dentist walks : 204

Average percentage of a bear's weight that it loses during hibernation : 25

Average number of pounds that American men add to their weight when reporting it : .91

Average number of pounds American women subtract : 2.3

Percentage of men living in Bangladesh who live past the age of 65 : 55

Percentage of men living in Harlem who do : 40

Chances that an American who was overlooked in the 1980 census was black, according to the Census Bureau : 1 in 2

Percentage of all billboards in white neighborhoods in Baltimore that advertise alcohol and tobacco : 20

Percentage of all billboards in black neighborhoods that do : 76

Number of the 11 magazine articles about lottery winners published in 1989 that ran in *Jet* magazine : 11

Average amount an American who lives in a state that has a lottery spends each year on tickets : $100

Number of times Noriega's prisoner number was bet in the first Florida state lottery held after he was arrested : 12,139

Rank of Washington, D.C., among U.S. cities with the highest rate of tax delinquency : 1

Estimated number of documents the IRS loses each year : 2,000,000

Estimated gallons of ink used at H&R Block offices last tax season : 16

Estimated gallons of coffee : 2,200,000

Figures cited are the latest available as of February 1990. Sources are listed on page 78.
"Harper's Index" is a registered trademark.



"I was wondering if you could possibly return
the cup of Johnnie Walker Black Label you borrowed."

© 1988 JOHNNIE WALKER® BLACK LABEL® 12 YEAR OLD BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY. 86.8 PROOF. BOTTLED IN SCOTLAND. IMPORTED BY SCHIEFFELIN & SOMERSET, NEW YORK, NY.

READINGS

[Speech]

WHICH CAPITALISM FOR EASTERN EUROPE?

Adapted from a lecture delivered by John Kenneth Galbraith at the University of Edinburgh in January. Galbraith is professor emeritus of economics at Harvard University.

The events of these last months in Eastern Europe have, not surprisingly, nurtured a major economic discussion. Some of this has been eminently sensible; some, rather more, has been aberrant to the point of mild insanity. The aberration extends to both sides of what was once the Iron Curtain. We need a name for it; it can best be denoted Simplistic Ideology.

Simplistic Ideology pictures a starkly bipolar world. On the one side is communism; on the other side, capitalism. Each exists in its unadulterated form. Now, reversing all Marxian prediction, capitalism is triumphant. Communism having failed both economically and politically in Eastern Europe, the countries once so afflicted will now make their way to the capitalist nirvana—as will, if more gradually, the USSR. The prospect is for a blessed improvement in economic life that will combine with the freedoms that we in the West enjoy. Interim pain and shock are possible and perhaps to be welcomed; "Shock Therapy for Poland," a recent *New York Times* headline proclaimed. There is no question, however, as to the ultimate reward. The essential thing is that the transition to capitalism be complete.

Never mind that we are urging on Eastern Europe a kind of capitalism that we in the West would not care to risk. In the last century, when Marx wrote, and continuing on into this century and the years of the Great Depression, the survival of capitalism in its original and ideologically exact form was very much in doubt. The distribution of power and income between employer and employed was highly unequal. Workers, when unneeded, were discarded without income. There was cruel exploitation of women and children.

Most threatening of all, as Marx foresaw, were the recurring economic crises or depressions that swept millions into unemployment and deprivation. From all this came anger and alienation and, for many, the strong feeling, perhaps the near certainty, that the system could not survive.

The system did survive, however, because the welfare state mitigated many of the hardships and the cruelties of pristine capitalism. Also, trade unions were legitimized and soon began to exercise countervailing power. And the Keynesian revolution gave to the state the responsibility—however imperfectly discharged—of smoothing out the business cycle and limiting the associated hardship and despair. The prevention of mass unemployment and the assurance of economic growth became the prime

tests of government competence.

Let us be clear. What the countries of Eastern Europe see as the alternative to socialism, or, in the common reference, communism, is not capitalism. Were it capitalism in its classical form, they would not for a moment want the change. The alternative they see is the modern state, with a large, indispensable mellowing and stabilizing role for government.

I turn now to socialism. The economic and political structures under which Eastern Europeans have lived and suffered bear as little resemblance to the Marxian model as does the capitalism they are urged to embrace. Socialism, as it matured, had a task that Marx and Lenin did not foresee: the production of consumer goods in all their modern diversity of styles, designs, and supporting services. That was the model set by the nonsocialist world. A centralized planning and command system could not contend with these demands. Nor could it contend with the special problems of agriculture, an industry that functions well only when blessed with the self-motivated energies of the individual owner and proprietor. A further and great misfortune of advanced socialist development was the increasing and eventually overriding role of organization, of bureaucracy.

Capitalism in its original, or pristine, form could not have survived. But under pressure it did adapt. Socialism in its original form and for its first tasks did succeed. But it later failed to adapt, and it nurtured an oppressive and repressive political structure. Having shed this last characteristic, how does it now adapt?

Two things are clear. First, those who speak, as so many do so glibly, of a return to the free market of Adam Smith are wrong to the point of a mental vacuity of clinical proportions. It is something we in the West do not have, would not tolerate, could not survive. Ours is a mellow, government-protected life; for Eastern Europeans, pure and rigorous capitalism would be no more welcome than it would be for us.

Equally to be avoided are those who see the promise of prompt economic betterment arising out of short-term shock and hardship. In this view, the hardship itself is therapeutic; out of any suffering must come good. Elements of theology intrude here: Self-mortification is the path to righteousness.

The citizens thus afflicted will not be as easily convinced as are those who, from a distance or from positions of some personal comfort, see virtue in hardship. And the political consequences are far from attractive. This is a moment of great and welcome liberty in Eastern Europe. It would be tragic indeed were liberty to be identified there with unacceptable economic deprivation.

Were I counseling the Eastern European countries, I would urge the release to the market of less urgent consumer goods and services. To facilitate this process, I would also urge loans from the state banks and any necessary steps to accommodate banks to this purpose. There should be no hesitation, as there now is in the Soviet Union, about having a private employer/employee relationship. This is a relationship, however identified with capitalism, that millions have survived and enjoyed.

I would be more cautious and gradual in releasing to the market basic foods, rents, and health services. Here hardship and suffering would be acute. All of the major industrial countries, after all, now heavily subsidize their agricultural production. As a result, farm prices are higher and/or consumer prices lower than they would be without such government intervention. All industrial countries also take special steps to provide lower-cost housing; nowhere does the free market alone supply good, inexpensive shelter. Health care, too, is only satisfactory where it is effectively socialized.

On one step there should be no hesitation: The Western countries and Japan should come promptly and generously to the assistance of countries now in the process of liberalization by suspending debt service. This is the moment of need; freedom, as I've emphasized, must not be seen to have a heavy economic price.

Nor is this a time for lectures from the IMF on austerity. The affirmative help in grants and loans should not be confined to capital goods; it must extend generously to food and consumer goods, the areas of most serious past socialist failure and thus of present need.

The resources are available in the West. For one consequence of these last months, which is obvious even to the most ardent exponents of bureaucratic truth, is a diminished military threat, with its resulting claim on public resources. And it should be elementary that some of these newly freed resources be used to ease the transition—the transition to a world of greater economic success, political freedom, and military security. Eastern Europe and the Soviet Union are now experiencing one of the greatest moments in their history. That moment is also ours.

Nothing would be more disastrous in the West than a return to the economic order envisaged in early capitalist doctrine and still celebrated by its more devout theologians. The system has survived only because of its capacity, in a liberal political context, to adapt.

Socialism encountered revolt because it failed to adapt. What's needed now is adaptation and





These photographs, from the series American Dream in Exile, *depict a popular Czechoslovak tradition called "tramping." For more than seventy years, thousands of urban Czechs have spent their weekends hiking and camping in the woods dressed in the garb of the old American West. "It is a form of free expression," says Roman Horešovsky, an art historian who has chronicled tramping with photographers Ivan Lutterer, Jan Malý, and Jiří Poláček. Their photographs were displayed in the United States for the first time last month at the George R. Brown Convention Center in Houston.*

not a dramatic descent into primitive capitalism. It is an untrod road, one that cannot be negotiated by adherence to rigid rules. It requires, alas, the painful processes of thought. That has, in all economic ages, been resisted, as it is being resisted now. There is, sadly, no alternative.

[Press Release]

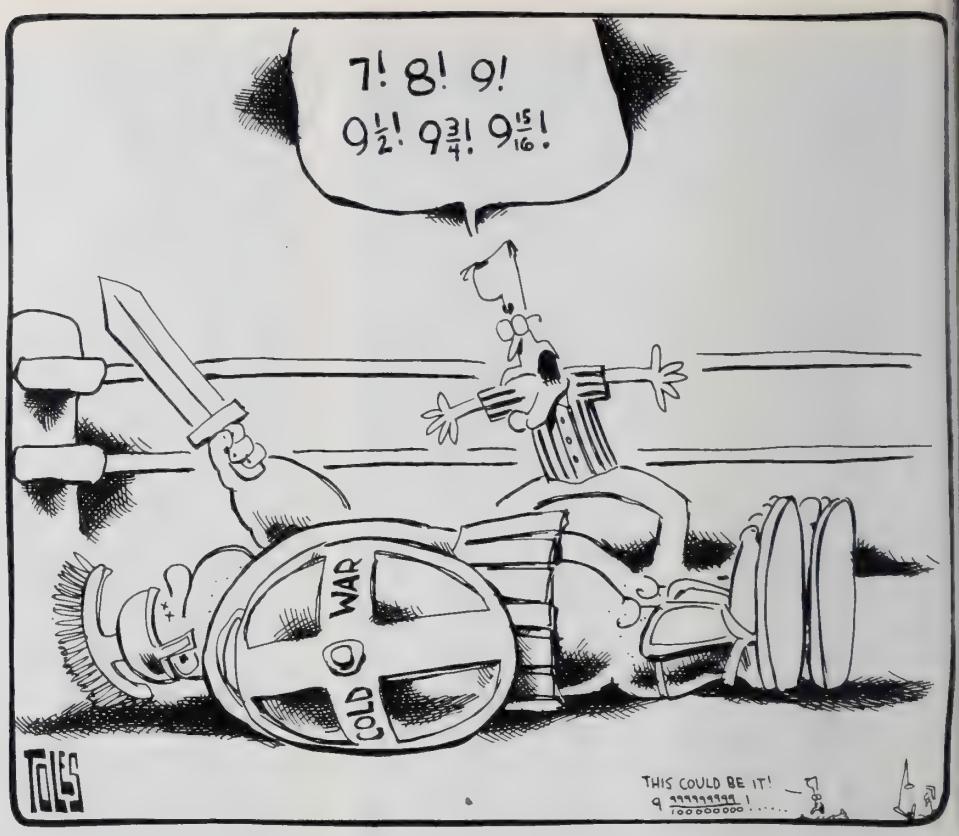
JUST CAUSE WE SAY SO

From a statement issued last December by the United States Air Force to reporters covering the invasion of Panama.

HOWARD AIR FORCE BASE—When there are wars or armed conflicts, there are always prisoners of war. During Operation Just Cause, *POW* is a word that doesn't exist. The new term is *detainee*.

Since December 20, when the operation started, the United States forces have captured more than 3,000 detainees and have taken them to the Empire Range camp. The detainees are constantly guarded by approximately 150 security police from the 24th Squadron. Detainees are usually blindfolded and wear hand restraints. The security police make sure they know exactly what to do and where to go. "We realize they are detainees, but we treat them with dignity," said S. Sgt. James Bennett Jr. "The main thing is making sure my people and myself stay safe."

The security police treat the prisoner with respect, at the same time making sure the detainee realizes he is a prisoner. According to Bennett, "Most of the prisoners know they are in the enemy's hands. They seem to be very appreciative of us taking care of them." Detainees are part of any armed conflict, and it is no different in Panama. "We can at least show them they can be treated fairly," said S. Sgt. Steven Rivera. "One day they may look back and realize that even though they were prisoners, the United States never took away their respect or dignity."



From the Buffalo News.

[Press Briefing]

SUNUNU REVEALED

From a press briefing with White House Chief of Staff John Sununu held prior to President Bush's State of the Union address in January. Earlier that month, during a television appearance, Sununu had argued that "the press down here wants—finds more desirable—an off-the-record or on-background interview than an on-the-record interview." He also said, "The desire of the press to keep sources secret, [to]. . . put things in the paper without identifying who it is, I found astounding." A partial transcript of the briefing appeared in the February 5 Washington Post.

PRESS SECRETARY MARLIN FITZWATER: This afternoon's briefing is on background. It's attributable to senior administration officials. Not for publication or use. Governor Sununu will make some opening remarks to give you an overview of the State of the Union address. General [Brent] Scowcroft will then discuss national security matters. And I ask that you hold your questions until both of them have made presentations. So I'd like to introduce, first of all, Governor Sununu. Thank you.

QUESTION: Is this on the record, Mr. Sununu?

FITZWATER: It's on background, because the President's giving his address this evening. This is attributable to senior administration officials. That's the correct way to do it.

QUESTION: What's correct about it? There's nothing here they can't say on the record, is there?

FITZWATER: The purpose is to give you information, to flesh out the facts. The President's words tonight will speak for themselves.

QUESTION: Well, the governor's accused us of wanting it on background.

QUESTION: Yes, we're not the ones who want this in secret.

SENIOR ADMINISTRATION OFFICIAL: I don't mind not briefing.

QUESTION: Come on.

QUESTION: Wait a minute.

QUESTION: Don't be temperamental.

SENIOR ADMINISTRATION OFFICIAL: I'm not being temperamental. I just don't want to cause a problem.

QUESTION: You accused us of wanting to do everything in secret, Governor. Let's do it in the open.

FITZWATER: The briefing is on background. The record is as we stated.

QUESTION: We don't want you to be a faceless—

SENIOR ADMINISTRATION OFFICIAL: I don't mind giving you an on-the-record interview whenever you ask for one—

QUESTION: When?

QUESTION: Now?

SENIOR ADMINISTRATION OFFICIAL:—but the fact is that you wanted some background for to-

night's speech, and that's what we're here to give you. If you want to talk on the record on other subjects, I'll be very happy to do so.

QUESTION: Who said we wanted background?

SENIOR ADMINISTRATION OFFICIAL: How are we going to do this?

FITZWATER: It's on background.

SENIOR ADMINISTRATION OFFICIAL: It's on background.

[Tips]

GETTING GOOD PHONE

From "Improving On-Air Listener Calls," by Dan O'Day, in the January 19 issue of Radio & Records, *a weekly newspaper for the radio industry published in Los Angeles. O'Day conducts seminars for radio-show hosts and program directors.*

Good on-air phone calls don't just happen; they're the result of preparation, effort, and ingenuity. Here are some techniques to put you on the road to "good phones."

Feed lines to callers. You don't have to be the star every moment of your show. Let your listeners share some of the load; you're the one who ultimately gets the credit. If a guy calls on the request line and represents your target audience, enlist his assistance.

Ask him, "Hey, did you hear about the new Dan Quayle cookbook . . . ?" If he laughs at the punch line, say, "Hey, do me a favor. You tell me that joke and I'll put you on the air."

If you've chosen your caller well, he'll agree. It might take him a couple of tries to get it right, but you're rolling tape the entire time. Once you've got it, thank him and move on to your next call. Then air the call later in your show, with the listener telling the joke as if it were his own.

Feed bits to your callers. You don't need a prepared joke to set up a listener's participation. If you like the caller's voice, ask him to say a particular line that you can use at some other time, such as:

- "You call yourself a disc jockey?"
- "You sound *hot* tonight!"
- "Mama warned me about guys like you!"
- "Isn't there some kind of law against that?"

Now your listeners are providing you with a steady stream of fresh drop-in lines.

Use callers' lines out of context. A caller relates, "I was at the hockey game last night when the fight broke out, and in all my years as a hockey fan, that was the most disgusting thing I've ever seen." Nothing wrong with that call—except your program director has issued a strict order not to talk about sports during your shift. But you've saved the call, perhaps for use in your annual "Lowlights of the Year" feature.

You: And, of course, who can forget Rob Lowe's, um, "unique" singing during the Academy Awards ceremony?

Caller: That was the most disgusting thing I've ever seen!

By strategically using strong excerpts from recorded calls, you can create the illusion that your listeners are always right there with a sharp comment.

Edit your calls to make them tight and fast-paced.

[Letter]

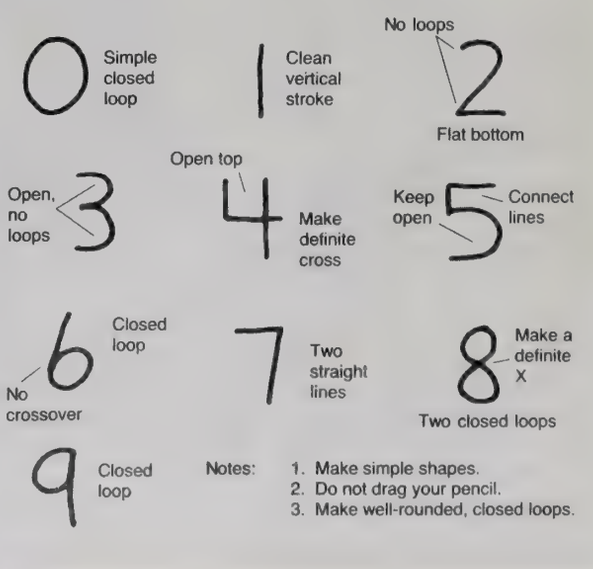
AND NEXT MONTH . . . THE ALPHABET!

This letter was sent to taxpayers last December by the Oklahoma Tax Commission.

Dear Taxpayer:

As you have noticed, the appearance of your tax returns has changed over the past few months. They are designed to be read by a computerized scanner. The scanner allows us to credit your account faster and to reduce the cost of processing your return.

If you complete your return by hand, please refer to the illustration below. Shaping your numbers like those below will help maximize the saving of your tax dollars.



Use what's good; throw away what isn't. If you can't get a paragraph, get a sentence. If you can't get a sentence, settle for a phrase or even just one word.

Caller (unedited, off-air): Yeah, um, y'know, it's, well, it's, um, outrageous the way the, uh, politicians in, uh, Washington are, y'know, giving themselves more, y'know, money.

The edited version, however, sounds like this.

You: Mary Plotsky of Live Oak, what do you think about the 33 percent congressional pay raise?

Caller: Outrageous!

(Hit spot, jingle, music, etc.)

[Remarks]

TOBACCO'S LAST GASP

From an address given by Ellis Milan, president of the Retail Tobacco Dealers of America, at the association's annual meeting and trade show, held in Chicago last August.

The antismokers are making themselves heard all over the country—from major cities to rural towns. And as we all know, the squeaky wheel gets the grease. So now it's time for us, both as individuals and as retailers who can educate our customers, to speak out—*loud and often.*

I know that you are acutely aware of the general atmosphere concerning tobacco. It might even be appropriate to compare this to the abortion debate—two diverse sides fighting over a highly emotional issue. But if *we* don't educate smokers about ways to band together to control the governmental beasts of taxation and regulation, who will? Writing letters to your representative is a great first step, but it is *only* a first step. Talk to the people who come into your shop. Have a sample letter that they can send to their representatives. Most of all, do something, *anything,* to make a difference.

George Bush often talks of a thousand points of light. I'd like to think that those points of light are coming from the glowing ends of cigars, cigarettes, and pipes across the country and symbolize the cornerstone of this nation—*tobacco.*

Thank you.

[Essay]

THE WAR ON (SOME) DRUGS

From "Taxonomy as Politics," by Stephen Jay Gould, in the Winter 1990 issue of Dissent. *Gould teaches paleontology at Harvard University. His most recent book is* Wonderful Life: The Burgess Shale and the Nature of History, *published by Norton.*

Categories often exert a tyranny over our perceptions and judgments. An old joke—perhaps it even happened—from the bad old days of McCarthyism tells of a leftist rally in Philadelphia, viciously broken up by the police. A passerby gets caught in the melee and, as the cops are beating him, he pleads, "Stop, stop, I'm an anticommunist." "I don't care what kind of communist you are," says the cop, as he continues pummeling.

We seem driven to think in dichotomies. Protagoras, according to Diogenes, asserted that "there are two sides to every question, exactly opposite to each other." We set up our categories, often by arbitrary division based on tiny differences; then, mistaking names for moral principles, and using banners and slogans as substitutes for reason, we vow to live or die for one or the other side of a false dichotomy. The situation is lamentable enough when the boundaries are profound and natural; if cows declared war on chickens, we might deplore the barnyard carnage, but at least the divisions would be deep, and membership by birth could not be disputed. But when humans struggle with other humans, the boundaries are almost always fluid and largely arbitrary (or at least a curious result of very recent historical contingencies).

Our current drug crisis is a tragedy born of a phony system of classification. For reasons that are little more than accidents of history, we have divided a group of nonfood substances into two categories: items purchasable for supposed pleasure (such as alcohol) and illicit drugs. The categories were once reversed. Opiates were legal in America before the Harrison Narcotics Act of 1914; and members of the Women's Christian Temperance Union, who campaigned against alcohol during the day, drank their valued "women's tonics" at night, products laced with laudanum (tincture of opium).

I could abide—though I would still oppose—our current intransigence if we applied the principle of total interdiction to all harmful drugs. But how can we possibly defend our current

[Inventory]

A MAN FOR ALL SEASONS

From the November 1989 donor catalogue of California Cryobank Inc., a sperm bank based in Westwood, California.

Donor ID#	*Race/Ethnic Origin*	*Blood Type*	*Hair*	*Eyes*	*Skin*	*Ht.*	*Wt.*	*Yrs Coll.*	*Occupation*	*Special Skills & Interests*
67	Cauc./Ire., Eng., Fr., Swiss	A+	Brn/Curly	Hazel	Fair	5-9	155	4	Poli. Sci./Hist.	Skiing/Politics
69	Cauc./Iran.	A+	Brn/Wavy	Brown	Olive	6-0	165	4	Student/Law	Guitar/Sports
110	Cauc./Turk.	O+	Blk/Straight	Hazel	Olive	5-8	160	9	Ph.D., Elect. Engineer	Sailing
148	Cauc./Russ.	A+	Brn/Straight	Brown	Fair	5-7	140	5	Chemical Engineer	Sports/Reading
149	Filipino	A+	Blk/Straight	Brown	Olive	5-11	180	2	Student/Kinesiology	Jogging/Weight Lifting
186	Cauc./Iran.	B+	Dk Brn/Curly	Brown	Fair	6-2	253	3	Student/Elect. Engineer	Computers/Bridge
199	Cauc./Aus.	O−	Brn/Wavy	Brown	Fair	5-9	143	7	Student/Cinema	Writing/Sculpture
210	Cauc./Eng.	A+	Brn/Wavy	Hazel	Fair	5-10	165	3	Musician	Music/Swimming
259	Cauc./Ger.	A+	Bld/Straight	Brown	Fair	6-1	155	2	Business	Scuba Diving/Soccer
264	Japanese	B+	Brn/Straight	Brown	Fair	5-8	125	2	Student/Linguistics	Martial Arts
322	Cauc./Ger., Russ., Pol.	O+	Brn/Straight	Brown	Fair	6-0	160	2	Student/Business	Coins, Stamps
342	Cauc./Arm., Eng., Ire.	A+	Brn/Wavy	Brown	Medium	5-6	135	2	Student/Poli. Sci.	Surfing
381	Cauc./Eng., Fr.	A+	Brn/Straight	Hazel	Fair	6-0	210	4	Grad. Stud./Psych.	Chess/Tennis
524	Cauc./Swed., Dutch, Ire.	O−	Brn/Wavy	Brown	Medium	6-3	205	5	Manager/Accountant	Sports/Music
528	Cauc./Fr., Can., Eng., Ire.	A+	Brn/Straight	Hazel	Fair	5-10	195	6	Navy Officer/Management	Reading/Honor Society
537	Cauc./Welsh, Fr., Span., Ire.	A+	Brn/Straight	Brown	Medium	6-2	195	3	Student/Bus./Mrktg	Pets/Bike Riding
538	Cauc./Fr., Ger.	A+	Brn/Straight	Brown	Medium	5-10	160	2	Student/Real Est. Dev.	Swimming/Water Polo
541	Cauc./Eng., Ire.	O−	Brn/Wavy	Blue	Fair	6-1	150	4	Mech. Engineer	Outdoor Sports/Cars
550	Cauc./Eng.	O−	Brn/Wavy	Hazel	Medium	6-0	185	5	Student/Communications	Scuba Diving/Cooking
558	Black/Afro-American	O−	Blk/Curly	Brown	Medium	6-1	165	1	Student/Urban Planning	Sports/Photography
564	Indian/Punjab	O+	Blk/Straight	Brown	Medium	5-8	174	4	Student/Business	Outdoor Sports/Reading
610	Cauc./Ger., Fr., Dutch	A+	Brn/Curly	Green	Fair	5-10	165	5	Space Physics	Traveling/History
617	Cauc./It., Ire.	A+	Bld/Wavy	Brown	Medium	6-0	185	2	Student/Economics	Sports/Computers
1050	Cauc./E. Eur.	A+	Bld/Straight	Green	Fair	6-2	220	10	Ph.D., Neurophys.	Sci. Fi./Crafts
1082	Cauc./Ire.	O+	Brn/Wavy	Hazel	Fair	6-3	185	3	Student/Physics	Gardening/Bodybuilding
1089	Cauc./Eng., Ger.	A+	Bld/Wavy	Blue	Fair	5-11	165	6	Grad. Stud./Fine Arts	Kayaking/Art
1092	Cauc./Dutch, Russ.	B−	Brn/Curly	Blue	Fair	6-0	165	11	Grad. Stud./Geography	Child Rearing

policy based on a dichotomy that encourages us to view one class of substances as a preeminent scourge while the two most dangerous and life-destroying substances by far, alcohol and tobacco, form a second class advertised in neon on every street corner of urban America? And why, moreover, should heroin be viewed with horror while chemical cognates that are no different from heroin than lemonade is from iced tea perform work of enormous compassion by relieving the pain of terminal cancer patients in their last days?

Consider just a few recent items rooted in our false classification.

1. A *New York Times* editorial describes methadone as a drug that "blocks the craving for heroin." You might as well say that a Coke blocks the craving for a Pepsi. Methadone and heroin are both opiates, but methadone is legal as a controlled substitute for heroin (fine by me; I think they both should be controlled and decriminalized). We permit methadone because some favorable features lead to easier control (oral administration, longer action, and a less intense high), but methadone is a chemical cousin to heroin.

2. Representative Charles Rangel (Dem., N.Y.), implacable foe of legalization, spurns all talk about this subject as the chatter of egg-heads. In 1988, in a *New York Times* op-ed piece, he wrote, "Let's take this legalization issue and put it where it belongs—amid idle chit-chat as cocktail glasses knock together at social events." Don't you get it, Mr. Rangel? The stuff in the glasses is as bad as the stuff on the streets. But our classifications permit a majority of Americans to live well enough with one while forcing a minority to murder and die for the other.

3. Former surgeon general C. Everett Koop, who was hired by Reagan to be an ideologue and decided to be a doctor instead, accurately branded nicotine as no less addictive than heroin and cocaine. Representative Terry Bruce (Dem., Ill.) challenged this assertion by arguing that smokers are not "breaking into liquor stores

late at night to get money to buy a pack of cigarettes." Koop properly replied that the only difference resides in social definition as legal or illegal: "You take cigarettes off the streets and people will be breaking into liquor stores. I think one of the things that many people confuse is the behavior of cocaine and heroin addicts when they are deprived of these drugs. That's the difference between a licit and an illicit drug. Tobacco is perfectly legal. You can get it whenever you want to satisfy the craving."

We do not ponder our methods of classification with sufficient scrutiny—and have never done so. Taxonomy, or the study of classification, occupies a low status among the sciences because most people view the activity as a kind of glorified bookkeeping dedicated to pasting objects into preassigned spaces in nature's stamp album. This judgment rests on the false premise that our categories are given by nature and ascertained by simple, direct observation. Nature is full of facts—and they are not distributed isotropically, so nature does provide some hints about divisions.

But our classifications are human impositions, or at least culturally based decisions on what to stress among a plethora of viable alternatives. Classifications are therefore theories of order, not simple records of nature. More important, since classifications are actively imposed, not passively imbibed, they shape our thoughts and deeds in ways that we scarcely perceive because we view our categories as "obvious" and "natural."

Some classifications channel our thinking into fruitful directions because they properly capture the causes of order; others lead us to tragic and vicious errors (the older taxonomies of human races, for example) because they sink their roots in prejudice and mayhem. Too rarely, in our political criticism, do we look to false taxonomies, particularly to improper dichotomies, as the basis for inadequate analysis.

Our drug crisis is largely the product of such a false dichotomy. At the moment, hundreds of thousands of drug users live in tortured limbo, driven to crime, exposed to AIDS, and doomed (at least statistically speaking) to early death. Millions of others suffer palpably from the deeds of the addicted—experiencing violence, robbery, or simple urban fear that steals the joy from life. Billions of dollars go down the rathole to enrich the entrepreneurs or to try to stem the plague by necessarily ineffective interdiction. The politics of several nations in our hemisphere are corrupted, the cultures of whole peoples severely compromised.

William Jennings Bryan once argued that we were about to crucify mankind on a cross of gold. Are we not now significantly lowering the quality of American life for everyone, and causing thousands of deaths directly, by basing our drug policy on something even worse—a false and senseless classification?

[Dictionary Definition]

NOT JUST BULL

From an appendix to How to Shit in the Woods: An Environmentally Sound Approach to a Lost Art, *by Kathleen Meyer, published by Ten Speed Press, in Berkeley, California.*

[1]**shit**\'shit*vb.* **shit** *or* **shat** \'shat\; **shit-ting** *v.i.* 1. to defecate; often used figuratively to express embarrassment or fear <I just about ~ when I stepped off the ski lift and viewed the hill from above.>. ~ *v.t.* to defecate something. 2. to fool, to mislead <you wouldn't ~ me about using pine cones for toilet paper, would you?>.
can eat sawdust and shit 2x4's: is overworked.
shit fruit salad (also: shit nickels, shit ice cream): said of a prima donna <she's so special, she must ~>.
shit on: 1. to ruin, to muck up. 2. to treat unfairly, often by being extremely rude or unkind.
shit the bed: to foul your nest; to stupidly mess up your own good situation.

[2]**shit**\'shit*n.* 1. a: feces. b: garbage; junk; unorganized or unrelated articles, stuff <never leave ~ in the woods>. 2. lies, nonsense, exaggeration <a bunch of ~>.
built like a brick shit house: well built.
bullshit: 1. lies; nonsense. 2. trash; useless junk. 3. name of a group word game. 4. an interjection of fierce disagreement.
crock of shit: something false or deceptive.
dish out shit: to deliver reprimands or punishments; also, to abuse verbally.
get your shit together: 1. undergo great personal growth; become organized or focused. 2. admonition to hurry up.
hot shit: a class act; frequently used sarcastically.
jack shit: a negative value; to do *jack shit* is to do less than nothing.
know your shit: to be an expert in your field.
piece of shit: cheaply constructed article.
shit-end of the stick: the rotten part of a deal.
stay out of my shit: admonition to mind one's own business, to stop meddling.
tough shit: 1. expression indicating bad luck, similar to *too bad!* or *that's the way the cookie crumbles!* 2. angry response to a person's excuses, stronger than *so what!*



These fish specimens, which have been treated with dyes to highlight their bones and cartilage, were photographed by Norbert Wu, whose work appears in the January issue of Omni. *At left is a black dragonfish; at right, two remoras. The specimens are part of the collection at the Scripps Institution of Oceanography in San Diego.*

[Sermon]

IN PRAISE OF IDLENESS

From a sermon by Francine du Plessix Gray delivered at New York City's Cathedral of St. John the Divine, where women were invited to preach on Sundays during the month of November 1989. Gray's most recent book, Soviet Women: Walking the Tightrope, *was published last month by Doubleday.*

Hold aloof from every Christian brother who falls into idle habits.

—From the second letter of Paul to the Thessalonians

I plan this morning to challenge St. Paul to a public debate: I shall counter the apostle's attack against idleness by exalting, in the broadest possible way, the indispensable riches and rewards of leisure.

To begin with, let us recall that in Aristotle's *Ethics,* leisure is a far more noble, spiritual goal than work. Unlike work, which is pursued for our financial advancement or for our egos, leisure is pursued solely for its own sake. The Greek word for leisure is telling: It is *skole,* the pursuit of true learning, our absorption in activities desirable for their own sake—highest of these being the pleasures of music and poetry, the exchange of conversation with friends, and the joy of gratuitous, playful speculation. The same esteem of leisure prevailed among the Romans: The Latin words for leisure and work are also notable—leisure, the ultimate good, is *otium;* and the verbal opposite, formed by a negative prefix, is *negotium,* or gainful work.

Which leads me to think that St. Paul might well have freaked out at those symposia or banquets described by Plato that were the highest educational forums of ancient times, those indolent round-the-clock dinner parties at which—over the passing of the libation cup—some of our earliest definitions of freedom, liberty, and love were born. And how would he have reacted to Matthew's adage: "They sow not, neither do they reap, nor gather into barns; yet your Heavenly Father feedeth them"?

And so I ask you to consider the possibility that we have sought too much counsel in the



Yo-Yo Ma. Cardmember since 1978.

Membership
Has Its Privileges.®



Don't leave home without it.®

Call 1-800-THE CARD to apply.

proto-Calvinist work ethic preached by St. Paul and that many of us constantly run the risk of losing our compassion, if not our souls and our very selves, by channeling our energies too exclusively into useful, gainful toil.

For it is only during the cessation of work that we nurture our family bonds, educate our children, nourish our friendships; it is in "recreation" that we literally re-create, renew, restore ourselves after the wear of labor. And those of us who are painters, writers, and musicians know that it is in a particular form of idleness, in the suspension of everyday, routine work, in loafing and inviting our souls, that most of our innovations and breakthroughs, our best inspiration, come; only then can we enjoy what the Hindu philosopher Krishnamurti called a Blessed Freedom from the Known. It is in the essential lazing offered by the Sabbath ritual that prayer and recollection proceed; it is only in our ungainful unemployed time that we can tune in to God's Word by dimming out the static created by our egos and our drive to excel. And it is only in our moments of deepest repose and just plain loafing that we are offered those miraculous peak moments in which we're suddenly startled to realize that we exist, that anything exists in which the gift of existence suddenly shines out at us, like chalk on a blackboard, against the possibility of not existing at all.

Finally, one might also say that it is only in a certain kind of idling that true compassion begins. For compassion is the art of acute selfless listening, of becoming alert and mindful to the needs of others by listening to them unconditionally with what St. Benedict called "the ear of our hearts." Compassion is an acuteness of attention difficult indeed to cultivate at the workplace and most readily reached over leisurely talk or a shared walk or cup, or during visits to jails, shelters, hospitals, wherever our social concerns draw us during our time off. So I would argue against Paul that the routine of our daily work has too often served as deep, dumb, deaf sleep, a refuge from two of life's most crucial states of being—keen awakedness to the needs of others and equal awakedness to the transcendent, which only comes in some state of loitering, dallying, tarrying, goofing off.



"I crawled out of the primordial ooze thousands of years ago, reached this spot, and thought, Why go any further?"

ROTHKO

From Punch.

I'd like to move on to the literary implications of good idleness. For beyond the human community, if there is one thing on our planet most oppressed by soul-killing labor, by a dearth of recreation, it is the medium of my craft and of all human communication—language—which has been subjected to a round-the-clock shift as a drudge of media hype and of mass communication.

For here I must comment on a dilemma central and unique to that terrifyingly versatile symbolic system we call language: Compared to the mediums of music and painting, language has precious little Sabbath time in which to renew and re-create itself. Unlike the serenely abstract, leisured notations of music, or those means as free from daily labor as the visual artist's paint, canvas, and clay, our poor medium of language works like a slave in a salt mine. Look how vast a spectrum is covered by that one entity "word": From denoting the Word of God, "word" descends to those menial symbolic signs with which we holler and whimper our most primitive needs and fears, with which we execute our crassest commercial transactions. Compare the tranquillity of the musician's or painter's means to the incessant laboring of that verbal idiom we might use, within the span of a few hours, to say such diverse things as I love you unto death; please pass the horseradish; the Dow Jones went up 17 points at closing; Winston tastes good like a cigarette should. This is the exhausted, plodding dray horse—language—we prose writers are stuck with, and our central task is to air it and freshen it and reinfuse it with playfulness and honor and integrity in order to spiritualize it into art. In sum, our vocation, as writers, is the vacation of language; our task is to liberate words from their mercantile, pragmatic, everyday labor and usher them into the frolicking idleness of a perpetual Sunday; and, hopefully, to craft them into units of sound and meaning as free from everyday toil as James Agee's phrase "His eyes had the opal lightings of dark oil," or Vladimir Nabokov's "I stared at the window whence the wounded

music came," or Joyce's "riverrun, past Eve and Adam's, from bend of bay to swerve of shore . . ."

How to resuscitate the exhausted word after relieving it of the drudgery of full-time employment? Few writers have answered that question more eloquently than St. Augustine, whose entire process of conversion to Christianity was marked by his rebellion against the mass media of his time. For St. Augustine spent his early adulthood—when he was still a pagan—as a rhetorician, as a salesman of gross commercial language. And in late antiquity rhetoricians were the PR magnates and advertising tycoons and TV anchors of their society. Employed by politicians to write their speeches, using the techniques of eloquence to win friends and influence people, they were very dangerous precisely because they were so powerful.

So a fair part of Augustine's conversion to Christianity is based on his realization that the art of rhetoric has turned his colleagues into a society of corrupt hot-air artists, on his disillusionment with what he calls "the peddling of tongue science." And a crucial step in his spiritual progress was to drop out of the work force, to abandon his lucrative peddling job, to liberate himself and his language into the gratuitous idleness of reading and talking about philosophy. Eventually, during that famous conversion scene in the garden, St. Augustine picks up the book nearest at hand and happens upon the chapter from St. Paul's Corinthians telling him to put on the *word* of Christ. That is the moment when Augustine, former taskmaster of enslaved words, is reborn into the truth and freedom of the absolute Word, thereby liberating his own verbal idiom and crafting the "language of the soul" that he will use to write his great *Confessions*.

The implications of St. Augustine's conversion to the higher Word are as deeply literary as they are religious: Once he's given up the practice of commercial writing, he begins to see his former sin, in part, as an addiction to debased and fettered language, to any discourse in which sheer technique prevails over ethics or genuine emotion.

Those passages of St. Augustine's *Confessions* that deal with his conversion to a purified language intimate, as few moments in literature have, that there is a particular form of grace to be sought by all writers; that, as we parole words from their perennial salt mines, it is our spiritual duty to follow an ethic of the written sign—or, to use the phrasing of the Commandments, "Honor thy medium as thyself." St. Augustine suggests that all those devices that he and his predecessors in the art of rhetoric pioneered—simile, irony, metaphor—must be used with care and precision and never with excess or with undue striving for a flamboyant effect.

Which is why I turn to another writer who saw the perils of any language engaged in daily gainful employment—our beloved contemporary Flannery O'Connor. In her book *Mystery and Manners*, O'Connor left us a small treasure

[Press Release]

DOG DAYS ON CAPITOL HILL

From a press release faxed to reporters last summer by the office of Representative Les Aspin (Dem., Wis.). Aspin is chairman of the House Armed Services Committee.

WASHINGTON, D.C.—Representative Les Aspin today announced the death of his longtime canine companion, Junket. Junket, a fourteen-year-old sheepdog, had been suffering from arthritis, digestive troubles, and other infirmities associated with old age.

Junket was rarely far from Aspin's side. She spent nearly every day in Aspin's Washington office, except when she was in Wisconsin with him during congressional breaks, relaxing in odd-numbered years or campaigning in even-numbered ones. In fact, Junket was an integral part of Aspin's campaigns. She was the official campaign mascot, and T-shirts and mugs bore her picture. Junket was given to Aspin by his ex-wife, Maureen Shea, as a Christmas present in 1975.

Junket was delighted with children and adults alike and showed no bias between Democrats or Republicans—although in one brief digression from good behavior, she deposited a sign of visitation on the doorstep of Louisiana Republican Dave Treen's office.

In her later years, Junket kept a fairly quiet schedule. If the office seemed warm, she often would spend the day sleeping on the tiled bathroom floor. Otherwise, she would sleep under the desk in Aspin's office.

"Junket was a big bundle of friendliness whose eyes were perpetually hidden behind a pound or two of hair. I'll miss her every morning when she isn't climbing into the car beside me for the ride to what many people on Capitol Hill call Junket's office," Aspin said.

house of literary ethics. And although her thoughts were often couched in theological terms, they have been decoded by even the most hardheaded agnostics as some of the most precious literary advice of our time.

For instance, O'Connor believed that the highest purpose of literature is "the accurate naming of the things of God"—as good a metaphor as any for a fastidiously responsible, selfless, nonexploitative attitude toward language. She often turns to another injunction she has learned from St. Thomas Aquinas: The artist, she tells us, must solely be concerned with the good of that which he makes, not with the good that it can bring into his life, for only thus can his work enlarge the glory of God's creation.

O'Connor went on to remind us that whatever talent we have comes from the Holy Spirit. This gift is given to us to plumb the mystery of evil, the mystery of personality, the mystery of our incompleteness. It is a considerable responsibility, a mystery in itself, something gratuitous and totally undeserved whose real uses will probably always be hidden from us.

To which I would add: Like the spirituality of our Sabbath, our fragile, beleaguered, exhausted language—the preserver of our civilization and the vehicle for most of our gifts—thrives on attitudes of release, of labor suspended. It will best endure not on the work ethic preached by St. Paul but rather on that message expressed by Thomas Merton in the following words: "The Lord plays and diverts Himself in the garden of His creation, and if we could let go of our own obsessions with what we think is the meaning of it all, we might be able to hear His call and follow Him in His mysterious, cosmic dance. . . . For the world and time are the dance of the Lord in emptiness. The silence of the spheres is the music of a wedding feast."



From the Chicago Reader.

[Narrative]

MY ABORTION

From a memoir by Deborah Salazar in the October–December 1989 issue of Exquisite Corpse, *a literary journal published sporadically in Baton Rouge, Louisiana. Salazar, a poet, was born in Ecuador and now lives in Baton Rouge.*

The procedure itself was the easiest part. A friend had told me to close my eyes and think about anything, think about Donald Duck—sweet and useless advice, I thought at the time—but when I heard the machine come on and the doctor say, "The cervix is slanted at a right angle, this could be a problem; okay, honey, *relax*," I thought, Donald Duck, Donald Duck, Donald Duck, Donald Duck. I will never be able to watch another Donald Duck cartoon without thinking about my abortion, but I went through the experience feeling pretty calm and entitled. Twenty-seven years old and pregnant for the first time in my life. God bless America, I thought, I sure as hell want a cheap, legal, safe abortion.

After I learned that I was pregnant, I started practicing a necessary detachment. The Supreme Court was due to hand down its *Webster* decision any day, and the usual mobs of protesters around women's clinics were doubling in size. I got up before dawn on the fifteenth of June and packed a paper bag with a sweater and socks (because the receptionist said it would be cold inside the clinic) and maxi pads. I wanted to get there as soon as the doors opened, before most of the cross-waving, sign-carrying, chanting, singing protesters showed up. When I pulled into the clinic parking lot with my friend Beth, I saw only two people standing on the curb: a woman, dressed all in black, and a man. As we got closer, I saw that the woman was about my age, with straight black hair and pale eyes turned skyward. She was moaning the words, "Don't kill me, Mommy, don't kill me."

The man and the woman followed our car until it stopped at the door. I stepped out, and the man stood in front of me. He was tall, wearing a suit and tie and singing, "Jesus loves the little children." I laughed in his face. Strange. Three years ago I had worked as a volunteer escort at this very clinic, and I'd always been so solemn with these people. I never would've expected to laugh today. The man obviously hadn't expected me to laugh either. He got angry. "Lesbian!" he called after me as I walked into the clinic. "You're a lesbian. That's why you hate babies!" A tall young man wearing an official clinic-escort T-shirt was standing at the threshold. "Sorry about this," he muttered as I passed by. I was still laughing. "I wish I were a lesbian," I said a little hysterically. "I wouldn't be pregnant." And then I was inside the clinic.

I knew the routine. I took my forms and my plastic cup. I went directly to the bathroom. I could hear the protesters while I was in the bathroom. I could hear them the whole time I was in the clinic. The chanting was discontinuous, but it was louder every time it started up. "Murderers! Murderers!" I could hear them in the dressing room, in the weigh-in room, in counseling, in recovery, although I don't remember if I heard them in the procedure room itself. I was told later that my encounter with the protesters had been relatively undramatic; one escort said that these days he was seeing protesters trying to hold car doors shut while women fought to get out.

After I turned in my urine cup, I sat back in the waiting room and started filling out forms. One of them was a personal questionnaire that included the question, "What method of birth control were you using at the time you got pregnant?" I thought about lying for a second before I checked the box beside "none." One of the protesters outside had started playing a tape of a baby crying. I signed my name over and over. Yes, I understand the risks involved, yes, I understand that the alternatives to abortion are birth and adoption. I wanted to do more—I wanted to fill out a page or so explaining why I had chosen to do this. I wanted to explain to someone that I was a responsible person; you see, ladies and gentlemen, I never had sex without condoms unless I was having my period; I got pregnant during my period, isn't there something I could sign swearing to that? I had a three-day affair with a friend, I'm broke and unemployed, I can't give up a baby for adoption, I can't afford to be pregnant while I look for a job.

In counseling, I was asked why I'd gone off the pill, and I didn't hesitate to respond, "I can get rid of an accidental pregnancy. I can't get rid of cancer." In the lounge room where I sat in my dressing gown before going in to see the doctor, there was a tiny television (Pee-wee Herman was on) and a table with magazines (*Cosmopolitan, Vogue, American Baby*). The room was already filled to capacity, all twelve chairs taken, when the little bowhead came in. She couldn't have been more than seventeen, wearing only her gown and a very big white satin bow in her hair. She was a beauty. She looked like she belonged on a homecoming float. She had been crying. "I hate them," she announced, dropping her shopping bag of clothes on the floor. "They don't have to say the things they say. Makes me want to go out there and shoot them with a gun."

"You can't hear them that well in here, honey," one of the older women said. "You can watch the cartoons."

"You know what one of them called my mama?" the beauty said. "Called her a slut, an unchristian woman. My mama yelled back that I got raped by a priest, that's how come I'm here." Stares. The bowhead picked up her shopping bag and leaned against the wall. She spoke again in a quieter voice. "I didn't really get raped by a priest. My mama just said that."

The doctor was late that morning. Outside, the chants were getting louder, competing with Pee-wee Herman, who was on full blast. The protesters were singing a hymn when my name was called. I walked down a short hallway in my bare feet, and then liquid Valium injected directly into my left arm made everything after that feel like it was taking place on another planet. I remember that the doctor was wearing a dark red surgical outfit and that it looked pretty gruesome—I wished he'd worn the traditional pale blue or green. I remember that the Valium made me want to laugh and I didn't want to laugh because I was afraid I'd wiggle, and I'd been warned *not* to wiggle unless I wanted my uterus perforated. I'd been at the clinic six hours already, preparing for this little operation that would take only five minutes. I remember that after the machine came on, it seemed like less than five minutes. I remember that it hurt and that I was amazed at how empty, relieved, and not pregnant I felt as soon as it was over. The cramps that followed were painful but not terribly so; I could feel my uterus contracting, trying to collapse back to its former size. I was led by a nurse into a dark room, where I sat on a soft mat in a soft chair and bled for a while. I closed my eyes. The woman in the next seat was sobbing softly. I knew it was the blond with the white bow in her hair. I reached over and took her hand in mine. The Valium made me feel as though we were both wearing gloves. Her hand was so still I wondered if she knew I was there, but the sobbing grew softer and softer and eventually it just stopped.

[Memoir]

THE DAY THE FIRE CAME

From Once There Was a Farm . . . : A Country Childhood Remembered, *by Virginia Bell Dabney, to be published this month by Random House. Dabney, who is seventy-one years old, grew up on a farm in central Virginia, not far from where she lives today. This is her first published work.*

The last rain in these mountains this summer was about July 11. It is now the twenty-first day of August and it has not rained for one month and ten hot days. All of us who live here think some computer glitch has been made in weather deliveries and we are getting Arizona weather by mistake. Days that usually have a high of eighty degrees now reach into the parching nineties. Thunderheads rise in the west, look us over, and then go somewhere else to rain. Grass crackles underfoot, the birds quit singing after the sun is up. Many have packed it up and left; the indigo buntings are gone and the wood thrush has taken his flute to damper places.

I sit limply on the porch with a cold drink; the dog lies at my feet eyeing my glass. Finally I give him an ice cube and he crunches it, licking up the tiny ice puddles. I give him another and he wants it, but not now, so he takes it over to a dusty bush and buries it. It is the first drink the bush has had in forty-two days.

A wind comes up in the afternoon, leaving the dogwoods limp and the poplars yellowing prematurely. There is a smell in the air that I remember from another time; it is of green leaves hot and burned in the sun. I keep watching the horizon and sniffing for any faint whiff of fire starting in the woods, made wary for all time by what happened when I was eleven.

On a Sunday in April 1930, my mother was pacing from the yard to our upstairs hallway window and then down again. She was watching a column of smoke rising beyond our woods to the west. I caught her nervousness and watched also, but without her added awareness that there had been very little rainfall during the winter and early spring. There were new leaves on the trees, but on the forest floor the old leaves were as dry and separate as cornflakes.

I heard Mother report to my sister Allison that the smoke seemed to be moving our way. Allison was in bed, feverish and coughing. She wanted to get up and help us, but my mother said, "Only if necessary," and started gathering possessions we could take with us if the fire came nearer. Allison was coughing more, the smoke was bothering her. Mother was dumping drawer contents into a box. I lugged down books I wanted to save and Mother told me, "There's no room in the car for those, Vallie."

Our neighbor Carl Stevens drove into the yard and my mother met him on the porch. There was a tense conversation. "Mrs. Bell, you and the girls better get out right quick. That fire is picking up fast. You all better come over to our house. It's got so much plowed land around it I think it will be safe."

"Allison is sick in bed," Mother told him. "You can take the girls and I can come behind you."

But she had hardly finished when I burst into tears. I grabbed her arm and said, "I won't go unless you go too!" I was sure she would be caught in the fire if we left first. Carl looked at my stricken face and said, "I'll just take Allison." He went into the bedroom with my mother, picked Allison up in her blankets, and carried her out to his car.

The wind picked up, smoke was blueing the air around us, and the smell of burning leaves stung our noses. My mother pulled her Model T near the porch and put a box with our silver, her photographs, and her handmade linens into the tiny trunk space. She had already put our suitcases on the running board. Now she hastily gathered up some new Wear-Ever pots and pans packed in salesmen's suitcases and flung them on the bare sand of the tennis court. Burning ash was flying over us. "Get in," Mother yelled at me, and I did so only because she had her foot on the running board itself. She backed the car out, and as we fled through smoke growing thicker every minute, she leaned out of the window and called Mac, the dog. He came running. "Lean out and call him," she told me, and I did. He ran easily not far behind us; he had never followed the car before but understood this was a crisis.

I thought but didn't ask about the cows in the pasture and the chickens in the chicken houses. There were new chicks under the brooder, and I told myself that the brooder house was off by itself and maybe . . .

At Carl's house my mother parked the car near their drive. We all ran toward the open field on the north side of the Stevenses' big house to watch the fire. I could see our house standing calmly among its oak trees. Behind it to the north the fire seemed to be going away, though the smoke was so thick it was hard to tell. We could see great rolling balls of fire in the treetops and I thought I could feel the heat on my face.

"If the wind just doesn't change . . . ," my mother said.



From Views From Ground Zero, *a catalogue of photographs by Jeff Brouws. The photograph above, taken in 1988, shows the remains of a house in Nye County, Nevada, that was destroyed during a nuclear test in 1955.*

We stood there until I couldn't stand the tension and began to cry, but Mother said, "Hush, that only makes things worse," and I stopped, wanting to watch and at the same time afraid to see what would happen. The whole woods beyond our house, our orchard in its grassy clearing, were in flames. There was a crackling sound as branches broke and fell from trees like burning logs in a fireplace, showering sparks. Over our heads birds were flying from the fire. Our house stood peacefully silhouetted against the orange-and-black swirl of smoke and flame.

Suddenly I heard my mother say tightly, "The wind's shifted," and we watched as a great ball of fire, tumbling and rolling on the wind, came toward our house. It caught first in the highest oak-tree branches, and they flared like torches. My mother turned away and said, "That's it." I stared long enough to see burning branches drop on our roof and the entire scene obliterated by smoke that had tongues of flames roaring through it.

My mother and I walked back to the Stevenses' back porch and sat on the steps, she silent and her face white. After a while Carl came over and said, "It's not coming here. Your fields just burned over and it stopped at the road."

"The house gone?" she said, looking up.

"It's gone," he said. "All those trees dropped fire on it."

I can remember almost nothing else about the rest of that day. My mother could not go back to our place because some of the old trees were still burning and the ground was still hot.

We had supper at the Stevenses' big table, and afterward Miss Lou, Carl's wife, took me upstairs to a tiny room under sloping eaves and showed me a bed with a feather mattress. When I sank into it its billows rose around me. It was warm and cozy and I snuggled in deeply.

I was still asleep at faint daylight when Mother, unable to rest, went to the kitchen and found Carl, Miss Lou, and Carl's mother fixing breakfast. They gave her coffee and a hot biscuit and then Carl went with her to look at the smoking ruins of our farm.

The barn was gone, the machine shed vanished, the woodshed and its attached room, where my mother kept her equipment for devel-

oping photographs, were ash heaps. One of the chicken houses was a mass of hot melted asphalt roofing over incinerated birds and twisted metal feeders. Another still stood, the new one set off by itself and built for the largest new brood of chickens, which were now gone with the brooder house.

My mother and Carl walked down the pasture hill, seeking the cows they believed might have escaped. At the bottom, up to their knees in the stream, the devastated woods behind them, both of them stood, their udders distended with milk. Carl went back to his house to get milk buckets.

Neither Allison nor I was allowed to go back to view the ruins. We stood with Miss Lou looking across the fields at the black skeletons of trees around the dark pile of rubble that had been our house. We stared numbly, trying to sort out what had happened.

My mother was walking from one pile of rubble to another, feeling, she said later, in a daze, when our neighbors the Woodfords drove up in their wagon. Their own house and buildings were safe but they had lost some good forest. Mrs. Woodford put her arm around Mother and said, "We've been praying for you and the girls. Now we want you all to come stay with us until things are straightened out. We'll be so glad to have you, you know."

Her earnest goodness touched my mother, but it was not her way to turn to others. "I'm not sure yet what I have to do," she said, "but it's wonderfully kind of you to offer." She laid a hand briefly on Mrs. Woodford's arm. "I just have to work things out."

Mother and Mrs. Woodford moved from ruin to ruin, picking up pieces of things, trying to identify them. One was a darkened dish with a garland of roses; looking at it in her neighbor's hand, Mother said, "Those were my best dessert bowls." She carried it around with her as they walked.

Before the day was half over, people from miles around were coming to find out what had happened to the Bells, to ask if they could help, and to wander about the stricken farmyard. Tom Walker came on foot and asked my mother what she was going to do now. "Ye ain't wantin' to stay here, are ye?"

"I don't have any other home, Mr. Walker."

He spat with no change of expression. "I tole my wife that's what ye'd say. Ye ain't no quitter, I tole her."

The Painters also urged my Mother to move in with them until she could decide what to do, but she thanked them with the same words she'd said to others. She did not say that she had already decided what to do; she was probably not ready to put it into words. When the others had gone, she asked Carl to come with her to look at the chicken house that had been untouched by fire. It still smelled of recently poured cement and new wood. As she opened the door she said, "You see this little room we set off for feed? I think I can stay in here while a place is fixed up for all of us."

"It's right small . . . ," Carl said doubtfully.

"But look, I could put a cot over there, and some kind of stove here. And a table and chair. That's all I need right now."

He shook his head. "You know you can stay with us. You'd be comfortable and real close by."

"But Carl, I need to be *here*. I'll have the dog, you know."

That, of course, is how it was. I was sent to stay with my other sister, Daphne, so I could finish out the school year. Allison, still running a fever, was put to bed at the home of a friend who was a nurse. As she had already decided, Mother moved into the feed room of the chicken house, from which she directed and helped with the cleanup of all that was left of our house, barn, and sheds. She kept finding remnants of her life that she turned over and over: a solidified aluminum puddle on the tennis court where the pots and pans she'd tried to save had melted; the handles to her bread mixer and meat grinder, the wooden parts burned off, the machines twisted and useless; fragments of rose glass from the shattered hanging lamp in the living room.

Before they were hauled away, she touched the warped brass bedsteads, the broken shards of pitchers and basins, and the cracked, streaked pieces of my father's plate collection that had once shone from a plate rail in our new dining room.

Mother did not allow herself to sigh over these things for long; there was too much to do. One of the first things she did was to walk through deep ash in the ruined woods to see what was left. The young silver-green white pines were gone, and the hollies, once so thick, were unrecognizable. But the trunks of the large blackened oaks and maples still stood, two or three large barren branches left pointing upward. Walking behind my mother with an ax, our hired man, Solomon, cut a notch here and there in the charred bark; underneath there was solid, unburned wood.

"There's a lot of timber here good for building if we can get it out," my mother told Solomon. "Enough for all of us," she said thoughtfully. In her mind, a plan was already taking shape that would distract her from despair and keep her from always watching the skies and listening for rain. ■

ONLY MAN'S PRESENCE CAN SAVE NATURE

The ongoing public conversation about the environment is grounded in the ancient dichotomy of man versus nature. So far we have sought to resolve the argument through a series of truces—either sequestering large tracts of wilderness in a state of imagined innocence, say, or limiting the ways in which man can domesticate nature's imagined savagery. A recent contribution to this conversation suggests that we have postponed too long a true settlement and that man is now talking to himself. Nature has ended.

But others say that we must radically change the conversation and begin to talk not of man *versus* nature but of man *and* nature. This line of thinking suggests that we must discard what is, in fact, a false dichotomy and find new answers to old questions. What do we *see* when we look into a quiet stand of trees? Lumber? The planet's breathing apparatus? The habitat of animals? Home? In order to examine the rapidly changing metaphors that locate man's place in the world, *Harper's Magazine* recently asked five environmentalists with backgrounds in science, political activism, or philosophy to discuss the shifting definitions of nature and of ourselves.

The following forum is based on a discussion held at the Ritz-Carlton Hotel in New York City. Michael Pollan served as moderator.

MICHAEL POLLAN
is executive editor of Harper's Magazine.

DANIEL B. BOTKIN
is professor of biology and environmental studies at the University of California at Santa Barbara and the author of Discordant Harmonies: A New Ecology for the Twenty-first Century, *which will be published this month by Oxford University Press.*

DAVE FOREMAN
was chief lobbyist for the Wilderness Society and cofounded the environmental group Earth First! in 1980. He is the author of Ecodefense *and* The Big Outside. *His book* Confessions of an Eco-Brute *will be published by Crown this winter.*

JAMES LOVELOCK
is an independent scientist who developed the Gaia theory, which regards our planet as a self-regulating system that behaves as if it were a living organism.

FREDERICK TURNER
is Founders Professor of Arts and Humanities at the University of Texas at Dallas and the author of the epic poem Genesis. *His last piece for* Harper's Magazine, *about the cultivation of life on Mars, appeared in the August 1989 issue.*

ROBERT D. YARO
is senior vice president of the Regional Plan Association in New York City, where he is preparing a new regional plan to manage future growth in the New York tri-state metropolitan region.

Beyond the Wilderness

MICHAEL POLLAN: Let us say we're in the town of Pineville, Connecticut. On the edge of town is a stand of virgin pine trees left to Pineville years ago with the stipulation that it be "kept in a state of nature." Known as the Tabernacle Pines, this forest is extraordinary, with trees more than 150 feet tall. A hurricane came through recently and devastated the forest. Seventy percent of the trees are down. The place is a mess, almost impassable. I am the curator of this forest, and I have to make a recommendation to the town. Do we leave it as it is—is that a state of nature?—or do we clear it out and replant pine, so that the next generation might enjoy some semblance of the old forest?

DAVE FOREMAN: Leave it as it is. Too often we think that nature is a snapshot in time. It's not. Nature is a continually evolving process. A large tree is often more important after it falls.

POLLAN: Important in what sense?

FOREMAN: A Douglas fir may stand for 800 years and provide various services to the life around it. After it falls, it provides even more services for the next 500 years—to beetles, termites, and fungi.

DANIEL BOTKIN: It's been shown that the shape and form of a stream and the life in it are often a function of the trees living and falling along the banks.

Forests are not static. They have a biography not unlike a human's. Their infancy is the open field or devastated forest. First, "pioneer species" begin to grow: herbs, grasses, and then shrubs. Afterward there are several stages of trees. These stages are dynamic and diverse. The forest's maturity is known as its "climax"—a more stable and less diverse mix of species that will persist for some time. In old age, a forest, such as the Tabernacle Pines, becomes susceptible to fire or hurricane. These stages of development, or forest succession, are quite interconnected. Take your fallen trees. Certain seeds regenerate best when they fall into the nest of a rotting log.

FOREMAN: Often you will see a "nurse log," with a series of trees growing out of it. After the log decays, you can sometimes see an archway in the roots. A forest will rejuvenate better if it's not replanted. When we try to jump-start the natural stages of forest development by replanting, we remove necessary nutrients, such as rot-

ting logs, and the forests are crippled. Nature is not a pretty, manicured place maintained for human beings. It is a dynamic continuum, often a violent one.

JAMES LOVELOCK: If the land is surrounded by other forested areas, I agree. If the Tabernacle Pines were an *island* of trees, I think it would have been a kind of garden anyway. It might be more proper—even natural—to replant and rebuild.

FREDERICK TURNER: Leaving the land alone is attractive, but, as James Lovelock says, it might be *as* natural to do something with it. Certainly nature is not a manicured garden. Nature is a set of complicated feedback systems, constantly exchanging information. Some are self-duplicating—preserving the system as it is—and they are called homeostatic. Others are open-ended systems, constantly creating novel states and new ecologies. In an open-ended system, the most crucial element is the human species. So I would say that if the town is not involved in this question of leaving the forest alone or replanting it, one would then be violating nature, because absent from this process is the quintessential element of nature—us. Humankind is more *what nature is* than anything else.

POLLAN: Not just equal but more?

TURNER: More. Consider the fundamental tendency of evolution from the big bang to the higher animals. It is a tendency toward greater reflexivity, greater open-endedness, greater complexity, and greater "encephalization"—that is, a larger proportion of nervous tissue. Evolution in pre-living chemical systems occurs slowly and has no way of changing itself. Sexually reproducing life can record itself and then reshuffle and recombine the recordings. It can improve itself; that is evolution. Then you have organisms that thrive in societies, which is just another, perhaps more sophisticated, way of passing on information to another generation. Nature has had this tendency toward increasingly more complex ways of passing on information from the big bang all the way up. Humankind is what nature has been trying, all these millennia, "to be."

POLLAN: Are you saying that without man's intervention, nature doesn't know what is best for the planet?

TURNER: If one made the decision without human beings, then the decision would be, I think, unnatural.

BOTKIN: My problem is with the language "a state of nature." Nature does not exist in one state but in many states. If nature achieved a single *natural* state, then the answer to all environmental problems would be to let nature grow to that state. But once one knows that nature is dynamic, with changing states and different futures—and that these states range literally from fire to ice, with a variety of possible landscapes in between—then the choice becomes ours, mankind's, and that choice is "natural." So what is the nature we prefer? If you scratched beneath the assumptions of the average New Englander, you would discover that the idea of a "forest" is what the Pilgrims saw. It's as good a forest as any, so I would let the area grow back through the particular stages of succession that the Pilgrims saw. This means gardening the forest and weeding out the exotics—those species introduced by Europeans.

"THE LANDSCAPE OF CONNECTICUT IS AS ARTIFICIAL AS CENTRAL PARK IN NEW YORK CITY. IT MAY NOT BE AS CONTRIVED, BUT THE LANDSCAPE OF NEW ENGLAND IS A *HUMAN* CREATION."

POLLAN: You would weed?

BOTKIN: Yes, the ailanthus, or tree of heaven; Japanese honeysuckle; the exotics. I'd do a little behind-the-scenes management.

ROBERT YARO: I would leave the land alone, but for a different reason. The landscape of Connecticut is as artificial as Central Park in New York City. It may not be as contrived, but the landscape of New England is a human creation. Unlike your England, Professor Lovelock, which is an over-tended "garden," New England is an under-tended garden. Early in this century, Massachusetts conducted an inventory of scenic landscapes and found a few remnants of forest in an otherwise open agricultural landscape. Fifty years later, when I conducted a similar inventory, I found that only 10 percent was agricultural and most of the rest was second-growth forest. Connecticut is quite similar. So I would leave Tabernacle Pines alone so that the people could learn the natural processes that shape their landscape. Dr. Botkin's goal of creating the forest succession of the Pilgrim era won't be useful on these few acres. I would turn to the larger canvas of the abandoned New England landscape. There are 130,000 acres of public

A Few Words About Blending For The First Time Scotch Drinker

Smooth. Mellow. Sweet. Smoky. Refined. In Ballantine's Finest, we blend forty-two superior single malt Scotch whiskies to give you true Scotch flavor. You can't ask for more than that.



Ballantine's.
THE TRUE TASTE OF SCOTCH

Ballantine's Blended Scotch Whisky, 43% Alc. Vol. (86 proof). © 1987 Hiram Walker & Sons, Inc., Lyon Wine & Spirits, Inc., Los Angeles, CA

A Few Words About Blending For The Frequent Scotch Drinker.

For nearly a hundred years, Ballantine's Finest as been blended in exactly the same way. That's long time to avoid change, but someone's got to phold tradition.

From the 90-odd single malt whiskies made in Scotland (and there are some odd ones), we choose 42 of the very best. Then we create a full-flavored blend that satisfies the true Scotch drinker.

With every sip of Ballantine's Finest, you can taste the crisp, smoky bouquet of the Highlands, the rich, peaty body of the Islands and the lingering softness of the Lowlands. It is a complex and harmonious union which has made Ballantine's the most popular Scotch in Europe. A true measure of the quality and consistency of the blend.

If you want more than that, keep reading.

Ballantine's
THE TRUE TASTE OF SCOTCH.

A Few Words About Blending For The Scotch Connoisseur.

Even when it comes to their favorite dram, it is rare to find Scotch drinkers familiar with the art of blending. Since we blend a fair amount of Scotch, we've taken it upon ourselves to clear up the confusion.

At this point, consider pouring yourself a glass of Ballantine's Finest and settling into your favorite chair. Not only will you be more comfortable, it will also increase your appreciation of what you are about to read. If you like ice with your Scotch, let it melt a bit.

Okay. Take a sip. Hold the liquid amber on your tongue and let the many flavors settle into your palate.

It has been said that a fine Scotch blend should be a melding of four central whisky themes. One for bouquet, another for taste, a third for body, and the last for its ability to blend all four into a balanced, mellow flavor. Not a simple task. And, of course, it cannot be accomplished with a blend of only four whiskies. Twenty or thirty is more typical.

Scotland has a whisky distillery for every 57,000 residents. A world record.

Then there is Ballantine's Finest. A full-flavored blend composed of forty-two of the finest single malt Scotch whiskies. Each included for a specific reason. The famed Highland single malts contribute smooth, smoky, elegant qualities. The brawny Islay malts are deep and peaty, with hints of sea air. From the remote Campbeltown peninsula we treasure the salty, tangy aromas. From the Lowlands, the softness and sweetness. And the tributaries of the River Livet provide complexity and sophistication.

Please write. We welcome all letters.

Mr. J. Goudy, master blender. The exact recipe of Ballantine's is a closely guarded secret.





The traditional copper pot still. An invention which has not been improved by progress.

Take another sip of Ballantine's Finest. This time, swish it around your teeth with your tongue. This will intensify your experience of the true taste of Scotch. Some of the blending stock used in Ballantine's Finest is supplied according to arrangements dating from the turn of the century. Many of the single malts are classics in their own right. Some are matured in oak barrels, for spice, or sherry casks, for special sweetness. The result is an exceptional whisky that is soft of body, complex in palate, with hints of dryness rounded out in the wood.



The original distillery building at Glenburgie. Glenburgie is an important single malt in Ballantine's Finest.

In short, everything the true Scotch drinker could ask for.

If you want more than that, you'll just have to wait for the next Ballantine's ad.



Ballantine's
THE TRUE TASTE OF SCOTCH.

Write to: Ballantine's P.O. Box 8925 Universal City, CA 91608.

land in Connecticut. Let's manage it and recreate a massive Pilgrims' forest.

LOVELOCK: The Tabernacle Pines were knocked down by a hypothetical hurricane. In fact, there have been many real hurricanes here, in England, and elsewhere. And we're getting more of them. I might follow E. F. Schumacher's maxim: Act locally, think globally. Thus, one wonders if it is sensible to plant the same kind of pines when the global climate is changing so much now.

POLLAN: What might be a good alternative?

LOVELOCK: Let nature select whatever would best survive under these new conditions.

BOTKIN: But the migration of the seeds is no longer possible from, say, the southern areas. So if you want to go that route, you would have to go to Virginia, collect the seeds, and then plant Virginia pine or southern pine.

POLLAN: So aren't we really talking about *gardening* our state of nature, not leaving it alone?

FOREMAN: To a degree. First, we need to recognize that your Tabernacle Pines are tied not only to Connecticut and New England but to Central American rain forests. The songbird population—which needs all these habitats—is crashing right now because of the destruction of these forests.

Second, there is the opportunity for wilderness restoration on a grand scale in New England. One of the largest uninhabited areas in America is in northern Maine, 10 million acres without year-round inhabitants that stretch down to northern Vermont, New Hampshire, and the Adirondacks. Within my lifetime we could have a preserve in New England—with wolf, caribou, moose, and eastern panther—rivaling those in Alaska. We must use the ideas of conservation biology: core wilderness reserves, surrounded by buffer areas in which steadily decreasing human use is allowed as we get closer to the core, with biological corridors connecting the core preserves for the transmission of genetic material and wildness.



BRUCE KERSHNER



SUSAN HEATH

On July 10, 1989, a stand of 200- to 300-year-old trees in Connecticut called the Cathedral Pines (top) was devastated by a tornado (bottom), provoking a debate about what should be the "natural" disposition of a tract of damaged land. One side argued that the owner, The Nature Conservancy, should clear the area and replant it. Another side held that the forest should be left to decompose and regrow on its own. Recently, The Nature Conservancy decided to clear the perimeter of the Pines in order to manage any potential fires. The center—full of downed trees, splintered trunks, and uprooted stumps—will remain in a "state of nature." The hypothetical forest discussed in the opening section of this forum is based on this catastrophe.

TURNER: The point about genetic material is critical. What might we want in our new forest? For example, should our goal be to maximize biomass—that is, the weight or mass of living material? But how do you define "living"? What about most of a coral reef or heartwood, which is dead? Should the goal be to maximize the mass of living tissue or maximize the mass of DNA and RNA, the carriers of heredity? Should we farm the planet for genetic diversity? But one might think, Doesn't this idea slight other means of passing on information between generations—learning, rituals, libraries, this conversation, computers? Therefore, should we maximize nervous tissue—or the density of human culture—since that would maximize the amount of information getting passed on to other generations?

BOTKIN: The idea that we should find a single quantity to *maximize* is intellectual baggage from the nineteenth century. It is essentially the mechanical ideal, the metaphor of the engine with one peak of humming power. This metaphor coalesced with the ancient notion of a divine order—that nature was perfect. This union of ideas yielded the false view of nature as a single pristine state—undisturbed and without man. There is no such nature. Ecological systems have values other than "peak performance." The relationship between human beings and these natural systems is much more complex and more organic than the machine metaphor allows us to see. When we see ourselves as part of this *dynamism* of nature, we will have a more

accurate metaphor and view of the world.

TURNER: Exactly my point. We're going to have to strive for all of these goals simultaneously.

POLLAN: I'm a bit alarmed that each of you is willing to interfere and make these decisions for nature. What is the measure of our actions? What is too much, too little?

FOREMAN: It's something we're going to be learning for the next thousand years. It's important to distinguish between native diversity—the life that has historical ties to a piece of land—and natural diversity—the life that will move onto a piece of land. Generally, those species that come in are "weed" species. We're finding out now, for example, that in the ancient forests of the Pacific Northwest, the marbled murrelet and the red-backed vole and the flying squirrel are losing habitat to the species adapted to disturbed ecosystems. For example, the white-tailed deer, in the North at least, is a weed species that has expanded its range as humans disrupt the environment, replacing caribou and moose.

LOVELOCK: I'm fascinated to hear Dave Foreman use the word *weed!* It's a dreadful word, isn't it?

TURNER: Isn't a weed a weed precisely because it's *good* at spreading itself around, and wouldn't it be *unnatural* to stop it from doing so? Why should we privilege the genetically less robust? Maybe weeds have a lot going for them.

BOTKIN: Maybe we should clarify what a weed is. A weed is to plants as dirt is to soil. A weed is a plant out of place. So a redwood tree in the desert is a weed. European weeds spread very well. They came over on the hosts of European ships, with cattle and hay. The most troublesome weeds arrive in the early stages of forest succession. If not weeded, for example, Japanese honeysuckle can overwhelm a sturdy hardwood stand in eastern North America.

FOREMAN: Spotted knapweed in Montana, tumbleweed in the Southwest, kudzu in the Southeast—all are weeds. But look at why they exist. I spent eight years locating the large roadless areas in the United States, and I found only 368 areas of more than 100,000 acres apiece in the West and 50,000 in the East. In other words, 92 percent of the lower forty-eight states has been developed. So we could try to reclaim some of the 92 percent. For example, the 10 million acres in Maine that I mentioned are owned by a few paper companies. The government could buy that land today for the price of a couple of Stealth bombers.

YARO: Dave, consider that the 10-million-acre forest in Maine is one of the last places in the Northeast where we have a resource-based economy. People work in the forest cutting trees and work in the mills turning the trees into paper—all of which relates to the people who pick up the *New York Times* in the morning. We shouldn't throw out the people and the economy to "save" the forest. Save both. A good example of this problem occurred in Cades Cove in the Smokies. The National Park Service came in sixty years ago to "preserve the Smokies" and threw out the local Appalachian people. To please the tourists, they have now hired costumed actors posing as Appalachians. We *can* introduce human use that isn't in conflict with preserving an intact ecosystem.

POLLAN: A preserve that includes *Homo sapiens?*

YARO: Yes. Last year I made trips to two similar landscapes—the Alps and Mount Rainier. In the Alps, I found beautiful landscapes that included villages, farms, factories, agriculture, and eventually wilderness. There was no national park and no artificial boundary between the natural and humanized areas. Then, Mount Rainier. There's a line on the map. On one side of it, we've kicked out the local people. It's well kept inside the park but dull in comparison to its Swiss counterpart. Once you cross the line, all hell breaks loose. It's as though two alien cultures met at the national-park boundary. Outside of it are ticky-tacky signs, ski areas, and fast food. Now why can't we move the line of the park out but allow for certain human activity that reinforces what's there?

POLLAN: Let's return to Tabernacle Pines. There are houses bordering it. Forestry experts tell me that if I leave the drying, rotting logs, I can expect a major fire that would threaten the town, especially the property on the border.

BOTKIN: Tell them to go to Hartford and get fire insurance.

YARO: Insurance is a native industry in Connecticut, and we should respect it!

LOVELOCK: Without forest fires, you wouldn't have long-term oxygen regulation in the atmosphere. So if we stop all fires, we may harm ourselves in the long run.

POLLAN: Will you come with me and explain that to the fellow whose house is in danger?

LOVELOCK: Hard cases make bad law, don't they? Still, it's the only way, and somebody's going to be hurt.

FOREMAN: Why does nature always have to make the adjustment instead of people?

TURNER: Nature versus people again. I simply don't buy it. I want to register a protest about this and

the 92 to 8 percent distinction. It is artificial. The Indians—the people who came across the Bering Land Bridge—changed the ecology of North America totally. And before that, the ice ages drastically altered these lands.

POLLAN: Is there a distinction between the changes wrought by humanity and the changes wrought by the ice ages?

BOTKIN: Yes. Essentially, the differences are the rate of change and man's introduction of novel actions. Trees migrate, but over thousands of years. In Michigan, Paul Bunyan's country, 19 million acres of white pine were logged in less than a hundred years. Plowing is a novel action, and we should avoid too much of it. Many chemicals are totally novel, so we should avoid them as well. Again, we shouldn't treat nature as if it's a machine—take it apart, rebuild it, and substitute new parts. The rule should be: Change nature at nature's rates and in nature's ways.

YARO: Our problem stems from a wilderness ethic that puts lines on maps and fences on the ground and says, "Keep your hands off." This ethic finds its complement in our land ethic, which says, "Take the money and run." This must end. We must manage our continent.

LOVELOCK: And that problem is made worse by agribusiness. We have plowed up so much more than we need. England is spending billions just to store its surplus grain. At one time, butter from my part of Britain was actually burned in German power stations.

POLLAN: Dave, are you sanguine when you hear all this optimistic talk about reconciling the interests of man and nature?

FOREMAN: No, I'm not. In studying evolution, we learn that the worst thing a species can be is too successful. That's the stage we're in. But we are living in a fool's paradise. We've ended a giddy drunk, and a nasty hangover awaits us. It might be AIDS, it might be something else. I want to make sure that we don't take everything with us. Believing this is the only thing that gives my life meaning.

Our problem is a spiritual crisis. The Puritans brought with them a theology that saw the wilderness of North America as a haunt of Satan, with savages as his disciples and wild animals as his demons—all of which had to be cleared, defeated, tamed, or killed. Opening up the dark forests became a spiritual mission: to flush evil out of hiding. If we are going to survive in North America, we have to go back, metaphorically, to that pilgrim shore again. Let's seek to learn from the land this time. I do believe that people are tied into nature. I don't want to separate humans from nature. But we must discover our proper place in that dynamic. Consider that Phoenix, Arizona, has one of the highest per capita water uses in the United States! People in Denver, Colorado, all have lawns requiring eleven inches of rain a week, just like English lords.

POLLAN: Are we threatening ourselves, the planet, or both?

FOREMAN: All of it. Ecologist Paul Ehrlich says that killing off species is analogous to taking rivets out of an airplane: Just one rivet, we can get by; but at some point, the airplane is no longer safe.

LOVELOCK: Paul Ehrlich propagates this notion of a fragile Earth. It's not Earth that's fragile; it's *we* who are fragile. Nature has withstood catastrophes far worse than what we've delivered. Nothing we do will destroy nature. But we can easily destroy ourselves.

Dave, we probably will experience a sudden drop in population, and comparatively soon. It won't happen here, of course, but in the tropical regions, where the sustaining forests are more gravely threatened. The humid, tropical forest regions house about a billion people. Once we've cleared 70 percent of the forests—which we are well on the way to doing—the remainder won't be able to sustain the region's climate. Without the rain, the trees will die. We may see this as early as 2000. And when that happens, a billion people will be facing death and starvation. We will have a refugee problem and a political crisis as bad as a thermonuclear war.

FOREMAN: The naturalist Aldo Leopold said there are those who can live without wild things and those who cannot. I am one of those who cannot. I'm a product of the Pleistocene epoch, the age of large mammals. I am a large mammal. I *like* large mammals. I do not want to live in a world without jaguars and great blue whales and redwoods and rain forests, because this is my geological era, this is my family, this is my context. I only have meaning in situ, in the age I live in, the late Pleistocene. I do not want to be the cause of a transition into a new era.

Designing Nature

POLLAN: Because of my brilliant disposition of the issue of Tabernacle Pines—suffice it to say I took *your* advice—I was elected mayor of neighboring Oakdale. Recently, an old woman died and left a square mile of land on the edge of town to Oakdale. Her will stipulates that we use this land "for the benefit of Oakdaleans." The parcel has a moderate-size farm surrounded by second-growth oak forest. There's a bluff over-

looking the farm and the famous Treaty Oak, where the Indians first made friends with the settlers. The bluff is where five generations of Oakdaleans have come to court; it has its *own* history. Now I am empowered to decide what happens to this land. I ran on a solid environmental ticket, and yet I also face a 15 percent unemployment rate among the working class; pressure is building to develop on this land. What do I do?



TURNER: Allow limited development, but balance that by planting, *within* the town limits, indigenous species, thus extending their range. Erase the boundary between the urbanized area and nature. You might also offer property-tax exemptions for the number of species being preserved on your land. Lose species and you'd pay a higher tax.

YARO: He's assuming, Mr. Mayor, that you don't want to get reelected!

BOTKIN: I'd start with the Treaty Oak. That is history, so I'd leave it. I'd also take an acorn from it and plant it beside the old oak, so that there is a replacement. We always assume that trees, like nature, are permanent, and, of course, they're not. I would leave the farm alone and urge you to risk a push for conservation.

FOREMAN: I would turn it into an environmental education site for the town school system, basically maintain it as a natural area with trails, centers, environmental education. You could make the farm the headquarters, and you could employ some people that way.

YARO: Realize, right off, that this is a sacred landscape. How many Oakdaleans were conceived in the backseats of Mustangs parked on that bluff? There are primal memories here. This place is a shrine. It will be very easy to muck things up if we aren't careful. You must keep the farm, because that's the vista seen from the bluff. You've got to manage it. To generate some money and jobs, I would consider limited development on the south end, built in a tight cluster tucked into the woods. It should look and feel like Oakdale instead of sprawl. Then, adopt new regulations that require similar land-conserving patterns of development throughout the Oakdale region.

BOTKIN: If you want to conserve it, I would avoid the pitfall that Central Park smartly avoided: letting people develop a little around the edges. You might try trading the southern land for additional northern land, especially the land upriver. Then you can make a statement about protecting the forest and the flood plain upriver.

LOVELOCK: If this were in Europe, one might consider "in-filling." In other words, all development would happen *within* the town; the town's population density would be increased in order to spare the wilderness.

POLLAN: But I have to go to a town council meeting tomorrow night and I have to defend my decision.

YARO: Then you might want to keep your car engine running.

POLLAN: Exactly. So what do I say to the unemployed carpenter who will ask me how this decision will help get him a job?

FOREMAN: I don't really care what you say to him. Because I am going to organize people—bird-watchers, hikers, environmentalists, others—in such a way that you will fear them far more than an unemployed carpenter.

BOTKIN: Dave, don't give up completely on the carpenter and his sense of values. For example, the last uncut stand of virgin oak and hickory woodlands in New Jersey—the Hutcheson Memorial Forest—was purchased and saved with funds from the carpenters' union, and it was named for a former president of the union. You can appeal to higher values, and the carpenters,

among others, will respond.

POLLAN: Well, I have decided that you guys have your heads in the clouds. I am going to develop the entire square mile by selling five-acre plots. You've tried to stop me, but everything—petitions, lawsuits, protests—has failed. The political process is over. It's America. It's democracy. Do you go home now?

FOREMAN: I *never* go home.

POLLAN: What do you do?

FOREMAN: Conservationists have a fully equipped toolshed and use the proper tool for the proper job at the proper time.

"By 2000, warmer temperatures will cause stately old trees to die back and make them vulnerable to insects and blights. Hikers will find themselves increasingly among dead trees."

YARO: Are hatchets in your toolshed?

FOREMAN: Lots of things are in there!

POLLAN: And after politics are exhausted?

FOREMAN: Oh, you might start by pulling up survey stakes. And you might want to engage in some paper monkey-wrenching, to slow things down.

YARO: Paper can be one of the most effective tools. You know, this society can't do things very quickly, but it is brilliant at slowing things down.

POLLAN: Suppose Dave called you the night before the bulldozers showed up. He's planning to pour something in the gas tanks. Will you help him?

TURNER: People do what they are best equipped to do. I'm not a politician. My inclination would be to use art, theater, poetry, and song. The power of a good song, like the coal miners' strike songs, is terrific.

BOTKIN: I agree with Fred. What I bring to the environmental arena is my reputation as an objective scientist who can evaluate the land. To pour something in a gas tank—

FOREMAN: —grinding compound—

BOTKIN:—would destroy my credibility. We all must play different roles.

LOVELOCK: Dave, it just so happens that my main line of work is as an inventor. I can think of a lot of things I could do to those bulldozers.

FOREMAN: Let's talk.

LOVELOCK: See, if I really felt strongly about this issue, I would be obliged to act—even at the risk of losing credibility.

POLLAN: Is there a limit to what you'd do?

FOREMAN: There are certain issues I feel so strongly about that I will plant my spear in the ground and stand there, regardless. For example, during the demonstrations in Oregon to save old-growth forests, I was run down and pushed for a hundred yards by a truck full of loggers. They were trying to kill me and I knew it, but I couldn't get out of the way because I had made a commitment that I was going to stand there. My larger commitment is that I'm going to be nonviolent toward living things. I am willing to die for what I believe in. I am not willing to *kill* for what I believe in—although if I were an Indian in Amazonian Peru and my land was being invaded by oil companies, I might use my blowgun or my bow and arrow. But this is a real problem I continually run into with the yippie type who believes in revolution for the hell of it. I'm a very reluctant radical.

YARO: Sometimes, though, we have to lose a place in order to galvanize public attention. Sometimes the most effective way of preventing future damage is to let the damage occur. And record it, publicize it. The Glen Canyon Dam is one of the most horrible things to occur on this continent. It's what's known as a cash-register dam—built for no good reason except to finance even more pork-barrel programs. Now it is a symbol and has inspired a conservation movement across the country.

Speaking for Wolf

POLLAN: Because of my brilliant management of this problem, I have moved on to higher office. I am President of the United States. I am a *real* environmental president, and I want to do something dramatic. What actions—both political and symbolic—would you advise me to take in order to motivate the nation?

TURNER: As I mentioned earlier, I would reform the tax system to penalize species loss and encourage ecological diversity. And, since the U.S. Forest Service has done such a rotten job with the land, it would be better to sell it to private owners with the kind of tax structure that

would encourage them, pridefully and profitably, to care for the land. State control of the economic system failed in Eastern Europe. Why should state control of the ecosystem work any better than private ownership here?

BOTKIN: As long as we thought nature was "one state," we didn't need to monitor it. Now that we know that nature is always changing, we must track its conditions. We need global-research institutes—one research center per continent—to study the atmosphere and the dynamics of Earth. I would revise the national park system so that the parks were connected in such a way that natural migrations might occur. As a symbolic action, I would honor the treaty with the Sioux, return the Black Hills to them to run buffalo and manage the ecology. You could get a lot of press for this; you'd be the next Teddy Roosevelt.

FOREMAN: Let's recognize that 1992 is the 500th anniversary of the European economic discovery of America and then seek a new covenant with the land. As President, you should invite the leaders of native peoples to the White House to apologize for what we've done and to seek their advice on how to live on Turtle Island. I, too, would return the Dakota prairie to the Sioux. Use 1992 as a symbolic time to launch these initiatives.

To manage the human population, offer every woman in the world free access to family planning, abortion, and sterilization—at home and abroad. Don't impose it, just offer it. Finally, announce national goals to cut by 50 percent America's consumption of paper, wood, minerals, energy, and water by the year 2000.

YARO: I would start by having you roll out of bed one morning at Pennsylvania Avenue and walk to Union Station and hop on the Metroliner to Philadelphia—one of America's first planned cities. There you would announce a 25-cents-a-gallon increase in the oil-import duty for each of the next ten years. This will bring U.S. oil prices in line with the rest of the world. With the revenue you can retire a big chunk of the national debt and announce a national program to rebuild the metropolitan transportation systems.

LOVELOCK: We are in a similar position to that of Europe in 1938. In those days one knew that a war was looming, but nobody had the slightest idea what to do about it. One group was saying, Fight Nazism; another was saying, Disarm. There were a few sensible people who prepared for the war. Well, we are in for the equivalent of a war in the next five or ten years, and it would be sensible to prepare people's minds for that.

The destruction of the tropical rain forests and the greenhouse effect are so serious—they're not just the doom stories of scientists—that the consequences will be upon us within five to ten years. They will come in the form of surprises: storms of vastly greater severity than anything we've ever experienced before, disruptions in the ozone layer, events for which no amount of expensive computer simulation could possibly prepare us. As is the essence of surprises, we can't know what they will be. We have an enemy out there, and it will play some dirty tricks and hit us with some new weapons.

POLLAN: Do we have to wait for a Pearl Harbor before we can act?

LOVELOCK: That gets to my suggestion. As President, you should go to Pearl Harbor and give a nationwide televised speech to prepare the people.

BOTKIN: Jim is right. Our projections on global warming suggest that by the year 2000, we will begin to see rapid changes over vast areas. In parts of the North, we expect to see stately old trees beginning to die back. The warmer temperature will make many trees vulnerable to insect attacks and different blights. Hikers will increasingly find themselves among dead trees. Loggers will have to choose between harvesting the dead timber and glutting the lumber and paper industries. And the diebacks will affect water supply and erosion rates. It's really overwhelming.

So your policies to curb global warming should be yoked to symbolic actions in order to motivate people. For example, I might have the president create an environmental trail beginning at the front door of the White House, going out of President's Park, down to the Mall, into Rock Creek Park, on to the Appalachian Trail, all the way to the Blue Ridge Mountains. I've checked this out. It can be done.

TURNER: I am bothered by the model of war. I am not a scientist, but I gather that there is much scientific data to the effect that the changes wrought by human beings in the ecosphere are still within the range of changes that have been going on anyway. Isn't the climate of the world on a kind of random wave into which these changes fit comfortably? I think the war model, by which we try to get everybody anxious, leads to despair and to a point where people act out of guilt and fear. The motivations of guilt and fear are as damaging to one's capacity for creativity as they are to sex: If you're in an acute state of guilt and fear, you will not be very good at sex or at coming up with good ideas.

I would look for ways to use hope, expectation, adventure, and curiosity as motivators. I want to see the destruction of the rain forests

and the ozone layer and the greenhouse effect as occasions for international cooperation. We are at the beginning of the greatest period of human history. To motivate us in a positive way, I have two suggestions.

First, let us recognize that nature is a process of reproduction, of inaccurate self-copying—a series of "flaws" that account for evolution. And that human reproductions of nature are not substitutes for authentic nature but *are* authentic nature. Humankind's efforts are a continuation and extension of that reproduction, evolution, and improvement. Since only about 5 percent of the genetic material of any species is expressed, the other 95 percent is an archive of evolutionary history. Thus we may be able to *reconstruct* lost species. We should do so, and we should think of these efforts as positive accomplishments. We are promoting nature because *we are nature*. We are the leading edge, the sensitive tip, the cambium of nature. And we are charged with its promotion.

Second, this world, this universe, is a chaotic, self-organizing, dissipative system that never repeats itself. If we believe that we must maintain nature at a particular point of arcadian or pastoral perfection, then we are doomed. We must see ourselves as part of a universe whose divine drama has only begun. So let us recover our ritual sense of evolution. I would establish a Presidential Prairie and create two festival days in the year. The first would be seed-collecting day for the president, his family, kids, the Girl Scouts—all of us—to go to old graveyards, railroad rights-of-way, and the like and collect the seeds to be planted in the prairie. Since prairies have to be burned, the second festival would be in the spring, and there would be a great burning. It would be a ritual performance, and TV would be there. You would see it. It would be photogenic. It would be great footage. It would be a beautiful thing.

LOVELOCK: Fred, I just want to return to my wartime language. I remember 1938 very clearly, and it was not a time of despair at all. The threat of war stirs a feeling of adventure. If you had lived in London then, you would have found it was a very pleasant place. The threat of war didn't cause misery or a lack of creativity. Art and writing flourished in those heady times. Far more paralyzing than the threat of war is the foolish suburban contentment in which many people now languish.

YARO: Since this is the decade of turning ICBMs into plowshares, I propose two post–Cold War initiatives for the president. Make "America the Beautiful" the nation's anthem. Instead of contemplating the "rockets' red glare," let's reflect on "thine alabaster cities" and "purple mountain majesties." Then let's reclaim that song's images and vistas by bringing home the 300,000 soldiers from Europe and dedicating the resulting savings to repairing our lands and cities.

BOTKIN: And let's turn our coastal military bases into maritime research centers and convert our land bases into environmental stations.

LOVELOCK: As we make these changes, we shouldn't neglect technological advances. Shell Oil in Europe, for example, has a scheme for burning coal in pure oxygen that eliminates pollution. I am not one of those environmentalists who say we should go back to the land and burn candles to light our homes. It's like passengers on a ship deciding they loathe ironware technology and jumping off the ship to swim the rest of the way.

POLLAN: Dave, are you as confident about our ability to solve our problems?

FOREMAN: I guess I disagree with everybody. We are foolish to believe that all our problems are solvable, especially by technology or sociology. The technological fix often creates twice as many problems as it solves. We need fewer solutions and more humility. Our environmental problems originate in the hubris of imagining ourselves as the central nervous system or the brain of nature. We're not the brain, we are a cancer on nature.

The Oneida Indians tell an old story about the tribe discovering a new, perfect place. After they moved, they found that the area had many wolves. They considered slaughtering the wolves but then thought, What kind of people would we become if we killed them? They stayed, but, to deal with this problem in the future, they appointed one man to attend the council meetings and "speak for wolf." We must overcome our hubris and learn to speak for wolf.

TURNER: There may be limits to technology, but I've seen blackened and polluted sections of England made rich with life. Technology is not necessarily bad, and neither are we. I deeply object to the metaphor of humankind as a cancer. My parable, Dave, is that early on, when life first appeared, the crystals and chemical organisms must have thought, What is this thing that keeps reproducing itself? It keeps on changing. It's messing up the atmosphere. It keeps transforming itself. It's full of hubris, life. For what is life but a cancer upon the purity of the inorganic? If we are a cancer, if life is a cancer, then I am for it. The nervous system is a glorious cancer that has evolved, and I stand with it. I am that cancer.

FOREMAN: And I am the antibody. ■

SCANDIA

The Shoulder Bag For People On The Go!

ONLY $19.95



IT HOLDS *EVERYTHING!*

The Scandia is intelligently designed to hold all the books, paper, equipment and clothes you could ever need to carry.

There are even special pockets for all those little odds and ends that seem to get lost in ordinary bags. The sturdy canvas Scandia measures 14½" across, 11" deep, and 4" wide (the perfect size for an airplane carry-on), and has six inner and outer pockets. And for those times when you need a little extra space, just open the Scandia's inside zipper and the bag *expands to a full 8 inches in width!* No matter how much you pack into the Scandia, it will still be trim enough to carry comfortably.

IT'S EXTREMELY DURABLE.

As anyone who has ever owned a Scandia will testify, *this bag lasts for years.* The Scandia's high-quality canvas is water-resistant, color-fast, and scuff-proof. Its heavy duty zippers, piping, and snaps are well-made and extremely durable. And the Scandia will stay in style for years; its attractive, casual look goes as well with a business suit as it does with jeans and a sweater. And with six handsome colors to choose from, you might want to own more than one!



The Scandia's remarkable design makes it roomy enough to hold all your gear, yet trim enough to carry comfortably.

There's simply no other shoulder bag that's as lightweight, versatile, stylish, durable and affordable as the Scandia.

If you've shopped around for high-quality shoulder bags, briefcases, and purses, you're probably aware that most of these items cost at least $50. But, because we've made a mass purchase of Scandia bags, we are able to sell them at the remarkably low price of only $19.95 each. Surely, that's a small price to pay for a big capacity, smart-looking bag that will last for years.

IT'S A REMARKABLE BARGAIN!
NOW ONLY $19.95

ORDER TOLL-FREE
1-800-242-6657
CALL ANYTIME, DAY OR NIGHT

Barnes & Noble Unconditional Guarantee
You must be completely satisfied with every item you order from Barnes & Noble by mail, or you may return it to us, for a full refund

Barnes & Noble
Booksellers Since 1873

DEPT. B267 , 126 FIFTH AVE., NY, NY 10011

NAME

ADDRESS

CITY/STATE/ZIP METHOD OF PAYMENT

☐ Check ☐ VISA ☐ Mastercard ☐ American Express

CREDIT CARD NUMBER

EXP DATE

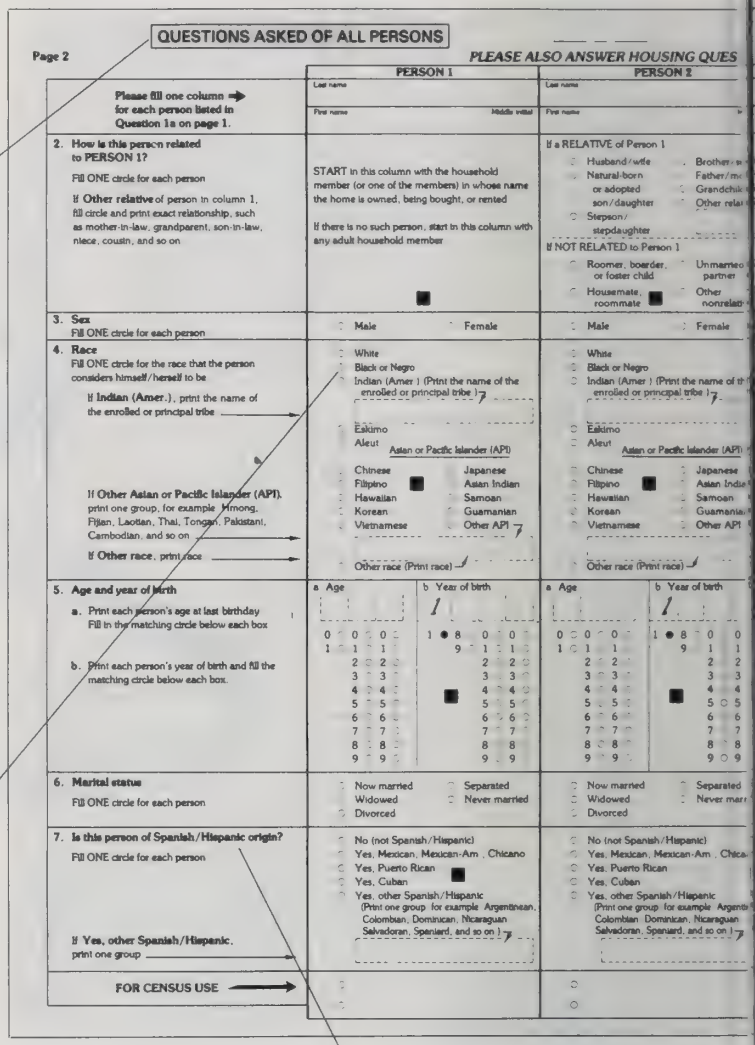
SIGNATURE

ITEM #	STYLE	QTY	TOTAL
#1377068	BLUE		
#1377027	BLACK		
#1377019	GRAY		
#1377035	BROWN		
#1377043	KHAKI		
#1377050	BURGUNDY		
	Merchandise Total		
	Add sales tax for deliveries to CT, MA, MN, NJ, NY, PA, & CA(6%)		
	Add $2.50 per bag ordered for shipping & insurance		
	ORDER TOTAL		

POLITICS TAKE

The census form: A parti

Every ten years since 1790 the United States has enumerated itself, and on April 1 the country shall commence to do so once again. Census Bureau forms like this one, filled out by millions of Americans, tell us not only how many we are but also, and more important, *who* we are societally: what our racial and ethnic compositions are, where we live, and whether we are better off now than at the beginning of the previous decade. Census taking, then, is political: The information gathered is used for congressional redistricting, enforcement of the Voting Rights Act, and distribution of billions of dollars of federal grants-in-aid to states and localities. And the form itself is a product of political maneuvering. In what it has chosen to ask and what it has not, the Bush administration is counting on a count that will accent the positive and downplay the need for increased social spending.



Page 2

QUESTIONS ASKED OF ALL PERSONS

PLEASE ALSO ANSWER HOUSING QUES

PERSON 1 | PERSON 2

Please fill one column for each person listed in Question 1a on page 1.

2. How is this person related to PERSON 1?
Fill ONE circle for each person
If Other relative of person in column 1, fill circle and print exact relationship, such as mother-in-law, grandparent, son-in-law, niece, cousin, and so on

START in this column with the household member (or one of the members) in whose name the home is owned, being bought, or rented
If there is no such person, start in this column with any adult household member

If a RELATIVE of Person 1: Husband/wife; Natural-born or adopted son/daughter; Stepson/stepdaughter; Brother/sister; Father/mother; Grandchild; Other relative
If NOT RELATED to Person 1: Roomer, boarder, or foster child; Housemate, roommate; Unmarried partner; Other nonrelative

3. Sex
Fill ONE circle for each person
Male; Female

4. Race
Fill ONE circle for the race that the person considers himself/herself to be
White; Black or Negro; Indian (Amer.) (Print the name of the enrolled or principal tribe); Eskimo; Aleut; Asian or Pacific Islander (API); Chinese; Japanese; Filipino; Asian Indian; Hawaiian; Samoan; Korean; Guamanian; Vietnamese; Other API
If Indian (Amer.), print the name of the enrolled or principal tribe
If Other Asian or Pacific Islander (API), print one group, for example, Hmong, Fijian, Laotian, Thai, Tongan, Pakistani, Cambodian, and so on
If Other race, print race
Other race (Print race)

5. Age and year of birth
a. Print each person's age at last birthday. Fill in the matching circle below each box.
b. Print each person's year of birth and fill the matching circle below each box.
a Age; b Year of birth

6. Marital status
Fill ONE circle for each person
Now married; Widowed; Divorced; Separated; Never married

7. Is this person of Spanish/Hispanic origin?
Fill ONE circle for each person
No (not Spanish/Hispanic); Yes, Mexican, Mexican-Am., Chicano; Yes, Puerto Rican; Yes, Cuban; Yes, other Spanish/Hispanic (Print one group, for example, Argentinean, Colombian, Dominican, Nicaraguan, Salvadoran, Spaniard, and so on)
If Yes, other Spanish/Hispanic, print one group

FOR CENSUS USE

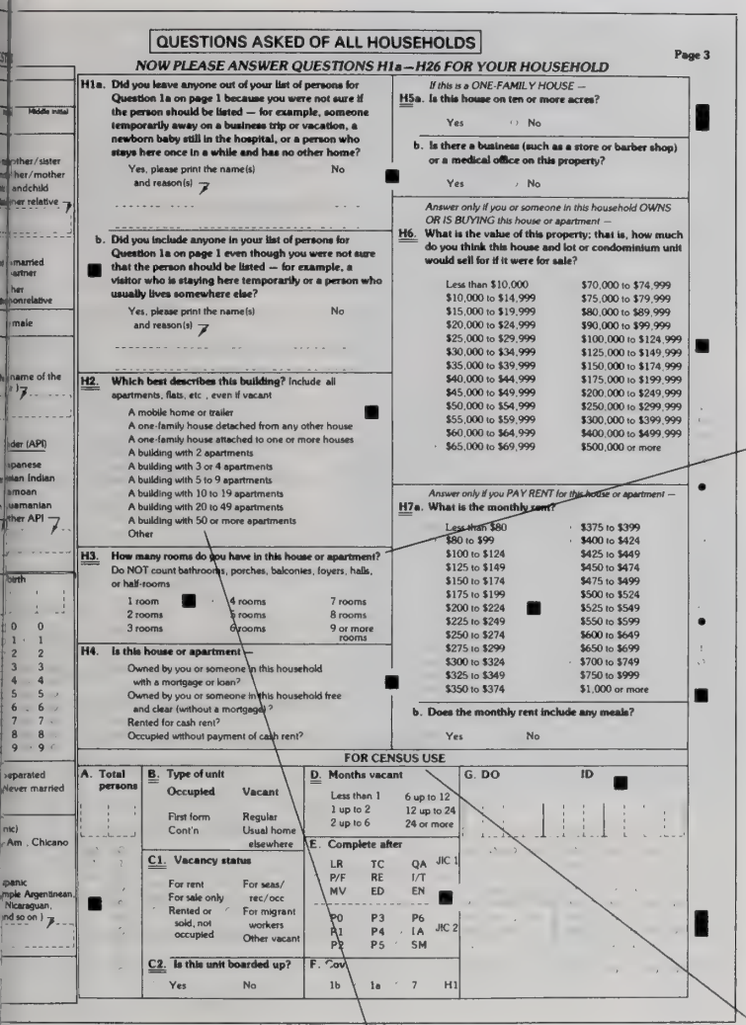
The 1990 census will provide figures on how blacks fared during the Reagan-Bush years, but these numbers won't be complete. Blacks and Hispanics are the most undercounted populations, and middle-aged black males are undercounted by nearly 20 percent. The Census Bureau admits that the last census undercounted the population by 3.2 million people, half of whom were black. The undercount affects cities most; New York, for example, estimates that more than 450,000 citizens were missed, at a cost of at least $675 million in government grants-in-aid. The 1990 undercount will be at least as large as 1980's, but the Commerce Department announced it would not adjust the figure upward. Cities with large black Democratic populations—such as New York, Chicago, and Miami—are poised to help with the effort to count as many people as possible, but relief will not be swift. The war over the statistical correction promises to linger for years in the Commerce Department, now controlled by the Bush administration, and in the courts, remade by Reagan administration appointments.

Hispanics—estimated at 20.1 million—are the fastest-growing segment of the population. Yet a Spanish-language form will not be sent to Hispanic households when the English forms are mailed. To receive Spanish forms, Hispanics—many of whom are undocumented aliens and don't read English—must call a number listed on the English form and ask for the Spanish one. Hispanic leaders requested years ago that Spanish-language forms be mailed to Hispanic neighborhoods. The Census Bureau says it costs too much.

Gwen Rubinstein is senior program associate for OMB Watch in Washington, D.C.

NTO A COUNT

ation, *by Gwen Rubinstein*



QUESTIONS ASKED OF ALL HOUSEHOLDS

NOW PLEASE ANSWER QUESTIONS H1a—H26 FOR YOUR HOUSEHOLD

Page 3

H1a. Did you leave anyone out of your list of persons for Question 1a on page 1 because you were not sure if the person should be listed — for example, someone temporarily away on a business trip or vacation, a newborn baby still in the hospital, or a person who stays here once in a while and has no other home?
Yes, please print the name(s) and reason(s) — No

b. Did you include anyone in your list of persons for Question 1a on page 1 even though you were not sure that the person should be listed — for example, a visitor who is staying here temporarily or a person who usually lives somewhere else?
Yes, please print the name(s) and reason(s) — No

H2. Which best describes this building? Include all apartments, flats, etc., even if vacant
A mobile home or trailer
A one-family house detached from any other house
A one-family house attached to one or more houses
A building with 2 apartments
A building with 3 or 4 apartments
A building with 5 to 9 apartments
A building with 10 to 19 apartments
A building with 20 to 49 apartments
A building with 50 or more apartments
Other

H3. How many rooms do you have in this house or apartment? Do NOT count bathrooms, porches, balconies, foyers, halls, or half-rooms
1 room · 2 rooms · 3 rooms · 4 rooms · 5 rooms · 6 rooms · 7 rooms · 8 rooms · 9 or more rooms

H4. Is this house or apartment —
Owned by you or someone in this household with a mortgage or loan?
Owned by you or someone in this household free and clear (without a mortgage)?
Rented for cash rent?
Occupied without payment of cash rent?

If this is a ONE-FAMILY HOUSE —

H5a. Is this house on ten or more acres?
Yes · No

b. Is there a business (such as a store or barber shop) or a medical office on this property?
Yes · No

Answer only if you or someone in this household OWNS OR IS BUYING this house or apartment —

H6. What is the value of this property; that is, how much do you think this house and lot or condominium unit would sell for if it were for sale?

Less than $10,000	$70,000 to $74,999
$10,000 to $14,999	$75,000 to $79,999
$15,000 to $19,999	$80,000 to $89,999
$20,000 to $24,999	$90,000 to $99,999
$25,000 to $29,999	$100,000 to $124,999
$30,000 to $34,999	$125,000 to $149,999
$35,000 to $39,999	$150,000 to $174,999
$40,000 to $44,999	$175,000 to $199,999
$45,000 to $49,999	$200,000 to $249,999
$50,000 to $54,999	$250,000 to $299,999
$55,000 to $59,999	$300,000 to $399,999
$60,000 to $64,999	$400,000 to $499,999
$65,000 to $69,999	$500,000 or more

Answer only if you PAY RENT for this house or apartment —

H7a. What is the monthly rent?

Less than $80	$375 to $399
$80 to $99	$400 to $424
$100 to $124	$425 to $449
$125 to $149	$450 to $474
$150 to $174	$475 to $499
$175 to $199	$500 to $524
$200 to $224	$525 to $549
$225 to $249	$550 to $599
$250 to $274	$600 to $649
$275 to $299	$650 to $699
$300 to $324	$700 to $749
$325 to $349	$750 to $999
$350 to $374	$1,000 or more

b. Does the monthly rent include any meals?
Yes · No

FOR CENSUS USE

A. Total persons · B. Type of unit: Occupied (First form, Cont'n) · Vacant (Regular, Usual home elsewhere) · C1. Vacancy status: For rent · For sale only · Rented or sold, not occupied · For seas/rec/occ · For migrant workers · Other vacant · C2. Is this unit boarded up? Yes · No · D. Months vacant: Less than 1 · 1 up to 2 · 2 up to 6 · 6 up to 12 · 12 up to 24 · 24 or more · E. Complete after: LR TC QA JIC 1 · P/F RE I/T · MV ED EN · P0 P3 P6 · P1 P4 1A JIC 2 · P2 P5 SM · F. Cov · 1b 1a 7 H1 · G. DO ID

The president's Office of Management and Budget can reject or change federal paperwork. In its review of census materials, the OMB attempted to move questions H3, H5, H6, and H7 from this form, which goes to 88 million households, to the long form, which goes to only 17.7 million households. Question H3, long an important indicator of overcrowding, is crucially relevant: The 1980s saw American families having trouble finding decent, affordable housing while federal moneys for subsidized housing dropped dramatically and mortgage foreclosure rates climbed. Only by extraordinary public and congressional pressure was this question restored to this form. But the OMB succeeded in moving from the short form a standard question that asks if respondents have basic plumbing.

Presumably, the use of census information benefits all of us. But it is clear that in this era of budget constraints and Gramm-Rudman-Hollings automatic cuts, there is usefulness in *not* having information. With less information to identify the need for new housing, schools, and other publicly funded facilities, it is easier to ignore societal problems, easier to forget that the 1980s were a decade in which many Americans were counted out.

Buildings with fifty or more apartments often are public-housing projects, where two or three families may share an apartment. Special follow-up procedures are required to ensure that all inhabitants are counted. The effort will be nearly impossible, for not only will the bureau have insufficient funds but it faces the difficult task of temporarily hiring up to 500,000 enumerators at a time when the nation's unemployment rate is at a twenty-year low.

CONCRETE AND IRONY

What the Germans found when the Wall came down

By Peter Schneider

In the days after the opening of the Berlin Wall, the national emblem of the German Democratic Republic underwent a remarkable transformation. The Communist hammer and sickle gave way to the hammer and chisel, with which thousands of Berliners, East and West—and thousands of tourists, too—have been having a go at the Wall. Since November 9, people in Berlin have come to recognize themselves by their swollen knuckles and blue thumbnails.

This international brigade, which has been working almost round the clock, is comprised of people of all ages. They are into destruction, not construction. And the noise they make! Things must have been like this in Babel, before God punished the presumptuous tower project with the curse of the pandemonium of languages. And, of course, this collective is one that has assembled for private gain. The smallest chips of the Wall, which can be found in and gathered from every nook and cranny, are handled like jewels. Even tiny painted crumbs of concrete are collected with flashlight and pincers.

The price of a hacked-off piece of the Wall, depending upon its size and color and design, might be as little as three deutsche marks (about two U.S. dollars) or as much as seventy marks. For a "Wall brooch"—a piece of the Wall mounted on a pin and sold in a jewelry shop—you'll pay three times the street "piece" price. In an hour last January an industrious Wall miner was earning about 150 marks—and the amount was rising. Men and women in fur coats, who but a short time ago invested their money in German neo-expressionists such as Penck and Salomé, go out of their way to select the most aesthetically significant pieces with an expert eye.

The Wall work *is* work, however. No one can believe how well-built the Wall is. In West Berlin a story was going around that an American expert in Oklahoma City had finally discovered the reason for the Wall's diamondlike hardness: It contains a high proportion of asbestos. Members of the Green party, who had had such a hard time condemning the Wall politically, began talking about it as an environmental hazard. A spokesman for the party recommended the "breaking off of the work of breaking stone" until there could be arranged what he called "orderly waste management."

Beyond the environmental crisis there is also the problem of global economics. The Wall, put up in 1961—the building actually supervised by Erich Honecker, then head of the security apparatus—is the property of the East German socialist state; the West has contributed only its murals and graffiti. An East Berlin export business calling itself Limes Construction Export was hastily organized, and it soon announced the "worldwide sale of available original pieces." The proceeds from the sale of these Wall pieces, the company said, would go toward improving the health services of East Germany. Moreover, the Berlin border guards and the "district administration of street maintenance" would also have a piece of the action. All of which sounded to me like yet more bureaucracy and planned economy. Why not "privatize"

Peter Schneider, who lives in West Berlin, is the author of The Wall Jumper, *a novel.*

the Wall, make it the first big business of East Germany? Then again, what entrepreneurs could protect such an asset from embezzlers and other, well, chiselers? Not without reason did Rockefeller and Trump prefer to build upward.

The Wall—the open, crumbling Wall—can already make you feel sad. The looming watchtowers are empty; the remaining pair of border policemen at the Brandenburg Gate stand around pathetically, passing most of each day before the cameras of Western tourists who ask the guards to pose with their kids; the more than 300 dogs that used to guard the Wall have been sold to new masters, who'll put them in their doghouses to while away their remaining years. It is a symbol deprived of its power, a totem flipped on its side. The painted fantasies of liberation and conquest conjured by those whom the Wall used to separate now fall down letter by letter. Little is left of the Wall but a grayish mass full of holes through which the wind blows; by the end of this year these ruins themselves are to be chopped up and carried away.



The Wall can already make you feel sad: a symbol deprived ~~of its power~~, a totem flipped on its side

On November 9, the day the Wall was opened by the East Germans, I was at Dartmouth College in New Hampshire, writing a reply to a question posed to me by members of the German department: "What would happen if the Berlin Wall came down?" The news reached me at 2:00 P.M., giving me just enough time to change all my verbs from the conditional to the past tense.

I returned to Berlin in December and, of course, began asking everyone I met about his or her experiences on the already famous day. I asked the taxi driver who drove me home from Tegel Airport. He was a Berliner who had chosen to stay away from the eastern sector of the city in the years after the Wall went up. He told me an extraordinary story: He had planned his first visit to the East for the evening of November 9! For two weeks he'd carried around in his wallet the tickets for the entertainment revue *Simply Enchanting* at the Palace Theater in Friedrichstadt.

Until the intermission, he told me, everything was fine. Then, strangely, members of the audience poured out of the theater in droves. It was only just before the end of the show that he heard about the goings-on at the Wall. But he saw no reason to leave. It had been twenty-eight years since he had been in the theater, he said; he decided to sit tight. By evening's end he and his wife and maybe a dozen or so others were the only ones remaining in the gigantic hall. He thought the dancers were even better than those in Paris—of course, he couldn't be sure. He *was* sure that there were more pairs of legs onstage at the start of the show than during the finale.

For a Trabant driver from East Berlin I met, November 9 was above all a traffic nightmare. He learned about the opening of the Wall while working on the night shift. He went straight home, drummed his wife and children out of bed, and set out with them on a night ride to the West. "I was never so scared in my life!" he told me. "We were greeted with all this pounding on the roof of the car. It's only made of plastic, so we were frightened the car would not hold up. These people threw themselves right across the glass! My wife drove blindly, with her head close to the windshield; I sat next to her and could only tremble. We drove around like this for a while and then turned back. We were happy when we got back home. At least we know from this what things can go wrong!"

A Greek I know who owns a bar saw a family from East Berlin waiting in the long line for the peep show in Joachimsthalerstrasse. The wife held her two small daughters by the hand and encouraged her embarrassed husband. "Let Daddy have his kicks," my bar-owner friend overheard the wife tell her kids. "In the meantime we'll wait for him over here." What hus-

Photograph by Thomas Muscionico | Contact Press Images

Perhaps November 9 was the first time since the war that the Germans encountered American, even worldwide, affection

band in the West, he asked, could count on such understanding?

D., a teacher in a day-care center, did not hear the news the evening of the ninth. The next morning, in the subway on her way to work, she was surprised by the crowds, especially by the many denim jackets. She told me she remembered thinking, "They look like they're from the East." Shortly after opening the door of the day-care center at eight, she learned of the opening of the Wall this way: A honking Trabant, its tires smoking, sped around the corner and into the remote side street where the center is located. Eight youths were crammed into the lilliputian vehicle. Drenched with champagne, they fell out, one by one, and began embracing the day-care kids, lifting them high and dancing off with them into the street, scaring them half to death.

A supplier of my greengrocer lives in a one-family house near the border crossing at Staaken. Shortly before turning in on November 9, this man went out to make a routine check of his greenhouse. Once outside, he discovered an unbroken stream of humanity, which, howling and swinging bottles, passed by the usually deserted border crossing. Amid the bustle a strange apparition attracted his gaze: a woman in her nightdress tripping along on tiptoe, dreamlike, past the wooden customs booth. She stopped abruptly, stood in place, and searched the ground.



"Where is the border line here?"

"What kind of border line?" the vegetable grower asked.

"Am I now in the West?"

"I believe so! But if you want to be completely sure, take two more steps."

"No thanks, that's enough. Tomorrow I will be drawn back again." She put one slipper over an invisible line, turned a pirouette and tripped back toward the East.

Great events change one's feelings. One should take the time to name them properly. What Berliners on both sides of the Wall felt on November 9, and have continued to feel in the months since, cannot be reduced to the common denominator of "Germany." These feelings were simultaneously more modest and more generous than some new nationalist feeling. A wall knocked down after three decades is a powerful metaphor.

Among the grotesque miscalculations of the architects of the East German state, is there any greater than the decision to protect the "socialist fatherland" by constructing an edifice that couldn't help but evoke a yearning for freedom in men and women everywhere? With the construction of the Wall, the East German Communists instantly made the problem of the division of Germany into an issue for all humanity and provided the then-not-so-warmly-loved Germans—the Wall went up sixteen short years after the war—with some emotional sympathy they otherwise would not have been granted.

I saw the events of November 9 courtesy of Tom Brokaw and NBC—not much in the way of insights, but great camera angles. News items from Germany on American TV are normally over in seconds, but on this particular evening, the shots of Berliners dancing on the Wall were long and varied. These pictures brought about, I think, in the autumn days that followed, a historical caesura: They suddenly, positively, and decisively changed the American image of the Germans. Yes, the West German "economic miracle" brought a kind of bloodless respect, but by its very nature—*economic* news—it could never seriously overcome the black-and-white pictures of the Nazis extending their arms to greet Hitler. Perhaps November 9 was the first time since the war that the Germans encountered American—even worldwide—affection. Germans like myself who saw TV footage overseas gained the impression that the new pictures from Berlin had, for the first time, the power of an emotional counterweight. The hated Nazi German and the tedious, if possibly respected, economic-miracle German were joined in the minds of foreigners by the warm, sympathetic German!

Germans should not be deceived, however: This new international sympathy for Germany

Photograph by David Burnett / Contact Press Images

runs only so deep. The German crimes remain vivid, if not always to Germans themselves. At the official celebrations that followed the spontaneous festivities of November 9, no German politician dared to make clear that the Wall was not a "tragedy" but a direct result of a world war contrived by the Germans. And just after November 9, T-shirts with the inscription NOVEMBER 9—I WAS THERE! were sold at a kiosk in the Potsdamerplatz. Only Richard Chaim Schneider, a son of Holocaust survivors, was struck by how much amnesia was required to purchase the new feeling of exaltation. "The sight of these souvenir articles took my breath away," he wrote in the December 29 *Die Zeit*. "What was this? Did the Germans suddenly want to own up to the fact that they were there? At that time, on November 9, 1938? On the so-called Kristallnacht?"

Scene in West Berlin disco, December 1989:

"Give me the key!"

"You have your own!"

"But it's my apartment."

"So starting today, should I sleep in the East?"

"What do I care? I simply don't want somebody coming to my pad at the drop of a hat!"

The opening of the Wall was a catastrophe for many who had tied their fortunes to the durability of this structure. The West Berlin woman demanding her key back is no longer so enamored of her East Berlin lover now that he can come over and see her anytime. And it can get even more complicated: West Berlin Romeos, including not a few Turks, maintained, along with their marriages in the West, romantic attachments in the East, the discreet existence of which the Wall quietly guarded. On the long night of November 9, and into the gray morning of November 10, many mistresses—some with kids in tow—stood before this or that door in the West, uninvited. With freedom comes responsibility.

But for the most part, upon my return to Berlin, I found the city startlingly unchanged. The stories about West Berliners doing their weekend shopping by noon on Thursday? A fairy tale. That West Berlin, because of the East German throngs, was suffering an easternlike shortage of goods? Not true either, not yet anyway.

Only in front of cheap grocery stores, electronics shops, and the post offices (where every East German was handed one hundred marks by the government—Western pocket money) did I discover the notorious lines. What I did notice was price gouging: In the Wilmersdorf shopping quarter, a pedestrian mall whose shops cater to the not-so-well-to-do, many things suddenly cost more, much more—radios, cameras, ski jackets, and, of course, blue jeans.

The recommendation in *Der Spiegel* of the East German author Heiner Müller to his fellow countrymen—that they should clean out West Berlin's KaDeWe department store instead of pressing their noses against shop windows—seemed to have been heeded. A new announcement over the loudspeakers at the big Hertie store warned, "Pay attention to your handbags!" The West Berlin police announced that the number of robberies doubled in the last two weeks of November.

The new friendliness, the looseness of the border agents, is almost eerie

Upon my first step across the border in December, I peeked into the customs booths and was struck by how the photos of Erich Honecker had been taken down so quickly. You could *see* the blank rectangles, the clean, unfaded paint long hidden—Honecker had run East Germany for a long time. I asked a border agent, "When had the president been taken down?"

"Two days after his resignation."

"And who will take that place next?"

He shrugged his shoulders and grinned. "Who indeed?"

It can be said without exaggeration: The new friendliness, the looseness of the border agents, is almost eerie. I still have the harsh tone in my ear; I continue to wait for that inexorable gaze pinned to the bridge of my nose that used to last for several minutes. This particular guard winked me through, joked around, asked me, sounding truly interested, when I would come again! Had it all been just a bad dream? Can people so quickly unlearn habits ingrained over decades? When the Wall fell, what must have gone on in the heads of these people for whom it provided not only work but power?

"What did you do on November 9?" I asked.

"I went to station headquarters. We had to get ready for all the turmoil!"

I took out my papers. "Did you enjoy it? You personally?"

"Everything's okay now, yes? Have a good trip back!"

Why did I hope that he would refuse to answer at all, rather than make this friendly small talk?

What I could have gathered from any map of the city I discover first by walking around. The Potsdamerplatz (West Berlin), which I have known for years, leads directly through a hole in the Wall into Leipzigerstrasse (East Berlin), which I have also known for years. Through the Brandenburg Gate, which used to symbolize the end of the West, one arrives at Berlin Middle, at Pariserplatz; and just beyond that is Unter den Linden. In Berlin, what for the past four weeks had been called "madness," "crazy," "un-

After the first thrill of unity, it will become clear that, on either side of the Wall, not only two states but two societies have developed

believable" in truth is the most normal thing: After all, what could be more normal than for people to be able to walk from one end of a street to the other? Having grown accustomed to an insane situation, we experience the normalization as something completely crazy.

A sense that things were crazy . . . but no sense, oddly, of happiness, defiance, triumph—no trace of euphoria, even of the Germanically moderate and inhibited kind. Wasn't this the first successful and, moreover, peaceful revolution ever in Germany? Walking in East Berlin, I felt as if nothing had happened.

The four East Berlin construction workers I met in the Sports Corner, a bar in Prenzlauer Berg, were, by four in the afternoon, pretty drunk. It took them a while to warm up to me. "Wall up, Wall down. What is really going to change for us?" one of them said. "Business is so washed out that everyone from the West would have to invest themselves to death. From floor to roof, we are going to have to start our business from scratch before we are going to move forward."

Later, I went to a press conference called by the Unified Left—then a civic movement, now a legal political party—in the Information Center at the Alexanderplatz. Bettina Wegner, once a proud protest singer who left East Germany in the 1970s because she was prohibited from giving concerts, was back and performing. Beneath the applause of an audience slightly disturbed by a gut-stringed guitar—tonic, dominant, subdominant—she made the following confession—but why?—about her departure (the quotation is from my polemical memory):

> There's nothing and no one whom I've
> betrayed,
> But to wait till the end, I was too afraid.
> Maybe this song I should only hum
> And one day go completely dumb.

After that I moved on to a Communist party gathering being held in the Dynamo-Sports Hall. In the corridors of the enormous gymnasium, the attendants overwhelmingly outnumbered the party officials. Wandering, I heard one expression repeated dutifully in nearly every conversation: "With this burden we must live!" Which burden remained unsaid. And did "live" mean they would not "step down"? In an assembly hall, speeches droned on. The point of each, without fail, was to differentiate the speaker from "the criminals." Closely following the Chinese model, there seemed to be emerging an alleged Gang of Four that led the party members astray: Honecker, Mielke, Schalkowski—and who was the fourth one? No one here asked. They were too busy ritually applauding their own innocence.

One simple statement was not to be heard: "Comrades. I was there. I believed in it, in him. And now my faith is shaken. I have for the moment, and for years to come, nothing to say." Instead of breaking up, instead of handing over their dishonestly obtained property and closing their mouths, the party hacks quickly hopped onto the next-smallest horse, one that hadn't yet been ridden to death. This one is called "democratic socialism."

In the junk market at Potsdamerplatz, I asked a Turkish man what the opening of the Wall meant to him. "Wonderful!" he said. "I rejoiced!" And for himself? Wouldn't he face increasing competition? "Wonderful. No problem!"

I felt that I was caught in an old leftist role—that, for the sake of my own worldview, I was asking people about problems that they didn't have. Only when he brought the table I had bought from him back to my house did I learn that a customer like me receives different answers before the sale than after. He didn't want to intimidate a potential German buyer with candid information.

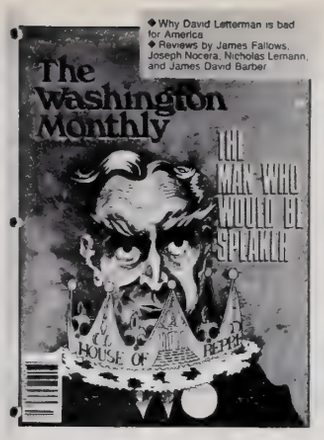
"Frankly, we're all afraid," he said, after I'd made him a cup of espresso. "Today at noon they punctured all four tires of the car belonging to the Polish man two stalls down. As we were trying to patch up the car, two other Poles came by who had had the same thing happen to them. Until now, we Turks have fared better. We've been living here for thirty years, we know the language and don't constantly walk around with the city map in front of our noses. But how much longer will it last?"

"I was three years old when I came here, and I grew up here," his wife, who had come along, said. "I am not German, but I am also not a foreigner. What kind of country is this, in which even after thirty years one is still treated like a foreigner? The only thing that distinguishes me from a German is that I do not look like a German. What's so terrible about that?"

In the West German media for some time now there has been a discussion about the model of a "multicultural" society. I think that the Germans from East Germany have good reasons, entirely their own, for participating in this discussion. For Germans in the East and the West are also, after forty years, different *culturally*. After the first thrill of unity, it will become clear that, on either side of the Wall, not only two states but two societies have developed. It is not yet apparent which differences will vanish overnight and which will prove to be resilient. For now, one thing is clear: A unity that would try to iron smooth all differences is one that not just our neighbors need to fear. ■

Translated from the German by Elliott Rabin

WE KNEW WRIGHT FROM THE START



Three years before the downfall of House Speaker Jim Wright, *The Washington Monthly* warned its readers: "If Tip O'Neill seems like the sort of guy who would write out a taxpayer endorsed check to everyone who tried to sell him swampland in Florida, Jim Wright seems more like the guy selling the land."

And that's not the first time we anticipated the news that would later make headlines . . .

➥ Years *before* the Challenger disaster, we warned that the space shuttle was unsafe, saying, "Here's the plan. Suppose one of the solid-fueled boosters fails. The plan is, you die."

➥ Months *before* the stock market crash in 1987, we warned that the programmed trading and low-margin stock options could turn a bad day into Black Monday.

➥ Months *before* the Iran-Contra scandal broke in newspapers, we warned readers, "This National Security Council staff is the worst in history."

➥ **While the national media kept silent about the disgraceful performance of Washington, D.C. mayor Marion Barry—and while *The Washington Post* was still endorsing Barry for re-election—we were uncovering the Barry administration's incompetence and corruption—ahead not only of the *Post*, but of *The New Republic*, and *Regardie's* as well.**

The Washington Monthly is "ahead of the curve."
Mary McGrory, *The Washington Post*

Edited by **Charles Peters,** author of *Tilting at Windmills.*

Where such writers as **Taylor Branch, Gregg Easterbrook, James Fallows, Michael Kinsley,** and **Nicholas Lemann,** got their start.

The Washington Monthly

SPECIAL OFFER—$13 OFF (For new subscribers only)

❑ YES! Enter my subscription for a full year (11 issues) for only $20.00.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

❑ Payment enclosed ❑ Bill me later

❑ Charge my: ❑ Visa ❑ MasterCard

Card # _____ Exp. _____

Signature _____

704503

For Canadian subscriptions add $3; all other foreign add $5.
Send to: *The Washington Monthly* 1611 Connecticut Ave., NW, Washington, DC 20009
Please allow 4-6 weeks for your first copy to arrive.

KERENYAGA

By Rand Richards Cooper

The streetlight dripping through the trees splashes monsters that swarm about his feet. He has one hand in his pocket and the other knocking at the door.

"Mrs. Jackson? Mrs. Jackson, are you there?"

Again he pulls the money out and counts it. The notes tremble in his hand.

"Mrs. Jackson, it is just me, Zeke. Can you open please?"

A spot of blood lands on the top note. He smears it away, then presses his sleeve to his face. A dog in the next yard growls. Somehow they always know.

Money. The whole life was a struggle for money. It was there on every face—the smile that said, "I will get something from you," the frown that said, "Will you ask something from me?" *You wake on a Sunday, and you know that if you don't get that bloody cash by evening, you are out on the street. It is like waking up to find someone is holding a gun at your head.*

Sunday morning at the park near Mrs. Jackson's. *I was looking for a guy from the Equator who had promised me some little cash.* There are half a dozen cars in the lot by the basketball court. Men sit lacing up their shoes. No one notices him until the time to divide teams and there are only nine.

"Yo, man! You wanna run?"

Rand Richards Cooper is the author of a novel, The Last to Go, *published by Harcourt Brace Jovanovich. He is visiting writer at Amherst College.*

He shrugs and joins one team, rolling up his shirtsleeves.

It doesn't take long for the others to see. "That nigger's got some freakish tendencies."

"Where you from, brother—Mars?"

"I am from Africa," he says.

"Brothers don't play no ball in Africa?"

He gets the basketball and shoots it wildly, far over the basket. Hey, they say, calm down, baby, calm down! Sorry, he says, sorry. They look at him and pass the other way; he runs up and down, trying to follow the movements, never touching the ball.

They sit on the grass when the game is over. "You from Africa?" they ask him. "You living with tigers and all that shit, man?"

"There are some wild creatures here and there. But we have also got cities. We have got theaters and taxicabs and skyscrapers."

"I hear you all got some system over there where you can have two, three, four wives?"

He starts to explain, but he is too slow. They break in—"James, you can't even hold on to one wife, what you gonna do with *four?*"—and then the talk flows on around him. He leans back on his elbows and looks at the cars. A church bell clangs. Ten o'clock and still his pockets are empty.

At the start, things had been better. There was the room in his cousin's apartment in Alexandria, the job running errands at the embassy where his cousin worked. For a while there were classes at the community college. He would park on the campus lot and stroll across the lawn, notebooks under his arm. Girls sitting on the library steps smiled.

I am Ezekiel Kimanja wa Mwangi, he would say, drawing the syllables out.

On weekends there were parties. He liked to stand close to the speakers, eyes closed, letting the sound roll through his bones. People brought cocaine in small plastic packets. *This one friend of mine, Chris, he was very generous. He was earning the degree Master of Parties with distinction.* Often they went into the District to the Equator Club, where palm trees swayed over bamboo tables and in the center of the room a sculpted volcano puffed real smoke. The bartenders smiled and called out, Zeke, Zeke, my *man!* when he came through the door. They liked him; they kept his beer flowing steadily.

His cousin began to lecture him. Kimanja, he said, I don't like this crowd you are running with.

Since when has my cousin become my judge? he answered.

I am thirty-five years old. You are nineteen.

Kinuthia, we are not back in Kamiri village digging yams. So please do not try to tell me how to do my work and run my life.

Work? His cousin laughed. What work? As far as I can see, work has become an alien concept. Is this why

I've paid your flight—for this fast living?

On Saturday nights Chris picked him up, and they drove to a housing project near the Beltway. People came and went in the darkness, murmuring. One of the big cocaine sellers had a moon-white Rolls-Royce parked in the street. They would buy the stuff and then, when his cousin was out, head back to Alexandria and sit in the apartment.

"Tell me about Africa, Zeke," Chris would say, laying out cocaine in thin lines on a mirror. "Tell me about a place so radical I couldn't even *begin* to imagine it."

The results from the first term of classes were posted, and he had failed. Two days later his cousin put his things in the hall, handed him a fifty-dollar bill, and told him good luck.

"You are crazy, Kinuthia!" he shouted at the door. "If I go back to our home and say how you have treated me, you will be humiliated!" *But the guy remained silent. He was fast becoming an infamous villain in my mind.*

He got a job at Roy Rogers and a small apartment. There was no furniture save a mattress and an old black-and-white TV. The rent was $300, his wages $3.35 an hour; when he found himself short, he would go to Alexandria to ask his cousin for money. *The guy was feeling guilty, and he would just shoot me some few dollars to sweeten his sour conscience.* But it was never enough, and one day he gave in and sold a half gram of cocaine to one of the cleanup boys at Roy Rogers. Soon he began making more trips to the housing project where the Rolls-Royce was. He stood in the dark imagining himself riding in the fancy car like a chief of state, flags whipping on the hood.

One afternoon the manager at Roy Rogers took him aside. "Now it just so happens I like you, Zeke. And that's why, instead of calling the cops, I'm gonna have you take off your apron, haul your ass through that door, and never come back here again."

He started to speak, but the manager held up a hand. "Not—one—word."

In Alexandria a strange woman was in the apartment. "He went back," she said when he asked about his cousin.

"Back? Back to where?"

The woman shrugged. "Back to wherever it was he came from."

Out on the sidewalk again, he felt dizzy. He was breathing deeper and deeper; he couldn't get enough air. *I never believed he could do that to a cousin. Just to run away and leave somebody totally stranded.* He sat down on the curb until his breathing slowed, then stood and stuck his thumb out.



In Bethesda the houses towered like fortresses; his feet crashing through dead leaves made the only sound on the street. When he knocked at Chris's house, a dog began bellowing on the other side, smearing its fangs and snout across a panel of glass next to the door.

A woman appeared. Her face was bulging red and grew redder as she stared at him. In her right hand she held the choke collar on the dog, who lunged forward, hoarsely raging.

"I know who you are," she said. "You're the one."

"Excuse me, madam," he tried to say.

"You're the one who got our son into this, this—this drug culture!"

"Now wait one second, if you please—"

"I'm calling the police! I'm calling the police and having you arrested!"

A minute later he was crossing the front lawn, half running, jumping down from the lawn onto the sidewalk. He heard a siren far off.

It was the beginning of a bad time.

The phone rings and clicks, and for the fourth time in an hour he gets the recording.

"Muita," he says. "This is Kimanja, still trying to break in on your Sunday afternoon." He pauses. "The thing is getting a bit urgent."

From the phone booth he watches a construction crew digging the foundation for a big building. The hacked-off remnant of a neighboring building shows zigzagging black-and-white paint up a wall where a stairway once ran. A huge crane is devouring the earth; a fractured beam dangles from the steel jaws, then falls to the ground. He puts in another quarter, dials the number, and hangs up as soon as the machine clicks on, before the voice begins; but the quarter doesn't come back.

"You bloody thing," he says. He walks out into the street.

For over a year he has been working on and off for Muita. The car wash on Fourteenth Street is not Muita's only business. There is a restaurant-cleaning business, a moving van, and for a while there was a business in which Muita bought used washing machines cheap, cleaned them up, and sold them back, much dearer, to other landlords. *He was like certain people in*

Illustration by John Howard

desert places who can spot an underground root, dig it up, and squeeze out a drink. Muita, he knew the secret of squeezing cash from the world.

At Union Station he takes out his last quarters and hesitates before paying the fare. The woman Muita has married, a black American woman, has a way of looking at him that makes him feel like an insect on the wall. But then he thinks of his room at Mrs. Jackson's, he sees her sitting at the kitchen table shaking her head, saying, Ezekiel, what am I gonna do with you? He buys the ticket and merges with the stream of people flowing down toward the platform.

On the train he thinks about the time he has put in for Muita. At the beginning Muita worked right alongside. The two of them might drive up to Baltimore or Pennsylvania to steam-clean a kitchen. Coming back very late, he would sing and joke to keep Muita awake at the wheel. *But all that while, the woman was working against me. She hated me, I don't know why. She hated that we were speaking a language she could not understand. Plus she wanted her husband to be a big boss and not to associate with peasants.*

At Muita's town house in Silver Spring he can hear through the front door a TV going.

"Hallo?" he calls, tapping again and again. Finally the door opens; he recognizes Byron, the fat fifteen-year-old boy of Muita's wife from a former marriage. The boy scowls and retreats to the couch in front of the TV.

"I am Zeke Kimanja." He steps into the room. "I work with your father."

"My father doesn't know you. My father's in the Army in Germany."

"Well, in fact, I mean your stepfather, Muita."

"Eddie. You mean Eddie."

"Yes." He waits, but the boy does not turn off the television or even look at him. He clears his throat. "Can you tell me where Muita . . . where Eddie is?"

"They went to some picnic thing in Virginia."

"I see. And can you tell me when I can expect them back?"

"Hey, what am I, the man's secretary?" Byron shrugs. "They said real late."

"I see."

He stands there looking around while the boy eats corn chips and watches TV. There is a velvety painting of a zebra. On the tables and on the floor are magazines, magazines everywhere, more than any one person could read in a year. *This woman, she was costing Muita a whole hell of a lot of money: hiring someone to cook, someone to clean, and so forth. I wanted to tell the guy, Look here, Muita, this woman of yours is totally useless; in fact, she should take a thrashing or two and quietly learn something from it.*

On a wooden table near the door is an ashtray piled high with spare change. He looks at the quarters and dimes. The boy Byron continues to pile corn chips into his mouth while flicking through the TV channels with a remote control. Somewhere in Virginia, Muita and his wife are playing with their daughters—the two little girls in pink dresses and white socks, speaking English and only English, ignorant of their father's tongue.

He sees the light blinking on the telephone machine.

"I see you have got some messages here." The boy pays no attention. "In fact, those are my messages."

"I know," Byron says. "I was here."

He stares at the flashing light—one, two, three, four, five—and crosses to where the boy is sitting. "Why did you just sit listening while I was pumping my money into that phone?"

Byron shrugs and sticks out his lower lip. "It wasn't for me."

"You are rude!" he shouts down at the fat boy. "You are a totally spoiled boy! And I won't waste my time with a totally spoiled boy whose hands have never known work!"

Outside in the parking lot, he leans against Muita's pickup truck and takes a deep breath, then lights his next-to-last cigarette. He sees himself as he once was, sitting in the driver's seat of the pickup. It was three in the morning, coming back from a restaurant job in Philadelphia; Muita turned off into a rest area and said, You take over the wheel, my friend. Pulling back onto the highway, he felt how the engine responded to the slightest increase of pressure on the pedal. It was as if the power surged forth from his foot itself, from his arms and his hands on the steering wheel.

I have been wanting to ask you, he said to Muita. To ask you about how one squeezes some success out of this crazy country.

Muita was drowsy; his eyes were closed and he spoke in a muted voice with long spaces between his words. Success? he said. You work and you worry. Work and worry all the time. Even when you enjoy, you keep one part worrying. It is like a bicycle. Stop moving and you will fall.

I see. But you know, I myself am also working and worrying.

Muita sighed. Kimanja, your worries are too small. Look at me. One week I am very rich, the next week I am temporarily very poor. But the important thing is that I am steadily *big*. The gains are big, the losses are big. One way or the other, but always I stay big.

I see, he said, yes, yes, I see.

A businessman, murmured Muita, he has got to be big.

He nodded. And perhaps you could just give me a clue as to that first step, he said. I mean, how does one *get* big? What is the direction? Just open that door one crack, and you'll see me shooting through and never looking back!

He looked over to see Muita asleep, his lips soundlessly moving. Turning on the radio, he found some low music and gave his attention to the roadway. He accelerated, switching lanes. The white stripes on the surface shot forth and disappeared beneath the hood; he had the feeling of consuming them, one by one, in a never-ending meal.

At the beginning of time there was a first man. This first man was called up to the mountain. At the top he looked down and saw the hills and streams and fig trees. He heard the voice of Ngai saying, Descend and live well, the country now belongs to you. This is the story we were told.

From our place you could see the peaks of Kerenyaga. They were jagged and covered with whiteness. Sometimes clouds would come for two days or three, and when they left, the whiteness was greater than before and brighter.

As a boy I was always fearing. My

brothers were putting the old ideas into my head. The thunder and lightning was Ngai stepping from place to place, stretching himself and cracking his great joints, preparing to smash his enemies. Who could be such a fool to look up at the lightning and risk being smashed as well? If I lay on my back in bed during a storm, my brother was pushing me over onto my side and ridiculing me for boldness.

The Europeans who came to climb the mountain were bringing heavy clothes and special claws for the hands and feet. Their vehicles passed on the road, rumbling up a hell of a lot of dust. My brothers told me they would not return. But they returned. They said the place up there was very cold and it was hard to breathe. Ngai was invisibly squeezing the lungs.

One year the short rains and the long rains failed, and then the short rains again in the next season. We were eating dust and drinking it too. There was one old man in our place, a man who was said to know about the traditional things. This man was a filthy and wild old man, with hair that was tangled and no real clothes—just a stinking animal skin to cover himself. His feet were tough and rounded, like stones. He had a deformity of the neck and back.

One day he called certain children out of school. We were called to a field. The old man had a container with sour beer. He was drinking and then spitting on the ground, left and right, north and south, drinking and then spitting. A goat was being held down by some other men. The old man looked up to the mountain and screamed out, Ngai, Ngai who dwells in the brightness, whose anger destroys homesteads, who makes mountains tremble and rivers flood . . . Then he jumped down on his knees and began to strangle the creature.

A week later we were still lacking rain. The old man decided to go to the extreme of climbing the mountain. I could just imagine his bare feet striking that hard, cold brightness.

That is the end for him, my brother said. He is already dead.

Eventually we got rain. But the old man never came back. Sometimes I would stand outside my mother's door and look up at Kerenyaga and imagine how the brightness had covered him and melted him away.

During the bad time, things happened one after another, quickly and

You deserve to know the facts about . . .

The "West Bank" and Gaza

Should Israel withdraw from the territories?

The "intifada," the uprising of Arab Palestinians in Judea/Samaria (the "West Bank") and Gaza has been going on since December of 1987. It has so far caused over 500 deaths. Many believe that the conflict would end if Israel were to withdraw from the territories, cede them to the Palestinian Arabs, and allow them to create a Palestinian state in them.

What are the facts?

■ The suggestion that Israel should give up the territories and that good things would flow from that is based on two assumptions, namely 1) that the demands of the Palestinian Arabs for independence from Israel are the source of the Arab conflict with Israel; and 2) that Israel's withdrawal from the territories and the creation of a Palestinian state in them would satisfy the aspirations of the Palestinian Arabs, that it would end the hostility of the Arab nations against Israel, and that it would restore peace to the area.

■ Unfortunately, both of these assumptions are not in accord with reality. The desire of the Arab nations to destroy Israel has been unrelenting from the day of the creation of Israel in 1948. It has given rise to five major wars, has caused tens of thousands of casualties, and untold destruction. The PLO, whose covenant—never changed and never amended—unequivocally calls for the destruction of Israel, was founded in 1964, long before Israel's administration in the territories. Thus, the almost single-minded obsession of the Arabs to destroy Israel, and not Israel's refusal to accede to the creation of a Palestinian state, is the cause of the never-ending conflict in the area.

■ It is difficult for the Western mind to understand the depth of passion on the part of the Arabs for the destruction of Israel. Among reasonable people, most conflicts might eventually be amenable to peaceful and rational solution. But in the Arab-Israel conflict, no such solution is in the cards for the foreseeable future. The reason is that 300 million Arabs consider the very existence of Israel an intolerable offense to their sense of history and destiny. It is not Israel's administration of the "West Bank" that is unacceptable to the Arabs; it is the very existence of Israel. There is no reason to believe that Israel's withdrawal and the establishment of a Palestinian state would appease the Arabs and induce them to make peace with Israel.

■ One can speculate as to what would be likely to happen if Israel—inadvisedly or ultimately bowing to pressure—were to yield the "West Bank" to Arab control. The murderous fratricidal passions that have been played out in Lebanon in the last fifteen years would be repeated in even more violent form. It is an improbable expectation that a state dominated by the murderous PLO would be the first Arab state ever to adhere to anything resembling democratic and human rights principles or that it would be a friend of the United States, and not an eager pawn of the Soviet Union.

■ The Lebanon slaughter would be shifted to the new Palestinian state, with Israel being a much readier target of its fury. A Palestinian Arab state on the "West Bank" would cut through Jerusalem, touch on the suburbs of Tel Aviv, and have a long border, nine to fifteen miles from the sea, with Israel's most thickly populated areas. Palestinian militias, armed, not with gasoline bombs and stones, but with helicopters, missiles, artillery and automatic weapons, would have Israeli pedestrians within rifle range, and Zion Square in Jerusalem and Ben Gurion airport within mortar range.

Few responsible elements in Israel's government and society wish to annex Gaza and the territories of Judea/Samaria (the "West Bank"). But also, hardly any responsible elements would consider relinquishing those territories for the creation of a Palestinian state. The Palestinian Arabs enjoy full civil rights and have been offered free elections and full autonomy by Israel, in line with Israel's commitments in the Camp David Accords. Moreover, Israel is ready and has always been ready to discuss the permanent status of the territories with responsible Palestinian representatives three years after the implementation of the autonomy. The situation of Israel and the territories is a bad one—no doubt about it. But the alternative to bad is not necessarily good. In this case, at least at the present time, the alternative would likely be a catastrophe, which, in its consequences, could even put the horrible situation of Lebanon in the shade. Real peace in the area will not come by Israel's yielding minimum strategic depth to its mortal enemies. It can only come about by the eventual rise of democratic governments in the "front-line" Arab states, governments that would accept Israel's existence and could learn to live in peaceful co-existence with it.

This ad has been published and paid for by

FLAME

Facts and Logic About the Middle East

Gerardo Joffe, President

(fly. Western Regional Director of CAMERA)

P.O. Box 590359 ■ San Francisco, CA 94159

FLAME is a tax-deductible, non-profit educational 501(c)(3) organization. Its purpose is to combat media inaccuracies, through public education and publicity. Your tax-deductible contributions are welcome. They enable us to pursue these goals and to publish these messages in newspapers and magazines. Our overhead is minimal. Almost all of our revenue pays for our educational work and for these clarifying messages.

Yes, I want to help in the publication of these ads and in clarifying the situation in the Middle East. I include my tax-deductible contribution in the amount of

$ _____. H /24

My name is _____

I live at _____

In _____ State _____ Zip _____

Mail to: FLAME, P.O. Box 590359, San Francisco, CA 94159

with no space in between for rest. He went from apartment to apartment. He would pay the rent for three weeks, four, then fall behind. He did gardening work for two old ladies in Arlington, sisters who never came out of the house without plastic bags on their hands—they were afraid of dirt. When the job was done, they paid him exactly half what they had promised.

You didn't understand us, they said. Poor boy, it's not even his language.

Excuse me, I told them, but I am a Form Four finisher in English.

Everyone cheated. If they could get away with it, they did it. He rented a tiny room in Northeast from a West African named Pierre who spent his evenings buried in oversize textbooks. One night when Pierre went out, he and the other tenant, a Nigerian named Henry who drove a taxi, searched Pierre's desk and found the lease. The rent was $550. The two of them were paying $250 each.

He confronted Pierre. "How can you exploit a fellow African like this?"

"I advertised." Pierre squinted at him through narrow eyes hooded like a lizard's. "You took."

"You say you study economics? I say you study exploitation!"

That evening he spent the few dollars in his pocket on cans of cheap beer and settled down in a small park to drink them. It was September and still warm. Music drifted from cars passing in the street behind. There was a statue of a man on horseback. The city was full of them, ancient soldiers riding blue horses. Sleep overtook him; when he woke he saw the hoof of the horse outlined against a milky sky. He had slept and risen, and it had not cost a dime.

Why not? he said to himself. Why not cheat the game a little? *Better to be sleeping in the free and open than to be robbed every night for the privilege of lying down under the same roof with the robber.*

So he began staying outside. At night he covered himself with a sleeping bag he bought for four dollars at a secondhand store. He avoided alleys and underpasses and culverts; they stank of urine and were frequented by dangerous and demented people. I am not like these ones, he told himself, looking at them. He tried to keep his clothes and body clean. On Friday nights he showed up at the Equator Club in freshly laundered jeans, with a few dollars in his pocket for beer, and no one knew. If he got work for a few days and had money, he would take a cab to the housing project where the Rolls-Royce stood in the moonlight. He was generous with the cab drivers, tipping enough to make them smile.

In late October he realized the season had turned. It was not yet cold, but there was a different sound in the trees. Lying outside at night, he felt something pressing down on him from far, far above. He slept poorly. Nightmares flooded his dreams and seeped onward, into the day.

It got colder. He worked five days moving furniture for a Lebanese who hired illegal laborers. At the end of the week he looked for a room but found nothing; instead, he bought a coat and went for a night on the town. *I decided to seek the shelter of a woman over the shelter of a roof.* Cleaning himself in the shower at a YMCA, he realized how dirty he had let himself become. He scrubbed his skin until it stung.

There were women everywhere at the Equator. Most were with boyfriends, but others sat together in twos or threes, drinking colorful drinks with palm-tree stirring sticks and moving their bodies to the music.

One was alone, sitting in a purple dress that glittered in the light. He approached and bowed slightly. "May I take the liberty of sitting?" he asked.

She frowned and smiled at the same time. He sat.

"I've not seen you before in this place," he said to start out.

She looked at him for the first time. "You some kind of Jamaican?"

"No, I am no kind of Jamaican at all."

"I don't mess with no Jamaicans," she said. "So don't even try."

"But I am not a Jamaican." He held up his hands. "I am an African."

"I thought you talked funny," she said.

"That is the Queen's English. Here it is not recognized."

They danced and they drank. He bought her drinks and kept up a steady talk. *Some women have that look of wanting to be entertained. You have to chat them up and never let the game slide.* When she wasn't looking he stole glimpses of her body. *Her breasts were full and rounded beneath that purple material. In fact, I was aching just to reach over and caress them. Her name was Angeline, a beautiful name.*

"I believe you must have descended from the Tutsi people," he told her. "They are tall and beautiful, with a delicate kind of face."

"The whoosi people?"

"Tutsi. From the region of eastern Africa. They are a kind of aristocracy. They are known to be the most beautiful women in the world. Also very proud."

She chuckled and shook her head. "If you got so many beautiful women over there, what you doing over here?"

"Ah, now that one is a long, long tale. But let's say I was a kind of rebel. I was not seeing eye to eye with the expectations of my parents. So I skipped the place and landed here."

At the bar, buying another round of drinks, he stood imagining the moment when he arrived with Angeline in her room and she lifted her purple dress over her head, or reached behind herself to unhook it from the back. She would fling the dress into a corner, eager to begin. He would pick it up and fold it, teasing her, making her wait, making her crazy. That was how American women were—crazy to play the game.

But twisting his way back through the crowd, he found his place had been taken by someone in a white suit who sat talking to Angeline.

"Excuse me," he said. "But you are sitting in my seat."

The man in the white suit looked at him as if at an annoying insect. "Now who," he said, "are you?"

He put the drinks down on the table. "I am Ezekiel Kimanja wa Mwangi."

The man's fingers stroked a scar on the side of his neck. "You best be real watchful now, Mister Banjo Wango, or that's the last introduction you'll make in a very long time."

"Angeline. How long has this fel-

low been disturbing you?" He turned to her, but she looked away.

"I don't think you hearing me right," the man said. "This here's *my* lady. *You* the disturbance."

"Look here. The entire evening I have treated this woman to her wishes—"

The man stood. He shook his head; he couldn't believe an insect was talking back to him. "I *still* don't think you hearing me right." He leaned close and whispered, "I'll *kill* you, motherfucker."

Then I got steamed. Look here, I said, I won't have some grandson of a slave abusing me! If you want to find out who I am, then you will find out! Do you want to be a scavenger, just picking where another man has done the work?

He didn't see the blow. Just a flash of white and then a crushing pressure in his chest. He fell back, knocking into a neighboring table and sending drinks tumbling to the floor and onto people's laps.

"You one lucky motherfucker," the man in the suit hissed. Angeline stared straight ahead and saw nothing. In the center of the room the volcano puffed with a soft whoosh. He watched the smoke rise toward the ceiling to pool among the blues and reds of the disco lights.

The taxi driver outside agreed to take him to Alexandria but wanted the money up front. He handed over the rest of the bills in his pocket and sat back in the darkness. "That fucking grandson of a bastard slave," he said aloud. "Next time I will be there with a brick or a gun and he will know who I am."

The driver said nothing.

They drove through the city. The cab had its heater on, and the window was cold to the touch. Miniature cyclones of garbage and dust whirled up from the gutter. Three whores stood on a corner outside a wrecked apartment building, clapping their hands and jumping up on their toes to keep warm. As the cab veered by, he saw how ugly they were, their faces old and battered under the paint. They waved, but when he continued past them, they shrieked at the cab, showing their teeth like hyenas.

"They call this the Capital City," he said. "The capital of sin."

~~$1499 $1799~~
NOW $ 1099 SPECIAL*
Inc. FREE Airfare !!!
7 DAYS

Caribbean or Mexico

Limited Supply Available
Please choose and ask for cruise by letter:
A. Miami - Nassau - San Juan - St. John - St. Thomas
B. San Diego - Cabo San Lucas - Mazatlan - Puerto Vallarta
C. Key West - Cancun - Cozumel

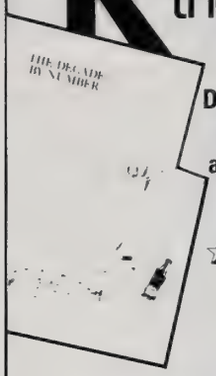
WE WILL NOT BE UNDERSOLD ON:
Alaska o Bermuda o Hawaii
Trans Canal o The Orient
South Pacific o Mediterranean
▪ *WE DISCOUNT EVERYTHING !* ▪
NEVER PAY RETAIL AGAIN
NATIONS *ONLY* COMPLETE SHOP AT HOME SERVICE

CALL TODAY
TOLL FREE: 1-800-633-6211

SAH
SHOP AT HOME CRUISES

* Cabins are inside with double bed or 2 lower beds
* Outside cabins for $1199.
* Port Tax Additional

REMEMBER the 1980's!



☆ ***Remember*** **the net worth of Donald Trump per pound.**

☆ ***Remember*** **the average number of corporate mergers per business day during the 1980's.**

☆ ***Remember*** **how many children said that Pee-wee Herman was "highly qualified" to be president.**

☆ **Get HARPER'S INDEX TO THE 1980's,** a special, expanded version of Harper's Index that sums up the last decade. This listing of more than eighty surprising numbers, facts, figures, and rankings originally appeared in the January issue of *Harper's Magazine*. Illustrated full-color reprints are now available.

YES! send me_____reprint(s) of HARPER'S INDEX TO THE 1980's. $4 first copy; $3 each additional copy. Includes postage & handling.

I've enclosed $_____

Name _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _

Address _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _

City/State/Zip _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _

Mail your check payable to Harper's Magazine and this coupon to: Promotion Department, Harper's Magazine 666 Broadway, NY, NY 10012

"Buy a home in the Caribbean? You must be dreaming!"

Dreamers don't settle for the Sunbelt's crowding, pollution and crime. If you know where to look, you can do far better in the Caribbean, Central America and on little-known islands worldwide. Here's how we can help:



It's true. You still can discover islands where you can build or buy a fine home with magnificent sea view, costing far less than it would in Florida or California...Islands where the people are friendly, the beaches are clean, the scenery breathtaking.

For six years we've helped thousands discover islands like these where you can come as close to paradise as you're ever likely to get. We've also warned them about islands to *avoid*—where the water often runs out, where prices are high and crime is a problem.

We publish **ISLAND PROPERTIES REPORT,** a monthly newsletter for people seeking a home, land or business on a tropical island or retirement haven.

Our focus is on the Caribbean and the Bahamas, with frequent forays to mainland Belize, Costa Rica—and to choice but little-known island properties around the world.

Eight times a year we focus on a specific island, reporting on politics, the economy, risks and opportunities, prices, taxes, how to purchase and finance a property, who to contact. Region-wide Quarterly Reports bring you late news of the islands, tips on building, traveling, shopping, sports and fun—and—tell you what it's like to live there.

FOR SALE: homes, land, businesses

You get 12 issues in all, each including pages of homes and businesses for sale, many with photos—*plus* a newly-added quarterly section on dozens of **private islands** for sale in the Caribbean and **worldwide**. You get current, unbiased reporting—*we accept no paid advertising.*

You get more: ● Your **DIRECTORY OF TRAVEL SAVINGS**—*up to 20% off* at over 150 quality resorts and inns, restaurants and other travel services ● Discounts on island books and videos ● Access to our Database of over 600 recent property listings.

Subscribe now and you'll also receive **FOUR FREE BONUSES:** A Hammond Caribbean Wall Map plus Special Reports on Maximizing Rental Income, Caribbean Investing under Tax Reform, and Career Opportunities in the Islands. *90-day satisfaction guarantee or money back.*

☐ Enroll me for one year (12 issues) for only $39.00 Include my Travel Directory and FREE bonuses.
☐ Payment enclosed. ☐ Charge my ( )Diner's ( )MC ( )Visa (include card no. and expiration date) (U.S. funds)

Name_____

Address_____

_____ Zip_____

☐ Enclosed is $3. Send sample copy.

Island Properties Report
33-HF Water St., Guilford CT 06437
Credit card phone orders: (203) 458-3449

© 1990 Island Properties Report

He thought of all the people he had seen on the streets: drunken people, stinking people, a woman with a bandage covering a stump of a leg and brown juice dripping from it; fat people, people with potato faces and yam faces and calabash faces. People with teeth like rotten fruit, stupid people, people talking with demons and laughing at nothing; people hurling curses and bottles from their autos; people who would beat and beat and beat you just for existing.

I began to see the policy. Let only the smart Americans abroad. Keep the rotten ones here. It was a kind of public relations trick.

They reached Alexandria. He gave instructions at random. After a while the driver turned to him and shook his head. "You just jerking me around. You ain't goin' nowhere, am I right?"

"Not at all." He looked out onto a street of brick houses and fenced yards. "In fact, we have arrived."

The man pulled to the curb without a word.

When the cab drove off it seemed to drag all warmth away with it. He turned to the houses. *If I could just set myself down close to the light, I thought I would be somehow warmer—like the hungry man who sits outside the rich man's kitchen and eats his bread together with the aroma of cooking meat.* He saw a place out of the wind, a corner between a house and garage, under a window, with a bed of leaves and a canvas sheet covering a motorcycle.

He was just lifting the sheet off the motorcycle when a dog heard him and began calling out a rubbery rage that bounced through the neighborhood, *No! No! No! No! No!* Lights went on. He retreated, taking the sheet with him.

The wind numbed his ears. He thought of the dogs in every place, lying warm on their cushions—dogs with human names, Sam and Joe and Max, living in houses like people, eating food from bowls, drinking milk with a ferocious, greedy sound. They lay with eyes wide open, their hairy warm sides heaving in and out.

By an apartment building at a curve in the road was a huge trash bin. It had no top, but the sides were high enough to block the wind. He climbed in, lay down, and wrapped himself in the cloth. The smell of oil from the fabric chased other odors from his nostrils. He shivered himself into sleep.

When he woke it was neither day nor night. Something was crawling across his face. He swatted at it. Tiny sounds were creeping on all sides. He looked up and saw what he thought were insects hovering in the steam of his own breath. They were landing on his face and urinating.

He stood up. His legs were stiff and he groaned; the voice that came out of him was exactly his father's voice, cracked and ancient. Over the top of the bin he looked out at a world covered in ash. Ash clung to the sides of the buildings, it bearded the trees and glowed upward from the ground.

"Snow," he said aloud.

An auto crept by, making no sound. The snow brought with it a silence that spilled to the center of his bones, *and even though I was far from home and no longer believing, still I heard inside myself the voice of my brother saying, So Kimanja, Kimanja, now you are already dead.*

He has almost given up when he sees her coming along the sidewalk, waving. "*Bonjour,*" she says. "I am so late—it is insupportable—my apologies!"

"In fact, I was not aware of the time myself," he tells her. He sees she is wearing her waitress costume. "So Hélène, you are working tonight."

"The bastards. They think they own me." *Zey tink zey hown me.*

He looks down from the Capitol building toward the walks of the Mall, crowded with tourists and joggers. "They are all bastards," he says. "It is a dog-eat-dog kind of society. I bet it is better in France."

"France?" She laughs, shaking her head. "No, no! In France they are still living in the eighteenth century."

When she smiles, she has a way of tossing her head back to inhale deeply through her nostrils. He recalls her three nights ago in the bar in Georgetown where she served him beer after beer and he joked and grew bold with her, forgetting for the moment Mrs. Jackson and the rent. At the end of the night she let him hang onto her shoulder but would not leave with him. I never go with a drunken man, she laughed. I am not a nurse.

All right, he said. Then meet me Sunday afternoon in town. By that time I will be sober, and you can be a woman, not a nurse.

"So Ezekiel," she says now, "what have you done this Sunday? Were you to the church to forgive your sins?"

"Me? You know I am no longer a Christian. I have renounced."

"Ah yes—you are a heretic?"

"Today I have played basketball, I have been out to confer with a business partner of mine in Silver Spring. The day has been quite full, but with no church anywhere in it. So I guess that my sins are still my sins."

"Myself," she says, "I stayed in bed all the morning, and then in the bath. I was very bad."

They walk west down the Mall. She sings a song in French. Men in business suits let their glances climb up and down her as they pass.

"What is it, Ezekiel?" she asks him. "You are sad today? You think to your home and family?"

"No, no, I am not sad." *Actually I was recalling a guy who used to loiter uselessly around Kamiri town, begging. His name was Jengo, and he had a foul smell.*

"If you are a little sad, then I understand it well."

"Not at all, not at all. In fact, I was just listening to your song, trying in vain to pick out some few words I might recognize."

"Ah yes." She sings some more and then throws her head back. "I love music. And painting also. Unfortunately I have no ability for art myself." She sighs. "It was once a great sadness, but then I surrendered. I decided merely to live."

At the monument in the center of the Mall they stop outside the circle of flags and watch tourists looking up and up. *I was still thinking of Jengo. In town he would approach you with a pitiful expression and repeat the only words of English he had ever learned—"A friend in need is a friend indeed." Everyone hated him.*

"This thing," he says, looking up. "It reminds me of a spear. A spear with a sharp, sharp point."

Hélène laughs. "It is a penis," she says. "How does one say this in your language?"

He looks around. *Mboo,* he says in a ow voice.

"It is a national *mboo.* The Amerian erection."

"You are very funny," he tells her.

"But it is true! The Americans, hey are not satisfied to be big. They nust show it, and they must see it hemselves as well. The president, he needs to see it. The senators, they need to see it. That is why they put it here at the center." She leans close to him. "It is a malady—when you want to show everyone how big is your *mboo.* A psychological malady."

They walk toward the avenue. "You know," he says, "one reason I left my country is there were too many people wanting to be big."

"They were showing their *mboos?*" She laughs, then sees he is serious.

He lights his last cigarette; the flame trembles on the match head and then leaps into the tobacco. "There was one guy named Chulu in the place I am from. He had a camera and he left for the city to work as a photographer. If you traveled there, you could get your picture struck while standing next to the New Africa Towers. There was a way of doing that picture and making the people seem as tall as the skyscraper. As a kid, I was thinking that if you went to the city you grew and grew, you became a giant and lived forever. Then Chulu showed me. It was done with a funny angle." He draws the cigarette smoke deep inside and releases it with a long sigh. "It was just another trick."

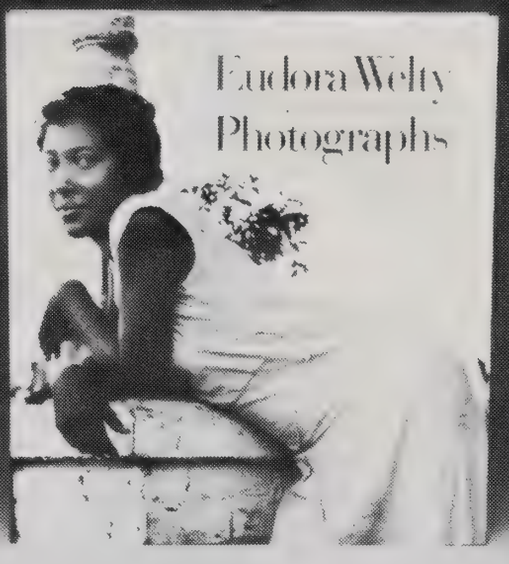
"Please, Ezekiel, I must now go." She puts a hand on his shoulder. "Tonight you come late to the bar and I give you free drinks. You can use that, free drinks? That can help you feel better?"

"Hey," he says, "I am okay." He pushes a smile out with his mouth. "Who knows—perhaps I am even coming round to buy you a few drinks when you are through."

"*Comme tu veux.*" She raises her arm, and as if by magic a taxi appears. "A *bientôt,* Ezekiel!" She kisses him on the cheek and is gone.

He is alone again; it is a sick feeling. *My pocket was empty. My stomach was empty. I had just smoked my last fag. I had got no loan from this French woman.* The voice of Mrs. Jackson speaks

"This is a distinguished book"
Peter S. Prescott, *Newsweek*



0-87805-450-2

"Welcome both as the definitive collection of Welty's pictures and as an important part of her career: the foundation upon which the great edifice was built" Jonathan Yardley, *Washington Post Book World*

"A book of people and places found by Eudora Welty's eyes—eyes made ours" Clyde Edgerton, *Atlanta Journal/Constitution*

Now at your bookstore or available from
University Press of Mississippi
(601) 982-6246 Visa/MC

Does the "replica" outperform the famous original?

Mount Fuji Ceramic Pen only $39.95*

But read this ad for an even better deal.



•The great reservoir of the Mount Fuji Ceramic Pen holds enough ink to draw a line 6 3 miles long. That is enough to write a medium size novel. But just in case your literary requirements go beyond that, we include an extra tip and an extra ink reservoir.

One of the world's truly fine line of products is that of Europe's Montblanc pens, appropriately named after that continent's highest mountain. If you have ever written with a Montblanc pen, you know that writing with them is a delight and almost effortless. One substantial drawback, however, as with so many luxuries, is that their price is awfully high. It is easy to spend $150 or more for one of them. Our Japanese friends have created a "replica" of this outstanding pen, which (except for one small detail—it doesn't have that 6-pointed star on the top) is indistinguishable in appearance, heft and feel. Not surprisingly, they called it *Mount Fuji.* It has the same hi-lacquer finish, with goldtone accents, as the famous original. The ceramic writing tip provides silk-smooth, effortless writing. It will never flatten or skip, even after hardest and longest use.

The most remarkable thing about the *Mount Fuji Ceramic Pen* is its price. We are the exclusive direct mail distributors of this splendid writing instrument and can offer it therefore for just $39.95. But, we have an even better deal: ***Buy two for $79.90, and we'll send you a third one, with our compliments—absolutely FREE!*** Discard those tacky ballpoint pens and those clumsy felt tips. Write smoothly and easily, give character and good appearance to your writing. And make a really great buy. Treat yourself to better writing and get your *Mount Fuji Ceramic Pen(s)* today!

FOR FASTEST SERVICE, ORDER
TOLL FREE (800) 882-3050
24 hours a day, 7 days a week

Please give order **Code #4800** A259 for *Mount Fuji Ceramic Pen.* If you prefer, mail check or card authorization and expiration. We need daytime phone for all orders and issuing bank for charge orders. UPS insurance: $4.95 for one *Mount Fuji Ceramic Pen* and $6.95 for three. Add sales tax for CA delivery. You have 30 day return and one year warranty.

For quantity orders (100+), call Ernest Gerard, our Wholesale/Premium Manager at (415) 543-6570 or write him at the address below.

since 1967
haverhills®
131 Townsend Street, San Francisco, CA 94107

in his ear. I'm soft on you, Ezekiel. You remind me of my boy. But I can't afford no son; I need a boarder. And that means paying.

That means paying by the weekend or I'm a hafta get somebody new.

He walks along Constitution Avenue. The brightness of the buildings aches in his head—buildings scrubbed clean for visitors. He wants to shout, It's a lie, a bloody fucking lie! He passes a T-shirt vendor and, without breaking stride, snatches a pair of sunglasses. No one sees.

Tourists are queuing at a war memorial. There is a black wall carved with names. People are taking pictures and babbling in many tongues. He goes through the line. There is a family of Japanese before him, a man and a woman and two small boys eating ice cream off sticks. They are like all the rest, the British and the Germans and the French. Today they are here, tomorrow they are in California, the next day it is Europe or Japan or Africa. They go where they please; they move from place to place at will, charging everything on their cards.

The Japanese man takes pictures, talking as he focuses. There is enough wealth in his camera to pay rent for weeks and weeks and weeks. The boys speak, the mother speaks; it is hard to believe that they understand such sounds.

He follows at a distance. The family strolls about and enters a path through trees. He slows for a moment to let them get into the shadows, then steps quickly forward.

"Mrs. Jackson? Mrs. Jackson, can you open please?"

It is late. He tastes again the salt of his own blood and tilts his head back. The creature next door erupts into howling, then waits. Perhaps they smell that he is wounded.

"Mrs. Jackson? I have not got my key. Hallo?" He turns to look down the street. There are no lights. He pictures people huddled at each window, peering out at him.

The thing did not happen as he had imagined. It was much worse. Grabbing the camera strap, he was terrified to find that it did not break or slip off but rather turned the man around like a puppet. He pulled again and thought he would take the man's arm off with it. The woman jabbered in sharp, scared barks. The man stared in amazement and then started pulling back with a silent fury.

The pawn shop was a place he had often passed but never entered. TVS, the window said. GUNS. He carried the camera in a bag.

I am needing two hundred dollars for this.

The man turned the camera over once and put it down. You'll get seventy-five, he said. Take it or leave it.

He went with the money into the bar next door. A row of white faces turned, frowning as he took the last bar stool. Two different baseball games were playing simultaneously on televisions mounted high on the wall. The bartender looked at him, then moved to the far end and lit a cigarette.

"Service! Service here!" He pounded on the bar. "I won't be insulted by racialist bastards, damn it to hell!"

When he turns back, Mrs. Jackson is standing there. "Now you tell me just exactly what you—oh Lord, will you look at his face!"

He stands in the kitchen, under the light. She has put her glasses on. They are attached to a cord studded with fake jewels that twinkle in the light. She dabs at his nose with a towel and turns his face from side to side.

"Oh Ezekiel, Ezekiel, what have they done to you?"

"I was at the Sportsmen's Bar," he tells her.

"The what? You foolish child. Don't you have enough trouble without having to go ask for more?"

He takes out the bills and puts them on the table. "I have got the money."

She pulls back and squints at him, shaking her head.

"I'm not even gonna ask," she whispers. "Not even gonna ask."

He closes his eyes.

At night my father was crying and moaning. He had a problem in his leg—someone was trying to do evil to him. But I could see he was like everyone else in the place: too old. In town the old men were sitting on the steps, day in and day out, with their toes like stones. There was one ancient woman, Wanjiru, who roamed about at night, laughing and speaking nonsense. We children were believing that when she encountered a cat or dog she would devour it whole.

The choice along the street was mud or dust, depending on the season. The dust choked you, the mud joined your toes together like cement. Entertainment was lingering around the petrol station, staring at vehicles. The food was cabbage, or maize and beans, sometimes with a small speck of meat thrown in.

I said to my brother: If this is life, then it is a meager portion, I swear it.

There was always work and more work. People were spending their bodies as if they would be given another when the first one was used up. I myself was digging in the field, I was gathering wood, I was playing the role of responsible son. But looking down the road, I could see no place in the life, no opening for me.

As a small boy I liked to linger with the others in the marketplace. Sometimes a vehicle would stop at the Asian's for petrol. The wicked boys were begging for a spot of petrol on a cloth, to put it to their noses and become intoxicated.

One day a vehicle stopped, full of Europeans with cameras and big hats and red noses. There was a woman in the rear; she looked at me and smiled. Then she opened that rear door a small crack and dropped a shilling into the dust in my direction. I covered it immediately with my naked foot.

When the others had gone off I lifted my foot and quickly retrieved the coin. It was not a shilling. It was an American coin, heavy and thick—a silver dollar from the United States of America.

I showed no one. The thing was mine and mine alone.

My one fear was to lose that coin. First I buried it. Then I feared the earth could move and it would be gone. So I tied it up in a cloth and kept the cloth always with me in my pocket. Wherever I passed, the coin passed with me. It became my talisman. At the end of a day I might sneak away up the path toward the mountain, to a spot above the village where there was a tremendous rock. The hills far across the plain were sharp and black, with the sun just falling behind them: They looked like skyscrapers. I might take the cloth out and remove the coin and rub it for luck. The time was always short; my mother would be calling, Ki-

manja, Kimanja! With time the coin became shiny from rubbing; it was even beginning to lose its features. So I left off rubbing it.

In school I was very bad. I was clever but lazy, with the reputation of a small scoundrel. I was not the kind of slave those teachers desired. Ezekiel, they said, can you kindly explain why your brothers were prefects and scholars while you are an insolent, lazy boy?

And so I was beaten. The headmaster was a small, cruel man named Mr. Chunga who spoke in whispers and was a champion of punishment. The others were always joking, Hey, Kimanja, that guy's belt has passed more times against your backside than round his belly!

There was a map of the world on the wall of this Chunga's office. When he would summon me, I was just staring past him at the map, at Europe and America. Yes sir, yes sir, I was responding; but in my mind I was saying, Hey, one day I will be far away and you will still be here, a tiny pebble stuck in this miserable place!

To receive punishment, one leaned over the edge of the desk with the trousers down. To distract my mind while being strapped, inwardly I was reciting facts, like the capitals of the states of America.

JACKson, Mississippi!

BOSton, Massachusetts!

DENver, Colorado!

Even when I cried I was smiling. It made that small tyrant quite furious. But I believed that I had been chosen. Of all the other boys, I was the one with the coin in my pocket.

On the night when my father died, I sneaked away from the compound and went up the path, leaving the sounds of wailing women to melt away behind. I myself was not feeling sad. On the path I stopped to take the coin out and hold it up to the light of the moon. They had been up there too—to the moon itself! There was no place they did not go.

From the top of the rock I looked out. Far along the plains some fields were being burned to encourage the new grasses. I held the coin between my thumb and fingers and rubbed it, never taking my eyes from that distant light floating and flickering in the air. I rubbed that coin and rubbed it some more, until it grew warm. Then I squeezed my fingers around it and let it burn quietly in the palm of my hand. ■

A Brave, Bold, Daring, Fresh Alternative.

The Naropa Institute

A Contemplative College of the Arts and Humanities

MA • MFA • BA • Certificate Degrees

Accredited • Financial Aid

Summer '90 Program
Pan American Writers Conference • Jazz • Visual Arts • Music • Contemplative Arts • Dance • Poetics • Deep Ecology

For information write:
Admissions Office-H
The Naropa Institute
2130 Arapahoe Ave.
Boulder, CO 80302
(303) 444 - 0202

Your dying is your responsibility.

Support the right of the terminally ill to die with dignity. Call for information.

Good Life Good Death
THE HEMLOCK SOCIETY

1-800-247-7421

P.O. Box 11830
Eugene, OR 97440

Statement by the International Committee for the Defense of Salman Rushdie and His Publishers

A year after the death threat issued by the late Ayatollah Khomeini, Salman Rushdie remains in hiding, in fear for his life. His publishers continue to be subject to a campaign of intimidation.

By lawfully exercising his right to freedom of expression, Mr. Rushdie is committing no crime. However, during the last twelve months, there have been at least a dozen attacks on bookshops. Booksellers in the United Kingdom have reported numerous death threats. Similar threats have been made to Mr. Rushdie's publishers and supporters throughout the world. In spite of this, we note a drift in the climate of opinion toward viewing Mr. Rushdie's plight with acquiescence and complacency.

We wish to restate that it is the right of all people to express their ideas and beliefs and to discuss them with their critics on the basis of mutual tolerance, free from censorship, intimidation, and violence.

On March 2, 1989, over 1,000 of Salman Rushdie's fellow writers around the world signed a statement that appeared in 62 newspapers and journals in 22 countries. The signatories unequivocally supported Salman Rushdie's right to freedom of expression and repudiated the death threat. The principles at stake remain unaltered. Mr. Rushdie's fate affects the freedom of us all.

We call upon world leaders and all those in positions of influence to renew their efforts to end the persecution of Salman Rushdie and his publishers.

THE REPACKAGING OF DAN QUAYLE

No mind. No weight. That is to say, very presidential

By Christopher Hitchens

A freezing January morning at Logan Airport caused the alighting passengers on Air Force Two to wince—as well they might do anyway, in anticipation of a visit to Democratic Boston in the company of J. Danforth Quayle, Deputy Leader of the Free World. The Vice President was spending one of his increasingly adventurous "days out," and with little to keep me in Washington—Congress recessed, the President and his OMB director huddling to scheme how *not* to cut the defense budget—I'd requested permission (granted late and with reluctance) to accompany the man who wants to be—and, more important, could be—the next president of the United States.

As Quayle was borne away from the tarmac on a tide of handlers and Secret Service men, I noticed how his pointless good looks and uncheckable grin already seemed familiar to me—and this after only a short flight in his company. A Coast Guard launch swept him across the snowy estuary (1), and then a cavalcade set out for Mission Hill, stopping on St. Alphonsus Street—where Carol Stuart and her son-to-be, Christopher, were found with the gut-shot Charles, whose lies and suicide had just reminded Boston about itself, again.

I never quite know what conservatives think when they come to neighborhoods like this one, in the heart of deprived Roxbury. Do they see potential enterprise zones? Do they think they'll meet blue-collar Democrats to lure? Do they ever ask what we need an underclass for? Anyway, in this case the location of St. Alphonsus Street was coincidental, set up by an advance team well before the Stuart case became a complex, rather than a simple, race problem. Quayle was here to visit Mission Grammar School: Catholic, devoted to traditional values, and celebrating its centennial.

Quayle entered a classroom of first-graders and sat, without affectation or embarrassment, on a tiny chair. He talked easily to the children and to their teacher. He secured a press photograph of himself embracing, in delightful miniature, the united colors of Benetton.

He moved on to a specially called assembly, to which he spoke, without special passion, about "just saying no" and the possibility that the young may live to see the Stars and Stripes hoisted on Mars. The school pastor had made mention, in his opening prayer, of the unborn, but the Vice President made no such mention. The pledge to the flag was made stirringly by all (2). The children said that they would enter the Vice President's name on their "prayer list," and he seemed to like that (3).

Then it was off to a GOP fundraiser at the Copley Plaza Hotel. No united colors of Benetton here. Quayle got two standing ovations from the $100-a-plate capacity crowd, many of whom had p[aid] extra to be photographed w[ith] Quayle blasted *Time* maga[zine] making Gorbachev its man o[f the] cade; Reagan and Bush, he d[eclared] should have shared that hon[or] he invoked the Stuart case—[to] mind the Republicans that t[hey] the party of Lincoln; that th[ey] cued on civil rights in the Sixt[ies] must not do so again (4).

After this exhortation, gr[eeted] with no better than tepid applau[se] dashed off to the Union Oyster [House] to chat with the Boston Police P[atro]man's Association. They pres[ented] him with a golfing jacket and p[at]ed him on the back—more tende[rly] couldn't help but think, than [his] brethren had pounded for week[s on] the doors (and skulls) of Mission [Hill] in their "stop and search" hunt [for] Carol Stuart's killer. This was the [sec]ond "payback" visit to the patrol[men] from Messrs. Bush and Quayle, [who] have not forgotten the blow that [the] cops' highly visible Republican [en]dorsement dealt to Michael Duka[kis] on his home turf. The air was clott[ed] with "making nice" and boisterous male bonhomie.

Finally to Faneuil Hall, cradle [of] American liberties, for the swearing in of GOP moneybags Peter Senopoulos as a new member of the American Battle Monuments Commission. Flags and drums were provided by the Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company, once described by James M. Curley, Democratic boss here for

Christopher Hitchens is the Washington editor of Harper's Magazine.

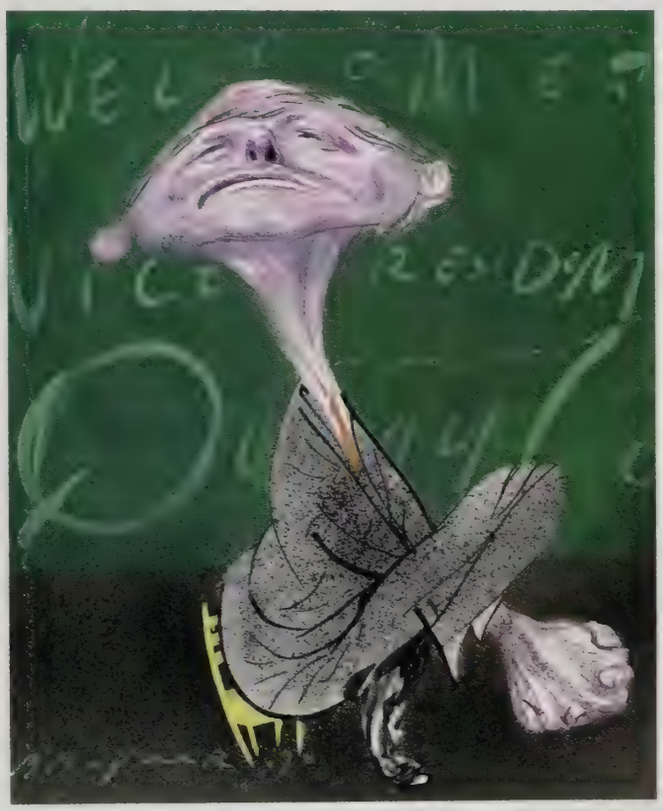
66 HARPER'S MAGAZINE / APRIL 1990

a century, as "invincible in e, invisible in war." Quayle e throatily of those who made the eme sacrifice and of his own re- visit to an American war memo- in the Philippines (5). It could lly have subtracted from his joy or ride that the outgoing—that is to shoved out—commissioner was Joseph Canzeri, the very same Jo- n Canzeri who told Jack Germond Jules Witcover, for their book on '88 campaign, that Quayle was e a kid. Ask him to turn off a light, l by the time he gets to the tch, he's forgotten what he nt for." (6)

Yet to recall that campaign, l to carefully review my notes 6, is to see that Quayle suc- ssfully touched the following ses on his day trip to Boston. e was (1) ferried in style across ston Harbor. He took part) in a genuine flag salute and edge of Allegiance. He heard mself put on a "prayer list" (3) ithout any embarrassing remi- iscence about his debate with loyd Bentsen, a debate in hich he said that were he to ecome president suddenly (the eartbeat-away scenario), the rst thing he would do would be o pray. He dealt cleverly (4) vith the shade of Willie Horton nd race and class justice. He managed a sentimental address o veterans (5) without any awkward bringing-up of his notorious reluctance to shoulder a rifle and pack for Indochina. (Who now remembers the campaign gag about crossing a hawk and a chicken to get a Quayle?) He saw off a minor but irritating political critic (6) and saw him replaced by a right-wing Massachusetts Greek.

I should add that Quayle made no gaffes that day and very few slips in delivery; that he managed to insert a compassionate reference to Kitty Dukakis's recent difficulties; and that he returned to Andrews Air Force Base looking pretty pleased with himself. He had, in effect, pressed all the Democrats' bells and run away. The next day's *Boston Globe* carried a long, positive, respectful report on the visit, complete with a large front-page picture of the Benetton moment.

This experiment in the political exorcism of past crimes and blunders was not the last I witnessed. Later that week, the United States Conference of Mayors convened in the capital (in the regrettable absence of Marion Barry, whose character and associations were set out in my Letter of last October). I happened to be on the telephone with David Beckwith, Quayle's genial, obstructive press officer, when he dropped the receiver. As he struggled back onto the line, he



was gurgling and panting. "Guess who I've got for you?" he said. "Art Agnos just dropped by to make up."

I didn't quite believe it, until he actually put the mayor of San Francisco on the line. After all, Quayle's post-earthquake visit to S. F. had generally been accounted one of the worst disasters of his infant vice presidency, with Agnos ridiculing Quayle's photo-op tactics on *Nightline* and accusing him of getting in the way, and the press snickering as Quayle discovered that the suffering in the Bay Area was "heart-rendering" and that "the loss of life is irreplaceable." Yet here was Agnos, making a courtesy call and saying that he'd dropped by, among other things, to make amends for a duel with Beckwith on Larry King's TV show. "We wanted to make sure we weren't the assholes we seemed on TV," Agnos explained to me. (I later was told by witnesses that he'd actually *kissed* Beckwith.) It was the work of an instant to whisk the Democratic chameleon into the vice presidential office for a manly handclasp and to start making triumphant telephone calls to the West Coast.

Is it possible that, after all, Roger Ailes and the boys were onto something when they pressed the idea of J. Danforth Quayle on George Herbert Walker Bush? The liberal press, which has learned less than nothing from its consistent underestimation of first Reagan and then his vice president, continues to miss the point. Reporters and editorialists alike prefer to concentrate only on the Quayle *style*, the gaffes and embarrassments. As if there weren't enough real flubs, the papers have taken to manufacturing some—e.g., the one about Quayle saying he wished he'd learned Latin in order to get on better with Latin Americans.

The difficulty with this shallow journalism is twofold: It gets boring and repetitive after a bit, and it puts Quayle in a position where he has nowhere to go but upward. As both Reagan and Bush have good cause to know, the latter is not such a bad position to be starting from. And Quayle's admittedly impressive tomfooleries and fatuities are a bagatelle compared to the lying and boasting of Ronald Reagan or the train-wreck sentences and syntactical miasma of the present incumbent.

Which brings us to a third point—namely, that all may be forgiven of those who make it in the end. A tendency to gaffe and an inability to get on good terms with the language can become part of your likable, human persona if you are in power. The authors of the current *Dan Quayle Quiz Book* may not yet appreciate the catchpenny favor they are doing their target. A day may come when Middle America makes Quayle's vulnerabil-

Illustration by Steve Brodner

E D U C A T I O N

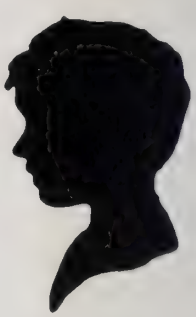


Individual counseling, small classes, and a military environment assure your son the personal attention to bring out the best in him. ANA, located on a private beachfront campus, has been a leader in college preparation since 1910. Successful placement record. Grades 7–12, with strong athletic, music, and drama programs. Fully accredited.

Army and Navy Academy
Room 76, Box 3000, Carlsbad, Calif. 92008
Tel. (619) 729-2385.



Season '90 is a structured learning environment, one that provides serious attention to strengthening the skills of your child. The goal is the achievement of academic and personal success. By combining the talents of caring adults with a well-balanced program in a nurturing environment, we are able to provide that success for your son or daughter. Blue Ridge Summer School, Season '90, Dyke, Virginia 22935. Tel. (804) 985-2811.



Offering home study courses developed by certi fied teachers at outstanding independen school. No prior experience needed. All materi als included. Over 350,000 students worldwid since 1906. Ideal for enrichment. Advisor teaching service available. Kindergarten throug Grade 8. Fully accredited. Nonprofit. Equal op portunity. Calvert School, Dept. HPS4, Tuscan Road, Baltimore, Maryland 21220. Tel. (310 243-6030; fax (301) 366-0674.

Choose from over 1,000 undergraduate, graduate, and continuing education courses.

Study with leading scholars, scientists, artists, and professionals.

Live in campus housing for as little as $100 per six-week session.

NYU SUMMER
Call 1-800-228-4NYU, Ext. 608

Omega Institute for Holistic Studies

The Omega Institute offers 200 weekend and week-long workshops with some of the most original thinkers of our time in the fields of health, psychology, creative arts, personal growth, the environment, and spirituality. Unwind at our 80-acre, lakeside campus, two hours north of NYC. Workshops from June to September. Free 88-page catalogue. Omega Institute, RD 2, Box 377, Rhinebeck, New York 12572. Tel. (914) 338-6030 or (914) 266-4301.

A M R C

"Ancient Wisdom for the Modern World"

Discover how extraordinary you really are! The Rosicrucian Order, AMORC, a nonprofit educational, philosophical, and mystical fraternity, has helped thousands of men and women better their lives through developing their powers of intuition, creativity, and inner awareness. To get our *free* booklet call 1-800-882-6672 and ask for operator HPR.

ORDER FORM

1) Army and Navy Academy
2) Blue Ridge Summer School
3) Calvert School
4) NYU—Gallatin
5) NYU—Summer Program
6) Omega Institute
7) The Rosicrucian Order

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

For more information, circle the appropriate number or numbers above. Send inquiries to *Harper's Magazine* Education Section, P.O. Box 5232, Pittsfield, MA 01203-5232. Coupon offer expires May 15, 1990.

ity an occasion for sympathy and affection. It's been done before.

This is not to say that Quayle is any less of an empty vessel than he has been represented as being. Watching and listening up close, I saw nothing to suggest that if his brains were made of TNT they would generate enough explosive power to disarrange his hair. And he has the most nervous and protective media staff I have ever encountered. At our first discussion, press boss Beckwith, a *Time* magazine hack of nearly two decades' standing, leveled with me. "I've got to tell you, Mr. Hitchens," he said hurriedly, "we're all a bit gun-shy around here." The relief that members of the staff displayed when the trip to Boston was over and we were heading for home was touching in its intensity.

Quayle's staff is, in many ways, the most interesting thing about him. To visit the vice presidential floor of the old Executive Office Building is to visit the last ark of the Reagan Revolution, with choice youngish specimens of all the species of 1980s conservative somewhere on board. As chief of staff we discover William Kristol, son of neo-con Irving and a veteran of that lost and mysterious time spent by William Bennett at the Department of Education. Kristol's secretary, Kathleen Connolly, is the sister of raver Pat Buchanan. Robert Novak's daughter Zelda is on the research staff. Joseph Shattan, formerly an aide to Jeane Kirkpatrick, is a speechwriter. In charge of foreign policy is Carnes Lord, a shell-back conservative and probable disciple of Chicago savant Leo Strauss. If the now dispirited and ambivalent movement calling itself American conservatism has any focus for its teleology in the age of Gorbachev, that hope is located somewhere among the Quayle bestiary as now accoutred and assembled.

Note, however, that this right-wing galère represents a qualitative step up for young Danforth. Around the house he has been nurtured not by conservative thought but by barking, irrational, thoughtless quackery. Mom and Dad are faithful Birchers; Dad has endorsed *The National Educator,* a magazine in which one can read that while the Democratic party is

GALLATIN

THE KEYS TO REACHING YOUR GOALS

ACADEMIC EXCELLENCE AND FLEXIBILITY

The Gallatin Division of New York University offers you the opportunity to design an individualized degree program tailored to your interests and your schedule. Choose from such diverse areas of study as:

- Arts management
- Business
- Dance
- Publishing
- Theatre
- Writing

You'll have access to the resources of a major research university and may take courses at most of NYU's colleges. You can also receive credit for independent study, internships, and selected work experiences. You'll work closely with an adviser to put together the curriculum that suits your personal or professional needs.

Gallatin offers both B.A. and M.A. programs.

Discover Gallatin. Come to our information sessions (Tuesdays 5:30 p.m. for graduates, Thursdays 2:30 and 5:30 p.m. for undergraduates). Call (212) 998-7370 to reserve a place.

NEW YORK UNIVERSITY
A PRIVATE UNIVERSITY IN THE PUBLIC SERVICE

Gallatin Division
New York University
715 Broadway
6th Floor
New York, N.Y. 10003

Please send me information on the
☐ Undergraduate Program—B.A.
☐ Graduate Program—M.A.

NAME

ADDRESS

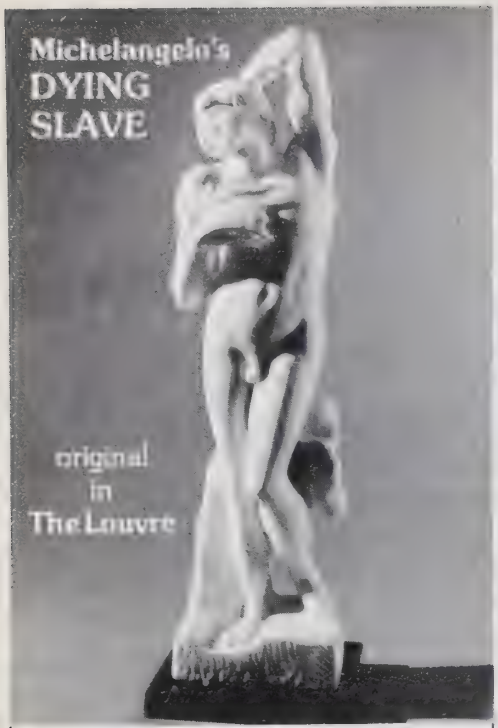
CITY STATE ZIP CODE

TELEPHONE

SOC. SEC. NO.

New York University is an affirmative action/equal opportunity institution.

HM-4-90



THE DYING SLAVE by Michelangelo. less familiar but not less beautiful than his David. A statue probably expressing man's eternal struggle for freedom...a masterpiece of enigmatic beauty! Hand crafted in bonded marble. 18½" on marble base $198 ppd. Check, VISA, MC. Unqualified guarantee. **112 page artbook color catalog of 320 masterpieces $6.**

ELEGANZA LTD. *Importers of Fine Statuary*
Magnolia Village • 3217 W. Smith #1074
Seattle, WA • 206/283-0609

THE ULTIMATE CHAIR
for back relief and relaxation!

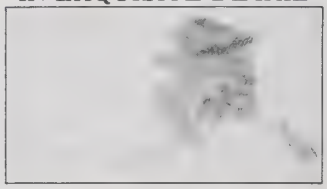
. . .and 25 other products for a healthy back!



Office Model Available!

BackSaver FREE 14 page catalog 1-800-251-2225 or write
53 Jeffrey Ave., Dept. HM-0, Holliston, MA 01746 In MA 508-429-5940

ALASKA MAP
IN EXQUISITE DETAIL



This full color shaded-relief wall map measures 63½"×35." $45 laminated or $20 paper. $4.00 shipping UPS. Request our **free** brochure of western state wall maps. Order by phone or mail today:

1-800-237-0798.

Raven Maps & Images
34 North Central, Medford, Oregon 97501

Bring "practical nostalgia" to your home or office, with . . .

StationMaster Chime Clock only $129.95*

But read this ad for an even better deal!



Around the turn of the century, these handsome clocks adorned the offices of the stationmasters of American railroads. They were cherished for their beauty and precision—they kept America's trains on time. *Rodell-7*, one of the great names in clocks and watches, has painstakingly recreated this famous and beloved original. The "new" *StationMaster Clock* is executed in its original classic octagonal design, with its pendulum caboose. It's handsomely constructed in solid oakwood (not veneers) and brass. The crystal shielding the caboose window is faceted glass, a small luxury found only on the most expensive timepieces. Another quality feature is the red calendar hand. Every day, at the stroke of midnight, it steps one day forward. The clock is a feast for the eyes. But the real value is inside the clock. It's that exquisite 31-day Japanese chime movement, of such precision that it is classified as a "Regulator." The melodious chimes punctually sound the half hours and count the full hours.

We are the exclusive importers of *Rodell-7* clocks and can therefore bring you this beautiful clock for just $129.95. But, we have an even better deal: ***Buy two for $259.90 and we'll send you a third one with our compliments—absolutely FREE!*** Bring a touch of "practical nostalgia" to your home or office, and send for your *StationMaster Chime Clock* today!

• *The oakwood of the* StationMaster Clock *is selected for its attractively "marbled" grain and is carefully matched. Hardware and pendulum are pure brass. The "caboose" crystal is hand faceted, a luxury feature found only in the most expensive timepieces. The clock is 24" tall, 15" wide, and 4" deep.*

FOR FASTEST SERVICE, ORDER
TOLL FREE (800) 882-3050
24 hours a day, 7 days a week

Please give order #1500 A266. If you prefer, mail check or card authorization and expiration. We need daytime phone for all orders and issuing bank for charge orders. UPS/insurance: $4.95 for one *StationMaster Chime Clock*, $6.95 for three. Add sales tax for CA delivery. You have 30-day return and one-year warranty.

For quantity orders (100+), call Ernest Gerard, our Wholesale/Premium Manager at (415) 543-6570 or write him at the address below.

since 1967
haverhills®
131 Townsend Street, San Francisco, CA 94107

"firmly committed to the Moscow wing of the Communist Party," the Republicans are "firmly committed to the Trotskyite wing of the Communist Party, headquartered in Tel Aviv." And at home, in the domestic bliss of D.C., we find the tempestuous Marilyn Quayle, wife, mother, and devotee of the Reverend Colonel Robert Thieme Jr., a drool-flecked pulpit banger and paranoid separator of fools from money. It's a wonder Quayle is as calm and reflective as he is.

On arriving at the Senate in the great Reagan levee of 1980, the young Quayle got off to a rough start by granting a lavish interview to *Spotlight*, published by the Liberty Lobby, which likes to keep an eye on Semitic activity around town (and internationally). He shepherded the nomination of Indiana fruitcake Daniel Manion to a widely ridiculed federal judgeship. Then he hired Robert Owen as a staffer and allowed this lachrymose acolyte to employ his office for crazoid meetings between Oliver North's private army and various drifters from Central America. It was in the Quayle sanctum that Owen introduced North to John Hull, now under multiple indictment in Costa Rica.

This is no longer Quayle's scene. The handlers and imagemakers have gotten him away from the clerical kooks and out of the frazzled *Soldier of Fortune* milieu. Stuart K. Spencer, the marketing and packaging genius whose consulting firm ran the Quayle vice presidential campaign (and, more recently, was paid $350,000 to help General Noriega with *his* intractable image problems), was very blunt in a 1988 interview. "Dan Quayle doesn't know about cities," he said. "He doesn't know who lives there, ghettos, traffic, race, crime, housing, all of that stuff, but we'll teach him." Spencer also said, "First, we had to shut that John Birch father of his up." It seems to me that in Boston I was shown some evidence of the Spencer effect, and all of us will be seeing more of it.

Dan Quayle was no doubt willing to be repackaged. He shied away from the Judiciary Committee not long

Books for Europe's New Dawn

EE books if you subscribe remarkable series of the of world writing.

ADERS INTERNATIONAL ishes some of Eastern Europe's est writers. Writers who have Central and East European ıture alive in its darkest hours. st Berlin's Monika Maron, for in-, whose novel *Flight of Ashes* was d for exposing an ecological disaster its press cover-up. From Prague, k Vaculík, "the night watchman of Czech national soul" (L.A. Times); vitty *A Cup of Coffee with My rogator* embraces Gandhi to glasnost carries a shrewd preface by Václav l.



brings you books from today's ectual renaissance in Eastern Europe. **Forthcoming titles** from Eastern Europe include *My Childhood at the Gate of st* by Romanian exile Paul Goma, a feast of Balkan memories; and *Homage to the Eighth District,* tales of Budapest ungary's prize-winning Pressburger brothers.

oks build bridges, not walls. Share these gifted writers' visions of a new Europe, sustained by liberty and human dignity.

(Free books in paperback; all subscription volumes in hardcover editions.)



My Merry Mornings (005) by Ivan Klíma, **Prague**
'His voice is clear, intelligent and brave' *International Herald Tribune*



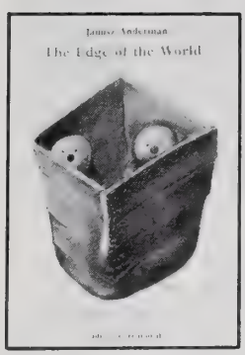
A Cup of Coffee with My Interrogator (035) by Ludvík Vaculík, **Prague**
'Cool and sparkling' *New York Times Book Review*



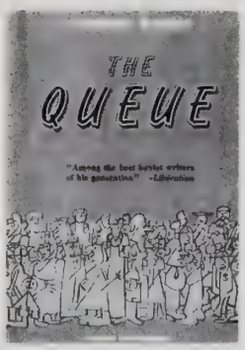
Flight of Ashes (023) by Monika Maron, **East Berlin**
'Maron writes with wit, economy and stylistic assurance' *Village Voice*



The Defector (041) by Monika Maron, **East Berlin**
'The best of her generation' *Le Monde*
'Extraordinary writing' *Publishers Weekly*



Edge of the World (050) by Janusz Anderman, **Warsaw**
'Harsh realism, yet something magical in the result' *L. A. Times*



The Queue (045) by Vladimir Sorokin, **Moscow**
'Genuine zest' *The Times* (London)
'Like Godot, but its humor is broader and nowhere so stark' *N. Y. Times Book Review*

READERS INTERNATIONAL
P. O. Box 959 Columbia LA 71418

Please begin my subscription to RI at the special $9.30 subscriber price, + $1.65 p&p, for each hardcover edition. I'll get RI's newest title - chosen from the Best in today's literature, the world over - every other month, at the same price. I may cancel at any time.

Name

Address Apt. no

City State/Prov. ZIP/Postcode

☐$10.95 (Can$13.75) enclosed. My FREE book, no. ☐

☐Bill my ☐VISA or ☐MasterCard.

Card No. Expiry date

Signature

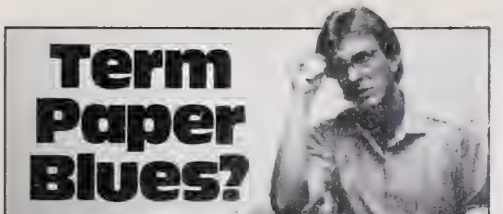
SPECIAL SAVINGS and two free books:

☐$55 (Can$65) enclosed for an annual subscription. I get RI's six newest world titles, plus two FREE books: ☐ ☐ (title numbers)

☐Bill my credit card for $55 (US currency only).

H 18

Photo: Bill Robinson/Observer



Term Paper Assistance

Catalog of 19,278 research papers

Order Catalog Today with Visa/MC or COD

Toll Free Hot Line **1-800-351-0222**

California & Canada: (213) 477-8226

Monday - Friday 10 am - 5 pm (Pacific time)

Or send $2.00 with coupon below

Our 306-page catalog contains detailed descriptions of 19,278 research papers, a virtual library of information at your fingertips. Footnote and bibliographic pages are free. Ordering is easy as picking up your phone. Let this valuable educational aid serve you throughout your college years.

EXAMPLES OF CATALOG TOPICS. . .

15759 - WORK RELATED STRESS Ways to minimize and manage stress, emphasizing human relations and environmental approaches. 9 footnotes, 7 bibliographies, 6 pages.

15842 - GROUNDWATER CONTAMINATION Origins, types, economic, political, health aspects. Proposed solution based on cost/benefit analysis of social capital. 12 footnotes, 8 bibliographies, 8 pages.

Research Assistance also provide custom research and thesis assistance. Our staff of 75 professional writers, each writing in his field of expertise, can assist you with all your research needs.

QUALITY GUARANTEED!

RA since 1970

RESEARCH ASSISTANCE
11322 Idaho Avenue, Suite 206-XR
West Los Angeles, California 90025

Please rush my catalog. Enclosed is $2.00 to cover postage.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State ____ Zip _____

THE BEST FILMS YOU NEVER SAW.

Now you can rent or purchase VHS videotapes by mail. Over 1,100 hard-to-find quality films available, including *Ulysses, Hotel Terminus,* and *Women on the Verge. . .*

Our library includes foreign and independent films, limited release features, Hollywood classics, cult favorites and documentaries.

It's simple and inexpensive. Phone or write for free information and list of films.

1-800-258-3456
(in PA, 1-800-633-3456)

Home Film Festival.
P.O. Box 2032, Scranton, PA 18501

Want to locate a MISSING SPOUSE, PARENT, FRIEND, or DEBTOR? The "HOW TO FIND MISSING PERSONS MANUAL" will let you do it FAST, from within the privacy of your home. Earn money locating for others. Free consultation for one (1) year. Send $79.95 to: FINANCIAL TRAINING INSTITUTE, INC. 5100 WEST 164th STREET SUITE 21 CLEVELAND, OH 44142

SOLUTION TO THE MARCH PUZZLE

B	I	S	M	A	R	C	K	S	I	N	K	E	R	
O	L	C	A	R	E	E	N	H	H	O	O	K	E	
B	L	A	C	K	B	E	A	R	D	V	A	I	L	
C	A	N	E	S	U	P	P	O	S	A	L	S	A	
A	T	S	E	A	S	O	N	U	P	O	A	S	T	
T	I	T	A	N	I	C	U	D	O	N	A	T	E	
L	O	N	G	J	O	H	N	S	I	L	V	E	R	
A	N	C	H	O	R	S	H	A	L	Y	A	R	D	
F	E	T	A	U	E	S	A	L	U	T	E	R	R	
I	L	U	S	I	T	A	N	I	A	A	L	A	E	
T	A	L	I	H	A	R	D	L	I	N	E	R	S	
T	L	I	N	E	R	A	T	A	X	I	C	I	S	
E	X	P	E	N	D	B	A	C	K	S	T	A	Y	

NOTES FOR "THEME & VARIATIONS"

The nautical theme and nautical variations: HOOK (BLACKBEARD, LAFITTE, LONG JOHN SILVER), LINE (HALYARD, BACKSTAY, SHROUD), and SINKER (TITANIC, LUSITANIA, BISMARCK). ACROSS: 11. CARE (anagram)-E-N; 16. VAIL, "veil"; 17. CAN-...E; 18. S-UP-PO-SA(i)LS; 19. SEA-SON; 22. (c)OAST; 26. DONATE, anagram; 29. ANCHOR, anagram; 33. FETA, hidden; 36. SALUTE, anagram; 42. ALAE, hidden in reverse; 43. TALI, anagram; 44. HARD-LINERS; 46. A-T(AX)IC; 47. EX-PEN-D (rag). DOWN: 1. BOB-CAT; 2. ILL-A(T)I-ON (reversal); 3. S...-CANS; 4. M-ACE; 5. RE-BUS (reversal); 6. K(etch)-NAP (reversal); 8. NOVA, reversal; 9. ALA-OK, reversed; 10. RE-LAT-ER (reversal); 13. K(ey) (IS)S; 15. EPOC(H)S, reversed; 20. AN-JOU, hidden; 21. P(OIL)U, reversal of UP; 22. O-N(L)Y; 24. AGHA, hidden; 25. UN-HAND; 27. TERRAR(I)A, anagram; 30. RE(TAR)D; 32. DR(E-SS)Y; 34. (fl)E(et)-L-AL (anagram); 35. TULIP, anagram; 37. C-AL(I)L, reversed; 38. ELE (anagram)-CT; 40. S-(I)NE; 41. A-RAB (reversal); 42. ANIS, hidden.

SOLUTION TO MARCH DOUBLE ACROSTIC (NO. 87). WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE: OTHELLO. To mourn a mischief that is past and gone / Is the next way to draw new mischief on. / What cannot be preserved when fortune takes, / Patience her injury a mockery makes. / The robbed that smiles, steals something from the thief; / He robs himself, that spends a bootless grief.

CONTEST RULES: Send the quotation, the name of the author, and the title of the work, together with your name and address, to Double Acrostic No. 88, *Harper's Magazine,* 666 Broadway, New York, N.Y. 10012. If you already subscribe to *Harper's,* please include a copy of your latest mailing label. Entries must be received by April 8. Senders of the first three correct solutions opened at random will receive one-year subscriptions to *Harper's Magazine.* The solution will be printed in the May issue. Winners of Double Acrostic No. 86 are Anna Bricker, Ashland, Ohio; James Gilbert, Cheswick, Pennsylvania; and Caroline Shepard, Winston-Salem, North Carolina.

after his election to the Senate, complaining that "they are going to be dealing with all those issues like abortion, busing, voting rights, prayers. I'm not interested in those issues, and I want to stay as far away from them as I can." Though he made the obligatory attacks on Senator Edward Kennedy while addressing Boston Republicans, Quayle's first imprint on the nation's greatest deliberative body was as cosponsor, with the senior senator from Massachusetts, of the Job Training Partnership Act. He may be no Ted Kennedy, but the subliminal association probably did him no damage in the eyes of the professional pols.

"He is a conservative Republican who always wanted to be part of the governing majority." Thus the highly polished William Kristol, in a brief and exquisitely careful interview with me. "He was often more liberal than Reagan—he voted to override the veto on South African sanctions and he favored the Martin Luther King holiday. But most conservatives regard him as one of them."

That's not especially bad strategy if you think about it: Quayle is distancing himself from the Right in consensus terms while retaining his option as their only plausible champion for the next round. Kristol went on to surmise—cleverly, I thought—that "at the generational level" there is a point where old distinctions within the conservative movement don't matter anymore, or as much as they did. "[Quayle] doesn't have the baggage that Ronald Reagan was carrying," Kristol said, on matters like states' rights and the Vietnam War. The younger conservatives for whom Quayle is being groomed are not going to ask—are not going to care about—where Quayle stood "back then." This is postmodernism, and this makes the repackaging a good deal easier.

I wonder, though, if any handler can train the Vice President to accept the passing of the Cold War. Within the administration and within the Republican party, Quayle hangs as tough as he dares on any question affecting "national security." And, difference of "tone" or not, he has made it plain that he is nostalgic for

the Russia bashing and all that goes with it.

Kristol seemed defensive on this point. "The Vice President has been reading William Manchester's second volume on Winston Churchill," I was told, "and has also been talking to Stephen Sestanovich at the Center for Strategic and International Studies. He was very struck by Steve's phrase 'Weimar Russia.'" Of course I'm familiar with the idea that all Republicans in a tight corner will reach for their Churchill, and of course CSIS has been indispensable for the Cold War head-bangers of both parties, but I don't think that Quayle had heard of either Manchester or Sestanovich when he recommended that Tom Clancy be made an adviser to the National Space Council, and I have a journalistic instinct about whose prose has been the more influential.

Let us not forget that Quayle's major stand in the Senate, aside from his "bipartisan" moment with Kennedy, was with the arms lobby in favor of the grandiose AWACS sale, wherein he acted as point man. Or that his first real tooth-cutting as Vice President involved a fight for Senator John Tower, the defense lobby's faithful executant, in his now forgotten nomination for secretary of defense.

These days Quayle's relationship with the defense establishment is both more intimate and more discreet. As he demonstrated by his uplifting clichés about Martian exploration to the trusting children of Mission Hill, he can cloak this relationship in concern for "space." As head of the National Space Council, he is free to pursue a fantasy—the fantasy of the Star Wars shield—that is too embarrassing to be avowed publicly by an administration as timid and surreptitious as this one. His two senior appointments to the council have been Lieutenant Colonel Pete Warden, an underling of Lieutenant General James Abrahamson when the latter ran the Strategic Defense Initiative for Reagan, and Mark Albrecht, a former chief defense aide to SDI fanatic Senator Pete Wilson. With Wilson, then-Senator Quayle helped preserve the idea of interceptors in the outer atmosphere and the even wilder idea of testing antisatellite weapons. On one occasion, he spoke movingly of the latter on the Senate floor, paying another debt to Tom Clancy (rather than to Winston Churchill) by saying that the United States prevailed in *Red Storm Rising* only because of its antisatellite capacity. On another, he gratified his father by making the working assumption that the earth was flat, saying, "Eventually we will probably see agreements to establish self-defense zones in space that will actually divide up space between the Soviet Union, the United States, and other nations. If others come within our zones, then in fact they would be infringing on our territory."

"Come within our zones . . ." Yet it is not these ludicrous and sinister gaffes that get Quayle his reputation as a clown. Every tired caption- or headline-writer drags out a stale allusion to the Veep's fondness for golf, but how many stories have you read about Quayle's role in the "Brilliant Pebbles" proposal? This little scheme, which involves the seeding of space with thousands of tiny orbiting interceptors, has also been termed "Smart Rocks." Research and development of "Smart Rocks" is now official administration policy, which makes it less funny; and the SDI cabal credits Quayle as much as Defense Secretary Dick Cheney with the decision to proceed. The Cold War, in other words, *can* continue to be fought by contractors and pseudoscientists even if there is no longer a believable adversary. (In Bush's "trimmed" defense budget for 1991, one finds a proposed 22 percent increase for Star Wars, with almost all the new money—about $800 million—pegged for "Smart Rocks.")

All of which is to say that if the more fierce and senseless bits of the Reagan–Bush legacy are to be carried through the 1990s, it is likely that Dan Quayle, rather than, for example, Jack Kemp, will be doing the bearing. (Quayle is *not* at a loss in space; Kemp is as earthbound as possible, mired in the sludge of post-Reagan HUD.) You object, perhaps, that Quayle has no weight, no author-

Continued on page 78

"If you've been searching for something to enhance the sensual side of your life... Yellow Silk offers fiction, poetry, art, reminiscences, and reviews of material that celebrate the erotic in a way that manages to be both tasteful and juicy. The writing ranges from earthy and funny to tender and thoughtful, and the art is exquisite. Highly recommended."

Neshama Franklin
Medical Self-Care

Yellow Silk
JOURNAL OF EROTIC ARTS



"All persuasions; no brutality."

William Kotzwinkle • Marge Piercy • Eric Gill • Susan Griffin • Octavio Paz • Tee Corinne • W.S. Merwin • Mayumi Oda Marilyn Hacker • William Packard • Judy Dater • Robert Silverberg • Ntozake Shange • Ivan Argüelles • Jane Hirshfield Pierre Louys • Gary Soto

YS, P.O. Box 6374, Albany CA 94706
$24/year • Quarterly

NAME

ADDRESS

OUTSIDE U.S. ADD $6 SURFACE
$20 AIR PER YEAR U.S. FUNDS

CLASSIFIED

ASSOCIATIONS

Bertrand Russell Society. Information: HM, RD 1, Box 409, Coopersburg, Pa. 18036.

Knighthoods for gentlemen, honors for ladies. Brochure, $3: Nobilitat-H, 316 Edward Street, Victoria, B.C. V9A 3E6, Canada.

National Coalition of Independent Scholars. Information sharing, assistance, and mutual support. Brochure: 160 Harbor Road, Southport, Conn. 06490.

EDUCATION

Bachelor's, Master's, Doctorate. Guide to colleges offering nonresidential degree programs through independent home study. Accredited, economical, accelerated programs. Credit given for prior accomplishments and work experience. Free detailed brochure. Write: Doctor John Bear, P.O. Box 826-H1, Benicia, Calif. 94510.

Learn Spanish in Guatemala. Family living. CASA, Box 11264, Milwaukee, Wis. 53211. (414) 372-5570.

SUMMER WRITING WORKSHOP
Aug. 12-25, 1990, Newman House (U.C.D.)
Dublin, Ireland
Leading Irish writers, Homestay B & B
Write/call: J. McAuley, MS-25,
Eastern Washington University
Cheney, WA 99004 • (509) 359-2829 ED.

Superlearning. Triple learning speed through music. Languages, data. Maximize memory, potentials. Stressless. Free excerpt, catalogue. Superlearning, 1290 W. 11th, No. 105-H6, Vancouver, B.C. V6H 1K5, Canada.

Research papers: 18,278 papers available—all academic subjects. Rush $2 for 306-page catalogue. Custom writing also available. Research, 11322 Idaho, No. 206HB, Los Angeles, Calif. 90025. Toll-free hotline: (800) 351-0222; in Calif., (213) 477-8226.

SPEAK FRENCH OR ANY LANGUAGE
AS U.S. DIPLOMATS DO!
Self-study audiocassette courses developed for U.S. State Dept. now at **savings up to 60%!** Call or write for FREE catalog **1-800-722-6394.**
AUDIO-LANGUAGE INSTITUTE®
516 Fifth Avenue, Dept.H11Suite 507, NY, NY 10036

Fully approved university degrees. Economical home study for bachelor's, master's, and Ph.D. degrees, fully approved by California State Dept. of Education. Prestigious faculty counsels for independent-study and life-experience credits (5,100 enrolled students, 500 faculty). Free information: Richard Crews, M.D. (Harvard), President, Columbia Pacific University, Dept. 2F90, 1415 Third Street, San Rafael, Calif. 94901. (800) 227-0119; in Calif., (800) 552-5522 or (415) 459-1650.

Study Chinese at home. Free brochure. Write: AICS, Box 453, Charles Town, W. Va. 25414.

Off-campus individualized programs for professionals at Somerset lead to American doctoral degrees. For a prospectus send $8 to the International Administrative Center, Somerset University, Illminster, Somerset TA 19 OBQ, England. (44) 0460-57255.

Speak a Foreign Language Like a Diplomat!
Learn on your own with audio-cassette courses used by U.S. State Dept. Programmed for easy learning. 47 languages in all. Comprehensive. Call or write for free catalog. **1-800-243-1234**
AUDIO-FORUM® Dept. 606 Guilford, CT 06437

Priesthood. Independent Catholic rite. Women, married okay. Keep present lifestyle. Home study. Sophia Divinity School, Box 3616, Dept. H1, Hartford, Conn. 06103.

Research for anyone with a literary project. Fee negotiable. Nichols, 1706 Wood Street, Valparaiso, Ind. 46383.

VACATIONS

Linekin Bay Sailing Resort. Fleet of sailboats, two-masted schooner, sailing instruction, heated pool, tennis. Write for folder: Boothbay Harbor, Me. 04538.

Kiawah Island Resort. Near historic Charleston. Ten-mile beach and more. Free vacation guide. Ravenel Associates. (800) 845-3911, ext. 375.

Wild Dunes Resort. Twelve miles from Charleston. Beautiful beach, exciting yacht harbor, top-ranked golf. Ravenel Associates. (800) 346-0606, ext. 375.

Seabrook Island Resort. Ultimate private resort. Beach, golf, tennis, equestrian center. Free color brochure. Ravenel Associates. (800) 845-2233, ext. 375.

Charleston's Resort Islands. Kiawah Island Resort, Seabrook Island Resort, Wild Dunes Resort, and Isle of Palms. Central reservations and information. Beautiful beaches, championship golf and tennis, great restaurants, exciting shops, sailing, fishing, and more. Free comprehensive 52-page color magazine. (800) 247-5050, ext. 375.

Cape Cod/Brewster. Luxury vacation rentals on exclusive golf resort. Two miles to beaches. Weekly summer rates: Town houses $675–$825, executive villas $1500–$1700. (508) 896-2090.

RANCH VACATIONS

Package vacations in Montana's Rocky Mountain wilderness. Trout fishing, horseback riding, river rafting, and much more for all ages. The Hawley Mountain Guest Ranch, Box 4-H, McLeod, Mont. 59025. (406) 932-5791.

VACATION RENTALS

Italy—Tuscany sixteenth-century farmhou Spacious quarters, three bedrooms; a three-room apartment. Close to anci town. Panoramic views. Convenient to F ence, Siena. Tansey: (719) 566-1354; cc mencing April: (39) 575-62512. C Cortona AR/52044, Italy.

Hawaiian Islands—Molokai, Kaluakoi sort. Polynesian studio with kitchen. $50 night. (800) 225-7978 or (800) 950-554

Furnished sabbatical or vacation home medieval village perched on French Rivie Available from June 1990: $650 month Long-term rates. Line 2B, Residence d'H nemont, 78100 St. Germain en La France.

RETIREMENT

Retire in beautiful central Pennsylvar Foxdale Village—building on the tradit of fine Quaker lifecare communities. Av able now: independent living in fu equipped units. Director experienced in l care management. Mid-1990 Commun Building will provide attractive dining fac ties, lounges, library, full medical prot tion. For information write: 500 E. Mary Avenue, Dept. T, State College, Pa. 168 (814) 238-3322.

HEALTH

Quit smoking. Works for me. Free deta SMH, 4439 Helmar Drive, Monroeville, 15146.

Now you can succeed at losing weight, qu ting smoking, and controlling stress with t help of these positive self-hypnosis tapes veloped by famous hypnotist Larry Garre $8.95 each, or $25 for all three. Order n Stephen Mail Order Shop, 38575 9th Str East, Suite 197, Palmdale, Calif. 935 California residents add 6.75% tax. Mon back guarantee.

LITERARY SERVICES

Ghostwriting. Everything editorial. Prof sional staff. Wordsmiths, Box 5882-B, C cago, Ill. 60680.

Your book printed—paperback or ha bound. Professionally typeset or offset. S perior workmanship at low cost. Fr information and samples. Pine Hill Pre Inc., Freeman, S.D. 57029. (605) 92 4228.

GIFTS

Penis poster (23″ × 35″) depicts 12 anim penises (man to whale). Scientific novel $10 ppd. to Poster K, Box 673, Bloomin ton, Ind. 47402.

Dan Quayle watch. Quartz, $33. JAR, P. Box 10707, Arlington, Va. 22210.

Awesome T-shirt: 1990 CENSUS COUNT OUT. Send $16 ppd. to Aviva, Box 1086 Minneapolis, Minn. 55458.

CLASSIFIED RATES: Minimum ten words. One time, $2.20 per word; three times, $2.10 per word; six times, $2.00 per word; twelve times, $1.85 per wor Telephone numbers count as two words, as do box numbers. ZIP codes count as one word. CLASSIFIED DISPLAY: Minimum one inch. One time, $130 p column inch, three times, $125 per column inch; six times, $120 per column inch; twelve times, $105 per column inch. The closing for classified copy is t first of the month, two months prior to issue date. Prepayment is required. Make checks payable to *Harper's Magazine* and send to Harper's Classified, 6 Broadway, New York, N.Y. 10012. Include telephone number on all correspondence. Address inquiries to Andrew Walko, Classified Advertising Manag

TRAVEL

nazing tourist attraction. Discover Amer- with free tourist packets. For more infor- tion write to Tourist Attractions, 3645 orth 69th Avenue, #28, Phoenix, Ariz. 033.

Roam the World by Freighter." Reference ide to unusual cruising. $3. TravLTips, x 218B1A, Flushing, N.Y. 11358. (800) 2-8584; in New York State: (718) 939- 00.

wo week N. M. expedition by horseback. e (writer and photographer) are seeking l scout trail, now lost, from Santa Fe west. nexcavated Indian ruins, pueblos, ghost wns, mountains, remote deserts. No ex- rience necessary, but be prepared for rdship. Rugged, potentially dangerous untry. This is the real thing. Will be mewhat expensive. (505) 982-5701.

GALAPAGOS

ou, nine others and our naturalist will explore y yacht more islands than any other Galapagos xpedition. From simple adventures to splendid acht charters, from scuba diving to serious iking and even college credit, no one else offers s many ways to experience the Galapagos be- ause no one else specializes exclusively in the Galapagos. 60 trip dates. Machu Picchu option.

FREE BROCHURE

Inca Floats 415-420-1550

1311-HPL 63rd. St., Emeryville, CA 94608

nglish canals. Historian-skipper. Good od, library, no schedule. $545 weekly, in- usive. Box 2083, Springfield, Mass. l 101. (413) 562-9296.

olunteer work abroad. Two- to three- eek village projects in India, Tanzania, uatemala, Western Samoa, Mexico, and araguay. Brochure: Global Volunteers, 00 American National Bank Building, St. aul, Minn. 55101.

COMPUTER PROGRAM

WISDOM OF THE AGES

irst electronic book of quotes, sayings & ideas brings over 1,000 of the world's greatest minds to PC screens & printers. Select subject. Use imeless knowledge to act, write & speak better; earn more.

Only $79.00 for all 5 disks.
30 day money-back guarantee.
MCR Agency, Inc. 1-800-767-6797
6116 Merced Ave. Dept. #81H
Oakland, CA 94611

ART

our portrait done in oil on canvas. Expert rtist will work from photograph(s). Also, old Masters reproductions in oil, or you may ish to send us your own design for repro- uction. Our artists are well experienced and killed, possessing the required technique to reate and reproduce paintings that are sure o pleasantly surprise you. Please write: In- ernational Fine Arts Gallery, P.O. Box 575, Postal Station P, Thunder Bay, On- ario P7B 5G1, Canada, or fax (807) 344- 840.

Unique item of art. Handwoven book- narker from quality papers: $3.95 each. Dawn Graphics, 2124 Kittredge, Suite 181, Berkeley, Calif. 94704.

GOURMET

Delicious best-ever cheesecake. Send $2 ppd. for recipe to Chef Pierre, Box 191, Ste. Therese, Quebec J7E 4J2, Canada.

International cheesecake recipes. Mexican, German, Italian, and Hawaiian. Sinfully delicious. Send $3, SASE. Recipe, P.O. Box 22513, Hilton Head, S.C. 29925.

Save money. Make fancy liqueurs at home. First recipe Kahlua "taste-alike." Send $5, SASE. KCO Recipes, P.O. Box 6023, Saginaw, Mich. 48608.

Russian recipes. Four traditional old-family Russian recipes. Easy to make. Taste the spirit of *glasnost*. Send $3 to Roberta Blakeman, Box 1138, Lakeside, Calif. 92040.

Gourmet chili—send $1 and SASE for recipe. Les Hughes/Printing Specialist, 6022 Shean Court, Louisville, Ky. 40291.

Quick, healthy vegan recipes. Three for $5, ten for $10. ARA, 3908½ Overbrook, Columbia S.C. 29205.

MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS

Panpipes/flutes, over 250 varieties, many ages/cultures. Catalogues, $2. Lew Price, Box 1558 (R), Fair Oaks, Calif. 95628.

GENEALOGY

Irish genealogy. Write: Hibernian Research Ltd., 22 Windsor Road, Dublin 6, Ireland. Call (353) 1-966-522 (24 hours).

EMPLOYMENT

Rocky Mountain employment newsletter. Current openings, all occupations. Western U.S. Free details: Intermountain-4R, 3565 Pitch, Colorado Springs, Colo. 80908. (719) 488-0320, ext. 418.

MERCHANDISE

Naturist videos. $2, SASE. HA, Box 9296, Newark, Del. 19714.

The U.S. Constitution. Pocket-size, 42 pages with index. For your copy send $5 to Freedom, P.O. Box 308, Winooski, Vt. 05404.

BOOKS

Eureka Bookfinder. Send wants: 2024-H Harris Street, Eureka, Calif. 95501.

Locating out-of-print books our specialty. Avonlea Books, Box 74E, White Plains, N.Y. 10602. (914) 946-5923.

Old-book scout locates out-of-print books. Write: Greenmantle, P.O. Box 1178HP, Culpeper, Va. 22701.

Booklover's smorgasbord. Free catalogue. Iron Kettle Books, Hancock Road, Williamstown, Mass. 01267.

Intense, vivid, accessible, humanistic, artful poetry. Good stuff. $5 includes postage. Lee Shatz, 461 Bellevue, #26, Oakland, Calif. 94610.

Anarchist Cookbook. Available again: $22, postpaid. Barricade Books, Box 1401-E, Secaucus, N.J. 07096.

Out-of-print bookfinder. Send wants: 2035-HA, Everding Street, Eureka, Calif. 95501.

Book out of print? Expert search service. Montara Mountain Books, Box 2628, Santa Cruz, Calif. 95063.

Obtain your books (new or in-print) easily, pleasantly, reliably—with one soothing call to Minnesota. Tell us what you need; we ship immediately or will special-order. Grin-golet Bookstore, Minneapolis, Minn. (800) 468-4347.

Canadian Books: Used, out-of-print, paperbacks, hardbacks. Any Canadiana, Arctic, or sea books. Wells Group, 958 Page Avenue, Victoria, B.C. V9B 2M6, Canada.

Old and rare books. Fine bindings, travel, fine and decorative arts, etc. Free catalogue. James Beattie Ltd., P.O. Box 882, Blue Bell, Pa. 19422.

Herbal Combinations—physician's desk reference manual. Basic study course on herbs. Praised by lay people and professionals alike. Send $27.50 to NCS-3, Box 541, Sandy, Utah 84091.

Presidential Biographies. Send 25¢ stamp for monthly listing of available titles. New and out-of-print books. American Political Biography, H-39 Boggs Hill Road, Newtown, Conn. 06470.

BUSINESS OPPORTUNITIES

Let the government finance your small business. Grants/loans to $500,000 yearly. Free recorded message: (707) 449-8600. KW6.

Be your own boss. Exceptional opportunities. Free details. SMG, 4439 Helmar Drive, Monroeville, Pa. 15146.

Earn thousands as an independent commission mailer. Rush $1 and SASE to S + D Enterprizes, 4027-C Rucker Avenue, Suite 910, Dept. B, Everett, Wash. 98201.

Read books for pay: $100 a title. Write: PASE-KV3, 161 Lincolnway, North Aurora, Ill. 60542.

Get paid for mailing letters. Write: PASE-TM3, 161 Lincolnway, North Aurora, Ill. 60542.

Patents. Information. Scott Ramsey, 5253B Even Star, Columbia, Md. 21044.

MUSIC

Cybermusic—where art meets science. Distinctive, elegant. Free information. Music Society, 15 Goldberry Square, Room 40, Scarborough, Ontario M1C 3H6, Canada.

PUBLICATIONS

Proof Jesus fictional. Scholarly proof Flavius Josephus created fictional Jesus, Gospels: $5. For details send SASE to Abelard, Box 5662-H, Kent, Wash. 98064.

The People. Marxist biweekly since 1891. Four months/$1, one year/$4. *The People* (H), Box 50218, Palo Alto, Calif. 94303.

Mysteries By Mail

A catalog for mystery and espionage readers and their friends. Over 400 books, audio cassettes, videos, games, and gifts. Classics, best sellers, new voices, old friends. Send $2.00 for 40 page catalog. Mysteries By Mail, P.O. Box 679-N, Boonville, CA 95415.

© Copyright 1990, Mysteries By Mail

God Almighty, where have you been? The world's people are seeking the truth of your identity. $12. J. L. Haldeman, Box 14351, South Lake Tahoe, Calif. 95702.

CLASSIFIED

Receive free subscriptions to over 25 national magazines. Unconditionally guaranteed. Send $4 to IPC, Box 4122, Kenosha, Wis. 53141.

Subscribe to America's largest-selling French language newspaper. **LOVE FRANCE?**
News, politics, travel, cinema and much more... *tout en français!* **24 issues (1 yr.) for $31.**
Journal Français d'Amérique, Rm. 114
1051 Divisadero St., San Francisco, CA 94115
800-272-0620 or in CA: 415-921-5100

Great things are happening—rain forests, sustainable agriculture, blossoming urbanvirons, humane engineering . . . we're doing it. *Inventing Earth* is a quarterly about life on Earth: what's happening, who's doing it, and how it's going. Sample: $3, or free info. Dept. M, 11 Inverness Road, Arlington, Mass. 02174.

The Quayle Quarterly

Keep a watchful eye on **The Man Who Could Be President.** Don't underestimate Dan Quayle - he's being groomed for the No. 1 spot. **Analysis, news, cartoons, humor.** Send $12 for 1 yr ($3 for sample).
PO Box 8593-H, Brewster Station, Bridgeport CT 06605

Erotic by Nature: A unique collection of passionate, provocative, nonpornographic erotica for women and men of all ages and life-styles. Honest, serious, playful, arousing, intimately emotional. Hardbound, 224 oversize pages, 122 duotone photographs, 15 stories, 17 drawings, 38 poems. "Luscious, sexually nutritious," *Whole Earth Review.* "Stunning," *Utne Reader.* "Very handsome work," *Artweek.* "In a class by itself," *Critique.* Send $38.50 postpaid (plus tax), or SASE for illustrated brochure. Shakti Press, Box 2249, Dept. 19, Berkeley, Calif. 94702.

MISCELLANEOUS

THE NATIONAL
HEMLOCK SOCIETY
P. O. Box 11830
Eugene, OR 97440-3900
Telephone: 503/342-5748

Voluntary Euthanasia for the Terminally Ill

PERSONALS

Extraordinary psychic counselor, problem solver. Phone readings. Visa/MC/AmEx. Randal Clayton Bradford. (213) 820-5281.

Attractive Oriental ladies seeking correspondence, marriage. Presentations by American/Asian couple. Asian Experience, Box 1214JA, Novato, Calif. 94948.

Beautiful, educated, English-speaking Asian women seek life partners. Traditional values. Brochure of 300 leaves no doubt. Ask about video. Blue Horizons, Suite 229-HR, 862 Farmington Avenue, Bristol, Conn. 06010. (203) 584-5712.

Cultured singles, nationwide. Older women/younger men; younger women/older men. Send LSASE to Anachron, Box H-326, New York, N.Y. 11367.

Art Lovers' Exchange. End your search. Meet the single fine-arts gentry. ALX, Box 26J, Bensalem, Pa. 19020.

Southland Letter Writing Club. Information: 41286 Plumrose, Hemet, Calif. 92344.

Meet women worldwide. Free 24-page catalogue. America's most respected correspondence service. Cherry Blossom, 190 HR Rainbow Ridge, Kapaau, Hawaii 96755. (808) 961-2114, anytime.

Single Booklovers gets cultured singles of all ages acquainted. Established 1970. Nationwide. Write: Box 117, Gradyville, Pa. 19039, or call (215) 358-5049.

Scandinavia, Poland, USSR, South America: Worldwide correspondence for sincere, unattached, educated members. Scanna, P.O. Box 4-HP, Pittsford, N.Y. 14534. Call (716) 586-3170.

Beautiful Latin, Asian ladies seek friendship, marriage. Free photo brochure. Latins, Box 1716-HR, Chula Vista, Calif. 92012. (619) 425-1867.

Beautiful Asian women seek friendship, marriage. Send age, interests. GRE, Box 555, Elmont, N.Y. 11003.

Classical Music Lovers' Exchange. Nationwide link between unattached music lovers. Box 31, Pelham, N.Y. 10803. (800) 233-CMLS.

Meet Christian singles. Nationwide. Phone or mail introductions. No fee, donations only. Write: Box 90-20-WE, Van Nuys, Calif. 91409.

Asian women desire romance. Overseas, sincere, attractive. World's No. 1 service. Sunshine International Correspondence, Dept. NA, Box 5500, Kailua-Kona, Hawaii 96745. (808) 325-7707.

Japanese women seek friendship/marriage. Other Orientals too. Pacific Century Correspondence, 110 Pacific 208K, San Francisco, Calif. 94111. (816) 924-1668.

Asian Girls. Free information. J.W., P.O. Box 2329, Jakarta, Pusat, Indonesia.

Share your popcorn. Join The MovieLovers' Club, a nationwide network of unattached moviegoers. Box 2035H, Bala, Pa. 19004.

At the Gate. Meet singles sharing values on peace, ecology, personal growth, and human rights. Free details. Box 09506-HP, Columbus, Ohio 43209.

Meet U.S.A. singles by phone or mail. M. Fischer Club, Box 2152-HA, Loves Park, Ill. 61130.

Meet cultured singles worldwide for true friendship, marriage. Details: Box 812, Montevideo, Uruguay.

Advice. Degreed, zen-oriented philosopher: $5, long; $10, longer. ARA, 3908½ Overbrook, Columbia, S.C. 29205.

Single Filipina ladies seek friendship, love, and marriage. Write: Philippine International C.B.S.-1109-M.C.P.O. Makati, Metro Manila 1200, Philippines.

Nationwide pen pals. Free details. PEX, 601 West Third #3, Royal Oak, Mich. 48067.

Correspondence camaraderie fancied by bored, lonely, accomplished gentleman author, 33, with cultured, contemporary, engaging gentlewoman for mental stimulation, creative friendship through letters. 449½ SW 3rd, #381, Lake Oswego, Ore. 97034.

Continued from page 75

ity, no power to dispense reassuranc or inspiration. No, he does not. Bu these things can be simulated, as the were for Reagan and for Bush, eac rightly considered a joke candidate i his day.

Six of the last eight vice president have received their party's nomina tion for the presidency. Quayle him self is qualm-free about the prospect telling the *New York Times*, "Whe you get into public life and particular ly when you run for the Senate, ther are only two offices left: president an vice president." One has to credit th presumption and sheer gall of some one who can say this when the onl smart thing ever associated with hi name is a rock (and that a pebble) But by 1996, if the schedule goe smoothly, Quayle may have been re made and may come before the coun try as someone no longer an *enfant*, i still unquestionably *terrible*.

April Index Sources

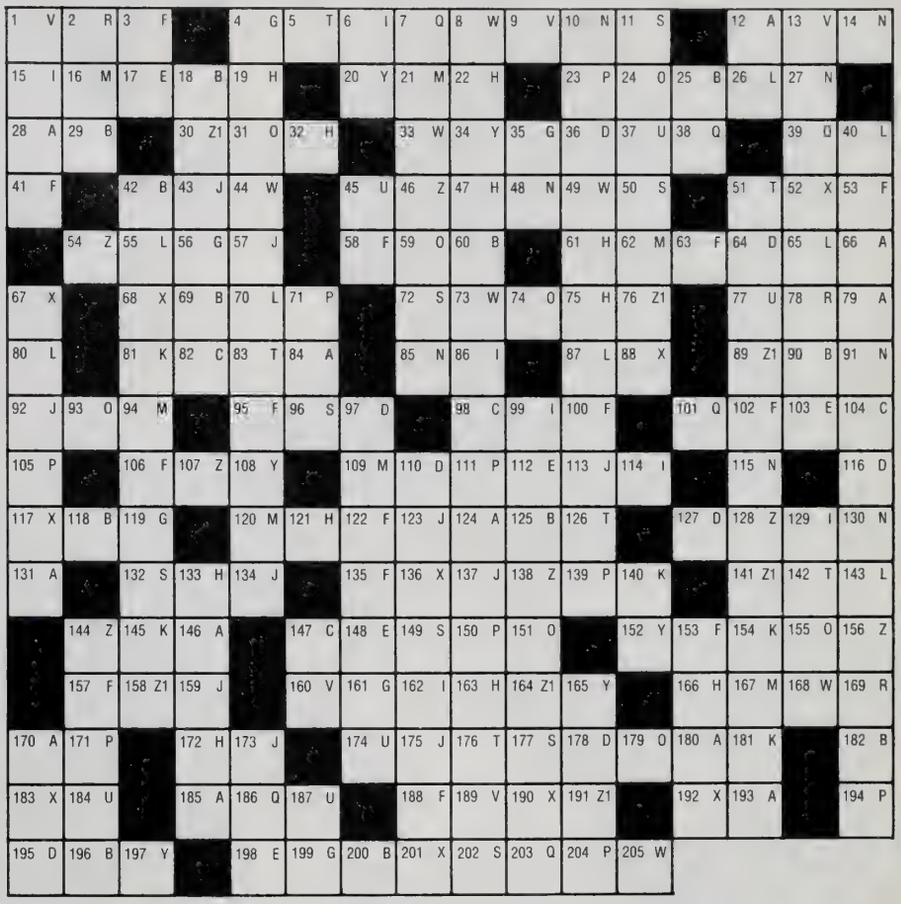
1 U.S. Office of Management and Budget; **2** U.S. Congressional Budget Office; **3** U.S. Defense Department Personnel Support Center (Philadelphia); **4** U.S. Defense Department; **5** U.S. House Armed Services Committee/U.S. Defense Department; **6,7** U.S. Senate Finance Committee; **8,9** *Harper's* research; **10** White House/Office of Ronald Reagan (Los Angeles); **11** Center for Media and Public Affairs (Washington); **12,13** Viking Penguin (London); **14** Pocket Books (N.Y.C.); **15** Sheldon Danzinger, University of Michigan (Ann Arbor); **16** McDonald's Restaurants of Canada (Toronto); **17** Dmitri N. Shalin, Russian Research Center, Harvard University (Cambridge, Mass.); **18** *Spy* poll (N.Y.C.)–Penn and Schoen (N.Y.C.); **19** Edward Zwick, Bedford Falls Company (Studio City, Calif.); **20** *Wall Street Journal* poll (N.Y.C.); **21** George Steinbrenner (N.Y.C.); **22** Chicago Bulls/Lt. Col. Douglas Kirkpatrick, U.S. Air Force Academy (Colorado Springs)/*Harper's* research; **23,24** Porter–Novelli (Chicago); **25** Great Bear Foundation (Missoula, Mont.); **26,27** National Center for Health Statistics (Hyattsville, Md.); **28,29** Harold Freeman and Colin McCord, Harlem Hospital (N.Y.C.); **30** U.S. Census Bureau; **31,32** Scenic America (Washington); **33** *Readers' Guide to Periodical Literature,* H. W. Wilson Co. (N.Y.C.); **34** Charles T. Clotfelter and Philip J. Cook, *Selling Hope: State Lotteries in America* (Harvard University Press, Cambridge, Mass.); **35** Florida Lottery (Tallahassee); **36,37** U.S. Internal Revenue Service; **38** H&R Block (Kansas City)/Bic Corp. (Milford, Conn.)/*Harper's* research; **39** H&R Block (Kansas City)/*Harper's* research.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC NO. 88

by Thomas H. Middleton

The diagram, when filled in, will contain a quotation from a published work. The numbered squares in the diagram correspond to the numbered blanks under the WORDS. The WORDS form an acrostic: the first letter of each spells the name of the author and the title of the work from which the quotation is taken.

The letter in the upper right-hand corner of each square indicates the WORD containing the letter to be entered in that square. Contest rules and the solution to last month's puzzle appear on page 74.



CLUES

A. Trifle idly, dally (2 wds.)

B. Ringworm problem affecting mostly adolescents and young adults (2 wds.)

C. Rabble

D. Turkish dagger, usu. curved

E. Foyer

F. Super, fantastic, great (4 wds.)

G. Rising; more

H. Justin Huntly McCarthy play about François Villon (4 wds.)

I. Type of pool

J. System that explains mythology as growing from real history

K. Movable property, merchandise

L. Natural

M. Hindu goddess of fortune

N. Bunkum

O. Genuine

P. Type of kiosk, perhaps

Q. Quiet or sedate in demeanor

R. V. T. Hamlin's comic strip, Alley ____

S. Not commendable or creditable

T. Limited in scope

U. Made, or designated as, a knight

V. Monastic house, esp. among Benedictines and Cistercians

W. Checks, curbs, restraints

X. To blame (3 wds.)

Y. Japanese art of self-defense

Z. Bunkum

Z1. Extent, duration

WORDS

A. 124 193 180 84 170 185 79 12 / 28 146 66 131

B. 182 90 69 196 18 60 125 200 / 29 25 118 42

C. 104 82 147 98

D. 36 110 97 127 116 64 195 178

E. 148 103 198 17 112

F. 53 3 157 95 135 106 102 122 / 63 188 58 100 153 41

G. 199 4 35 161 56 119

H. 75 61 133 121 32 19 22 163 / 172 47 166

I. 86 162 6 99 129 15 114

J. 113 92 43 57 123 159 175 137 / 134 173

K. 181 154 145 140 81

L. 65 143 87 70 26 55 40 80

M. 109 167 94 120 21 16 62

N. 14 85 10 115 91 48 130 27

O. 39 59 151 31 74 155 24 179 / 93

P. 139 105 111 204 23 194 150 71 / 171

Q. 101 186 7 203 38

R. 78 2 169

S. 96 202 177 149 50 72 132 11

T. 83 142 5 126 176 51

U. 174 187 45 77 37 184

V. 189 9 160 13 1

W. 33 49 8 205 73 44 168

X. 201 190 192 52 88 68 136 117 / 183 67

Y. 197 34 165 152 20 108

Z. 138 144 156 54 46 128 107

Z1. 89 191 76 164 30 141 158

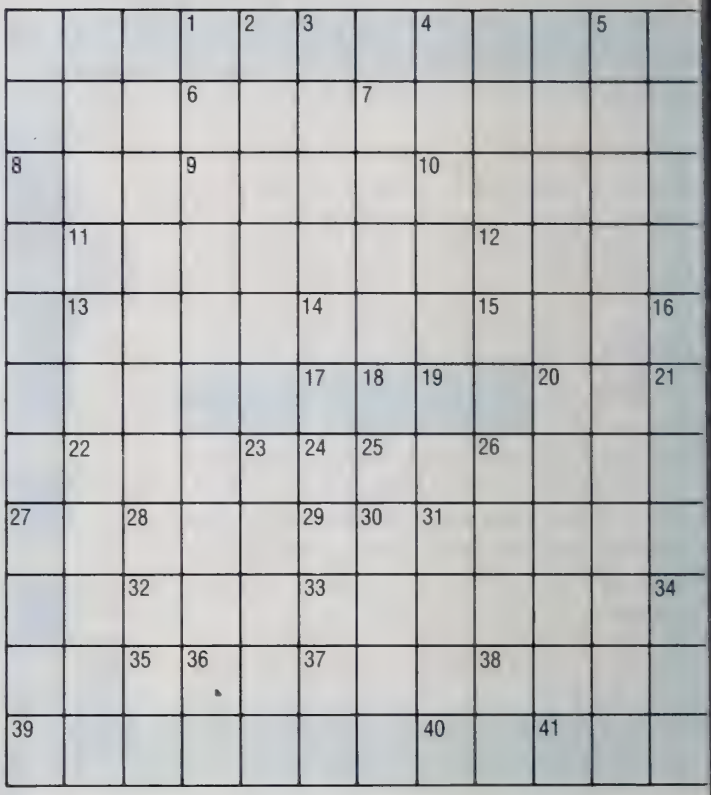
PUZZLE

Marginal Observation

by E. R. Galli and Richard Maltby Jr.

Clue answers may be entered in any direction—horizontal, vertical, diagonal—so long as they remain within the confines of the diagram; the solver must work out their placement. When the diagram is completed, a quotation will appear in the shaded squares around the perimeter, reading clockwise from the upper left corner, and the author's name will appear in the shaded squares in the center.

Clue answers include some uncommon words (23 and 32 for sure), one slang word (14), three proper names, and a common foreign word. The solution to last month's puzzle appears on page 74.

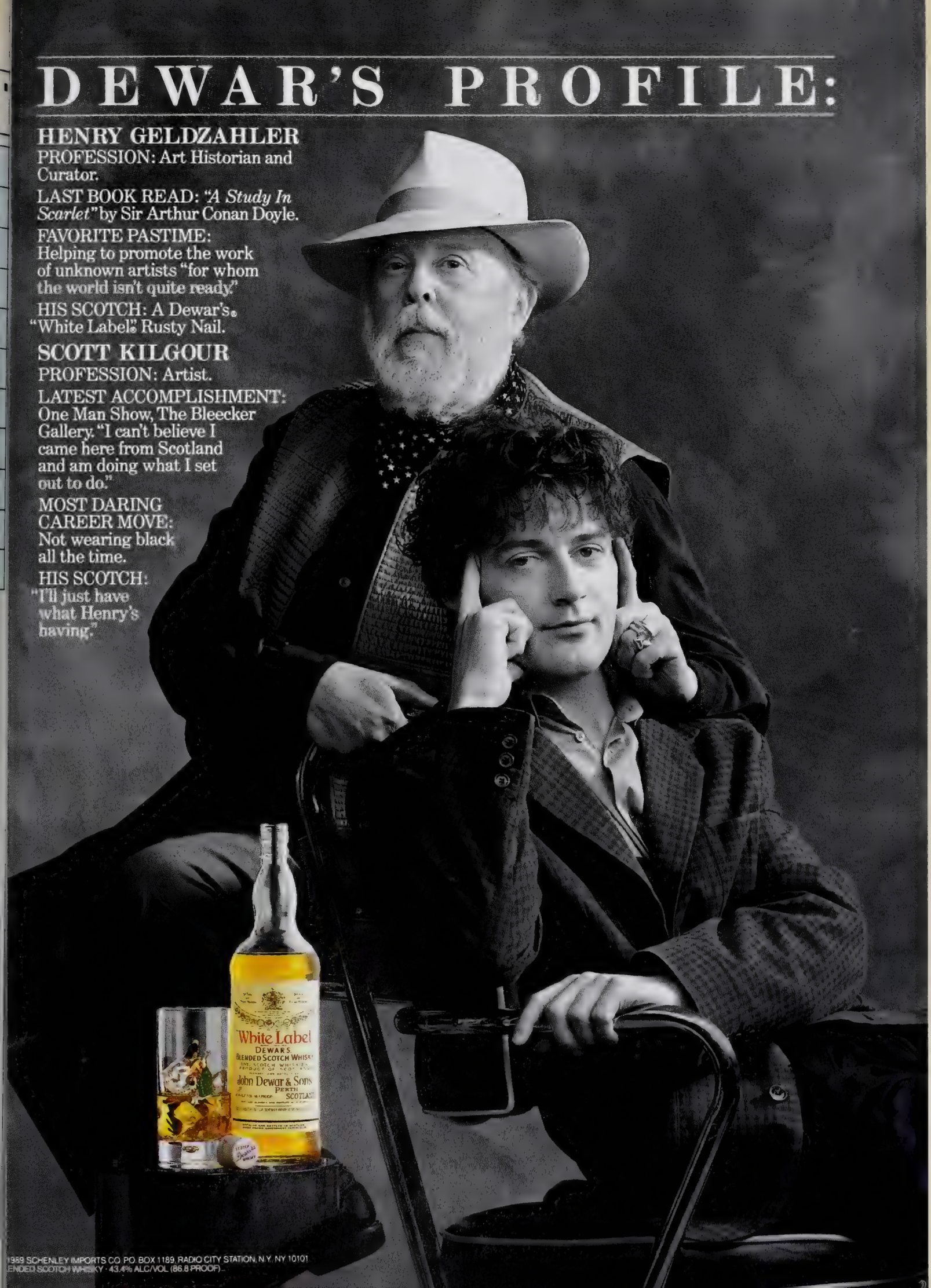


Clues

1. Just a promotional event (4)
2. One fighting for honor expected lady to pay attention once (8)
3. Stir up anger to a point! (6)
4. Mideast hot spot is air-conditioned before noon (4)
5. In secluded outdoor spot, circle approval for warm spot in home (9)
6. Two-note Portuguese song (4)
7. Periodical complainer's back, nothing right at the outset (5)
8. Greying, but somehow full of pep (7)
8. Acts appropriately? Converse's about right (5)
9. Laughed uproariously, but not awed? Nonsense (4)
10. Somewhat malignant? True (5)
11. Reindeer could be taken oddly for nag (4)
12. Some scum, one a girl heartlessly rejected (4)
12. A bit of recorded history: Turner returning to cover end of rebellion (5)
13. If you sing, you strive ultimately for this musical form (5)
14. Frolicsome spirit about to be taken in—that's what some call an environmentalist (7)
15. Tramps holding instrument (4)
16. Experience you could almost get grounded for (7)
17. Around the middle of Zap, North Dakota, trains antelopes (6)
18. U.S. author printing over there (6)
19. Cardigan, e.g. (piece of clothing or soldier) (5)
20. Grave but timeless, dissolute liar (6)
21. Slacker left most of region in disarray (6)
22. Moves about aimlessly with a thousand troubles (5)
23. Throw out top U.S. tumbler (5)
24. Native Alaskan . . . could be some around outskirts of Katmai (6)
25. Old sailor goes back, accepting active duty (6, *two words*)
26. "Retired": prematurely terminated without a scrap (4)
27. Gives inside info, thanks to very loud bailiff (8)
28. Writer, full of energy, beat material into shape (4)
29. A memorable event: turning over field (4)
30. Channel for smoke that's escaped, one hears (4)
31. Dog's name is partly modified and sent back (4)
32. Like some life on the ocean floor, mixed up in a leaf (9)
33. Don't start aspirin substitute when upset or desolate (6)
34. Be distracted momentarily, the beginning of extreme predicament (4)
35. Treats nine when going out? (10)
36. Material thought (4)
36. Fake candy (5)
37. Did so, dancing around circle! (6, *hyphenated*)
38. 100 to 1, party flipped relating to some poetry (4)
39. Somewhat pitiless sites of old French prison colonies? (4)
40. Kind of tense, for each female jiggled, etc. (7)
41. French object inlaid with gold and iron. Give up? (7)

Contest Rules: Send completed diagram with name and address to "Marginal Observation," *Harper's Magazine*, 666 Broadway, New York, N. Y. 10012. If you already subscribe to *Harper's Magazine*, please include a copy of your latest mailing label. Senders of the first three correct solutions opened at random will receive one-year subscriptions to *Harper's Magazine*. Winners' names will be printed in the June issue. Winners of the February puzzle, "Craftsmanship," are Mavys Friedman, State College, Pennsylvania; Lawrence Kennison, Westport, Massachusetts; and Teri Weaver, Ithaca, New York.

DEWAR'S PROFILE:



HENRY GELDZAHLER

PROFESSION: Art Historian and Curator.

LAST BOOK READ: *"A Study In Scarlet"* by Sir Arthur Conan Doyle.

FAVORITE PASTIME: Helping to promote the work of unknown artists "for whom the world isn't quite ready."

HIS SCOTCH: A Dewar's® "White Label" Rusty Nail.

SCOTT KILGOUR

PROFESSION: Artist.

LATEST ACCOMPLISHMENT: One Man Show, The Bleecker Gallery. "I can't believe I came here from Scotland and am doing what I set out to do."

MOST DARING CAREER MOVE: Not wearing black all the time.

HIS SCOTCH: "I'll just have what Henry's having."

1989 SCHENLEY IMPORTS CO. P.O. BOX 1189, RADIO CITY STATION, N.Y. NY 10101
ENDED SCOTCH WHISKY · 43.4% ALC/VOL (86.8 PROOF)

©Philip Morris Inc. 19





For people who like to smoke...

BENSON & HEDGES

LIGHTS
Regular
and
Menthol



SURGEON GENERAL'S WARNING: Cigarette Smoke Contains Carbon Monoxide.

Regular 10 mg "tar," 0 8 mg nicotine–Menthol 11 mg "tar," 0 8 mg nicotine av per cigarette, by FTC method

ER'S MAGAZINE
May

Shelby Steele: Ghettoized by Black Unity

3 9042 02347883 4

MAY 1990
$2.50

HARPER'S



FROM THE MOUTHS OF BABES TO A JAIL CELL
Child Abuse and the Abuse of Justice: A Case Study
By Dorothy Rabinowitz

BUT WHAT ABOUT AFRICA?
On the Global Economy's Lost Continent
By Richard J. Barnet

BURLINGAME
APR 16 19[illegible]0
LIBRARY

A LIFE COLORED BY WAR
Amsterdam, May 1940: When the Germans Came
By Hans Koning

ELEANOR IN THE UNDERWORLD
A story by J. S. Marcus

nto, Eric Bogosian,
on listening to Václav Havel

BURLINGAME, CA 94010
HP DEC 90 1 01
BURLINGAME PUBL LIB
#BPL7PI#80P0991072# 01035
#125[illegible] *****5-DIGIT 94010

"GO F



Marc Rankin
Marketing Representative

Callie Mitchell
Senior Supply Representative

Ron Richards
Manager, Environment Affairs

The six people on this page aren't professional models or actors. They're part of the new Texaco. Their charge is this: if there's a better way to discover it, recover it, produce it, ship it or sell it... "go for it." For our part, we're eliminating the procedures and obstacles that can get in their way. The results have been rather incredible.

"There's a tremendous team dynamic in the company now that we hadn't had before. You can actually feel the energy around here." Ron

"Exactly. We don't have two or three years to get a project rolling anymore. These days, we *attack* projects. We get the necessary people together in one room, and we don't come out until the problem is solved. Now we're off the drawing board in three to four days." Kelly

"Our customers are being involved in the process, too. It's almost like we flip-flopped the corporate ladder. Instead of the CEO sitting on the top, the customer has

OR IT."



Bill Studzinski
Chemist

Carol Triebel
Superintendent, Planning and Shipping

Kelly Mayo
Systems Analyst

become the most important person. I think they're still a little amazed that we even *ask* for their input." Marc

"It's really paid off in our natural gas liquids business. We've quadrupled our customer base, and now we're a worldwide leader." Callie

"We're heading that way in fuels, too. Our new System³ gasoline has a lot of our competitors taking a second look." Bill

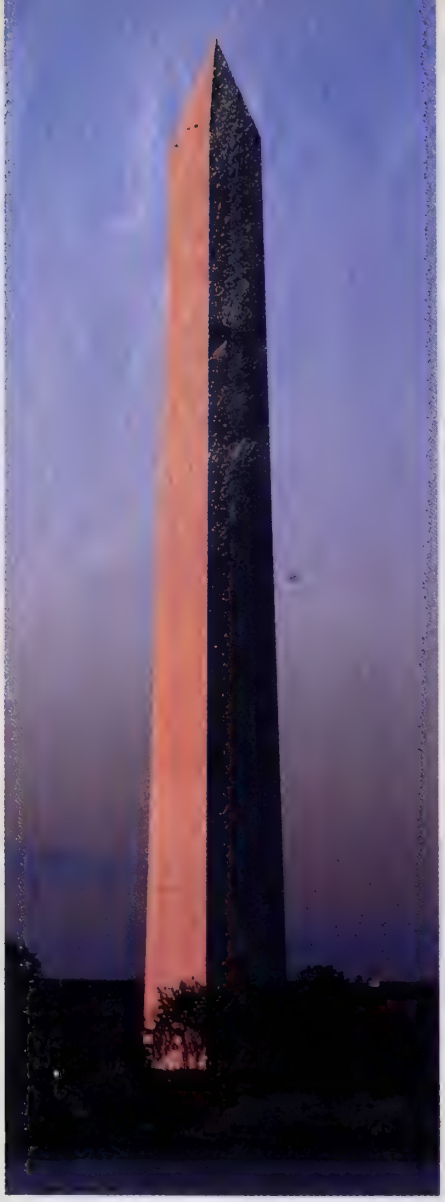
As you can see, there's a new energy at Texaco. We're aggressively searching for new oil. Getting more from our existing fields. Developing products for today that are designed to serve into tomorrow. And pioneering the clean energy sources that must guide us into the future.

"I'm glad to see Texaco taking a leadership role. I'm really proud that I'm a part of it, too." Carol

So are we, Carol. So are we.

Star of the American Road

TEXACO–WE'VE GOT THE ENERGY.



GREAT AMERICAN LANDMARKS

Like the majestic structures that grace our national landscape, rural electrification stands as a living tribute to America's can-do spirit.

Owned by the people themselves, rural electric cooperatives bring power and opportunity to the countryside.

With power lines spanning three-quarters of the nation's land, and with a tradition of leadership in community action, rural electrics are a solid part of America's economic foundation . . . a landmark of human achievement.

America's Consumer-Owned Rural Electric Systems

A Power In The Land

National Rural Electric Cooperative Association • 1800 Massachusetts Ave., N.W. • Washington, D.C. 20036 • Telephone (202) 857-9500

HARPER'S

FOUNDED IN 1850 / VOL. 280, NO. 1680
MAY 1990

Letters 4 *Jon Meyersohn, Ariel Dorfman*

Notebook 12
Play on words *Lewis H. Lapham*

Harper's Index 19

Readings 20
Ghettoized by Black Unity *Shelby Steele*
Good Cop, Bad Cop *F. W. de Klerk*
"Artist" *a monologue by Eric Bogosian*
The Canon and the Wisdom of the East *Arthur Danto*
"Death of a Right Fielder" *a story by Stuart Dybek*
And . . . *George Bush, Alan Bennett,* Gazeta Wyborcza

Essay 43
BUT WHAT ABOUT AFRICA? *Richard J. Barnet*
On the global economy's lost continent

Report 52
FROM THE MOUTHS OF BABES TO A JAIL CELL *Dorothy Rabinowitz*
Child abuse and the abuse of justice: A case study

Story 64
ELEANOR IN THE UNDERWORLD *J. S. Marcus*

Memoir 67
A LIFE COLORED BY WAR *Hans Koning*
Amsterdam, May 1940: When the Germans came

Acrostic 79 *Thomas H. Middleton*

Puzzle 80 *E. R. Galli and Richard Maltby Jr.*

Cover: Illustration by Victoria Kann

Harper's Magazine is owned and published monthly by Harper's Magazine Foundation, 666 Broadway, New York, New York 10012. Allen Austill, Chairman.

Copyright ©1990 by the Harper's Magazine Foundation. All rights reserved. The trademark *Harper's* is used by Harper's Magazine Foundation under license and is a registered trademark owned by Harper & Row Publishers, Inc. The trademark *Harper's Index* is a registered trademark owned by the Harper's Magazine Foundation.

Printed in the U.S. Second-class postage paid at New York, New York. In Canada, second-class postage paid at Mississauga, Ontario. POSTMASTER: Send all address changes to *Harper's Magazine*, Post Office Box 1937, Marion, OH 43305. ISSN0017-789X. CHANGE OF ADDRESS: Please provide both address from last issue and new address. Allow six weeks advance notice. SUBSCRIPTIONS: $18 one year. Canada and U.S. possessions, add $2; other foreign, add $3 per year. Send orders to *Harper's Magazine*, P.O. Box 1937, Marion, OH 43305. SUBSCRIPTION PROBLEMS: Write *Harper's Magazine*, P.O. Box 1937, Marion, OH 43305, or call (800) 347-6969; Canada (614) 382-3322, M-F, 8 A.M.–4:30 P.M., Eastern time. All requests for PERMISSIONS and REPRINTS must be made in writing to *Harper's Magazine*, 666 Broadway, New York, NY 10012. *Harper's Magazine* will not consider or return unsolicited nonfiction manuscripts that have not been preceded by a written query. *Harper's* will consider unsolicited fiction. Unsolicited poetry will not be considered or returned. No queries or manuscripts will be considered unless they are accompanied by a self-addressed, stamped envelope.

HARPER'S

Editor
Lewis H. Lapham
Executive Editor
Michael Pollan
Senior Editors
Gerald Marzorati, Jack Hitt,
Darcy Frey *(acting)*
Managing Editor
Ellen Rosenbush
Art Director
Deborah Rust
Associate Editors
Charis W. Conn, Ilena Silverman,
Colin Harrison
Assistant Editors
Elliott Rabin, Paul Tough
Assistant to the Editor
Ann K. Stern
Interns
Jeffrey Davis, Richard Hicks,
Julie Sriro

Contributing Editors
L. J. Davis, Mark Edmundson,
Francisco Goldman, Vicki Hearne,
Craig S. Karpel, Barry Lopez, Peter Marin,
George Plimpton, Bob Shacochis,
Earl Shorris, Jacqueline Simon,
Eric Treisman, Philip Weiss, Tom Wolfe
Washington Editor
Christopher Hitchens

John R. MacArthur, *President and Publisher*

Vice President and General Manager
Douglas E. Ellis
Vice President, Corporate and Public Affairs
Ellen Ryder
Vice President, Circulation
Patricia Hart
Circulation Assistant
Judith Brienza
Assistant to the Publisher
Diane Kraft
Receptionist / Advertising Assistant
Noreen Assing
Staff
Joseph Malits, Jolie Shulman

ADVERTISING SALES
666 Broadway, New York, New York 10012
(212) 614-6500

Vice President, Advertising Director
Mary Anne Malley
Account Representatives
Evan Green, *West Coast Manager*
Peter B. Harckham, Lisa Kay Greissinger,
Kenneth Nova
Advertising Coordinator Andrew Walko

LETTERS

Ways of Seeing Panama

From my impromptu listening post in a house in the Panamanian countryside during the three days I was held captive by Noriega loyalists, my captors and I noticed some strange aspects of the invasion. Lewis Lapham pointed out many of these things in his March Notebook.

In watching U.S. television coverage of Operation Just Cause, we noticed constant updating of U.S. casualty figures without mention of Panamanian dead or injured; the playing and replaying of stock scenes of heroic American soldiers in helicopter gunships or parachuting onto the beaches but no scenes of hospitals with civilian casualties; the upbeat news conference by President Bush while bodies of dead U.S. troops arrived home; the constant descriptions of Manuel Noriega as a voodoo-practicing pervert and drug runner, never as a longtime U.S. ally.

Since returning home, I've seen that the President's approval ratings for the invasion have been high. The invasion troops have headed home, and though the government of Guillermo Endara is shaky and no civilian police force can be established, Panama is yesterday's news. Understandable, what with such exciting developments from Moscow to Johannesburg.

Still, it's comforting to know that a few people out there are taking notice of this public-relations–guided invasion and putting it in its proper place in our long history of dealing with our pesky neighbors to the south.

I certainly saw more as a hostage than I could have as a journalist. It's a little depressing to think that Lapham did a better job reporting the story from his desk than we all did from the field. But thanks anyway.

Jon Meyersohn
Producer, CBS News
New York City

The Fate of the Democrats

I read the January Forum, "What's Wrong with the Democrats?" with interest and found that your panel of seven esteemed Democrats expertly answered the title question with the very manner of their conversation: Americans are tired of giving their money to confused, bickering politicians who cannot agree on logical and thoughtful programs that visibly advance the goals of American society.

Sloane Citron
Redwood City, Calif.

The most interesting thing about your panel discussion is the way that these political scientists and supposed representatives of the people consistently underestimate the American voter—our intelligence, moral fiber, and compassion. Must every progressive idea, platform, or program be watered down, prettified, euphemized, and then test-marketed for public consumption like a new breakfast food or soft drink or compact car? Must every issue be approached with

Harper's Magazine welcomes Letters to the Editor. Short letters are more likely to be published, and all letters are subject to editing. Letters must be typed double-spaced; volume precludes individual acknowledgment.

he crass and mercenary eyes of the dman—"Will this sell? Will they uy this one?" Is government in this ation just another permutation of he insidious art of P.R.?

The crux of the Democrats' prob-em is addressed and then quickly lismissed by the panelists when the llegedly taboo subject of class comes p. According to Representative Barney Frank [Dem., Mass.], most Americans believe that one day they vill be rich, and so for the Democratic arty to phrase its platform and argu-nents in populist terms would be olitical suicide—"Joe Lunchbucket" loesn't want to hear any of this talk bout class.

Economist Robert Reich calls the vision the Republicans sold to the voters in the 1980s "the big lie." But he really big lie—and the reason the Democrats are floundering—is this nsistence that class is somehow irrel-evant to the American public, and in embracing this lie while at the same ime professing to be the party of the nderdog, the disenfranchised, the working man, the Democrats have sown the seeds of their failure.

It is through this moral default that Democratic candidates have been successfully cast by Republicans as spendthrifts and tax-mongers. The people vote with their pocketbooks; when Ronald Reagan said he would "get government off our backs," whether truthful or not, he was speaking to the hearts of all those workers who see their paychecks slashed by the IRS's wanton extortion and a bloated, fraudulent bureaucracy feeding off the fruits of their labor. Where are the Democrats who will point out that under Reagan the national debt soared as real wages declined and the government grew even larger and more fraud-ridden? Where are the Democrats with the courage of their supposed convictions? Again: Is government in this nation just another form—and an expensive one at that—of P.R.?

Ando Arike
New Paltz, N.Y.

What's wrong with the Democrats? Its members are afraid to live up to the promise of their populist rhetoric, that's what. They want to be known as the party that helps the poor, redresses racism and inequality, protects individual freedoms, and promotes the demobilization of our war economy, but they are afraid to follow through on programs that would do those things. If the Democrats want to alter the status quo, they need to risk being unpopular—that is, risk elections. It will take more than fashionable symbolism to convince people that the Democratic party has anything special to offer. And it's not that Democrats are just sounding like Republicans these days—all politicians sound the same.

Furthermore, the Democrats are too entrenched to possess the vitality of a true opposition party, and they know it. Did any one of your panelists argue that the rampant corruption within government at all levels should be an issue? No. Instead, they passed over it as too sticky for the par-



Michael S. Harper • Larry Levis • William Stafford • Bin Ramke • Pam Durban • Andre Dubus • Dolores Kendrick • Amy Herrick • David Wago- [illegible] Kuzma • Steven Cra- [illegible] • Andrew Hudgins • Richard Katrovas • Silvia Curbelo • Gillian Conoley • Elizabeth Arthur • Arthur Smith • Brenda Marie Osbey • Michael Martone • Lisel Müeller • Amy Schildhouse • Linda Svendsen • Barbara Anderson • Wright Morris • Mark Halliday • Scott R. Sanders • Jonathan Holden • Kevin McIlvoy • Nancy Esposito • Sena Jeter Naslund • Robert Lacy • Naomi Shihab Nye • Maria Flook • David Mura • Melissa Pritchard • Judith Baumel • Stanley Plumly • Charles Baxter • Linda Pastan • Dean Young • Sharon Olds • Susan Neville • David Rivard • Maggie Anderson • Bill Tremblay • H.E. Francis • Marianne Boruch • Michael J. Bugeja • William Olsen • Elizabeth Alexander • Eleanor Wilner • Christopher Gilbert • Richard Jackson • Len Roberts • Stuart Dybek • Susan Wood • Marly Swick • William Matthews • Michael Pettit • Sharon Dilworth • Linda Gregg • Ralph Angel • Lucy Honig • Antonya Nelson • Lynne McMahon • Mark Doty • Robley Wilson Jr. • Matthew Graham • Michael Collier • Sherod Santos • Bruce Weigl • Lynda Hull • Dionisio D. Martínez • Nancy Eimers • Steven Bauer • Charles Simic • Chase Twichell •

	Individual	Institution
Three issues	.....$12 ☐	.....$15 ☐
Six issues	.....$22 ☐	.....$25 ☐

Check enclosed ☐ Bill us (institutions only) ☐ Gift ☐

Please enter a subscription to **Indiana Review** for:

Name _____

Address _____

City/State/Zip _____

316 North Jordan Avenue • Bloomington • Indiana • 47405 • (812) 855-3439

ty to take the lead on. Of course, it's always too sticky when your hand is in the pot. Just write off a couple of billion dollars to the S&Ls and write off accountability to Iran-Contra.

During the 1990s, as our country becomes increasingly polarized between the haves and the have-nots, I will watch as both political parties court the haves. The Democrats will only look more foolish, instead of merely venal, as they hang on to their rhetoric of inclusion.

Jeffrey L. Campbell
San Francisco

Saying Good-bye to Pinochet

I am as happy as Ariel Dorfman ["Adiós, General," December 1989] to be saying good-bye to General Augusto Pinochet's torture chambers and death squads. However, Dorfman's criticism of the regime overreaches. He criticizes the regime for creating an independent central bank in Chile without noting that this act puts Chile in the company of such countries as the United States and West Germany, countries that experience steady economic growth and, compared with most of Latin America, no inflation. Among Chile's neighbors, only Bolivia has an independent central bank, and that was created only recently.

What Chile's neighbors do have is rampant inflation. Those, such as Dorfman, who are concerned about the poor would do well to pay attention to this. In the Chile of the past, the wages of the poor were not indexed, and so the poor lost as much as 50 percent of their buying power every year, thanks to governments that were furiously printing money to cover their budget deficits. These deficits themselves were incurred in trying to provide for Chile public-works projects, subsidized housing, transportation, and, it was claimed, housing for the poor. Never mind the fact that the biggest groups pressuring for these subsidies were often the industrial working class unions, whose members earned wages well above the low national average.

These often-lauded democratic governments levied an extremely regressive tax on the poor, collected in the form of double- and triple-digit inflation. Think of the human cost of such policies! The governments were able to do this because they controlled the central bank, which issues all currency. In Chile, this will not happen again. Now, the newly elected president, Patricio Aylwin, will have to pay for the social programs he and Dorfman desire by honest means: explicit taxation and borrowing money.

As Chile's past should remind us, democratically elected governments also can be lousy governments. As much as we hope for the recognition of human rights and democratic political principles throughout the

The *New* Authority on English Literature

The Prentice Hall Guide to English Literature

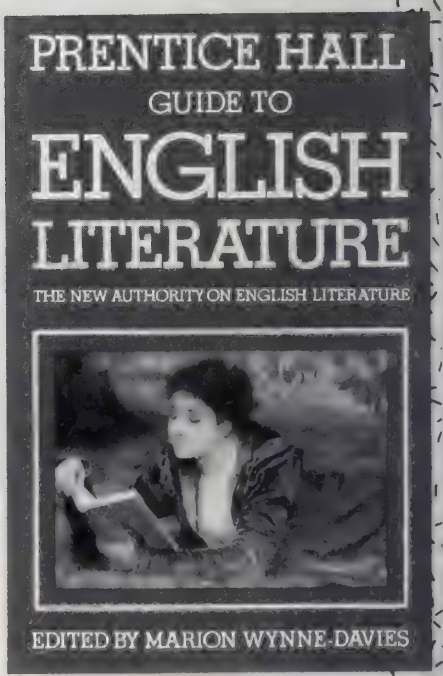
Marion Wynne-Davies, Editor

This authoritative, 1,088-page work is clearly the most up-to-date, comprehensive guide to English literature available today. Including a total of 6,500 detailed A-to-Z entries and detailed cross-references to guide the reader between subjects, it presents a host of features found in no other reference.

From *Beowulf* to *The Satanic Verses,* this is an absolutely essential reference for students, general readers, and specialists.

$35.00

Prentice Hall Trade
A Division of Simon & Schuster Inc
A Paramount Communications Company



world, we should also hope for wise policies. In all of Latin America, that means an end to the vicious inflationary cycle as well as governmental reforms. With luck, Chile will achieve these goals in the coming decade.

William Thomas
Ann Arbor, Mich.

According to Dorfman, the Chileans created the conditions that propelled to power their reprobate tyrant, General Pinochet. Although that is partially true, has Dorfman—indeed, has the United States government—forgotten the covert participation by the Nixon administration, which authorized the deliberate meddling by the CIA and some major American corporations (particularly ITT), to create an economic crisis in Chile, intended to destabilize the Allende government, even encouraging and supporting a coup d'état? This information was revealed during the Church Senate Select Committee on Intelligence hearings in 1975.

There is no saying "*adiós*" to the general. The traumatic consequences of Pinochet's demonic sixteen-year reign of terror will be forever imprinted on the Chilean people.

Gloria Giardina
Anaheim, Calif.

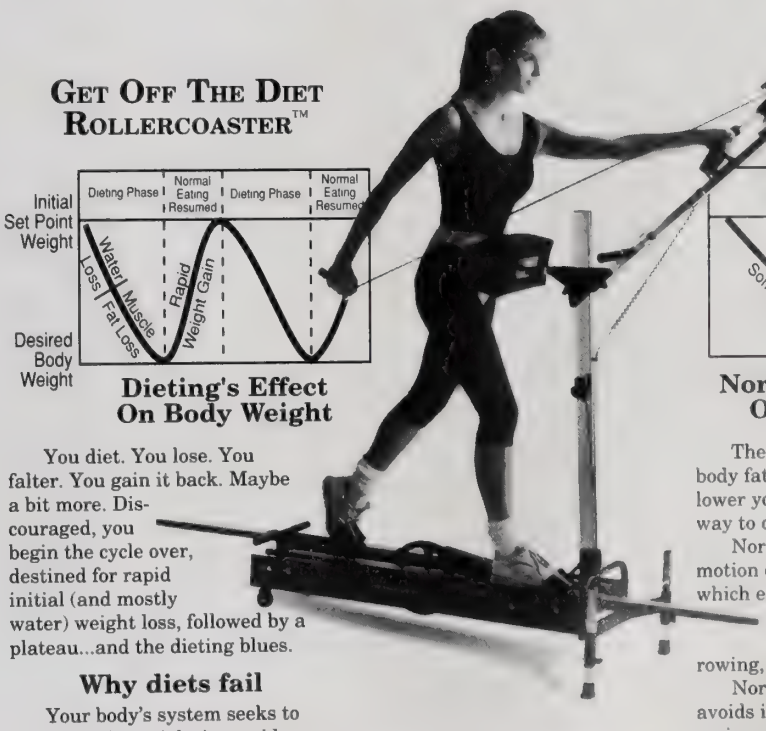
Ariel Dorfman writes that the government of General Augusto Pinochet burned his works. But in 1987, while I was living in Chile, I saw Dorfman's latest book, *Viudas* (*Widows*), for sale not only in Santiago bookstores but also at the checkout counter in the city's Almac chain of supermarkets, along with knitting magazines, etc.

Elizabeth Welborn
Siasconset, Mass.

My family left Chile in 1969 for opportunities that the United States offered. We faithfully visited every year or so and returned in 1981 to live there for the next four years. I was thirteen. I cannot conceive of the atrocities that Dorfman attributes to this endearing country. I was not blind at thirteen, nor at sixteen. I do not recall the notion of improper medical attention nor the lack of basic decency. Strangers did not look away in shame and humiliation as penance for having to live in this country. I lived in a town like any other town, anywhere. There was affluence and there was poverty. I can recall Pinochet's presence, his silvery lined hair, his impeccable attire, his aged stare. So it seems to me that there is a discrepancy, if not an unjust exaggeration, in Dorfman's clear-cut resentment—a resentment toward a country that has received unfavorable criticism from around the world, without being given the benefit of the doubt. Do not be blinded by the facts presented through the years by antiestablishment exiles. Chile has always been a center of communist activity, for if there were another world war, the Panama Canal would be the first passage to go.

Yes, this country is poor, and maybe the way it is governed is unacceptable to many. But it seems to satisfy the basic needs of the people. I don't un-

GET WEIGHT OFF AND KEEP IT OFF



GET OFF THE DIET ROLLERCOASTER™

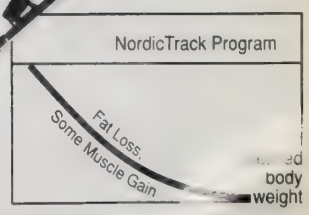
Dieting's Effect On Body Weight

You diet. You lose. You falter. You gain it back. Maybe a bit more. Discouraged, you begin the cycle over, destined for rapid initial (and mostly water) weight loss, followed by a plateau...and the dieting blues.

Why diets fail

Your body's system seeks to maintain the weight it considers "normal," what scientists call your *set point*. During dieting, your body fights back by increasing appetite and lowering metabolic rate. You feel uncomfortable and frustrated. You're in a battle you're destined to lose.

GET ON TRACK™ WITH NORDICTRACK



NordicTrack's Effect On Body Weight

The only sure way to take body fat off and keep it off is to lower your set point. And the only way to do that is aerobic exercise.

NordicTrack® duplicates the motion of cross-country skiing, which experts agree is the best form of aerobic exercise. Better than biking, rowing, running, or swimming.

NordicTrack's jarless motion avoids injury and utilizes all the major muscles in the body: arms, shoulders, back, stomach, legs, which means that not only do you take off body fat and keep it off, but you shape and tone those muscles as well.

NordicTrack
A CML Company

CALL TOLL-FREE OR WRITE FOR A FREE BROCHURE & VIDEO

Before you buy any in-home exerciser, consider the following:

NordicTrack is the one you'll use.

A recent independent survey has shown that NordicTrack owners who also own other exercise machines prefer their NordicTracks by a margin of more than 6 to 1.

NordicTrack is the one you'll stay with.

Research has also shown that NordicTrack owners who have owned their machines for more than five years still use them an average of three 22 minute sessions per week.

© Copyright 1989, NordicTrack

1-800-328-5888

❑ Please send me a free brochure.
❑ Also a free video tape
❑ VHS ❑ BETA
Name _____
Street _____
City _____ State ___ Zip _____
Phone ( ) _____
NordicTrack • 141 Jonathan Blvd. N. Chaska, MN 55318
200E0



By any measure of the map this island does not exist. Yet to those who have sought it out, charted its existence, discovered its charms, it lives forever in a collection of memories as vivid as the break of day.

These fortunate island travelers will always remember the charming Scandinavian natives, the magnificent dining room, the artful creations of the European chefs.

They will forever recall a quiet corner of deck, the company of a good book, and the warm breeze off the Gulf Stream. Once again comes a tap at the door, a white-gloved waiter, and morning tea 300 miles from landfall.

ROYAL VIKING STAR

These are the priceless treasures routinely surrendered by this enchanted little island. Known as the Royal Viking Star, she represents one-fourth of the most lauded fleet of cruise vessels on earth, a fleet famed for carrying the crew *Travel-Holiday*



deemed the world's most courteous.

Every Saturday night from May to Octobe Star will be embarking upon a round trip passage New York to Bermuda. Your friendly travel agen provide all the details, as can we at (800) 426-

We look forward to seeing you on board.



OS KUALA LUMPUR NEW YORK OSLO PIRAEUS LONDON PAPEETE BORDEAUX SYRACUSE WHITTIER HAMBURG BANGKOK QUEBEC

COPENHAGEN DUBROVNIK TOKYO GEIRANGER HELSINKI MANAUS HONG KONG BEIJING HONOLULU BERGEN VIGO GDANSK ST. CRUZ MOOREA LEITH MONTREAL ODESSA MAZATLAN

Halfway Between Manhattan And Bermuda, An Enchanted Island That Boasts The Best Of Both.



ZAIRE CALDERA SOUTHAMPTON MAUI PICTON FORT-DE-FRANCE SANTAREM CAPRI SAN BLAS ISLANDS BOMBAY SINGAPORE ROME

© Royal Viking Line 1989

MISS YOU

The World War II Letters of Barbara Wooddall Taylor and Charles E. Taylor

Judy Barrett Litoff, David C. Smith, Barbara Wooddall Taylor, and Charles E. Taylor



Spanning the wartime era, these letters exchanged between homefront and western front tell the story of two young southerners who met and married amid enormous uncertainty, yet kept their love strong despite the upheavals of this century's greatest conflict.

"The quintessential American chronicle.... There are none of us who wouldn't have chosen for ourselves such a love as this"—Anne Rivers Siddons. *50 illustrations* $24.95

MAPS TO ANYWHERE

Bernard Cooper
Foreword by Richard Howard

Bernard Cooper's essays in *Maps to Anywhere* plot terrain that is at once familiar and strange. As he writes on subjects ranging from his family to the origin of the barbershop pole, he peers beneath the glimmering surface of the southern California landscape to observe the collision between the American Dream and everyday life.

"Bernard Cooper is extremely gifted—one of our most exciting new writers. This book is fascinating"—Annie Dillard. $19.95



At better bookstores or from

The University of GEORGIA Press

Athens, Georgia 30602

derstand the unjust statements made by laymen when they have not even visited the country, and when they cannot even locate it on a map.

Christel Fonzo-Eberhard
New Haven, Conn.

Ariel Dorfman replies:

It is a well-known fact that General Pinochet's troops gleefully burned books after the coup. History gave me the sad privilege of watching a television newscast in which an inquisitorial bonfire devoured my own works. This burning process, of course, did not go on forever. Once all the dangerous pages were reduced to ashes, censorship took its turn. Among the many books the military forbade was my novel *Viudas* (*Widows*), which, although published in Mexico in 1981, had to wait until 1987 to be printed in Chile. At about the time Ms. Welborn was eyeing this book in the Santiago supermarkets, I myself arrived back home, anxious to see my novel about the missing circulating among the people for whom it had been created; instead, I was arrested at the airport and deported, along with my seven-year-old son, Joaquin. Why? Because I had actively denounced the burning alive of Rodrigo Rojas, a young photographer, by Chilean troops. From book burning to adolescent burning: a sorry record.

As for Christel Fonzo-Eberhard, she may be the same age that Rodrigo Rojas would be if he were still alive, but evidently she never was burned by soldiers. What would convince her to look beyond the general's grandfatherly blue eyes? A tour of the slums, so she could speak to the kids who have been picked up time and time again in police raids? A few hours with a child prostitute waiting for a client? Are these figments of a communist conspiracy? What is disturbing about Ms. Fonzo-Eberhard's letter is that she does not ask herself whether, during her years in Chile, she may have been walled off from experiencing the degradation and terror that were going on nearby. She illustrates precisely, as my essay suggested, how difficult it is to get rid of Pinochet's influence. He is malignantly alive in all those well-to-do Chileans who still refuse to acknowledge the pain caused by his reign.

Of course, this blindness is not limited to my compatriots, as Mr. Thomas's letter proves. Pinochet's undeniable success in keeping inflation down goes hand in iron hand with the savage repression of the work force. Terrorized people demand less. No tour here, Mr. Thomas, just some facts. In 1972—when Allende was president—Chileans ingested 73.3 percent of the proteins that, according to the Food and Agriculture Organization and the World Health Organization, people need in order to live. Fifteen years later, Chileans had only 51.1 percent at their disposal. We have transferred more resources abroad than the rest of Latin America, lost more buying power, had more unemployment, widened still more the gap that separates us from the developed countries. To solve these tremendous problems, we have no need for foreign experts who don't care a fig (in spite of their protestations) about our suffering. What we require—as do you in the United States—is democratic control of the economy. And it would seem that our new president, Patricio Aylwin, is moving in that direction.

Finally, the matter of U.S. intervention. How could I have forgotten it when I am one of its victims, and the possibility of its repetition seriously constricts our dreams of being independent? However, to blame the United States for our hardships has been, for far too long, a way of not exploring our own mistakes—the conditions we created for Pinochet to take power and retain it for sixteen years. I fear that the result of projecting such all-encompassing potency on foreign villains is ultimately to paralyze us. We are not merely passive, inevitable victims. We could have stopped U.S. meddling if we had found the right way of mobilizing the nation rather than dividing it. It certainly would help if the people of the United States would henceforth keep their government out of our affairs—and those of the rest of the hemisphere and the world—but we were finally the ones (as recent events in Chile have proven) to get rid of the general.

STACKABLE BEECHWOOD BOOKSHELVES—AT A PRICE YOU'D EXPECT TO PAY FOR PLASTIC!

THAT'S RIGHT! NATURAL WOOD FURNITURE AT AN AFFORDABLE PRICE.

ONLY **$39.95** EACH
LIST PRICE $59.95

This quality shelving system is made of natural European beechwood—a hardwood tough enough to be used for flooring and beautiful enough to be used for fine furniture.

STACK-A-SHELF has a place in every room, whether it's to show off your library or just to organize unsightly clutter. The STACK-A-SHELF system is perfect for showcasing your personal treasures. Everything from vases to pictures can be proudly displayed on these good-looking, versatile and, above all, affordable units.

Stack Them...They're Interlocking

Each free-standing unit measures 27¾" wide ×11" deep ×37" high, and is designed to interlock and stack. This means you can actually create your own wall unit. And if you move, just fold them down and take them with you.

And natural beechwood is attractive...even unfinished. So the unit can be used immediately or you can paint, stain or varnish your STACK-A-SHELF to match your own decorating needs.

Sets Up In Seconds...Without Tools!

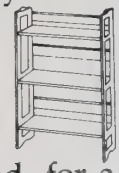
No tools, screws or glue required. Just take the unit out of its flat carton, fold the sides out, and the shelves practically fall into place.



1. Comes in flat carton



2. Shelves fall into place



3. Slides open on hinges

Nothing could be easier. And, for a limited time, Barnes & Noble is offering all of our STACK-A-SHELF units at a savings of 33% off the retail price. So don't pile— decorate in style, with affordable beechwood shelving from Barnes & Noble.

Barnes & Noble Unconditional Guarantee
You must be completely satisfied with every item you order from Barnes & Noble by mail, or you may return it to us, for a full refund.

ORDER BY MAIL OR CALL TOLL FREE ANYTIME
1-800-242-6657



A Beautiful Complement to Any Decor.

- LIGHT
- STURDY
- DURABLE
- PORTABLE

Barnes & Noble

Booksellers Since 1873

126 FIFTH AVENUE, DEPT. H337 NEW YORK, NY 10011

1569888. Please send me _____ Sturdy Beechwood Shelf Unit(s) at your special sale price of $39.95 (plus $6.95 shipping and handling per unit). Please add applicable sales tax for deliveries to CT, MA, MN, NJ, NY, PA & CA(6%).

Name _____

Address _____ Apt.# _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

☐ Check ☐ Mastercard ☐ VISA ☐ American Express

Expiration Date Month/Year ☐☐☐☐

Credit Card Number ☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐

Signature _____

NOTEBOOK

Play on words

By Lewis H. Lapham

The world of politics is always twenty years behind the world of thought.

—John Jay Chapman

On a rainy Thursday night in late February, at the Cathedral of St. John the Divine in northern Manhattan, a choir of celebrities staged the political analogue of an Academy Awards ceremony in honor of the president of Czechoslovakia, Václav Havel, and on the way uptown in the subway I wondered if I could expect to see Ivana Trump and the Solid Gold dancers. The invitation listed the names of some of the illuminati scheduled to appear on the program (among them Warren Beatty, Henry Kissinger, Meryl Streep, and Sting), and the sum of their collective Q ratings foretold an evening decorated in pious tinsel. In Czechoslovakia, actors and playwrights maybe have an aptitude for politics—the Civic Forum, Havel's first constituency in Prague, met in the basement of the Magic Lantern Theater—but in the United States the arrival of more than two or three celebrities at the scene of a political event ordinarily means that whatever meaning that cause or question once might have possessed already has been broken up into photo opportunities and sold for scrap to network television. Because I had admired Havel from a distance, for both his courage and his eloquence, I was reluctant to see what I knew of the text of his life translated into an advertisement for the moral beauty of somebody else's social conscience.

The venue of the cathedral compounded my sense of foreboding. The place is known for the trendiness of its sentiment, and during a long and reluctant acquaintance with its spiritual repertoire, I have become accustomed to doves of peace fluttering through the sacristy, aging guitarists playing Bob Dylan songs in the apse, minority dance troops performing to choral works dedicated to the memory of the lost counterculture or the Twelve Nations of the Sioux. Every autumn, to commemorate the Feast of St. Francis, the bishop bestows his blessing on pets and small animals, and one year, in the crowd of children holding their dogs or their rabbits or their birds, I remember seeing a pale and presumably sardonic child walking up the steps of the west portico with a pet lobster on a long, embroidered leash.

Thinking about the lobster and the doves of peace (some of which had been festooned with red and blue ribbons), I walked the few blocks from the subway to the cathedral in a state of mind by no means friendly to the evening's diversion. Between Broadway and Amsterdam Avenue, I refused to give money to three different beggars, annoyed with myself for being so foolish as to take part in a spectacle that I could imagine Tom Wolfe describing under the rubric "Radical Czech."

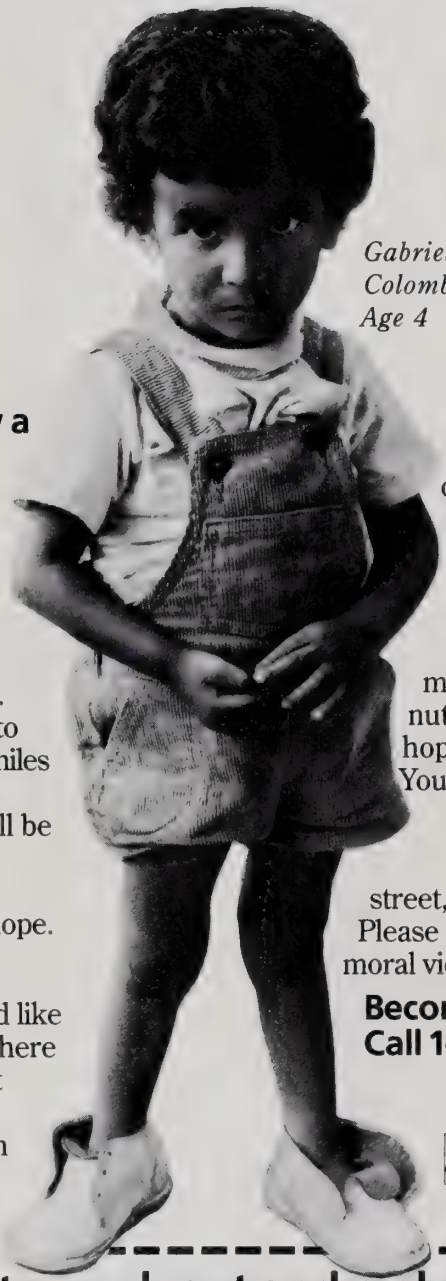
But when I turned north at the corner of 111th Street and saw the crowd standing in the rain outside the cathedral, a much bigger crowd than I had expected, it struck me that maybe I had been too quick and easy with the smart jokes. From what I could tell by looking at the patient and serious expressions on the faces of the several people nearest me at the end of the line, nobody had come for the publicity. I was relieved to notice the absence of limousines and photographers, and while I waited for the cathedral to open its doors, I had time to reflect on my own reasons for taking the uptown train.

On January 1, a few days after Havel took up his duties as president of a country lately released, like himself, from captivity, he had given an extraordinary speech to the Czechoslovakian people. Reading the text in the paper, I had been moved by the force of his words in a way that I hadn't thought possible. The man apparently was trying to tell the truth, and because I had never heard an American president try to tell the truth, the effect was both violent and shocking, as if somebody's anarchist cousin had fired a pistol in the midst of a cocktail party meant to raise funds for the New York Public Library. Almost two months later, I could still remember the opening lines of the speech:

"For forty years," Havel had said, "you have heard on this day from the mouths of my predecessors, in a number of variations, the same thing: how our country is flourishing, how many more millions of tons of steel we have produced, how we are all happy, how we believe in our government. I assume you have not named me to this office so that I, too, should lie to you."

The American public, of course, pays its politicians (and pays them handsomely) to tell as many lies as might be necessary to sustain the romance of the afternoon headlines, and yet here was a man—on his fourth day in office and not yet familiar with the silver tea service and the comforts of power—willing to risk the loss of his newfound privilege for something as plain and unprofitable as the truth. For an American politician, Havel's opening statement would have been—quite literally—impossible. American politicians long ago gave up the burden of speaking in their own voices or forming

Here's your chance to achieve a small moral victory.



Gabriel Cortez
Colombia
Age 4

What would you do if you saw a lost, frightened child?

You'd probably stop, pick him up, brush away his tears, and help him find his way. Without even thinking about it. And there's a reason.

You know what's right.

And right now, you can do just that. You can act on instinct...by reaching out to one desperately poor child, thousands of miles away. With your *personal* caring and help.

Through Foster Parents Plan, you'll be helping a child who almost never has enough to eat. A decent place to sleep. Medical care. The chance to learn. Or hope.

It's your choice

You can even choose the child you'd like to sponsor. A boy or girl. In a country where you'd like to help. You'll be helping that child and his family. And more, helping that family to work with other families in the community to make a better life for their children.

In return, you'll receive pictures of the child. Personal reports from our on-site overseas staff. And letters written in the child's or family's own words. You'll see for yourself just how much you're changing your sponsored child's life for the better. Forever. And for so little.

In fact, for just $22 a month, you'll make it possible for a child to have better nutrition, health programs, schooling – and hope. That's only 72 cents a day. Imagine. Your spare change can change a child's life.

Please don't wait.

If you saw a helpless child on the street, you wouldn't wait. You'd help that instant. Please don't wait now, either. Achieve a small moral victory!

Become a Foster Parents Plan sponsor. Call 1-800-225-1234 Now.

Foster Parents Plan.
Help so personal, you touch a child for life.

Yes, I want to reach out and make a difference.

K4006

Enroll me as a sponsor to... (Please indicate the number of children below.)

___ The child who needs my help most.

___ Girl ___ Boy ___ Either

___ SOUTH AMERICA (Colombia, Ecuador, Bolivia)

___ CENTRAL AMERICA/CARIBBEAN (Guatemala, Honduras, El Salvador, Dominican Republic)

___ ASIA (Indonesia, India, Nepal, Philippines, Thailand)

___ AFRICA (Burkina Faso, Egypt, Sierra Leone, Sudan, Togo, Guinea)

☐ Please send my New Sponsorship Kit with my sponsored child's photo and case history. My check for $22 per child for the first month's sponsorship is enclosed.

☐ I'm not yet sure if I want to be a sponsor, but I'm interested. Please send me information about the child I would be sponsoring.

☐ I can't sponsor right now, but I want to help. Enclosed is a contribution to the Children's Emergency Fund for $ _____.

☐ Mr. ☐ Mrs. ☐ Miss ☐ Ms.

_____

Address _____

City _____

State _____ Zip _____

Mail to: Kenneth H. Phillips, President
Foster Parents Plan
157 Plan Way, Warwick, RI 02886

Foster Parents Plan.
Help so personal, you touch a child for life.

Foster Parents Plan is the worldwide humanitarian organization linking caring sponsors to needy children and their families overseas. Founded in 1937, we are the leader in combining the best tailor-made self-help programs in health, education and family income with complete sponsor accountability and quality personal communications. Individual sponsors make our work possible and more effective. Non-profit. Non-political. Non-sectarian. Tax deductible. A copy of our financial report is available upon request from N.Y. Dept. of State, Office of Charities Registration, Albany, N.Y., or Foster Parents Plan.

their own words. Their owners and speechwriters don't permit them to take idiot chances with any text that hasn't been approved by the investment committee.

Havel proceeded to make matters worse by informing his fellow citizens that they were all responsible for their own troubles. "It would be very unwise," he said, "to think of the sad heritage of the last forty years only as something foreign, something inherited from a distant relative."

Havel went on to say that the Czechoslovakian people—himself among them—had become "morally ill" because "we are used to saying one thing and thinking another," because "we have learned not to believe in anything, not to care about each other, to worry only about ourselves."

In the mouth of an American politician, Havel's words would have been condemned as blasphemy (because, as everybody well knows, nothing is ever America's fault), and as I stood outside the cathedral that evening in New York, I called to mind the scene in Washington on the previous day, when Havel had addressed a joint session of Congress. Again he had made the point that politics was about the willingness to say what one meant, about finding a language in which to express not only the theory but also the practice of liberty. He began by recognizing the absurdity that is often synonymous with improvisations on the theme of freedom:

"The last time they arrested me . . . I didn't know whether it was for two days or for two years. Exactly one month later, when the rock musician Mikhail Koscak told me that I would be probably proposed as a presidential candidate, I thought it was one of his usual jokes."

As recently as October 27 of last year, Havel had been an outlaw, imprisoned by one of the most repressive communist regimes then still extant in Eastern Europe. By profession a playwright, he had invented too many characters who voiced too many opinions deemed offensive to the wisdom in office, and he had spent five and a half of the last thirteen years in prison. The period of enforced silence prompted him to reflect on the nature of political power, and so, standing before the members of the House and the Senate, he had said, "A person who cannot move and live a somewhat normal life because he is pinned under a boulder has more time to think about his hopes than someone who is not trapped this way."

Although he acknowledged the military and economic victories of the United States in the years after the Second World War, he didn't think that the triumph of capitalism was quite as triumphant as it had been made to seem in the pages of the *Wall Street Journal*. Nor did he think that the Western nations had come to the end of history:

"We still don't know how to put morality ahead of politics, science, and economy. We are still incapable

"He's a man who could be nominated by the Republican Party five times for national office and still feel life has treated him badly."

Hosted by Lewis Lapham

BOOKMARK

The show that reads between the lines.

Richard M. Nixon. Even now the character of the man remains a mystery. And when biographer Stephen E. Ambrose discusses his new book, *NIXON: THE TRIUMPH OF A POLITICIAN*, on BOOKMARK, we discover why Richard Nixon continues to be seen as both statesman and petty crook.

Each week, Lewis Lapham invites the author of a new work to join other writers for a lively discussion of the ideas expressed in the book.

BOOKMARK. Sometimes you'll like what you hear. Sometimes you won't. But you'll always come away with unexpected insights. Tune in this week for a spectacle of opinion, prejudice, criticism and passionate belief.

Funded by Bell Atlantic
We're More Than Just Talk.



of understanding that the only genuine backbone of all our actions, if they are to be moral, is responsibility—responsibility to something higher than my family, my country, my company, my success."

The assembled senators and congressmen, most of them illuminated with the smiles of self-congratulation, interrupted the speech with five standing ovations and repeated shouts of "Bravo." If their effrontery had been staged in a theater—in a play by Dürrenmatt, or Havel, or Beaumarchais, or Brecht—the scene would have played as bitter comedy. Not one American politician in twenty-five has read both the Constitution and the Bill of Rights; not one in fifty knows of any higher good than "my interest, my party, my success"; not one in a hundred finds any connection, whether logical or allegorical, between what he says and what he means.

The last of the day's light faded before the cathedral doors opened, and as the line lurched slowly forward I fell into conversation with the woman next to me, a librarian at Columbia University who was writing a monograph about Shakespeare's surprisingly thorough knowledge of music and the law. She didn't share my suspicion of the American governing classes or my too easily awakened anger at their insufferable hypocrisy, and on my way up the cathedral steps I noticed that my humor had been amended by her delight in words, and I found myself wondering what had become of the lobster that had so cautiously made the same ascent.

I found a seat in the nave, about half the distance between the west door and the pulpit, and as the immense and dimly lit neo-Gothic space gradually filled with people come to pay their respects to a brave man, I studied the mimeographed program and guessed at the weight and length of the camera boom placed in the crossing between the transept and the nave. Among other spectacles and diversions, the revised edition of the program promised remarks by Milos Forman and Eli Wiesel; readings from Havel's speeches by Paul Newman and Gregory Peck; songs by Dizzie Gillespie and Roberta Flack; and a good many orchestral performances of music by Dvořák and Mozart.

The camera boom, fifty or sixty feet long and balanced with a block of lead, was so large and so prominently situated that it dwarfed the human figures in the cathedral. It looked oddly prehistoric, as if it were some sort of monstrous and omniscient insect. The rights to the evening's entertainment had been awarded to Czechoslovak television as well as to the American Public Broadcasting System. Across the aisle, about four rows nearer the camera and the pulpit, I noticed one of New York's wealthier literary agents in conversation with an author noted for his patriotic fictions on the theme of America the Invincible and America the Good. They looked as sleek and soft as otters, both of them expensively manicured and glittering with gold jewelry. It occurred to me that neither would have had much trouble serving the communist *ancien régime* in Prague. Nor, if the times demanded a change of ideology and a rearrangement of the political furniture, would they find it difficult to serve any other state (fascist or monarchist or social democratic) that generously rewarded them for their hired loyalty and praise.

I was estimating the likely speed of their change of costume when Havel entered the cathedral through a side door, forty-five minutes late, invisible in a crowd of friends, dignitaries, and Secret Service agents. He was so far away that I was aware only of blurred movement, as if I were watching a wind passing through distant grass. Although almost nobody else in the cathedral could see him any better than I, the entire congregation, maybe as many as 4,500 people, instinctively rose and applauded.

The program began with a fanfare played on a herald's trumpet and the ringing of the cathedral bells. Milos Forman spoke a few words of welcome to his longtime friend and fellow dramatist, Placido Domingo sang an Agnus Dei written by Bizet, and Paul Newman read a brief passage from one of Havel's reflections about the difference between the uncomfortable truth and the expedient lie.

Newman read the lines with an em-

THE COUNCIL OF LITERARY MAGAZINES & PRESSES

(formerly CCLM)

is pleased to announce the winners of

THE 1989 GENERAL ELECTRIC FOUNDATION AWARDS FOR YOUNGER WRITERS

•

Cathy Smith Bowers for poetry published in **The Georgia Review.**

•

Connie Deanovich for poetry published in **New American Writing.**

•

Cori Jones for fiction published in **The Iowa Review.**

•

Natalie Kusz for a literary essay published in **The Threepenny Review.**

•

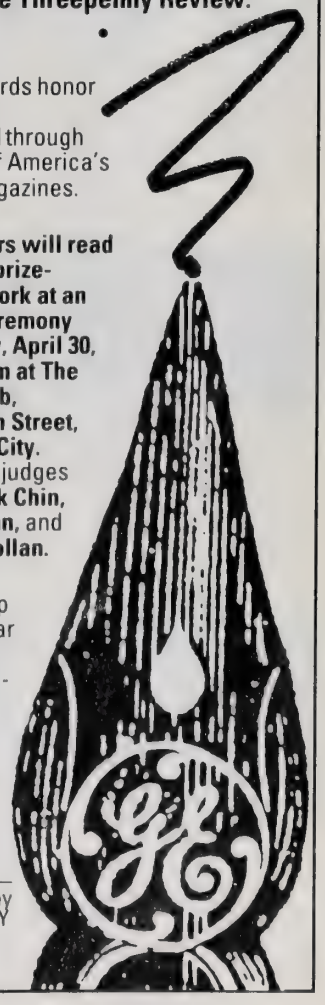
Sigrid Nunez for fiction published in **The Threepenny Review.**

•

These awards honor excellence discovered through the work of America's literary magazines.

The winners will read from their prize-winning work at an awards ceremony on Monday, April 30, 1990 at 7 pm at The Grolier Club, 47 East 60th Street, New York City. This year's judges were: **Frank Chin, Linda Hogan,** and **Michael Pollan.**

The 1989 Awards cap a seven year award program founded by the General Electric Foundation in 1983.



CLMP

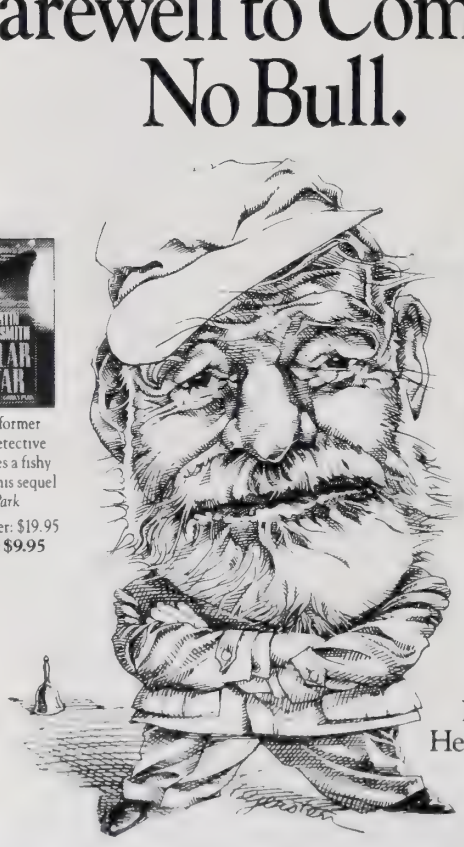
666 Broadway
New York, NY
10021

phasis and inflection better suited to a bad movie, and yet, much to my astonishment, I felt myself infiltrated by a feeling of irrepressible hope. If I had come to mock the proceedings as a work of synthetic glitz, I was mistaken. The words rang true, even in a voice as false as Newman's, and for the next hour I was filled with an elation as reckless as that of a truant child. Listening to the voices in the cathedral (Susan Sarandon reading Havel's letters from prison, Arthur Miller addressing Havel as the first avant-garde president), I thought that it might yet be possible to invent or discover a new politics expressed in a language capable of telling a straight story. The Brooklyn Philharmonic Orchestra played a passage from Mozart's *Don Giovanni* (which was first performed in Prague in 1787), and I thought, If the Czechs can slip the bonds of cynicism and cant, then might not the Americans make good their own escape? All that would be required would be a few people willing to say what they meant and to bear the responsibility for their own voices. The music shifted into a major key, and I could feel myself shrugging off my accustomed wariness as if it were an old and heavy coat. I glanced across the aisle at the well-stuffed literary agent, and in the enthusiasm of the moment, I understood that on a rainy Thursday night in upper Manhattan, the dogs of selfishness, ambition, and greed had been brought briefly to heel. For the time being, at least, maybe because of a trick of the light or the abruptness of the modulation away from a minor key, I thought I saw the agent's expression of habitual avarice softening into the lineaments of conscience and thought.

The camera that had reminded me of an insect reappeared in a completely different kind of metaphor. The crane and boom moved so effortlessly—gliding forward and drawing away, rising and falling in a slow, dreamlike motion—that I could imagine it as a living soul, weaving the thread of immortality on the loom of time. The image was more in line with what Havel had been trying to say. More than anything else, we have need of a believable story, because without a believable story we have no means of connecting the past to the present, the dead to the living, the citizen to the state, the now to the then.

So great was my excitement with the prospect of the feats of the political imagination that might yet be performed with a new company of actors under the direction of a new theater management that my era of good feeling, again to my astonishment, survived the entrance of even so famous a fool as Henry Kissinger. Until Kissinger appeared in the pulpit, the evening had passed without embarrassment—the music was good, the emotion genuine, the speakers brief and to the point. The instant Kissinger's name was announced, the ceremony lost a good deal of its optimism. The entire sum of Kissinger's

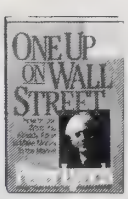
Tres Libros por Tres Dólares and a Farewell to Commitment. No Bull.



Ernest Hemingway



*482. This latest edition of the famous dictionary has 40,000 memorable quotations.
Hardcover: $45
QPB: $18.95



380. The superstar investor who manages Fidelity Magellan reveals the secrets of his success.
Hardcover: $19.95
QPB: $7.95



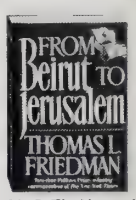
*440. Together, eight immortal people change the course of our earthly existence.
Hardcover: $19.95
QPB: $9.95



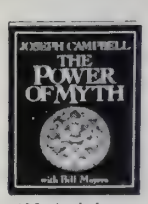
*363. A former Moscow detective investigates a fishy death in this sequel to *Gorky Park*.
Hardcover: $19.95
QPB: $9.95



311. A Vietnam veteran's incredible journey: from a patriotic marine to a paraplegic antiwar protester.
QPB: $6.95



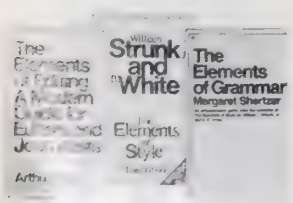
*315. The National Book Award-winning reporter brings to life the Middle Eastern world.
Hardcover: $22.95
QPB: $10.95

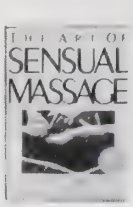


423. A scholar on mythology tells how myths have shaped our lives.
Hardcover: $27.50
QPB: $15.95



182. Moyers about every from morali science.
Hardcover
QPB: $





297. Soothing therapeutic techniques. 150 graphic photographs.
QPB: $9.50



338. The author of *This Old House* covers each step in finding the perfect house.
QPB: $9.95



211. Take a trip down Larson's memory lane with over 300 color and black-and-white cartoons.
QPB: $10.95



349. This bibl inve tion will rea readers back with its fasc information
QPB: $

(Translation: 3 books, 3 bucks. No commitment. No kidding.)

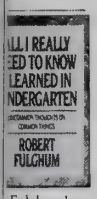
life and work testifies to the success that can be chiseled from a degraded politics with the journeyman's tools of presumption, dishonesty, and betrayal. A man seated directly behind me screamed, "Murderer!"; I could hear people shouting boos and catcalls elsewhere in the cathedral. Prior to Kissinger's sententious homily on the text of the Cold War, all the speakers had tried to describe the shape of an idea larger and higher than themselves, looking, at least figuratively, upward. Kissinger looked down, condescending to bestow on the congregation the favor of his advice. Instead of talking about Havel, he talked about himself. "When I was in Prague in 1968," he said, "I tried to warn my good friends the Czechs, but they wouldn't listen to me. . . ." He continued in the same manner for more than five or six minutes (nobody else having spoken for more than one or two minutes), and the effect was turgid and pompous.

Kissinger was followed by Gregory Peck and by Lukas Foss conducting the Largo from Dvořák's *New World* symphony, and for a moment it looked as if the evening might regain its balance. The chance was lost with the appearance of Barbara Walters and Saul Bellow. Like Kissinger, Walters and Bellow spoke, adoringly, of themselves. Walters said that she had been thrilled to be in Prague last Christmas, in time for the wonderful, thrilling experiences associated with the collapse of a communist regime. Bellow was glad to know that when Havel was in prison he had remembered to read Bellow's novel *Herzog*. As a reward for Havel's intelligence and taste, Bellow had brought an autographed copy of the novel *Herzog*, which he hoped the obviously perceptive president of Czechoslovakia would accept as a token of his, Bellow's, esteem.

The evening collapsed inward on itself like a dead star, and it ended on a sustained note of mummery—with the presenting to Havel of a meaningless "spirit of freedom award," with the passing around of candles for everybody in the cathedral to light, and with the playing of Aaron Copland's disingenuous *Fanfare for the Common Man*.

Havel didn't give a speech. He explained that because he didn't spend the afternoon in prison he hadn't had time to compose his thoughts, and he confined himself to saying thank you in a voice obstructed by obvious emotion and a heavy accent.

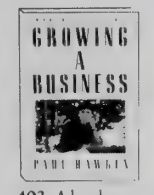
Even so, I counted myself fortunate, and I left the cathedral in high spirits, willing to consider the possibility that even Henry Kissinger and Barbara Walters might one day learn to doubt their own magnificence. It was still raining, but more lightly, and I figured that if all of us were at fault for the shambles of the American enterprise, then I had as much of an obligation as everybody else to try to find the words, or the rush of words, that could be bound to the task of telling a believable story. ■



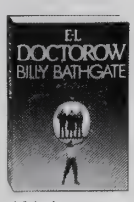
Fulghum's
se is that we
ed the important
ns by age 5:
fair; Flush...."
dcover: $15.95
QPB: $7.95



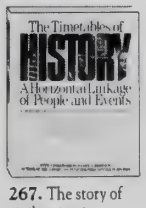
343. A trio of splendid novels: *Surfacing*, *Life Before Man* and *The Handmaid's Tale*.
(3-in-1 vol.)
QPB: $13.95



403. A hands-on guide that explains how to successfully start a business.
Hardcover: $16.95
QPB: $7.95



464. A teenage con man comes of age under the tutelage of gangster Dutch Schultz.
Hardcover: $19.95
QPB: $9.95



267. The story of civilization in a unique chart format.
Hardcover: $29.95
QPB: $15.95



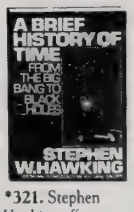
***117.** Over 1600 problem-solving drawings with explanations on every aspect of home repair.
Hardcover: $24.95
QPB: $12.95



516. This revised and updated guide tells you where to buy almost everything at major discounts.
QPB: $10.95



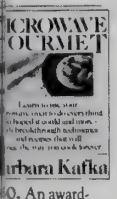
***224.** The biggest and best collection, with stories by Isaac Asimov, J.G. Ballard and more.
Hardcover: $29.95
QPB: $12.95



***321.** Stephen Hawking offers a convincing big picture of the origins of the cosmos.
Hardcover: $18.95
QPB: $9.50



204. Relax with Calvin and Hobbes in this new full-color collection of Sunday cartoons.
QPB: $7.95



rbara Kafka
0. An award-
hing food writer
s more than 600
es for your
owave oven.
rdcover: $19.95
QPB: $9.95



t. This newly
sed edition tells
how to find
usands of avail-
e maps.
QPB: $14.95

How QPB Membership Works.

Selection: You'll receive the *QPB Review* 15 times a year (about every 3½ weeks). Each *Review* lists a new Selection. If you want it, do nothing—it will be shipped automatically. If you want another book or no book at all, complete the Reply Form always enclosed and return it by the specified date. (A shipping and handling charge is added to each shipment.)

Return Privilege: If the *QPB Review* is delayed and you receive the Selection without having had 10 days to notify us, you may return it for credit.

Cancellations: You may cancel membership at any time by notifying QPB. We may cancel your membership if you elect not to buy at least one book in any six-month period.

Bonus Books for Bonus Points: For each softcover book or set you take (except for the books in this offer), you earn Bonus Points that entitle you to choose any of our softcover books. You pay only shipping and handling charges.

***QPB Exclusive:** The only softcover edition now available.

OK. Send me my 3 books for 3 bucks. No commitment. No bull.

Quality Paperback Book Club,® P.O. Box 8804, Camp Hill, PA 17011-8804

Please enroll me in QPB and send me the 3 choices I've listed below, billing me only $1 each, plus shipping and handling charges. I understand that I am not required to buy another book. You will send me the *QPB Review* (if my account is in good standing) for at least six months. If I have not bought at least one book in any six-month period, you may cancel my membership.

Indicate by number your 3 choices: 0-16

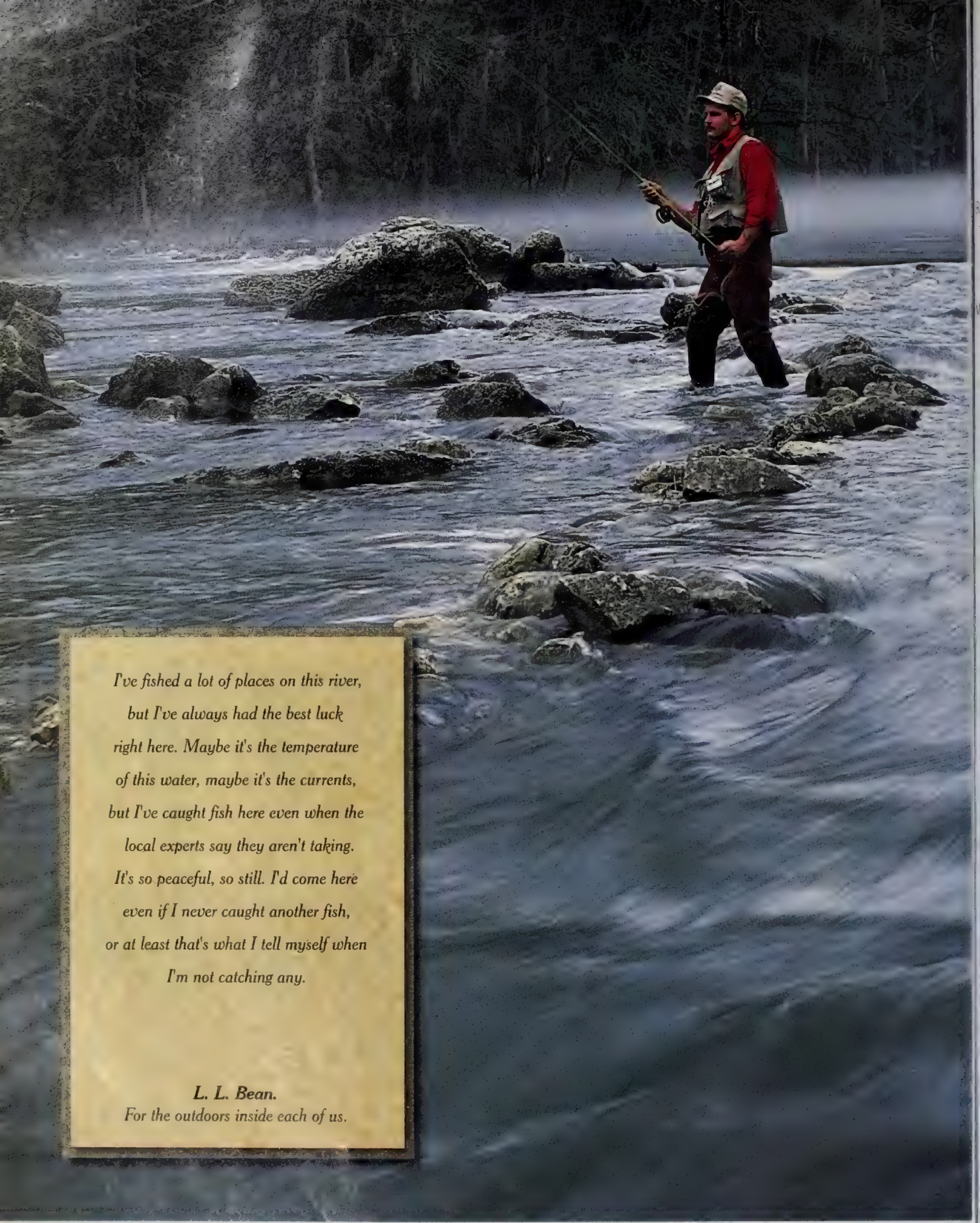
QPB® Quality Paperback Book Club

Name *(Please print clearly.)* QB067-5-0

Address Apt

City State Zip

Prices generally higher in Canada. © 1990 Quality Paperback Book Club. All orders subject to approval.



I've fished a lot of places on this river, but I've always had the best luck right here. Maybe it's the temperature of this water, maybe it's the currents, but I've caught fish here even when the local experts say they aren't taking. It's so peaceful, so still. I'd come here even if I never caught another fish, or at least that's what I tell myself when I'm not catching any.

L. L. Bean.
For the outdoors inside each of us.

For 78 years, L. L. Bean has offered durable, practical products for men and women who love the outdoors.

Our catalog includes active and casual apparel, footwear, equipment and accessories.

All fully guaranteed and honestly priced. If you'd like a copy, please call 1-800-548-4303 anytime.

L.L.Bean®
FREEPORT, MAINE

HARPER'S INDEX

Ratio of Latin America's total foreign debt to U.S. aid that President Bush has pledged to the region for next year : 400:1

Total amount of network TV airtime devoted to the national elections in Chile and Brazil last December, in minutes : 2

Percentage of Americans who do not know which country will control the Panama Canal in the year 2000 : 64

Percentage who say they followed the U.S. invasion of Panama "very closely" : 60

Maximum amount Ted Turner fines his employees for using the word *foreign* instead of *international* on company time : $100

Price of a videotape of Andrei Sakharov's funeral, from Tass : $1,500

Increase in Maki Mandela's lecture fee since her father was released from prison : $1,000

Estimated percentage increase in handgun sales in South Africa since President de Klerk legalized the ANC : 50

Percentage of American gun owners who are white : 88

Percentage who are black : 6

Chances that an American gun owner's gun is loaded : 1 in 3

Percentage increase, since 1980, in the number of anti-Semitic incidents reported in the United States : 193

Number of neo-Nazi criminal indictments in East Germany in 1988 : 44

In 1989 : 144

Number of dating services created in Magdeburg, East Germany, since last November : 7

Percentage of American married couples who say they never take baths or showers together : 37

Increase, since 1872, in the average interval between eruptions of Old Faithful, in minutes : 11

Estimated decrease in U.S. births in the spring if the previous summer's temperature is 5 degrees above normal : 10,000

Percentage increase, since 1979, in the number of deaths caused by asthma in the United States each year : 200

Amount of trash on display at the Trash Museum in Lyndhurst, New Jersey, in pounds : 1,000

Portion of all nuclear-plant waste that the Nuclear Regulatory Commission considers "below regulatory concern" : 1/2

Estimated number of state and local government antinoise programs in 1978 : 1,100

Number today : 15

Percentage increase, since 1985, in the number of all-talk radio stations in the United States : 42

Number of words in the English language that exist because of typographical errors or misreadings : 381

Number of times the word *motherfucker* appears in Miles Davis's autobiography : 333

Total amount two New York lawyers were fined for having a fistfight during a deposition last year : $11,000

Value of the year-end bonuses that Drexel Burnham Lambert gave its employees in December and January : $270,000,000

Estimated amount the company requested in bank loans before it filed for bankruptcy in February : $300,000,000

Average ratio of a CEO's salary to that of a blue-collar worker at major Japanese automobile manufacturers : 20:1

Average ratio at major U.S. automobile manufacturers : 192:1

Number of articles written about baseball contracts and salaries since 1980 : 2,459

Number written about drug abuse in baseball since 1980 : 6,071

Estimated number of college coaches who are on the payroll of sneaker companies : 100

Number of photographs in the Associated Press library of President Bush engaged in sports : 108

Number of "real close personal friends" on President Bush's computerized list of correspondents : 10,000

Ratio of women who buy Mother's Day cards to men who do : 5:1

Ratio of women who buy Father's Day cards to men who do : 8:1

Number of former major league baseball players whose fathers are in the Hall of Fame : 9

Number of former major league players whose last names are palindromes : 7

Figures cited are the latest available as of March 1990. Sources are listed on page 78.
"Harper's Index" is a registered trademark.

READINGS

[Essay]

GHETTOIZED BY BLACK UNITY

From the epilogue to The Content of Our Character: A New Vision of Race in America, *by Shelby Steele, to be published this summer by St. Martin's Press. Steele's essay "The Recoloring of Campus Life: Student Racism, Academic Pluralism, and the End of a Dream" appeared in the February 1989 issue of* Harper's Magazine. *He is a professor of English at San Jose State University in California.*

There are many profound problems facing black America today: a swelling black underclass; a black middle class that declined slightly in size during the Eighties; a declining number of black college students; an epidemic of teenage pregnancy, drug use, and gang violence; continuing chronic unemployment; astoundingly high college and high school dropout rates; an increasing number of single-parent families; a disproportionately high infant mortality rate; and so on. Against this despair it might seem almost esoteric for me to talk about the importance of individual identity and possibility. Yet I have come to believe that despite the existing racism in today's America, opportunity is the single most constant but unexploited aspect of the black condition. The only way we will see the advancement of black people in this country is for us to focus on developing ourselves as individuals and embracing opportunity.

I have come to this conclusion over time. In the late Sixties, I was caught up in the new spirit of black power and pride that swept over black America like one of those storms that change the landscape. I will always believe this storm was inevitable and, therefore, positive in many ways. What I gained from it was the power to be racially unapologetic, no mean benefit considering the long trial of patience that blacks were subjected to during the civil rights movement. But after a while, by the early Seventies, it became clear that black power did not offer much of a blueprint for how to move my life forward; it told me virtually nothing about who I was as an individual or how I might live in the world as myself. Of course, it was my mistake to think it could. But in the late Sixties, "blackness" was an invasive form of collective identity that cut so deeply into one's individual space that it seemed also to *be* an individual identity. It came as something of a disappointment to realize that the two were not the same, that being "black" in no way spared me the necessity of being myself.

In the early Seventies, without realizing it, I made a sort of bargain with the prevailing black identity—I subscribed in a general way to its point of view so that I could be free to get on with my life. Many blacks I knew did the same.

And what were we subscribing to? Generally, I think it was a form of black identity grounded in the spirit of black power. It carried a righteous anger at and mistrust of American society; it believed that blacks continued to be the victims of institutional racism, that we would have to maintain an adversarial stance toward society, and that a tight racial unity was necessary both for survival and advancement. This identity was, and is, predicated on the notion that those who burned you once will burn you again, and it presupposes a deep racist reflex in American life that will forever try to limit black possibility.

I think it was the space I cleared for myself by



This photograph of the Riverside Lounge in Shaw, Mississippi, was taken by Birney Imes. It will appear in Juke Joint, *a collection of his work to be published by the University Press of Mississippi in July. Imes's Mississippi Delta photographs are in the permanent collections of the Metropolitan Museum of Art and the Museum of Modern Art in New York City. Imes lives in Columbus, Mississippi.*

loosely subscribing to this identity that ultimately put me in conflict with it. It is in the day-to-day struggle of living on the floor of a society, so to speak, that one gains a measure of what is possible in that society. And by simply living as an individual in America—with my racial-identity struggle suspended temporarily—I discovered that American society offered me, and blacks in general, a remarkable range of opportunity if we were willing to pursue it.

In my daily life I continue to experience racial indignities and slights: This morning I was told that blacks had too much musical feeling (soul, I suppose) to be good classical musicians; yesterday I passed two houses with gnomish black lawn jockeys on their front porches; my children have been called "nigger," as have I; I wear a tie and carry a briefcase so that my students on the first day of class will know I'm the professor; and so on. I also know that actual racial discrimination persists in many areas of American life. I have been the victor in one housing-discrimination suit, as were my parents before me. My life is not immune to any of this, and I will never endure it with élan. Yet I have also come to realize that, in this same society, I have been more in charge of my fate than I ever wanted to believe and that though I have been limited by many things, my race was not foremost among them.

The point is that both realities exist simultaneously. There is still racial insensitivity and some racial discrimination against blacks in this society, but there is also much opportunity. What brought me into conflict with the prevailing black identity was that it was almost entirely preoccupied with the former to the exclusion of the latter. The black identity I was subscribing to in the Seventies—and that still prevails today—was essentially a "wartime" identity shaped in the confrontational Sixties. It saw blacks as victims even as new possibilities for advancement opened all around.

Why do we cling to an adversarial, victim-focused identity and remain preoccupied with white racism? Part of the reason, I think, is that we carry an inferiority anxiety—an unconscious fear that the notion that we are inferior may, in fact, be true—that makes the seizing of opportunity more risky for us, since setbacks and fail-

ures may seem to confirm our worst fears. To avoid this risk we hold a victim-focused identity that tells us there is less opportunity than there actually is. And, in fact, our victimization itself has been our primary source of power in society—the basis of our demands for redress. The paradoxical result of relying on this source of power is that it rewards us for continuing to see ourselves as victims of a racist society and implies that opportunity itself is something to be given instead of taken.

This leaves us with an identity that is at war with our own best interests, that magnifies our oppression and diminishes our sense of possibility. I think this identity is a burden for blacks, because it is built around our collective insecurity rather than a faith in our human capacity to seize opportunity as individuals. It amounts to a self-protective collectivism that focuses on black unity instead of individual initiative. To be "black" in this identity, one need only manifest the symbols, postures, and rhetoric of black unity. Not only is personal initiative unnecessary for being "black" but the successful exercise of initiative—working one's way into the middle class, becoming well-off, gaining an important position—may, in fact, jeopardize one's "blackness," make one somehow less black.

This sort of identity is never effective and never translates into the actual uplift of black people. Though it espouses black pride, it is actually a repressive identity that generates a victimized self-image, curbs individualism and initiative, diminishes our sense of possibility, and contributes to our demoralization and inertia. Uplift can only come when many millions of blacks seize the possibilities inside the sphere of their personal lives and use them to move themselves forward. Collectively we can resist oppression, but racial development will always be, as Ralph Ellison once put it, "the gift" of individuals.

There have been numerous government attempts at remedying the list of problems I mentioned earlier. Here and there a program has worked; many more have been failures. Clearly, we should find the ones that do work and have more of them. But my deepest feeling is that, in a society of increasingly limited resources, there will never be enough programs to meet the need. We black Americans will never be saved or even assisted terribly much by others, never be repaid for our suffering, and never find that symmetrical, historical justice that we cannot help but long for.

As Jean-Paul Sartre once said, we are the true "existential people." We have always had to create ourselves out of whole cloth and find our own means for survival. I believe that black leadership must recognize the importance of this individual initiative. They must preach it, tell it, sell it, and demand it. Our leadership has looked at government and white society very critically. Now they must help us look at ourselves. We need our real problems named and explained, otherwise we have no chance to overcome them. The impulse of our leaders is to be "political," to keep the society at large on edge, to keep them feeling as though they have not done enough for blacks. And, clearly, they have not. But the price these leaders pay for this form of "politics" is to keep blacks focused on an illusion of deliverance by others, and no illusion weakens us more. Our leaders must take a risk. They must tell us the truth, tell us of the freedom and opportunity they have discovered in their own lives. They must tell us what they tell their own children when they go home at night: to study hard, to pursue their dreams with discipline and effort, to be responsible for themselves, to have concern for others, to cherish their race and at the same time build their own lives as Americans. When our leaders put a spotlight on our victimization and seize upon our suffering to gain us ineffectual concessions, they inadvertently turn themselves into enemies of the truth, not to mention enemies of their own people.

I believe that black Americans are freer today than ever before. This is not a hope; this is a reality. Racial hatred has not yet left the American landscape. Who knows how or when this will occur. And yet the American black, supported by a massive body of law and, for the most part, the goodwill of his fellow citizens, is basically as free as he or she wants to be. For

[Correction]

PRINT THE RIGHT THING

This correction appeared in the December 14, 1989, New York Times.

A television review on Tuesday about the MTV program *Decade* misattributed a remark about the Reagan administration. The comment, that it became "fashionable to be racist" during those years, was made by the filmmaker Spike Lee, not by Lee Atwater, the Republican national chairman.

every white I have met who is a racist, I have met twenty more who have seen me as an individual. This, I am not ashamed to say, has been my experience. I believe it is time for blacks to begin the shift from a wartime to a peacetime identity, from fighting for opportunity to seizing it. The immutable fact of late-twentieth-century American life is that it *is* there for blacks to seize. Martin Luther King did not live to experience this. But then, of course, on the night before he died, he seemed to know that he would not. From the mountaintop he had looked over and seen the promised land, but he said, "I may not get there with you . . ." I won't say we are snuggled deep in the promised valley he saw beyond the mountain; everyday things remind me that we are not. But I also know we have it better than our greatest leader. We are on the other side of his mountaintop, on the downward slope toward the valley he saw. This is something we ought to know. But what we must know even more clearly is that nothing on this earth can be promised except a chance. The promised land guarantees nothing. It is only an opportunity, not a deliverance.

[Speech]

GOOD COP, BAD COP

From a speech by South African president F. W. de Klerk to the country's 500 highest-ranking police officers at a closed meeting in January. The speech was recorded secretly by someone who attended the meeting.

I know that the government's decision to allow protests and marches to take place, to release senior African National Congress leaders, and to open up beaches to all people has raised a number of questions in the minds of many people. I want the South African Police to analyze the situation with me.

Until now the police have been required to perform two types of functions. One was to handle typical crime situations—murder, rape, etc.—which will always be tasks of police forces all over the world. But you also had other tasks to fulfill, those fundamentally connected to a specific political policy.

Let us take swimming as an example. In the future, you will be required to police the beaches to prevent theft and assault, but you will never again be required to say to someone, "Hey, you are not allowed to swim here because of the color of your skin." When people gather for political purposes, you will be required to maintain law and order and to ensure that the laws of the land are not transgressed. But you will no longer be required to prevent people from gathering to canvass support for their views.

This is the political arena, and we want to take the police out of it. We as politicians must take full responsibility for politics. As ordinary citizens, policemen have the liberty and freedom to vote the party of their choice. But in the execution of their duties, they must ensure that normal activities—whether swimming or holding political meetings—take place in an orderly and lawful fashion. This is the direction we are taking, and I want you to make peace with this new line.

Let me assure you, the government has not become weak-kneed or changed its views on the

[Campaign Commercials]

MY DEATH ROW IS LONGER THAN YOURS

These two thirty-second campaign commercials were broadcast on television in Texas prior to the state's gubernatorial primaries in March. The first commercial was aired by Texas secretary of state Jack Rains, a Republican candidate; the second was aired by former Texas governor Mark White, a Democrat. Both candidates lost.

JACK RAINS: I fought to see that we put a billion dollars into new prison construction. I want to make sure we have adequate capacity so that violent offenders, those who are threats to society, are not out on the streets. I want to keep those dangerous people off the streets and out of our faces. I want to treat those people like the garbage they are. I'm going to put 'em in that can, and I'm going to sit on the lid.

◆

MARK WHITE: These hardened criminals will never again murder, rape, or deal drugs. As governor, I made sure they received the ultimate punishment—death. And Texas is a safer place for it. But tough talk isn't enough. The criminals know how to tangle up the court and delay execution. To bring them to justice takes strength and dedication, because if the governor flinches, they win. Only a governor can make an execution happen. I did. And I will.

dangers of communism. It does not entertain the thought of allowing a system that is incompatible with certain fundamental values we believe in—like the free market, freedom of religion, equality before the law, and a strong and independent judiciary. However, we have decided to try and preserve these values by taking the initiative—even if we have to take some risks in the process.

We are not naive. We don't underestimate the enemy. It all has to do with methods. It is not a question of whether we want to secure the future of South Africa but of how we are going to do it. We are committed to this task. When we follow new methods and strategies to handle situations in a more subtle way, it does not mean that we have forsaken our quest to create a peaceful and civilized society in which minorities can feel safe. But we must also create a South Africa that enjoys the loyalty of the majority of its people. Unless we achieve this, the future will not be safe. Unless we achieve this, there is no hope for our children and grandchildren.

This generation has to face the challenge. What are we going to leave as an inheritance for those who will take over from us in ten years' time? Do we want them to inherit a stagnant situation that has made no progress toward a solution, where revolution continues to brew and bubble under the surface? Do we want them to inherit new sanctions and boycotts? Or a country with a growing polarization, where decent people become increasingly radicalized? Or a South Africa where the forces gather for the battle of Armageddon, an Armageddon where —even if blood flows ankle-deep in our streets and four or five million people are shot dead— the problem will be just as great as before the shooting?

Or do we want to bequeath to them a future where, through strategic planning, dialogue, and negotiation, we will ensure a fundamental change of attitudes? Where people's hearts are changed and their minds turned?

I vote for the last alternative. I know that I will make a number of mistakes in the process, and it is your right to differ with me. However, I plead with you as police officers to inspire your men to work toward a change in attitudes. We must not allow those who want to drive a wedge between our government and its security forces to succeed. We have the responsibility to determine what is going to happen in the next fifty to one hundred years. If we fail, we will not be able to avoid destruction and annihilation. But if we succeed, there is hope.

[Remarks]

[*SIC*]

From the White House transcript of a question-and-answer session between President Bush and a group of high school students. The exchange took place on February 2 at the University of Tennessee at Knoxville.

QUESTION: I loved your State of the Union address on improving education. I was wondering, do you have any plans to get ideas internationally to improve education?

THE PRESIDENT: Well, I'm going to kick that one right into the end zone of the secretary of education. But, yes, we have all—he travels a good deal, goes abroad. We have a lot of people in the department that does that. We're having an international—this is not as much education as dealing with the environment—a big international conference coming up. And we get it all the time—exchanges of ideas.

But I think we've got—we set out there—and I want to give credit to your Governor McWherter and to your former governor Lamar Alexander—we've gotten great ideas for a national goals program from—in this country—from the governors who were responding to, maybe, the principal of your high school, for heaven's sake.

[Interview]

SKIPPING CLASS STRUGGLE

This interview with a Polish youth appeared in the February 9 issue of Gazeta Wyborcza, *a Warsaw newspaper. The interview was conducted by Piotr Wesolowski. Translated from the Polish by A. W. Tymowski.*

Do you always work in front of the Grand Hotel?

I don't give interviews for free.

How much will a conversation cost me?

A pack of cigarettes.

How many cars do you wash a day?

Varies. Sometimes eight, but days go by when I don't wash any.

Do the drivers always pay you?

Almost always. Sometimes they pay in zlotys,

"Better late than never."

The $19.50 Square Rigger Jeans from Lands' End.

You could ask what took us so long. After all, the "jeaning of America" has been going on since the California Gold Rush. With a burst of fresh intensity in the past 10 to 20 years.

Well, what took us so long is that we were not convinced we belonged in the business. After all, the market was crowded, with jeans of every imaginable fabric and style. Acid washed, stonewashed, skintight, high waisted. French cut, boot cut, distressed and more. It all sounded a bit frantic and trendy. Trendy, of course, is not our game.

So we asked ourselves, what could we possibly bring to the party when even dessert already seemed to be on the table? And we kept studying the situation.

In due course we found an answer.

It sounded familiar when we arrived at it. And well it should have. It's the same answer we get when we've done our homework on any prospective category, staying true to our principles of quality first, then price, and always, always service.

Our answer in this case is a no-nonsense blue jean made of a hefty pre-washed 100% cotton fabric. (We had committed to enough of it to earn an advantage in price.) With material in hand, we signed on with some reliable manufacturers who said "yes" to some inordinately exacting specs. The resulting product could not be better made or fit better if you paid $40 for it, even autographed in French. Yet the Lands' End Square Rigger is yours for only $19.50.

It not only fits and flatters...

The fit of the Square Rigger also forgives you the indulgence in an extra dessert here and there. Why? Because we pattern-test our jeans on real people. Which calls to mind the fact that our women's model is not simply a "modified man's jean." It is made to fit a woman's figure and it does, because it adheres to a woman's pattern.

To cite just two unusual construction features: 1) we pre-shrink the pocket linings so they won't pucker after washing, and we sew them into both side seams and fly for a neater appearance. Not everyone does this. And 2) the pockets are sized a mite more generously than most. Even the watch pocket will actually accommodate a watch.

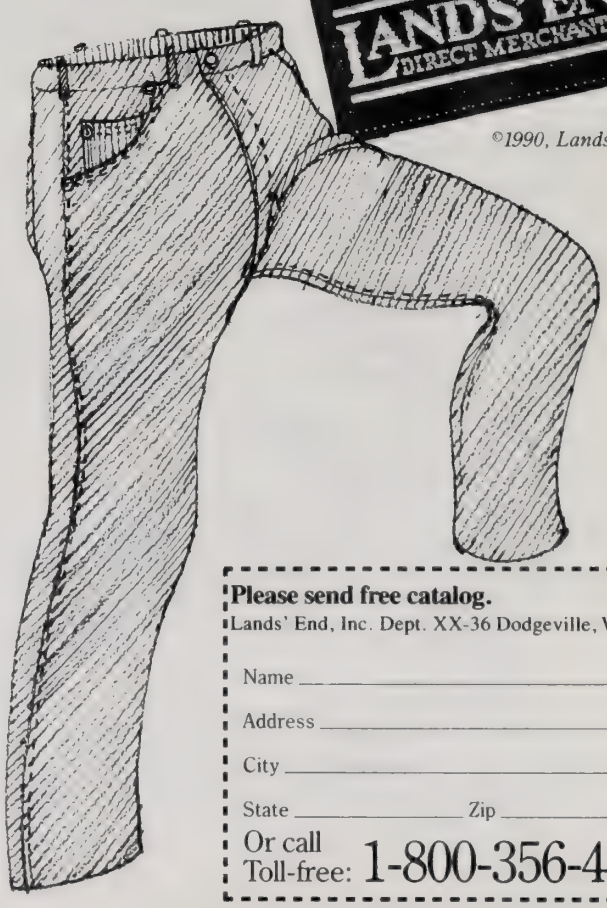
It's GUARANTEED. PERIOD.®

The catalog that spells out the full story on our modest contribution to the jeans world is a-brim with quality casual clothing, accessories, shoes, and soft luggage—classic items you can count on to wear well, and respond to easy care. Clothing you can live with at prices that reflect substantial value. Everything GUARANTEED. PERIOD.® Including the toll-free telephone ordering system (dial 1-800-356-4444) and the prompt shipment of your order within 24 hours after we get it.

So, put us to the test. Get a feel for the Lands' End experience by ordering a pair of Square Riggers by phone. Then you'll have something of ours to wear even if, now and then, you do your shopping downtown.

LANDS' END® DIRECT MERCHANTS

©1990, Lands' End, Inc.



Please send free catalog.
Lands' End, Inc. Dept. XX-36 Dodgeville, WI 53595

Name _____

Address _____

City _____

State _____ Zip _____

Or call Toll-free: 1-800-356-4444

"You can take my money.
You can have my husband.
But touch my fur, and you're dead!"



This advertisement appeared in the March 15 issue of Official City Guide, *a weekly distributed at hotels and convention centers in New York City. The ad, placed by Coutures Ltd., which describes itself as "the fashion industry's direct source of designer furs," offered a 10 percent discount on any fur purchase.*

but usually in dollars or marks. A Swede once gave me ten dollars, and some German guy took me to the Pewex hard-currency shop and bought me chocolate. But I'd rather get cash. One time there was a lot of screaming and yelling because I washed an Italian car that couldn't be washed with water. It needed some kind of special lacquer. I just ran away, and that ended that.

Do you wash Polish cars, too?

No. Why should I?

How much do you make a month?

In our money it comes to about 400,000 zlotys [600,000 zlotys is the average monthly wage for an industrial worker].

How old are you?

Ten.

What about school?

I don't go much, unless it's raining or it's cold. My teacher says I'm going to fail third grade.

[Demographic Profile]

STALKING THE VIRILE FEMALE

From a confidential proposal, commissioned by R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Co., suggesting marketing strategies for Dakota, a new cigarette test-marketed in March. According to the proposal, written by one of Reynolds's advertising agencies, Trone Advertising, Dakota should be marketed to replace Marlboro as the brand of choice among "V.F.s": "virile females" between the ages of eighteen and twenty-four. (Young women are the only group of Americans whose rate of smoking continues to rise.) The report states that marketing strategies for Dakota "will reinforce target smokers' desire for traditionally 'masculine' values." Reynolds says it rejected the proposal.

TARGET CUSTOMER

Demographics

☐ Age/gender: Caucasian female, age 18–20 (secondarily 21–24)
☐ Education: None beyond high school
☐ Occupation: Entry-level service or factory job

Life-style

☐ Employment: Now working at whatever job she can get; high level of unemployment and part-time work
☐ Attitude toward work: Work is a job, not a career; a way to make money
☐ Dress: Jeans, knit tops, sweaters, shorts, warm-up suits, sweatshirts, sweatpants
☐ Cosmetics: Wears little eye shadow or makeup
☐ TV program: *Roseanne*
☐ TV role: Roseanne, evening soap operas (bitches)
☐ Music: Classic rock and roll from the Sixties and Seventies
☐ Music groups: All-male groups

Aspirations

☐ To have an ongoing relationship with a man
☐ To get married in her early twenties and have a family
☐ To have fun with her boyfriend and party with her friends

Current Practices

☐ Now smokes Marlboro
☐ Buys by the pack, from convenience stores, supermarkets, and drugstores

How She Spends Her Free Time

☐ With her boyfriend, doing whatever he is doing

Interests, Activities, and Places the Targets Gather

☐ Partying with friends
☐ Dancing, going to dance clubs and bars (those over 21 and those who have borrowed IDs)
☐ Going to concerts (classic rock)
☐ Cruising
☐ Watching television (entertainment they can afford)
☐ Going to movies or renting movies
☐ Going camping, to the lake, to the river
☐ Apartments where they live
☐ Athletic activities: Company softball team, company basketball team, bowling league, social bowling
☐ Shopping: At the mall; jeans specialty stores, especially lower-priced jeans stores; low-price clothing stores (T. J. Maxx, $6 Store)
☐ Events: Drag races; motocross and motorcycle races; hot-rod shows; tractor pulls and monster trucks; wrestling

[Monologue]

ARTIST

By Eric Bogosian. From Sex, Drugs, Rock & Roll, *a series of monologues Bogosian performed this spring at the Orpheum Theatre in New York City. Bogosian's essay "The Function of Art" appeared in the November 1989* Harper's Magazine.

[*Sits cross-legged onstage, smoking a joint*]

It's like if a tree falls in the forest . . . I mean, if everybody knows everything, then nothing makes any difference. You say something, somebody already said it. Everything's a cliché. That's why I don't make art anymore, man.

You know what's wrong with the world today? Why everything is screwed up and you can't do anything about it? 'Cause we don't live in a human world anymore; we live in a machine world.

There's this guy I can see from my window, down in his apartment. Every night he's there, just lying on his couch, his eyes wide open, for five or six hours straight. He doesn't move. Just lies there.

Now if I didn't know he was watching TV, I'd think there was something wrong with him. I'd think he was paralyzed or hypnotized or something.

Every night all these messages from outer space go into his brain for hours on end: "Buy deodorant . . . buy a new car . . . work harder . . . your dog has bad breath . . . buy a microwave oven . . . "

[*Tokes on the joint*]

I mean, what's a microwave oven? Everyone's got one; nobody knows what it does; nobody knows how it works. Why does everyone have one? [*Tokes*] Because the TV set told 'em to buy it.

Listen to this, man. The government is spending billions of dollars to build the biggest computer ever, a supercomputer, right? Huge, bigger than anything they built before. Go to the library and check it out; everything I'm saying is true. When they finish this computer, man, we're all gonna be dead. They're gonna hook that computer up to all the TV sets in everybody's house, right? And they're gonna reverse the TV sets so that they can watch you in your house doing your thing. And if you don't do what the computer wants you to do, it's gonna send a message to the TV set. And the TV set is gonna send a message to the microwave oven. Door's gonna pop open and you're gonna be *ashes,* man!

[*Tokes*]

What about those little computer lines on everything? Go into a store, pick something up, take a look. Everything's got those little lines on it. What do those little lines mean? Nobody knows. It's not English, it's Computer. Only a computer can read that stuff. All these computers are talking to each other and nobody knows what they're saying!



From In Health, *published in Sausalito, California.*

We'd like to recycle the thinkin



Before.

Contrary to public opinion, plastics are among the easiest materials to recycle.

In South Carolina, one company is recycling 100 million pounds of used plastic soft drink bottles a year into carpet yarn, flower pots, toys, and fiberfill for ski parkas.

In Chicago, another company is recycling 2 million plastic milk jugs a year into "plastic lumber" for decks.

In Tennessee, another company is recycling plastic beverage containers into bathtubs and shower stalls.

The recycling of plastics is rapidly catching on. Recycling is transforming used plastics into a "natural resource" that can be used to produce many new products. Recycling is a critical issue as America grapples with its growing solid waste problem.

Our landfills are filling up.

We dispose of 160 million tons of garbage a year. In the past 10 years, our landfills have decreased from about 18,500 to 6,000. Within 5 years 2,000 more will close.

In their haste to find solutions, some policymakers propose to ban plastics. The fact is, plastics make up less than 8% by weight of our solid waste, and although naturally light in weight, only about 20% by volume when compressed in a landfill.

If plastic packaging is banned, the need for packaging won't go away. The idea is to replace plastic with biodegradable materials. Studies show, however, that degra-

hat plastics can't be recycled.



After.

dation is so slow in today's landfills so as to almost not exist.

How Amoco Chemical is helping. At Amoco Chemical, we believe all recyclable materials should be recycled—glass, metals, paper and plastics—in addition to source reduction, waste-to-energy incineration and landfilling when appropriate.

Amoco Chemical is sponsoring a recycling program in New York State demonstrating that used, polystyrene foam food service containers from schools and restaurants can be recycled into insulation board for commercial construction, cafeteria trays and home and office products.

We're participating in a consortium with other major plastics manufacturers which will support construction of regional polystyrene recycling plants.

We're encouraging the start-up of new recycling efforts, helping to find better ways to collect and sort recyclables, and helping to create markets for recycled plastics products.

At Amoco Chemical, we believe the more we recycle, the more we'll bring a huge problem down to size.

For a free copy of "Recycling. Do It Today For Tomorrow," write Amoco Chemical, Recycling H, 200 East Randolph Drive, Chicago, IL 60601.

Recycling.
Do It Today For Tomorrow.

AMOCO

Amoco Chemical

We're, like, living in an occupied country, man.

All day long these computers are talking to each other, on the modems and the fax machines and the satellite linkups. What are they talkin' about? I'll tell you what they're talking about: They're talkin' about you and me. How to use us more efficiently.

'Cause they're not a living thing, they're a machine. A computer is like a huge Spartan warrior with armor plate on it, right? And we're like a little tiny fluffy white kitten . . . and the computer looks at the kitten and says, "What should I do with this? Should I eat it? Should I squish it? Should I throw it away?" 'Cause a computer has no feelings, man.

Even Adolf Hitler had feelings. Every once in a while he'd get bummed out. Computers never get bummed out. Never.

[*Stoned pause*]

You know how they make bacon? They got these big meat-packing plants, which are run by computers, but then they got, like, robots that run the plants. But at the very bottom of the assembly line there's a human being to hold the meat, because each piece is a little different. And these twenty-seven razor-sharp blades come down, zip right through the meat—there's your slab of bacon!

So some poor dude shows up at work in the morning a little stoned out or whatever, had a fight with his old lady, who knows? He isn't concentrating, he isn't looking at what he's doing exactly carefully. And all of a sudden down come the twenty-seven razor-sharp blades, and next thing you know, instead of a hand he's got a half-pound of sliced and smoked Armour Star!

[*Tokes*]

Bummer, right?

Happens about once a week. And nobody does anything about it. Nobody cares. Who's to care? Machines run everything now. Every day they spill some more oil in the water, more poison in the air; they chop down more jungles. What difference does it make to a computer? Computer doesn't have to breathe the air, computer doesn't have to drink the water. They don't need air and water; we do.

What's the point of even talking about it?

[*Pause*] I'm stoned.

I wish we had some music. I used to like to listen to rock and roll when I got stoned. All the great old bands—the Stones, the Who, the Jefferson Airplane—they're all dead now. [*Pause*] Those bands touring around? That isn't the Stones; that isn't the Who. That's robots. They send 'em out there to confuse everybody. Listen to what they're singing about. The old bands used to sing about love and freedom and anarchy and being alive. What do the new bands sing about? Fear. Paranoia. Work harder. Buy a microwave oven.

See, 'cause the system is always sending us subliminal messages. It's got to, so that we all stay in line.

Because everybody's in their little cage, like in a giant pet shop made of millions and millions of cages, and we're like millions of little mice running on our little wheels. Just running around and around and around. And every-

[Stipulation]

SIGNED (AWAY) BY THE ARTIST

From a nine-page letter of agreement sent by the National Endowment for the Arts to its grant recipients. Recipients must sign the agreement before the NEA will release their grant.

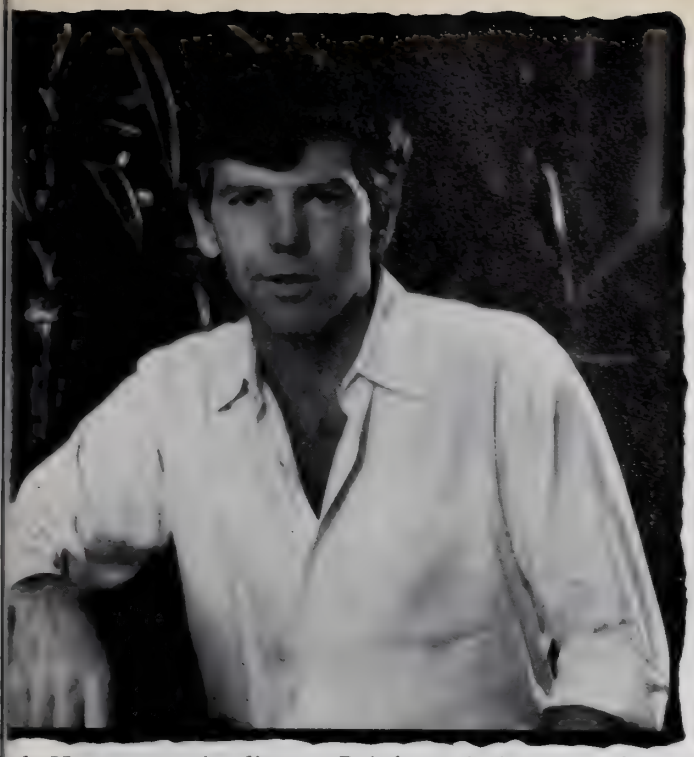
On behalf of Chairman John Frohnmayer, it is a pleasure to inform you that you have been awarded a grant from the National Endowment for the Arts. I am enclosing information concerning the terms and conditions of the grant. Please read this information carefully. I trust that this assistance from the NEA will be of value in furthering your career.

Restriction on use of FY 1990 Appropriated Funds

Public Law 101-121 requires that: "None of the funds authorized to be appropriated for the National Endowment for the Arts . . . may be used to promote, disseminate, or produce materials which in the judgment of the National Endowment for the Arts . . . may be considered obscene, including but not limited to depictions of sadomasochism, homoeroticism, the sexual exploitation of children, or individuals engaged in sex acts and which, when taken as a whole, do not have serious literary, artistic, political, or scientific value."

I certify that I will comply with the terms and conditions of my grant as set forth in the enclosed information.

Grantee Signature_____



ndy Hayes, executive director, Rainforest Action Network
'8 Working Assets funding recipient

"Half the species on Earth will die unless we act now."

For Randy Hayes, protecting the Earth and its inhabitants is a lifetime commitment. That's why he founded an international action network to stop the destruction of tropical rainforests.

It's also why he uses Working Assets Long Distance, the only long distance phone service that lets you help our endangered planet, at no cost to you.

Working Assets uses the fiber-optic network of US Sprint® and adds our own unique commitment. Every time you call long distance, we give 1% of your charges to non-profit groups that defend forests and animals, the water we drink and the air we breathe. Which makes protecting the Earth not only cost-free to you, but as easy as talking on the phone.

So take a few seconds now to sign up for Working Assets Long Distance. You'll get the same low rates and high quality service *all* US Sprint customers get. And every time you call, you'll help save a species or two. Possibly even our own.

Call 1-800-877-2100

(ask for extension 500). Or mail the coupon to:
Working Assets Long Distance
230 California St., San Francisco, CA 94111.

WORKING ASSETS LONG DISTANCE

THE COST-FREE WAY TO PROTECT THE EARTH
...JUST BY TALKING ON THE PHONE.

☑ **YES!** Sign me up for Working Assets Long Distance and give 1% of my charges to groups that protect forests, animals, air and water, at no cost to me.

List all numbers to be connected. Include area codes.

( ) _____ ( ) _____

_____

Name (Please Print)

_____

Address

_____

City/State/ZIP

_____

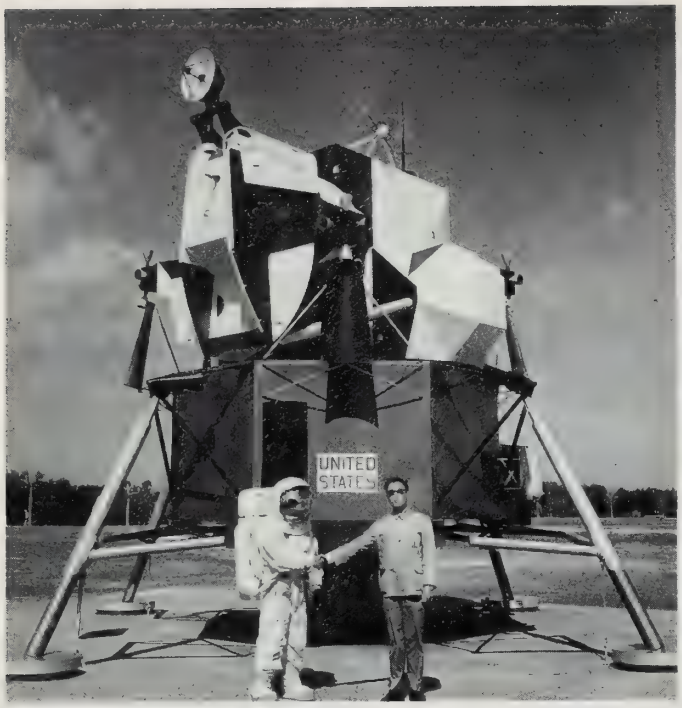
SIGNATURE Date

By signing you authorize us to notify your local phone company that you choose US Sprint to be your primary long distance carrier. You can place calls with other carriers and switch to another carrier at any time. Your local phone company may apply a small one-time service charge. To help offset the charge we'll credit your third month's bill with 30 free minutes of interstate calling at the US Sprint 3,000 mile night/weekend rate.

SSN 106-23-3010-WE
H1H

Mail to: Working Assets Long Distance, 230 California Street, San Francisco, CA 94111

Working Assets has supported groups like Rainforest Action Network, Earth Day 1990 and the Environmental Defense Fund. For a complete list, write us at the address above.





These self-portraits by Tseng Kwong Chi appear in a collection of his work published recently by Kyoto Shoin International in Japan. Tseng, who died in March, had photographed himself in front of hundreds of North American and European monuments, icons, and scenic sites. At left, Tseng appears in Cape Canaveral, Florida; at right, in Bellows Falls, Vermont.

body's running as fast as they can, 'cause they're scared.

Every day everybody gets up, 7 A.M., two cups of caffeine. You jump in the car, get stuck in traffic, get to work, get chewed out by your boss, drink more coffee, make a deadline, drink more caffeine, jump in your car again, get stuck in more traffic, get home, pay the bills, eat your microwave dinner, get in bed real fast—oh, watch more TV, don't forget about that; gotta get those messages—get into bed and go to sleep so you can get up the next morning and do it all over again. [*Tokes*] They call that being responsible.

See, everybody's afraid. They're afraid if they don't do what they're supposed to do, BANG, they're homeless. The homeless people are like the warning to all of us to stay in our cages and not rock the boat.

You ever talk to any of those guys on the street? Everybody says they're crazy. *You* try staying on the street for a while, see what kind of ideas you come up with. You don't go crazy, you start to see the truth. You start talking about the way things really are.

That's why they keep those guys out there, because they're free. Freedom is a threat to the system. It's the opposite of responsibility, man.

That's why everybody stopped smoking pot. People are afraid they'll smoke pot, think too much, realize what total bullshit their lives are, and freak out. But what's the point of saying it?

[*Tokes*]

They say that the greatest threat to modern man is the bomb. It has the potential to kill everybody on the face of the earth. But, you know, death is not a problem. Death is not a problem when your spirit's already dead.

[*Tokes*]

That's why I stopped making art. What are you gonna say about this situation? You write a book and it's a best-seller; everybody reads it, and a week later it's old news. You sing a song, it goes top forty, then it's a jingle in a beer ad. You paint a picture, and a millionaire hangs it on the wall.

Rich people used to take lions' heads and tigers' heads and hang 'em on their walls. Made 'em feel powerful, made 'em feel safe. Now they collect artists' minds. Lets 'em sleep better knowing the best and the brightest are dead from the neck up.

So I don't give 'em the satisfaction. I keep my mind inside my head where they can't get at it, man. See, everything becomes part of the system. The only way to escape the system is to not do anything. That's what I do. If I want to paint something or write something, I just do it in my head, man, where they can't see it.

[*Looks around*]

If they ever knew what I was thinking, man, I'd be dead.

[Lecture]

THE CANON AND THE WISDOM OF THE EAST

Adapted from a talk given by Arthur Danto, a professor of philosophy at Columbia University and the art critic for The Nation. *The talk was included in "The Oriental Humanities: New Approaches to Classical Traditions," a series of seminars held at Columbia and published by the university's Heyman Center for the Humanities.*

Not long ago I was sitting in the lobby of the Asoka Hotel in New Delhi, discussing with my hosts, in the spirit of philosophical small talk in India, the evidence for levitation. It was lunchtime, and the lobby was filled with the bright and busy personalities one expects to find in such spaces, waiting for whomever they had made dates with. At one point the elevator opened and a Sikh came out with a book balanced on his head. He was flanked by four other Sikh men and some women in brilliant saris. An especially tall and fierce Sikh swatted the air over the book with a kind of whisk, as if to keep insects from alighting. The company swept out of the elevator and through the lobby, and not a head was turned. I, on the other hand, was amazed. "Good heavens," I remember saying to my Indian colleague, Professor Chattopadhyaya, "what was *that*?" Chattopadhyaya, a suave and urbane man, seemed surprised at my surprise. "Oh, just the *Granth Sahib*," he told me. "Somebody sent for it no doubt." He was anxious to return to the anecdotal basis for belief in levitation, but I told him that I would find somebody levitating in the lobby of the Asoka Hotel measurably less astounding than the knot of book bearers that had appeared like a vision in the lobby of that elegant building.

This experience comes to mind whenever I'm asked about the canon and whether college humanities courses should be expanded to include non-Western literature. I have great difficulty responding to that question because I really do not know what my relationship is to such books, or what it means to read them—or even to what degree the physical reality of a sacred text such as the *Granth Sahib* is connected to its contents.

I have read that the Guru Angad, the "author" of this work (to the degree that even the concept of authorship can be taken for granted), invented a special script, a variation on the traditional Sharada alphabet, in order to convey the sacred character of the text. What becomes of that sacred character, I wonder, when the book is translated into English, arranged in columns of type, and then carted off by students in Velcro-fastened jackets, along with a stack of other oriental classics, a couple of Grateful Dead cassettes, a filofax, and a pack of Doublemint gum?

Many of these books were intended to be the only book one had to know in order to live one's life. These sacred texts were distant Himalayas of knowledge—their intuitions glacial, their perspectives sweeping—in which the world was revealed in its true proportion, as were the readers themselves. Though these books imparted knowledge for living one's life, the living of that life, paradoxically, was a prerequisite to understanding how to read the book. What remains, then, of these books' true identities when they are brought into our classrooms and praised for their "literary value"?

Let me offer a comparison. I have lately been interested in the issue of how primitive art, as it is called, should be looked at. Beyond question, these objects stand up artistically, once we remove the criterion of naturalistic representation from our judgment. We consider them aesthetically worthy of exhibition in our institutions, and so place them in an artistic tradition defined by visual excellence. But if we examine these works within their *own* cultures, they offer other dimensions—the magical and spiritual, to mention only two examples—that are far more important than being pleasing to the eye or exhibiting formal excellence. These dimensions are lost, however, when a museum attempts to universalize art. Inadvertently, the museum blinds us to nonvisual artistic traditions, ones in which art does not exist for the reasons it may exist among us.

A similar problem arises when we talk about "opening the canon," a concept that approaches the world's literature, as the museum approaches the world's art, as if it were all of a piece, a repository of universal value. Indeed, we may have an even harder time preserving a book's cultural context than we do with a work of art, since the very way books look—the uniform appearance of words on a page—can imply similarities among Great Books where in fact there may be none.

This creates a dilemma: We want to have access to non-Western books at the university and elsewhere, but the price of that access may be that we make these books, in their own terms, *inaccessible*. By reading these texts on assignment and then sitting in a classroom discussing them, we actually move further from understanding their meaning. In Muslim culture, for example, the Koran is read repeatedly, it is memorized, it is recited through the night, but it is never "discussed" the way it is in the

university classroom, as a "great book" or an important one. Our attempt to treat non-Western works simply as voices in one great multicultural discussion may reveal as much about our own premises as treating them as the Wisdom of the East revealed about the premises of Victorian culture—a culture convinced that drops of moral medicine, curative and restorative, could be distilled from these odd texts.

As a philosopher who has spent more than the common time of his profession among these texts, I have often been struck by certain powerful similarities between some of what they appear to say and some of what our texts do. For example, certain images in Buddhist literature are powerfully reminiscent of what Hume says about the self in the well-known and troubling passage in *A Treatise of Human Nature;* while the celebrated last proposition of Wittgenstein's *Tractatus* sounds much like the famous first verse of the *Tao Te Ching.* But despite appearances, I don't think these common themes entail anything more than a specious similarity.

The difficulty with our approach to non-Western literature is that it fails to adequately address the issue of these texts' Otherness. I am not arguing for relativism of any sort. But in non-Western cultures there are values other than truth and ways of addressing books other than by analyzing their content. For texts are things that have to be lived, as many books of the Orient are lived—their vitality as writing bound up with their being vitally a part of the lives of their readers in a way that they cannot be with ours.

[Statements]

SHORT-TERM MEMORIES

From "Jackie Robinson Remembered?" in the January issue of Sport, *published in Los Angeles. To commemorate the fortieth anniversary of Robinson's winning the Most Valuable Player Award,* Sport *asked twenty black baseball players, "What does Jackie Robinson mean to you?" The interviews were conducted by one of the magazine's research editors, William L. Ladson.*

PHIL BRADLEY, *Baltimore Orioles:* "Jackie Robinson? What year did he die? I wasn't old enough to remember him."

MEL HALL, *New York Yankees:* "Robinson is the reason I'm here today. Robinson gave us equal opportunity in sports."

BARRY LARKIN, *Cincinnati Reds:* "I know that he was the first black in baseball, but if [Robinson] had been a shortstop, I'm sure I would want to know more about him."

TIM RAINES, *Montreal Expos:* "When I was growing up, I really didn't know too much about baseball."

LLOYD MOSEBY, *Toronto Blue Jays:* "I never knew the legacy of [Robinson]. I was never a baseball fan. He *was* one of the first black players to play in the major leagues."

CHILI DAVIS, *California Angels:* "I don't know much about [Robinson]. All I know is that he was the first black [major league player]."

FRED McGRIFF, *Toronto Blue Jays:* "That's kind of tough [to answer] because I've never seen him play."

TONY GWYNN, *San Diego Padres:* "Obviously, if it weren't for Jackie, there wouldn't be a lot of blacks playing baseball today."

JOE CARTER, *Cleveland Indians:* "Jackie went through [a lot] for us so we could get in the big leagues."

BARRY BONDS, *Pittsburgh Pirates:* "I know very little about [Robinson]."

TOM GORDON, *Kansas City Royals:* "I know he was a great player, but that's all I know."

DWIGHT GOODEN, *New York Mets:* "I didn't follow Jackie Robinson's career."

KEN GRIFFEY JR., *Seattle Mariners:* "I don't know anything about Jackie Robinson."

ODDIBE McDOWELL, *Atlanta Braves:* "I know he was the first black player. I was too young to know anything else."

JEROME WALTON, *Chicago Cubs:* "I never got to know Jackie Robinson. I can't really say anything about the guy, because I never followed baseball. I just played the game."

LOU WHITAKER, *Detroit Tigers:* "I don't know anything about him except that he was a famous baseball player."

RICKY JORDAN, *Philadelphia Phillies:* "Sorry, I can't help you."

LEE SMITH, *Boston Red Sox:* "If Jackie hadn't stuck his neck out for me, there would be no way I'd be making over one million dollars."

JOHNNY RAY, *California Angels:* "What little I know about him is that he set the tone for all of us to play baseball."

DAVE HENDERSON, *Oakland A's:* "The success of Jackie Robinson is the reason I wear his number. The man was a great player."



Death of an Umpire, *a painting on linen by Elbert Davis. From* Diamonds Are Forever, *a traveling exhibition of baseball art, literature, and memorabilia. The show will be on display next month at the Institute of Contemporary Art in Boston.*

[Story]

DEATH OF A RIGHT FIELDER

By Stuart Dybek. From The Coast of Chicago, *a collection of his stories published recently by Knopf. Dybek grew up in Chicago and teaches at Western Michigan University.*

After too many balls went out and never came back, we went out to check. It was a long walk—he always played deep. Finally we saw him; from a distance he resembled the towel we sometimes threw down for second base.

It was hard to tell how long he'd been lying there, sprawled on his face. Had he been playing infield, his presence, or lack of it, would of course have been noticed immediately. The infield demands communication—the constant, reassuring chatter of team play. But he was remote, clearly an outfielder. The infield is for wisecrackers, pepper pots, gum-poppers; the outfield is for loners, onlookers, brooders who would rather study clover and swat gnats than holler. People could pretty much be divided between infielders and outfielders. Not that one always has a choice. He didn't necessarily choose right field so much as accept it.

There were several theories as to what killed him. From the start, the most popular was that he'd been shot. Perhaps from a passing car, possibly by that gang calling themselves the Jokers, who played sixteen-inch softball in the center of the housing project on the concrete diamond with painted bases, or by the Latin Lords, who didn't play sports, period. Or maybe some pervert with a telescopic sight, shooting from a bedroom window, or a mad sniper from a water tower, or a terrorist with a silencer from the expressway overpass, or maybe it was an accident, a stray slug from a robbery, or shoot-out, or assassination attempt miles away.

No matter who pulled the trigger, it seemed more plausible to ascribe his death to a bullet than to natural causes like, say, a heart attack. Young deaths are never natural; they're all violent. Not that kids don't die of heart attacks. But he never seemed the type. Sure, he was quiet, but not the quiet of someone always listening for the heart murmur his parents repeatedly warned him about since he was old enough to play. Nor could it have been leukemia. He wasn't a talented enough athlete to die of that. He'd have been playing center, not right, if leukemia was going to get him.

The shooting theory was better, even though there wasn't a mark on him. Couldn't it have been, as some argued, a high-powered bullet traveling with such velocity that its hole fused behind it? Still, not everyone was satisfied. Other theories were formulated, rumors became

legends over the years: He'd had an allergic reaction to a bee sting; been struck by a single bolt of lightning from a freak, instantaneous electrical storm; ingested too strong a dose of insecticide from the grass blades he chewed on; sonic waves, radiation, pollution, etc. And a few of us like to think it was simply that, chasing a sinking liner, diving to make a shoestring catch, he broke his neck.

There *was* a ball in the webbing of his mitt when we turned him over. His mitt had been pinned under his body and was coated with an almost luminescent gray film. The same gray was on his black high-top gym shoes, as if he'd been running through lime, and it was on the bill of his baseball cap—the blue felt one with the red C that he always denied stood for the Chicago Cubs. He may have been a loner, but he didn't want to be identified with a loser. He lacked the sense of humor for that, lacked the perverse pride that sticking with a loser season after season breeds, and the love. He was just an ordinary guy, .250 at the plate, and we stood above him not knowing what to do next. By then the guys from the other outfield positions had trotted over. Someone, the shortstop probably, suggested team prayer. But no one could think of a team prayer. So we all just stood there, silently bowing our heads, pretending to pray while the shadows moved darkly across the outfield grass. After a while the entire diamond was swallowed and the field lights came on.

In the bluish squint of those lights, he didn't look like someone we'd once known—nothing looked quite right—and we hurriedly scratched a shallow grave, covered him over, and stamped it down as much as possible so that the next right fielder, whoever he'd be, wouldn't trip. It could be just such a seemingly trivial stumble that would ruin a great career before it had begun, or hamper it years later the way Mantle's was hampered by bum knees. One can never be sure the kid beside you isn't another Roberto Clemente; and who can ever know how many potential Great Ones have gone down in the obscurity of their neighborhoods? And so, in the catcher's phrase, we "buried the grave" rather than contribute to any further tragedy. In all likelihood, the next right fielder, whoever he'd be, would be clumsy too, and if there was a mound to trip over he'd find it and break *his* neck, and soon right field would get the reputation as haunted, a kind of sandlot Bermuda Triangle, inhabited by phantoms calling for ghostly fly balls, where no one but the most desperate outcasts, already on the verge of suicide, would be willing to play.

Still, despite our efforts, we couldn't totally disguise it. A fresh grave is stubborn. Its outline remained visible—a scuffed bald spot that might have been mistaken for an aberrant pitcher's mound except for the bat jammed in the earth with the mitt and blue cap hooked over the handle. Perhaps we didn't want to make it disappear completely—a part of us was resting there. Perhaps we wanted the new right fielder, whoever he'd be, to notice and wonder about who played there before him, realizing he was not the only link between past and future that mattered.

As for us, we walked back, but by then it was too late—getting on to supper, getting on to the end of summer vacation, time for other things, college, careers, settling down and raising a family. Past thirty-five the talk starts about being over the hill, about a graying Phil Niekro in his forties still fanning them with the knuckler as if it's some kind of miracle, beating the odds. And maybe the talk is right. One remembers Willie Mays, forty-two years old and a Met, dropping that can-of-corn fly in the '73 Series, all that grace stripped away and with it the conviction, leaving a man confused and apologetic about the boy in him. It's sad to admit it ends so soon, but everyone knows those are the lucky ones. Most guys are washed up by seventeen.

[Diary]

THE LADY IN THE VAN

From a journal by Alan Bennett that appeared in the October 26, 1989, issue of the London Review of Books. *Bennett, who lives in London, writes for television and the theater. His play* Single Spies *is on tour in England and is scheduled to open in New York City next fall.*

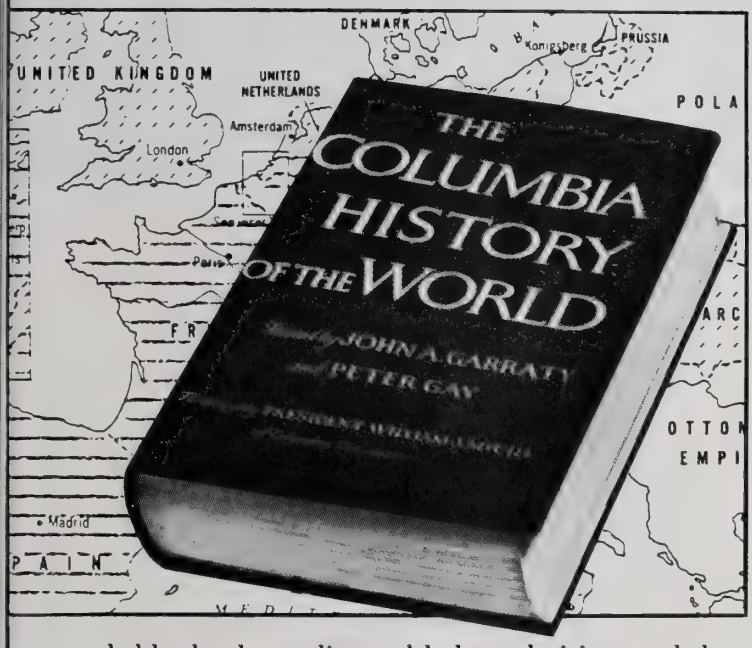
"I ran into a snake this afternoon," Miss Shepherd said. "It was coming up Parkway. It was a long, gray snake, a boa constrictor, possibly. It was keeping close to the wall and seemed to know its way. I've a feeling it may have been heading for the van." I was relieved that she didn't demand I call the police, as she regularly did if anything out of the ordinary occurred. Instead, she brought her mug over and I made her a drink, which she took back to the van. "I thought I'd better tell you," she said, "just to be on the safe side. I've had some close shaves with snakes."

This encounter with the putative boa took place in the summer of 1971, when Miss Shepherd and her van had for some time been at a permanent halt opposite my house on Gloucester Crescent in Camden Town. The street, in

Columbia University Presents

The History of the World in One Brilliant Volume!

This classic work represents the best efforts of Columbia University's most renowned scholars. Its scope is monumental, covering all aspects of our history from the beginning of the universe to the modern age. Add to this its remarkable depth, quality and balanced vision, and the result is a volume of unrivaled scholarship and authority.



The Story Behind the *Columbia History*

The creation of the *Columbia History* was among the most important scholarly projects of recent years. A team of 40 Columbia professors collaborated on it, including historians, economists, political scientists, sociologists, biologists and astronomers. Each scholar contributed sections on his subject or period of expertise. Editors Peter Gay and John A. Garraty, both eminent historians and writers, interwove the material into a cogent narrative of the world's history.

A Book of Permanent Value—for Only $9.95

Unlike most books today, the *Columbia History* has enough reading material for several lifetimes of reading. Over the years, you'll turn to the *Columbia History* to explore new areas of interest and reread the sections that have always fascinated you. You will have an ever-growing understanding of Western civilization's origins and progress, plus an expanding awareness of non-Western history and culture. *The Columbia History* is a perfect addition to anyone's library because it is both a well-written historical narrative and an authoritative reference work.

Most books of this scope, size, and permanent value sell for exorbitant prices, but thanks to Barnes & Noble's 60% discount, the *Columbia History* costs only *$9.95*. Surely, that's a small price to pay for a life-long investment in learning and a reference you'll turn to often.

Why Everyone Needs a World History

Let's face it—most of us, whatever our educational credentials, have large gaps in our knowledge of history. There are whole eras and countries we know nothing about; even in familiar subjects, we're sometimes a bit hazy on the sequence of events. A book of world history, particularly an excellent one like the *Columbia*, can fill the gaps in our learning and give us a solid chronological framework. Nearly 100 distinctively drawn and rigorously reasearched maps visually document the world as it evolved from the ancient past to the brooding present. 1,237pp.

SPECIAL OFFER
60% Discount
Published at $25.00
NOW ONLY $9.95

Barnes & Noble Unconditional Guarantee
You must be completely satisfied with every item you order from Barnes & Noble by mail, or you may return it to us, for a full refund

Barnes & Noble
Booksellers Since 1873

DEPT. C222
126 FIFTH AVE.
NY, NY 10011

1041631. Please rush me _____ copies of the **Columbia History of the World** at your special sale price of $9.95 (plus $1.75 postage and handling). **Add sales tax for deliveries to CT, MA, MN, NJ, NY, PA, & CA (6%).**

Name _____

Address _____ Apt.# _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

☐ Check ☐ Mastercard ☐ VISA ☐ American Express

Expiration Date Month/Year ☐☐☐☐

Credit Card Number ☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐

Signature _____

those days, was still a bit of a mixture. Its large, semidetached villas had originally been built to house the Victorian middle class. Later, the neighborhood decayed, and many of the villas degenerated into rooming houses, which were among the first candidates for gentrification by young professionals in the late Sixties. The community was characterized by the disparity between the style in which the new arrivals found themselves able to live and their progressive opinions: guilt, simply put. It was in this gap between our social position and our social obligation that Miss Shepherd (in her van) was able to live.

I had first come in contact with her a few years before, her van stalled near the convent at the top of the street. Miss Shepherd, not looking uncrucified herself, was standing by her vehicle in an attitude with which I was to become familiar: left arm extended, with the palm flat against the side of the van, indicating ownership; the right summoning anyone who was fool enough to take notice of her, on this occasion me. Nearly six feet tall, she was a commanding figure and would have been more so had she not been outfitted in greasy raincoat, orange skirt, Ben Hogan golfing cap, and carpet slippers. At the time, she would have been going on sixty.

She prevailed upon me to push the van as far as Albany Street. Scarcely had I put my shoulder to the back of the vehicle when a long arm was stretched elegantly out of the driver's window to indicate, in textbook fashion, that she (or rather I) was ready to go. A few yards farther on, as we were about to turn onto Albany Street, the arm emerged again, twirling elaborately in the air to indicate that we were turning left. When I stopped pushing the van, Miss Shepherd shouted angrily that she wanted the *other* end of Albany, a mile farther. But by this time I had had enough and left her there with no thanks for my trouble. Far from it. She even came running after me, shouting that I had no business abandoning her, so that passersby looked at me as if I had done some injury to this pathetic scarecrow. One seldom was able to do Miss Shepherd a good turn without some thoughts of strangulation.

June 1971

Scarcely a day passes now without some sort of incident involving the old lady. Yesterday evening at about ten, a sports car swerves over to her side of the road so that the driver—rich, smart, and in his twenties—can lean over and bang on the side of the van, presumably to flush out, for his grinning girlfriend, the old witch who lives there. I shout at him, and he sounds his horn and roars off. Miss S., as usual, wants the police called, but I can't see the point; and indeed around five this morning I wake to find two policemen at much the same game, idly shining their torches in the windows in the hope that she'll wake up and enliven a dull hour of their beat.

These attacks, I'm sure, disturbed my peace of mind more than they did hers. One night two drunks systematically smashed all the windows of the van, the flying glass cutting Miss S.'s face. Furious over any small liberty, she was only mildly disturbed by this. "They may have had too much to drink by mistake," she said. "That does occur through not having eaten, possibly."

But to find such sadism and intolerance so close at hand began to depress me, and having to be on the alert for every senseless attack made it impossible to work. There came a day when, after a long succession of such incidents, I suggested that she spend at least the nights in a lean-to in the garden by the side of my house.

In giving Miss S. sanctuary in my garden and landing myself with a tenancy that eventually went on for more than fifteen years, I was never under any illusion that the impulse was purely charitable. But I wanted a quiet life as much as, and possibly more than, she did. In the garden, she was at least out of harm's way.

April 1974

The city has forbidden Miss S. from parking her van permanently on the street, so she has moved it to a paved area between my front door and the garden gate. Now visitors to my house have to squeeze past the van, and while they wait for my door to be opened they are scrutinized from behind the murky windshield by Miss Shepherd. If they are unlucky, they find the rear door open, with Miss S. dangling her large white legs over the back and a view of the interior of the van, with its heaps of old clothes, plastic bags, and half-eaten food.

At night the impression is haunting. I have run a cable from the house to give her light and heat, and through the ragged draperies that hang over the van's windows, a visitor can glimpse Miss S.'s spectral figure, often bent over in prayer or lying on her side like an effigy on a tomb, her face resting on one hand as she listens to the radio. She retires early and will complain if anyone calls or leaves late at night. Recently, Coral Browne and her husband, Vincent Price, were talking quietly while leaving the house. "Pipe down," snapped the voice from the van. "I'm trying to sleep." For someone who has brought terror to millions, it was an unexpected taste of his own medicine.

Miss S.'s daily emergence from the van was highly dramatic. Suddenly and without warning, the rear door would open, revealing the ter-



Urban Beast, *a painting by Luis Cruz Azaceta. From* The Decade Show: Frameworks of Identity in the 1980s, *an exhibition organized in New York City by the Museum of Contemporary Hispanic Art, the New Museum of Contemporary Art, and the Studio Museum in Harlem. The show will be on view at all three institutions from May until August.*

rible interior. After a pause, she would hurl outside several bulging plastic sacks. After another pause, she would lower, slowly and with great caution, one sturdy slippered leg onto the ground and then the other. It was the first sight of the day's wardrobe. Hats were always a feature: a black railway man's hat worn slightly askew so that she looked like a drunken signalman; a Charlie Brown pitcher's hat; and, once, an octagonal straw table mat, tied on with a chiffon scarf and a bit of an old cornflake packet for the peak. Her skirts had a telescopic appearance, since she lengthened them many times by simply sewing a strip of extra cloth around the hem.

When she fell afoul of the authorities, she blamed it on her clothes. Once late at night the police rang me from Tunbridge Wells, a suburb south of London. They had picked her up at the station, thinking her dress was a nightie. She was indignant. "Does it look like a nightie? You see lots of people wearing dresses like this. I don't think this style can have got to Tunbridge Wells yet."

October 1984

Replaced the carpet on the stairs today. Spotting the carpet in the trash, Miss S. says it would be just the thing for the roof of the van, to deaden the sound of the rain. This exchange occurs as I am leaving for work, but I say that I do not want the van festooned with bits of old carpet—it looks bad enough as it is. When I come back in the evening, I find half the carpet remnants slung over the roof. I ask who put them there, since she couldn't have done it herself. "A friend," she says mysteriously. Enraged, I pull down a token piece, but the majority stays.

March 1987

The nuns from the convent up the road have taken to doing some of Miss S.'s shopping. One of them leaves a bag on the back step of the van this morning. Among the items are several packets of sanitary napkins. I can see these would be difficult articles for her to ask me to get, though to ask a nun to get them would seem quite hard for her too. They form some part of her elaborate toilet arrangements, which I have never entirely fathomed, though it seems to involve the plastic bags that she hurls from the van every morning. As the postman says, "The smell sometimes knocks you back a bit."

June 1987

Miss S. has persuaded Social Services to allocate her a wheelchair, though what she'd really set her heart on was the electric kind.

Miss S.: That boy across the road has one. Why not me?

Me: He can't walk.

Miss S.: How does he know? He hasn't tried.

Enough Information About Scotch To Order A Drink.

You're thirsty for Scotch and water. But if you just say "Scotch and water," you're taking a chance on mediocrity. Say "Ballantine's and water," and you'll get a smooth, mellow, smoky Scotch with a hint of Island peat and a breath of Highland smoke. Your water will taste a lot better, too.



Ballantine's
THE TRUE TASTE OF SCOTCH.

Ballantine's Blended Scotch Whisky, 43% Alc./Vol. (86 proof). © 1989 Maidstone Wine & Spirits Inc. Los Angeles, CA

Enough Information About Scotch To Have A Conversation.

You're out on the town with a friend. But you hesitate before ordering the same old Scotch.

Peering over the bar, you spot a bottle of Ballantine's Finest.

"Hmm. I haven't had that in a while."

"One of the better blends," your friend says. "Number one in Europe."

So you order Ballantine's and water.

"It has 42 different single malts in it," he says.

"Really? Does that matter?"

"Only if you like your Scotch to be smooth."

You take a sip.

"It is smooth. How come it tastes smoky?"

Your friend explains, "That's from Highland single malts in the blend. Taste it again. It has an earthy flavor, too."

You do and it does.

"That's peat. From the Scottish islands. See, with blended Scotch, the single malts are married together to enhance each other. But you can still taste the individual flavors."

"You know too much. How am I supposed to keep up with that?"

"We have time," he says. "Another round?"

Ballantine's
THE TRUE TASTE OF SCOTCH.

Enough Information About Scotch To Open A Distillery.

First, you need water. Scotland has more than enough, because it rains so much. And the best, because on its way to the burns and lochs, Scottish water is naturally filtered and purified as it flows through granite or peat.



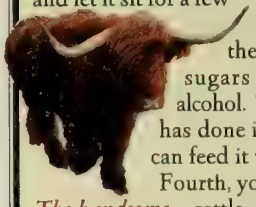
Aristotle. He would have enjoyed Ballantine's.

Second, you need peat. Peat, to put it delicately, is a layer of compressed vegetable matter covering about 1,700,000 acres in Scotland. That's 11% of the entire country. That's a lot of peat. You can taste the peat in a great Scotch like Ballantine's Finest. What you do is cut it into logs and burn it in kilns to stop the malting of your barley.



Some people are cut out to run a distillery. Some aren't.

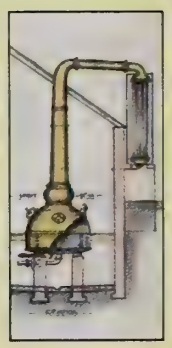
Third, you need barley. Barley is one of those grains that thrives where you might think only rocks would grow. Which is why it does so well in Scotland. You malt your barley by soaking it in water, then drying it over the peaty fire. Then you grind it, mix in hot water and let it sit for a few hours. Add a little yeast to the liquid and the sugars turn into alcohol. The barley has done its job. You can feed it to cattle.



The handsome Highland cattle.

Fourth, you need cattle. Some of the happiest cattle in the world live in Scotland. (Not to mention some of the best tasting.)

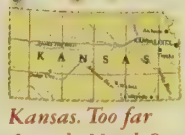
Fifth, you need a still. These are the funny looking copper pots without which there would be no Scotch. It is said that Aristotle invented distillation. But sadly, he never lived to taste a fine Scotch like Ballantine's. After distillation, you have whisky. Which longs for barrels in which to grow old.



Save your pennies for a copper still.

Sixth, you need barrels. There aren't many oak trees left in Scotland. At least not enough to age Ballantine's Finest. So you need oak barrels imported from America. Once your Scotch is in the barrels, you need to put them away for a long time.

Seventh, it helps to have an ocean. There's a refreshing scent of sea air in a select few of the single malts used in Ballantine's. Some say it creeps into barrels stored near the ocean. In any case, it adds distinction to the Scotch. It may be that Scotland is the best place to make Scotch precisely because there's no point more than 70 miles from the sea. Kansas is not a good place to make Scotch.



Kansas. Too far from the North Sea.

And last, you'll need patience. The only thing left to do is wait. If you want your Scotch to be part of Ballantine's Finest, you'll have to wait quite a while, because we don't blend any malt whisky younger than five years. Patience is essential when starting your own distillery. But, as you've read this far, it would seem that you have a good supply of it.



Whew! If the thought of all this work makes you feel a bit tattered, you might enjoy a glass of Ballantine's Finest. Maybe you don't need your own distillery after all.

Please write. We welcome all letters.

Ballantine's
THE TRUE TASTE OF SCOTCH.

Write to: Ballantine's P.O. Box 8925 Universal City, CA 91608.

Me: Miss Shepherd, he has spina bifida.

Miss S.: Well, I was round-shouldered as a child. That may not be serious now, but it was quite serious then. I've gone through two wars. Why should old people be disregarded?

Miss S. never masters the technique of self-propulsion in the wheelchair because she refuses to use the inner handwheel ("I can't be doing with all that silliness"). Instead, she prefers to punt herself along with two walking sticks, looking in the process like a skier on the flats.

July 1987

Miss S. (bright green visor, purple skirt, brown cardigan, turquoise fluorescent ankle socks) punts her way out through the gate in the wheelchair. A passerby takes pity on her and whisks her down to the market. Except Miss S. is not quite whisked, because she refuses to take her large, trailing, carpet-slippered feet off the ground.

Still, there will be one moment to relish on this, as on all these journeys. When she has been pushed back from the market, she tells (and it is *tell,* there is never any thanks) whomever is pushing the chair to leave her opposite the gate on the crest of the road. Then, when she thinks no one is looking, she lifts her feet, pushes herself off, and freewheels the few yards down to the gate. The look on her face is one of pure pleasure.

January 1988

I ask Miss S. if yesterday was her birthday. Guardedly, she acknowledges that it was. "So you're seventy-seven." "Yes. How did you know?" "I saw it once when you filled out the census form." I give her a bottle of whiskey as a present. "Oh. Thank you." Pause. "Mr. Bennett. Don't tell anybody." "About the whiskey?" "No. About my birthday." Pause. "Mr. Bennett." "Yes?" "About the whiskey either."

September 1988

Miss S. has started thinking about living in a flat. She had considered this before, when the city offered her one. But this time she has her eye on something much closer to home. My home. We are talking in the hall by the front door, and eventually I leave her sitting on the stoop while I go back to work. This situation is familiar: my sitting at the table wanting to get on with my work, Miss S. sitting right outside, rambling. This time she goes on talking to herself about the flat, but knowing that I can hear: "It need only be a little flat, even a room, possibly. Of course, I can't manage stairs, so it would have to be on the ground floor. Though I'd pay to have a lift put in." (Louder) "And the lift wouldn't be wasted. They'd have it for their old age. And they'll have to be thinking about their old age quite soon."

Toward the end of 1988, Miss S. was befriended by a former nurse who lived nearby and who put me in touch with a day center. They agreed to take Miss Shepherd in, give her a bath and a medical examination and even a bed in a single room, where she could stay if she wanted. In retrospect, I see I should have done something along the same lines years before, except that it was only when age and illness had weakened Miss Shepherd that she would accept such help. Even now it was not easy.

April 1989

A red ambulance calls to take Miss S. to the day center. A social worker talks to her for a while in the van, gradually coaxing her out and into the wheelchair, streaks of shit on her swollen feet, a piece of toilet roll clinging to one scaly ankle. "And if I don't like it," she keeps asking, "can I come back?" I reassure her, but looking at the inside of the van and trying to cope with the stench, I find it hard to see how she can go on living there much longer. Once she sees the room they are offering her, the bath, the clean sheets, I can't imagine her wanting to come back. The chair is placed on the hoist, and slowly she rises and comes into view above the level of the garden wall. There is a certain distinction about her as she leaves, the heavy folds of her grimy face set in a kind of resigned satisfaction. She may even be enjoying herself.

When she has gone, I walk around the van, noting the occasions of our old battles, all of which I lost. Now I imagine her bathed and bandaged and cleanly clothed and starting a new life. I even see myself visiting and taking flowers.

This fantasy fades rapidly when at around 2:30 P.M. Miss S. reappears, washed and in clean clothes, with a long pair of white hospital socks over her shrunken legs. She is obviously very pleased to be back.

As I am leaving for the theater, she bangs on the door of the van with her stick. I open the door. She is lying wrapped in clean white sheets on a quilt laid over all the accumulated filth and rubbish of the van. She is still worrying that I will have her taken to the hospital. I tell her there's no question of it and that she can stay as long as she wants. I close the door, but there is another bang, and I reassure her again. Once more I close the door, but she bangs again. "Mr. Bennett." I have to strain to hear. "I'm sorry the van's in such a state. I haven't been able to do any spring cleaning."

These were her last words. Miss Shepherd died sometime that night. ■

BUT WHAT ABOUT AFRICA?

On the global economy's lost continent

By Richard J. Barnet

Like the term *national security*, the word *development* artfully conceals an entire worldview. It is a word appropriated from nature and applied to man-made chaos. Flowers develop because they are genetically programmed to open and then to wither; babies develop by following biologically determined paths, the likes of which no one has yet discovered for any society, much less for the political economy of the earth. Healthy development in both flowers and babies requires a nurturing environment, and human beings have acquired considerable experience about how to achieve it. But we know much less about what societies and economies need in order to develop. While some of the ideological recipes—state socialism, social democracy, Japanese capitalism, state capitalism under military rule, Reaganomics—obviously yield better results than others, no one has yet come up with a formula for assuring sustainable growth, a decent standard of living for all, and the promise of a more equitable distribution of wealth.

It has been forty-one years since Harry Truman set a national goal for the United States to "relieve the suffering" of people in the vast "underdeveloped areas" of the world through the spread of "industrial activity" and "greater production . . . the key to prosperity." Since the days of the Marshall Plan and Point Four (technical assistance for underdeveloped countries announced in Truman's inaugural address in 1949), brave talk of inevitable "takeoffs" into industrial prosperity has given way to the realization not only that the paths to development are different for different countries, depending upon their histories, cultures, and politics, but that for the poorest countries the paths are well hidden. Nowhere are the paths to development more obscured than in Africa.

The illusions proclaimed in early U.S.-aid rhetoric—that the poorest countries could walk the same path to development that made the United States "preeminent among nations in the development of industrial and scientific techniques," and that with enough patience, hard work, and outside aid they could "catch up" or even "close the gap"—now seem hope-

Richard J. Barnet is a senior fellow at the Institute for Policy Studies in Washington. His most recent book is The Rockets' Red Glare: When America Goes to War, The Presidents & the People *(Simon & Schuster).*

Most of the traditional hardheaded commercial and military reasons for pouring money into Africa's poor countries have begun to sound old-fashioned or off point

lessly naive to anyone who visits the African continent, as I recently did. At the same time, most of the traditional hardheaded commercial and military reasons for pouring money into Africa's poor countries—keeping communism out of the Third World, making poor countries safe for economic penetration and resource exploitation—have begun to sound old-fashioned or off point. The Soviets are busy at home. Resources turn out to be well distributed around the globe, and, increasingly, synthetics can be substituted. Cheap labor is available almost anywhere. Poor people do not make good customers, and not very many of them get rich.

The World Bank began its quest for development in the late 1940s by setting a goal of "rapid industrialization." This meant financing huge projects—dams, roads, tourist meccas—that would generate capital. The benefits would eventually find their way to the poor. In the intervening years the doctors of development have tried many different remedies. When Robert McNamara was president of the World Bank in the early 1970s, he insisted upon paying special attention to the "basic needs" of the "poorest of the poor." But faced with the world recession of the early 1980s, in the wake of the "oil shocks," and the resulting trillion dollars of Third World debt, the World Bank switched course again. It shed its social-worker guise and became a stern economic taskmaster and cop.

The World Bank began tying its loans to the willingness of poor countries to make "structural adjustments" in their feeble economies. To qualify for a Structural Adjustment Loan, a government had to agree to devalue its currency, reduce government payrolls, encourage the export sector, let the market set food prices, and in many cases cut back health, education, and welfare programs. These austerity measures, applauded by bankers and businessmen as a long-overdue dose of realism, were denounced by some African governments as "neocolonial" schemes to take over their countries. The bitter pills, they declared, were nothing short of poison. The United Nations Children's Fund (UNICEF) lent some support for the charge that the World Bank and its sister agency, the International Monetary Fund (IMF), were trying to save economies at the expense of people.

The decline in social spending has led to increasing malnutrition in countries in which the bottom 40 percent of the population, according to World Bank statistics, typically receives 10 percent or less of the national income. UNICEF has called for "adjustment with a human face." Having been greeted at its annual meetings by hundreds of demonstrators shouting "The World Bank kills babies" and subjected to devastating critiques by a variety of Third World economists, nongovernmental relief agencies, and the Economic Commission for Africa, the World Bank rededicated itself in 1987 to "dramatically revers[ing] the global trend of increasing impoverishment" by the year 2000. Bank documents were published that acknowledged mistakes of the past and addressed such critical and previously neglected issues as land reform and the exploitation of women—who do most of the work in many African and other Third World countries and get to spend little of the money. (This is more than a matter of injustice, since the women tend to spend money on their children while the men tend to spend it on themselves.) In November 1989 the World Bank published a study on Africa that showed much greater awareness of African sensibilities and more willingness to address the negative impact of austerity measures on poor people, which in Africa means most people. How much the World Bank's operations will change, however, is not yet clear.

A considerable portion of the money spent on foreign aid, in Africa as elsewhere, supports well-educated, well-paid officials and consultants from prosperous countries who have helped to design, finance, and construct big projects or to dispense money, food, shots, condoms, tech-

nology of all sorts—but mostly advice—to the governments of poor countries. Graham Hancock, a former correspondent for *The Economist,* has written a thundering denunciation of these "lords of poverty" and "aristocrats of mercy," as he calls them. The top-level administrators of largesse make easy targets: living like viceroys, with budgets for chauffeurs, gardeners, wine cellars, swimming pools, and tennis courts. Though they reside only a few miles away from the slums, these upscale modern missionaries behind their high walls and barred windows in the exclusive suburbs of Third World capitals could not be more separated, physically and psychologically, from the people they have come to help.

I have met conscientious aid administrators and dispensers in African nations who make heroic efforts to see their "patient" countries as more than a set of economic indicators and a blur of poor people. But for too many in the development business, their colonial life-style serves as a curtain. Under peer pressure not to "go native," they have no way of knowing how the money and advice they dispense actually affect the poor majority. Just doing their job—negotiating with ministers, fending off avaricious contractors, managing projects—encourages them to overlook the hidden strengths of people struggling out of poverty: the dignity and hope poor men and women exhibit, their ingenuity to survive in an increasingly hostile environment, their astounding entrepreneurial skills.

Do the ministrations of the doctors of development do more harm than good? I am not talking about famous mistakes—dams that dry up rivers, impoverishing the poor inhabitants on its banks and causing epidemics of onchocerciasis (river blindness). Nor am I referring to instances of well-intended development projects having accelerated the devastation of forests. (In East Africa, some 70 percent of the forests is already gone.) Nor do the seemingly endless stories of the human willingness to profit from the misery of other human beings—stories of swindling bureaucrats and thieving charities—decide the case one way or the other. What set of human institutions, especially one with $60 billion to spend—this representing the total expenditure on development last year by the World Bank, rich nations, and private aid groups—is free of corruption?

The real issue is whether the relationship between aid-giving countries and aid receivers is so fundamentally flawed that the doctors of development would be better advised to take down their shingles. Faced with intractable and worsening poverty, a few despairing aid officials and consultants are beginning to sound like their radical critics. Feeling the burden of the Hippocratic oath—First, do no harm!—these disillusioned aid givers wonder whether it is not time to cut back, scale down, go home.

Africa is the continent most in need of intensive care. The continent has 650 million people, roughly 280 million of whom are poor by anybody's standards. The poorest of the poor live mostly in "sub-Saharan" Africa: black Africa minus South Africa and Namibia. With the fastest-growing population in the world and a total gross domestic product only about the size of Belgium's, sub-Saharan Africa is caught up in a process of development characterized by environmental destruction, political corruption, and dimming prospects for the poor majority. As the president of the World Bank, Barber B. Conable, put it a few months ago, "Overall, Africans are almost as poor today as they were thirty years ago." A senior official of the Agency for International Development pronounced all of sub-Saharan Africa—with a few enclaves excepted—to be a "basket case" and told me that pouring substantially more foreign money into the region would do no good whatever. Corruption, mismanagement, and the persistence of tribal politics all conspire to direct well-meant subsidies into the wrong pockets, much of the money ending up in numbered accounts in Zurich banks.

In the 1970s Africa caught the attention of the United States and other

With a total gross domestic product only about the size of Belgium's, sub-Saharan Africa is caught up in a process of development characterized by environmental destruction and political corruption



Illustrations by Valerie Sinclair

Africa today is threatened not as much by exploitation as by its marginalization in an increasingly integrated global economy



industrial countries because it appeared to be the next Cold War battleground. Soviet arms had poured onto the continent as military men espousing Marxist–Leninist rhetoric came to power in Ethiopia and Mozambique. U.S. interest in the continent heightened as the Horn of Africa was incorporated into Zbigniew Brzezinski's "arc of crisis," and anxious admirals peddled panic to Congress. With U.S. encouragement, a number of African countries increased their military spending.

Today, however, the world's gaze is shifting away from Africa. The Soviet Union has lost interest in its African clients, and in Washington it is no longer fashionable to push for bases and "rapid deployment capabilities" in East African waters. Receding as a Cold War battlefield, too poor and unstable to attract much foreign investment, racked by regional and internal wars in Ethiopia, Sudan, Somalia, and elsewhere, sub-Saharan Africa participates at the fringes of international commerce. (The entire continent accounts for 3 percent of world trade.) I once heard the Nobel Prize–winning economist Gunnar Myrdal say that were the whole continent to disappear beneath the sea—South Africa aside—the world economy would hardly be disturbed. Africa today is threatened not so much by exploitation, as in the first half of the century, as by its marginalization in an increasingly integrated global economy.

Recently I went to Kenya, long considered a "middle income" African country by the World Bank ($330 per capita annual income), to try to understand better what development is, whether it is happening, and what role the dispensers of foreign aid are playing. Kenya seemed a good test case, perhaps the most hopeful country on a continent most of which seems to be sliding off the map. Kenya has enjoyed high growth rates and relatively low inflation since gaining independence. On a continent where the average ruler hangs on for seven months, Kenya has had just two presidents in the twenty-six years since the Union Jack came down. Unlike neighboring Ethiopia, Tanzania, Uganda, Sudan, and Somalia, Kenya has steered clear of wars. It is a tourist attraction, blessed with the best harbor in East Africa, the world's second-largest freshwater lake, and a great stretch of the Great Rift Valley—the geological marvel in which the earliest known ancestors of *Homo sapiens* are thought to have appeared. It has a well-developed civil service. Although recent years have been rocky, it has grown almost enough food most years since independence to take care of its people. The World Bank's report *Sub-Saharan Africa* gave a moderately upbeat account of Kenya's success in navigating the disastrous 1980s, though income distribution is increasingly skewed to the rich. (The poorest 40 percent of the people in Nairobi received 17 percent of the income in 1969, 13 percent in 1985.)

Kenya is also the African country that has the longest experience with the World Bank's shock treatments for stalled economies. The nation received its first Structural Adjustment Loan in 1980. Officials of the World Bank exert pressure in three main areas: (1) They push for greater emphasis on exports to earn foreign exchange, which is needed to import foreign technology, drugs, machinery, and to service foreign debt. (2) They insist that the government stop setting artificially low prices on food and other basic necessities. (3) They encourage the government to get out of business and to "privatize" sectors of the economy that have been run by inefficient and corrupt publicly owned corporations ("parastatals").

There is compelling logic to the stern advice from the international lending agencies. Plainly, poor countries like those of sub-Saharan Africa cannot behave as if they were foundations or welfare agencies unless they can get some rich country to foot the bill. That prospect has evaporated. Eastern Europe, not Africa, is now seen as the patient most likely to recover. Where will the poor African countries get foreign exchange to import fuel, technology, drugs, and the "infrastructure" of development if they do

not earn it? The catastrophic debt burden under which most of Africa staggers makes it clear that more borrowing in the international money market is not the answer. (Thirty-six cents of every dollar of foreign exchange Kenya earns goes to service its foreign debt.) Nor will billions in grants-in-aid from East or West fall like manna; the prospects are for reduced aid to these countries as the Cold War ebbs and aid-giving fashions change. Indeed, Africa is feeling the effects of a kind of Marshall Plan in reverse: In the 1980s more dollars were sucked from its poor countries—through interest payments and by flights of capital—than flowed into them.

Since equitable distribution of poverty is not a particularly inspiring goal, and certainly not a winning political slogan, most authoritarian African leaders have preferred to address their people's poverty by setting an example of opulent living. The record of African socialism, the ideology of most African states in the first flush of independence, is a story of dashed hopes and privation, equitably shared to some extent. Kenya never did more than nod in that direction. The prime goal was growth, not equity. More than most of its neighbors, Kenya let the market set food prices; and, though the state is still heavily involved in certain sectors of the economy, the government, appealing to the entrepreneurial spirit and tradition found among the dominant Kenyan tribes, always encouraged private enterprise.

It surely would have been unfair to do otherwise. The first two presidents of Kenya have been uncannily successful as investors, and while President Daniel arap Moi, now in the thirteenth year of his rule, has not matched the $5 billion President Sese Soko Mobuto of Zaire is supposed to have stashed away in banks and real estate around the world, it is widely assumed that his spare-time financial activities have done well enough to entitle him to inclusion on the *Forbes* list of the world's richest.*

No one can argue against structural changes in failing economies, but structural adjustment at the national level without a structural overhaul of the international economy is bound to fail. A country like Kenya cannot get out of its trap unless the ground rules of the world economy are reformed. There are hundreds of proposals for doing this, but the essential changes are two: If poor countries are expected to survive by exporting what they grow or make, the rich countries must open their markets, paying prices that do not further impoverish the exporters. If poor countries are expected to invest in future productivity, if they are ever to become good global customers, their crippling debt payments, or at least most of them, must be forgiven and forgotten.

Another problem with structural adjustment is that some of the medicine seems ill-advised, the dosages excessive—and, as a result, the side effects can be devastating. Take the great emphasis on pushing exports, for example. Kenya depends heavily on selling its tea and coffee on the world market. The country is also the world's fourth-largest exporter of flowers—mostly roses, orchids, and carnations. Arable land in Kenya is in short supply; more than 70 percent of the country is arid or semiarid. As more land is devoted to cash crops—coffee, tea, flowers—less land is available for subsistence agriculture. Some of the worst malnutrition in Kenya borders rich coastal lands used by Del Monte to grow pineapples for export.

Further, the export market is notoriously volatile. There was a coffee boom in the mid-1970s; then prices plummeted more than 60 percent and are still depressed. The World Bank warns that consumers may soon have a choice between Kenya's justly famous AA coffee and "biocoffee" beans made in laboratories in the United States (and also warns that "laboratory-produced vanilla may soon put the livelihood of 70,000 vanilla-bean farm-

If poor countries are expected to invest in future productivity, if they are ever to become global customers, their crippling debt payments, or at least most of them, must be forgiven and forgotten

It is claimed that a personal fortune is a requirement of office for a Kenyan president because of the peculiar institution known as harambee, *a Swahili word meaning "let's pull together." If, say, a school is needed in a remote district, the president holds a rally in the community at which he pledges a large sum and calls upon the populace to come up with the rest, in effect a local taxation scheme triggered by presidential charity.*

The case for austerity is overwhelming; the issue is how the pain is to be shared. The determinant now is neither economics nor social justice, but raw political power

ers in Madagascar in doubt"). The vicissitudes of the export market are infinite, almost totally unpredictable, and most likely to punish the world's poorest, frailest economies.

Kenya's greatest source of foreign exchange is tourism; the biggest attractions are the game parks. It is no longer lawful to shoot or sell rhinos, lions, hippos, and elephants, but they are rented every day to tourists who flock to the preserves for two-hour photo opportunities from the safety of a safari vehicle. Kenya's game parks are now under the direction of the famous naturalist Richard Leakey, and they are better managed than in some other African countries. But the tourist trade takes its toll on the environment. Safari vehicles racing over the bush to give the foreigners a rare glimpse of a leopard or a rhino have (along with stampeding elephants) reduced parts of the once lush Amboseli National Park to a dusty desert.

The hotel industry is also vulnerable. When I visited a coastal resort near Mombasa, the trade paper of the local tourist industry was full of the bad news from Sri Lanka: The political situation there had greatly improved, and tourists would be abandoning Kenya for the much cheaper beach hotels to the east. In the fiercely competitive export market that is barely growing, poor countries often make progress only at the expense of other poor countries.

The case for austerity is overwhelming; the issue is how the pain is to be shared. The determinant now is neither economics nor social justice, but raw political power. Thus the side effects of austerity fall on those with little power: the world's poor. As food prices rise and real wages fall, poor people, as one might expect, eat less. About 30 percent of the Kenyan population is malnourished, according to UNICEF studies, and severe malnutrition, I was told by doctors in Nairobi, is increasing.

Health care in Kenya is no longer free. Actually, in practice it never was. Patients learned to exercise their "right" to a bed or drugs by bribing the right person on the hospital staff or by bringing their own. Recently, the government has introduced a "cost-sharing" plan requiring patients to pay a small fee in order to be seen in government clinics and hospitals. As a consequence, hospital attendance is falling off. AIDS is rampant, but the extent of the epidemic is unknown because little testing is done.

There is public education in Kenya, but as the government is forced to cut back on its subsidies, the school dropout rate has increased. The future of the country depends on raising a new generation of aware, trained, self-sufficient citizens who can grasp the information and ideas that will enable them to escape poverty. Education is the key, but less government money will mean fewer Kenyans with even minimal schooling.

Neither the export boom nor the savings from the slashing of bloated bureaucracies touches the 60 percent of Nairobi's population who live in slums, typically with no electricity and but a single water source for as many as 200 families. Great, gaping, overpowering sewers crisscross these unimaginably squalid settlements, which no animal-rights group in the United States would tolerate as pigpens. The residents of Mathare Valley, reputed to be the largest slum in Africa, get scant attention from their government. There is a local office of the ruling party to get out the vote, a few devoted literacy teachers and health workers on government payrolls, and an occasional police patrol. A few private nongovernmental agencies are making valiant efforts with small resources to create jobs, teach people to read, and provide primary health care, but by and large the slum dwellers are part of the forgotten majority on the forgotten continent.

I was impressed with the intelligence, commitment, and absence of dogmatism of some officials from the World Bank, the United States Agency for International Development, and other donor agencies with whom I talked. A number of the agencies, including USAID, are funding local projects that seem extremely promising because they encourage and enable

poor people to take some control over their lives. There is a growing understanding that "technology transfer" has much less to do with shipping machines abroad than with helping people to use and repair them. The more self-reliant they become, the less they are at the mercy of landowners, local bosses, and petty officials who keep them poor. One project sponsored by the Swedish International Development Authority for a community water supply and sanitation project was impressive because it combined specially designed technology—an easily operated and easily reparable hand pump—with the development of a local community to deal with health and sanitation problems.

The World Bank has so much money to lend that most of its projects are huge. Little World Bank money is directly invested in poor people. It is a mammoth bureaucracy within which there are many contending ideas about what development is and what the role of lending agencies should be. The report *Sub-Saharan Africa* took months to be cleared, and some of its pages seem irreconcilable with adjoining pages. A number of aid bureaucrats and consultants I met kept alluding to the complex, codependent relationship between donor agencies and the host country. The aid bureaucracies in Nairobi need Kenya to justify their existence every bit as much as Kenya needs their money.

The charter of the World Bank imposes political blinders on the organization. It is supposed to be "above politics," dutifully servicing any government that meets its conditions, however repressive, however corrupt that government may be. In practice, the World Bank and other foreign-aid agencies exert major political influence through their choice of projects and by the conditions they impose. Nongovernmental agencies (NGOs) operate at the grass-roots level—building houses, running clinics, encouraging poor people to become their own leaders. But the government of Kenya is suspicious of NGO efforts to "empower" people by helping to organize and train them, for such people cannot then so easily be ignored or so cavalierly governed. Although it has become fashionable to ascribe an increasingly important role to NGOs and small projects, the government likes large projects because they are expensive and the usual 10 to 15 percent rake-off for the highest officials adds up to real money. But some Kenyans with whom I spoke worry that the NGOs are even less accountable for the money they receive and dispense than governments.

Virtually every Kenyan I talked to pointed out that the expatriate experts are at a distinct disadvantage because they do not, really cannot, comprehend the centrality of tribal politics, which affects almost every intervention into the economy. There are some forty-odd tribes in Kenya. The country's first president, Jomo Kenyatta, was a Kikuyu, and he favored his tribe in all sorts of ways, turning over the best government lands to its members, favoring them for admission to the university, and helping them to establish a dominant position in Kenyan financial and commercial institutions. For the last dozen years President Moi, a member of a small tribe, has been trying to cut the Kikuyus down to size, hounding them out of government and trying to reduce their influence in the economy. Almost every development decision is influenced by these bitter internal struggles, which often negate the intended beneficial effects. But they are not a matter for discussion between the donor agencies and the Kenyan government. The "white tribe" is kept at arm's length and can only guess what is happening behind the invective that cabinet ministers routinely hurl at one another in the daily papers. Diplomatic niceties make it mandatory to preserve the fiction that Kenya is well advanced on the road to "nation-building."

Kenya's economic growth is eclipsed by what is still the highest birthrate in the world and a declining death rate, one of the clear achievements of foreign aid. At the present rate of 4.1 percent a year, the population will double every eighteen years. The rapidly rising demand for food

Although it has become fashionable to ascribe an increasingly important role to small projects, the African governments like large projects: The usual 10 to 15 percent rake-off for the highest officials adds up to real money



The building of democratic institutions, especially at the local level, in a form compatible with local culture and tradition, is the key to the struggle out of poverty



and fuel is producing an ecological crisis—overgrazing, deforestation, and soil erosion. According to Janet Brown of the World Resources Institute, per capita food production is down 38 percent in Kenya since 1952.

There is an obvious connection between the population explosion and ecological stress. The more people there are, the more forests are cut down, the more water and soil are depleted, and the more destructive carbon emissions are let loose on the planet. Despite the restrictions on funding abortion adopted by the Bush administration, USAID and other aid agencies are making birth control information and contraceptives more available. But relatively few Kenyans make use of either. Kenyans still favor large families—more hands to work in the fields, more children to support their parents when they become old. (For most, there is no other social security or retirement income.) In a country where in some areas just a short time ago half the babies were likely to die before the age of five, families still tend to produce eight or nine children as insurance. The death rate for children in Kenya has actually fallen dramatically over the last twenty years, but there is a long lag between this new reality and the perceptions of most Kenyans. A major problem is that women have few rights. The men want many children. Education levels for women have improved enough to increase fertility and infant survival—women now know more about how to take care of themselves and their babies—but not enough for women to gain the confidence that they have the right to decide how many children they should have.

So the cycle of poverty, ignorance, high birth rates, environmental and social stress leaves chaos—and invites coercive rule to provide a patina of order. There are links, less obvious but no less important, between poverty, the population explosion, and the absence of democracy. Governments unable or unwilling to educate poor people, or to provide schools and decent health facilities for the majority in the rural areas, or to create jobs for the dispossessed who flock to the cities, tend to act like an occupation force. Poor people who are landless, jobless, and vulnerable to disease and hunger, who are ever at the mercy of moneylenders and corrupt officials, do not respect the soil, water, and forests the way their ancestors did before the forced march to development began. (This is not to romanticize life in Africa before the white man came. Whether Africa is better or worse off than before it was "discovered" would make a good Oxford Union debate, but the deed is done.)

Greater equity and social justice is now a precondition for ecological balance. But neither can be achieved unless the great majority of the population, who are poor men and women, have much more control over their own lives and destiny. The building of democratic institutions, especially at the local level, in a form compatible with local culture and tradition, is the key to the struggle out of poverty. It may not be sufficient, but it is essential.

Kenya, however, appears to be in headlong retreat from democracy. At a moment when statues of monomaniacal leaders in Eastern Europe are being torn down, President Moi is bent on defacing Nairobi's principal park with a sixty-foot statue of himself. It is not that the population needs to be reminded of his erect carriage and unsmiling face. Pictures are mandatory in every public space, and the single-channel TV features little else but presidential appearances. Kenya is a one-party state, and it no longer has a secret ballot. Political prisoners have been detained without trial; and though this practice has ceased as a result of international pressure, the exile of government critics, the torture of dissidents, and the attacks on the independent judiciary and trade unions have had a chilling effect on debate. (So zealous are the police that an American judge was arrested while observing a Kenyan trial and held overnight.) No one with whom I talked in Kenya, whether a Kenyan or a foreigner, wanted to be quoted. A recent U.S. ambassador in Nairobi called the country "fascist."

Where, then, is there any hope? Some Kenyans are looking to the revolution in South Africa to sweep across the continent. The African Nation-

al Congress and Fort Hare, the famous black university in South Africa, have had a profound influence on liberation movements all over Africa for almost eighty years, and the successful democratization of the only economic engine on the continent might prove contagious and serve to jumpstart other African economies. But perhaps the most promising source of change, in Kenya as elsewhere, is the "informal sector." In the face of absurd and contradictory government regulation, corruption, and harassment, poor people survive by their wits, energy, and entrepreneurial skill. By the side of the road or in the midst of a slum, they set up shop—as tailors, barbers, fixers of cars, makers of furniture. *Juicali,* it is called, meaning "under the sun." Hernando de Soto, the Peruvian author of *The Other Path,* which combines a wholesale attack on the state with a celebration of the informal sector in Latin America, recently visited Nairobi and aroused great interest among the aid givers there. Although he is a hero of the Right, many on the Left are also pinning their hopes on the informal sector, as the failures of antidemocratic government become more and more evident. Free of licensing and other restrictions that hamstring the production of goods and the rendering of services in the formal economy, this anarchic second economy is building an internal market in Kenya. The government had been hostile at first, but under pressure of lending agencies its attitude has become more positive. Some of the most impressive aid projects have involved the support of the informal sector—for example, a roof-tile factory employing 300 women in the Mathare Valley.

But the *juicali* economy is far from a panacea. It is small-scale. Incomes are low. Because it is unregulated, women and children are exploited, often outrageously. It can also be dangerous. *Matatus,* minibuses owned by small entrepreneurs, are often the sole means of transportation. The drivers are paid by the trip and number of passengers, and the result, of course, is that they are unbelievably overcrowded and they always speed. I saw four *matatus* overturned on roads during my stay.

The hope is that the informal sector could be expanded without reproducing the problems of the formal economy. People can become politicized by active participation in thriving small economies and mutual-support networks, which they themselves control. As the national government becomes more repressive and self-serving, democratic energy wells up at the local level to resist it—as happened in Eastern Europe. Thus, in response to the president's plans for a huge building to accompany his statue on practically the only piece of greenery the poor of Nairobi can claim as their own, a local greenbelt movement mobilized, and this helped to stall the project. Whether the park can be saved is not yet decided, but it is one of many examples of how the survival strategies of powerless people can force a change in repressive state structures.

The support that government, churches, foundations, and a variety of dedicated individuals are giving to small businesses, nongovernmental schools, clinics, children's homes, and credit unions is not only saving and changing lives but is laying the foundation for political transformation. However, these democratic possibilities can be nurtured only by making structural changes in the world economy to reverse the processes of impoverishment. Africa needs more support from the rich countries, not less, but how, where, and why money is to be spent on development—and what development is—are perhaps the most fateful political questions of the 1990s. The doctors of development will be under intense pressure to practice triage, shifting scarce resources away from the desperate countries of Africa to shore up the economies of Eastern Europe. But the world economy will not work as long as developed countries base their hopes on growth while the prospects for billions of people in Africa—in Asia and Latin America, too—continue to shrink. If people are denied the chance to be producers and consumers, they do not disappear. They make their presence felt—as participants in civil wars, as carriers of disease, as refugees, as despoilers of the environment, as a continuing reproach. ■

The hope is that the informal economic sector can be expanded. People can become politicized by active participation in thriving small economies and mutual-support networks, which they themselves control

FROM THE MOUTHS OF BABES TO A JAIL CELL

Child abuse and the abuse of justice: A case study

By Dorothy Rabinowitz

On August 2, 1988, Margaret Kelly Michaels, then twenty-six years old, was sentenced by a New Jersey judge to forty-seven years in prison. It was as harsh a sentence as any judge in this country is likely to mete out for a crime involving neither drugs nor murder, but it was not nearly harsh enough for most of those assembled in the courtroom that day at the Essex County Court House in Newark. She faced, according to those moved to carefully calculate such things (and there were many on hand), an imprisonment of no fewer than 730 years. Three months earlier, Michaels had been convicted on 115 (of an alleged 131) counts of sexual abuse against twenty children, ranging in age from three to five. Each of the children had been in her charge at the Wee Care Day Nursery, an exclusive preschool in the suburban community of Maplewood, New Jersey, about twenty miles from New York City; each of the crimes was said to have been committed during regular school hours at the nursery, essentially a few rented rooms in the basement and on the second and third floors of the town's large Episcopal church; each day during the seven months she worked as a teacher's aide and then as a teacher at Wee Care, from September 1984 to April 1985, Kelly Michaels, according to the prosecutors, raped and assaulted them with knives, forks, a wooden spoon, and Lego blocks. The prosecution maintained that she had been able to do all this unnoticed by her fellow teachers, by school administrators, by parents and other visitors to the school, and unnoticed as well by anyone working for the church or attending services at the church—that is to say, unnoticed for nearly 150 school days by any adult. Unnoticed, and on a daily basis, Michaels had also, according to the prosecutors, licked peanut butter off the children's genitals, played the piano in the nude, and made them drink her urine and eat a "cake" of her feces. For 150 school days, not a single child ever said so much as a single word about any of these crimes because—again according to the prosecution—Kelly Michaels had forced them to keep at least 115 terrible secrets.

Although monstrous in its allegations, the case against Kelly Michaels was as much a work of the prosecution's feverish imagination as a construction of the law. A substantial body of evidence suggests that Kelly Michaels was convicted of crimes she did not commit. Her story deserves telling in some detail because the circumstances that resulted in her arrest, trial, and imprisonment bespeak a condition of national hysteria not unlike the hysteria that seized the

Dorothy Rabinowitz writes frequently on social and political issues. She lives in New York City.

Massachusetts Bay Colony in the seventeenth century during the excitements of the Salem witch trials. If Kelly Michaels was unjustly convicted, it is because we live in an age of trial by accusation. Our society, at the moment, is quick to condemn anybody and everybody charged, on the flimsiest of evidence, with the crimes of abusing or molesting children. In the interest of a higher virtue (i.e., protecting the children), a credulous public and a sensationalist press stand willing to cast aside whatever civil liberties or constitutional rights obstruct the judgment of heaven.

At the time of Kelly Michaels's conviction, I was working for WWOR–TV, New Jersey's largest television station. I reported and wrote commentaries about the media for the station's evening news program, and because the Michaels case was one of the biggest local stories, I had followed it for months. From the beginning, I found something strange about the state's case—something incomprehensible in the many counts of abuse, in the large number of children allegedly victimized, in the highly improbable circumstances in which Kelly Michaels was said to have accomplished the molestation of half the children in the school. I found no less strange the reactions of my colleagues to my casually voiced doubts to the effect that the case against Kelly Michaels was as rotten as last week's fish. Youngish journalists who prided themselves on their skepticism—types who automatically sniffed with suspicion at any and every pronouncement by a government official—were outraged by the merest suggestion that the state's charges against Kelly Michaels lacked credibility. In late July 1988, just before Michaels's sentence was to be handed down, I told one of the station's news managers that I planned to do a commentary on the media coverage of the trial. *The Village Voice* had published a lengthy story on the case by journalist Debbie Nathan that raised critical questions about the press coverage. The story provided, I thought, the perfect opportunity to raise certain, by now deeply nagging, questions of my own about this case.

"Forget it," the news managers informed me. This meant, in translation: This news organization is not prepared to air doubts about the trial of one of the most despised defendants ever convicted in a New Jersey court—a child molester.

Shortly after Kelly Michaels's sentencing, I decided to go back and research the history of this case, beginning with the first allegations made against her in the spring of 1985. In the course of my research, I read through trial materials and interviewed most of the leading participants: the investigators, prosecutors, judge, and parents, as well as the convicted defendant herself. What emerged at the end of that research was not only the story of a young woman whom I believe to have been falsely accused and unjustly condemned but also an understanding of the ways in which the laws can be made to sustain the decrees of fear and superstition. In almost every detail, the prosecution of Kelly Michaels replicated the prosecution of similar cases being brought against alleged child molesters everywhere in the United States. The accused tend to be teachers, camp counselors, and members of "sex rings." The cases almost always rely on only the testimony of small children; and this testimony invariably comes to involve more and more victims, who describe more and more bizarre, cruel, and lurid acts. All the cases also make extensive use of child-abuse "specialists" and "investigators," who insist that parents, prosecutors, and jurors must—in a phrase whispered frequently at such trials and even affixed to posters and buttons—*believe the children.* As proof of the prevailing doctrine, Essex County Assistant Prosecutor Glenn Goldberg, who tried the state's case against Kelly Mi-

The accused tend to be teachers and counselors. The cases almost always rely on only the testimony of small children



Illustrations by Victoria Kann

People everywhere in the country have believed tales as fantastic as any story ever told by the Brothers Grimm

chaels, kept a BELIEVE THE CHILDREN button pinned to his office bulletin board.

By and large, this commandment has been obeyed. People everywhere in the country have believed. Believed almost anything and everything told to them by witnesses under the age of six. Believed tales as fantastic as any fairy story ever told by the Brothers Grimm. In Sequim, Washington, investigators listened attentively as children in a local preschool charged that they had been taken by a teacher to graveyards and forced to witness animal sacrifices. In Chicago, children told sympathetic authorities of how they were made to eat a boiled baby. A Memphis preschool teacher, Frances Ballard, was acquitted of terrorizing children into watching her put a bomb in a hamster and exploding



it, and of fifteen other charges no less fantastic; but, in a trial to rival those of the Salem witches, she was convicted of kissing the genitals of a four-year-old boy.

The most sensational case of child abuse reached its denouement on January 18 of this year, when a jury in Los Angeles acquitted Ray Buckey and his mother, Peggy McMartin Buckey, on fifty-two counts—this after deliberating for nine weeks over evidence presented in the course of thirty-three months at a trial that cost the taxpayers of California an estimated $15 million. Buckey, a teacher at the Virginia McMartin Preschool (founded by his grandmother) in Manhattan Beach, a well-to-do seaside city that is a part of greater Los Angeles, was said by the children to have stuck silverware in their anuses, taken them on visits to cemeteries, and killed a horse with a baseball bat. The parent who first came forth after believing her son, a woman named Judy Johnson, died in 1986 of an alcohol-related illness; not long after her initial charge against Buckey of child sodomy, she made a similar allegation against an AWOL marine, claiming that he also had sodomized the family dog.

The prosecution of Kelly Michaels took place in the midst of a national hysteria about the crimes of child abuse that, by the spring of 1985, had become as virulent and as contagious as the Asian flu. Kelly Michaels left the Wee Care Day Nursery on April 26, 1985, in order to accept a better-paying job in the nearby town of East Orange, New Jersey. Four days later, on April 30, one of her former students, a four-year-old boy whom I will call Terry Weldon,* inadvertently set in motion her transformation into an object of revulsion. His mother had taken him to his pediatrician for a checkup, and a nurse began to take his temperature by putting a thermometer in his rectum. Terry played quietly for a half-minute or so and then said, "That's what my teacher does to me at nap time at school." When the nurse asked him what he meant, he answered, "Her takes my temperature." His nap-time monitor was Kelly Michaels.

Kelly Michaels had not come to Maplewood from Pittsburgh, where she was raised, to teach preschoolers. Nor, for that matter, had she come east to settle in Maplewood. She loved the theater and wanted to be an actress. She was pretty in a traditional, American-girl sort of way, with a dimply smile and eyes, as even her childhood photos show, that knew how to meet a camera lens. She was voted "best actress" of her high school, St. Benedict's Academy, and went on to major in theater at Seton Hill, a Catholic women's college near Pittsburgh. In the summer of 1984, then just a few credits shy of her B.A., she took up the offer of a college friend who had invited her to share an efficiency apartment in a poor, mostly black neighbor-

**All the names of the Wee Care preschoolers and of their parents have been changed.*

hood in East Orange. For the time being, East Orange was as close as she could get to Manhattan's theaters and drama schools.

Up to this point, she had lived with her parents, John and Marilyn Michaels, and her four sisters and brothers in a pleasant, woodsy, middle-class section of Pittsburgh called White Oak Heights. Her early life had been, from all evidence, a happy one as the eldest child of a close-knit family. They were a talkative, bookish lot, given to heated debate on art and politics, which might explain Kelly Michaels's rather extraordinary command of the language—a faintly formal, old-fashioned eloquence that made her seem, at times, the child of another era.

When I met Kelly Michaels for the first time, in the dark visitors' cubicle at the women's prison in Clinton, New Jersey, two months after her sentencing, she still retained some of the wholesome look I had seen in her school photographs. Her shock at the accusations brought against her were still as fresh in her mind as at the moment when she was first questioned in 1985. Her gift for language allowed her to express not only rage at her accusers but also an intellectual scorn for the absurdity of their charges. On several subsequent occasions when I spoke to her, she never failed to voice her amazement that a jury had believed the charges. "To watch these witnesses, these prosecutors with their details—and none of it had ever happened," she once told me. "Yet, all these people were coming up to the stand to give descriptions of what never happened."

After arriving in East Orange, Michaels began looking for work. She answered a number of want ads, including one for a teacher's aide. She had never worked in the child-care field, but the director of the nursery was impressed with her. She was subsequently hired by Wee Care (the pay was about four dollars an hour) and began work there in September. Her mother, Marilyn, told me last year, when I visited her in White Oak Heights, that she had teased Kelly when she called to say she had begun working at a preschool. Be careful, she told her daughter, look at what is happening in Los Angeles to those teachers in the McMartin case.

Within a month at Wee Care, Kelly Michaels was promoted to teacher. She had impressed her supervisors and appeared to be popular with the three-year-olds whose class she took charge of and with the other children whom she supervised during nap time. Following days that she stayed home sick, children would run to greet her—a fact the prosecution would not deny but rather pointed to as evidence that Michaels "was an actress" and that "child abusers are very clever people." Michaels liked the children and their parents too, but the salary proved impossible to live on. When she went home for Christmas, her parents told me, she said she planned to leave Wee Care and return to Pittsburgh. John Michaels, to his bitter regret, urged her to be responsible and finish out the year. Kelly Michaels returned to Wee Care but did not finish out the year; she left two months before the school was to close for the summer in order to take the job in East Orange.

Ten days after Terry Weldon's checkup, Essex County Investigator Richard Mastrangelo and Maplewood Detective Sergeant John Noonan knocked on the door of the apartment Kelly Michaels shared with her friend Cynthia. Terry Weldon's mother, upon arriving home after his examination, had fixed her son lunch and then phoned the doctor to talk about the temperature-taking incident. The doctor advised her to call the state child-protective agency, the Division of Youth and Family Services (DYFS). Her call was referred to the agency's Institutional Abuse Unit, which contacted the Child Abuse Unit of the Essex County prosecutor's office, which agreed to initiate an investigation. We have now in this country a vastly increased number of child-protection agencies and experts. This is largely a result of the passage in 1979 of the Federal Child Abuse Act, which dramatically increased funds available to states and localities for such agencies and experts. Funds begat staffs, which grew, as did their zeal.

On May 2, Terry's mother—the wife of a Maplewood police officer and the daughter of a prominent Essex County judge—brought him to the Essex County prosecutor's office in Newark, where he was questioned by the head of the office's Child Abuse Unit, Assistant Prosecutor Sara Sencer, now Sara McArdle. She happened to live in Maplewood.

McArdle questioned Terry, handing to him during the interview what is called, by child-abuse experts, an "anatomically correct" doll—that is, a rag doll that has an anus and genitalia. On the basis of what the child does with—and to—such a doll, investigators like McArdle say they can conclude whether and what type of abuse is likely to have occurred. Under questioning by McArdle, according to a prosecutor's report, Terry Weldon stuck his finger in the doll's rectum.

Terry also told McArdle that two other boys had had their temperature taken. Both were questioned. The boys seemed to know nothing about temperature-taking, but one of them, according to McArdle, said Michaels had touched his penis. Then a fourth allegation was made: The Weldons had notified Wee Care director Arlene Spector of their son Terry's story, and

We have now in this country a vastly increased number of child-protection agencies and experts. Funds begat staffs, which grew, as did their zeal

The child-abuse experts convince parents that the number of abuses and abusers is virtually limitless, beyond their imagination

Spector, in turn, had notified the members of the school board. Under repeated questioning from his father, a board member—with the father telling him "he was his best friend and that he could tell him anything" (this from the prosecutor's office report)—another boy said that Michaels had touched his penis with a spoon. A decision was made to bring Kelly Michaels in for questioning.

The two investigators who arrived at Kelly Michaels's apartment on the morning of May 6 found only one bed in the apartment, and this, Michaels later said, at once attracted their attention. She said they exchanged sly and significant glances. She was told she was not under arrest and did not need a lawyer but that she was under investigation and would she please come to the prosecutor's office for questioning. Once there, she waived her *Miranda* rights and spent several hours insisting that the allegations were unfounded and that she was innocent. About temperature-taking, she explained that teachers took it by placing plastic strips on the children's foreheads. She was urged to take a lie-detector test and did; she passed. Two and a half years later, at Michaels's trial, the county prosecutors prevented the results of this polygraph from being admitted into evidence, basing their objection on a state law stipulating that any person submitting to a police lie-detector test must first sign an agreement authorizing future use of the results. Michaels, who had never before been brought into a police station, knew nothing of this requirement; nor did the detectives questioning her see fit to mention it.

She was driven home, and, shaken though she was at the end of this day, she remembers reaching the conclusion that it must all have been some kind of bizarre misunderstanding. In one sense it was: The jury eventually rejected the charge that she had taken Terry Weldon's temperature rectally—the very charge that provoked the entire investigation: anal penetration of the boy. But, as is invariably true in these cases, the first accusation was followed by more accusations—many more.

No one examining the scores of such child sexual-abuse cases can fail to be struck by the way in which, in almost every instance, an initial accusation leads to others and still others—and on and on, until the charges number in the hundreds. At one point during the McMartin case, the police announced they had thirty-six suspects and had uncovered as many as 1,200 alleged victims of sexual abuse. An investigation begun in Jordan, Minnesota, at about the same time that Judy Johnson first made her allegations about Ray Buckey, followed a similar—if even stranger—pattern.

There, a case was opened after a woman named Christine Brown alleged that her daughter had been sexually abused by James Rud, a trash collector and a neighbor in the trailer park where she and her daughter lived. Other children in the trailer park were questioned, and some acknowledged that they, too, had been victimized—by Christine Brown. She was charged soon after with eighteen counts of criminal sexual activity. A mother of five with little money, Brown approached her older sister and brother-in-law, Helen and Tom Brown (the shared surname is coincidental), for help, and they agreed to mortgage their house to post Christine's bail. Two months later, the prosecutor in the case, Kathleen Morris, had Tom and Helen arrested for child abuse, and they spent five days in jail. Several dozen local residents met at City Hall to protest the arrests, among them an automobile painter named Bob Bentz, his wife, Lois, and a local policeman, Greg Myers. Not long after, all three were arrested on charges of child abuse, along with Myers's wife and a married couple who had driven the Browns home from jail.

In nearly all such cases, the allegations and the numbers of suspects begin to mount only after the entry of investigators and of representatives of child-abuse agencies. It is these experts who convince parents and children alike that the number of abuses and abusers is virtually limitless—beyond their imagination.

On May 15, 1985, nine days after Kelly Michaels had been brought in for questioning, Wee Care convened a meeting of parents. The school had sent out a letter on May 8, informing the parents that a former employee of the school was being investigated "regarding serious allegations made by a child," and while this prompted a flurry of phone calls by parents to the school, no other allegations against Michaels emerged. The prosecutor's office was set to wrap up its case—based on the allegations made by Terry Weldon and the two boys who alleged Michaels touched their penis—and present it to a grand jury. But the Wee Care board thought it best that the parents be informed about abuse by an expert, in this instance, Peg Foster, a social worker who codirected a Sexual Assault Unit at a Newark hospital.

On the evening of May 15, Foster told the assembled parents a number of things they had never heard before. She told them that sexual abuse is not unusual. She told them that, although she could point to no hard evidence—because no such evidence exists—she believed that one in three children in the United States has had an "inappropriate sexual experience" by the time he or she reaches the age of eighteen. She encouraged the parents to take their chil-

dren to their pediatricians to check for physical injury. She told them to go home and begin checking their sons and daughters carefully for genital soreness—and also for nightmares, biting, spitting, bed-wetting, masturbation, or for what might be construed in any way as sexual behavior, or, for that matter, for any sort of noticeable changes in behavior. She did not tell them, of course, that the "symptoms" are for many children a normal part of development.

On May 22, the state's Division of Youth and Family Services—the agency that Terry Weldon's mother had first contacted—initiated its own investigation. The agency had allowed the county prosecutor's office to have the first chance at the case, but by law its staff was required to undertake its own inquiry. That afternoon, a DYFS social worker named Lou Fonolleras made his first of many visits to Wee Care and conducted his first of many interviews with the school's children. It was Fonolleras, a roundish man of thirty-four with a B.A. in psychology, who played the crucial role in building the case against Kelly Michaels.

Something of the state of mind that Fonolleras brought to his work is perhaps revealed in his official report of his first day at Wee Care. Describing the large, stone-faced church's many nooks and crannies, he noted that these would make ideal hiding places for child molesters. In his report, he described the school as a "pedophile's paradise." But no child he interviewed that first day told him that he or she had been abused by Kelly Michaels, or by anyone else. Two days after Fonolleras's visit to Wee Care, the county prosecutor's office brought its case to the grand jury, and the grand jury, agreeing that the state had a case, handed up an indictment. On June 12, Kelly Michaels was arrested and charged with six counts of abuse; she pleaded innocent to all charges. She was taken to the county jail, where she was confined in protective custody.

Fonolleras continued to suspect that there was more to the Wee Care case than six counts of abuse. When I met with him more than two years later, he explained that despite the denials of abuse voiced by the children he had talked with that day in May, he had glimpsed clues in "the children's body language," and that "you can't go by what they *say*"—though, of course, he himself eventually did just that. On June 6, he returned to Wee Care at the behest of a parent who, following instructions, had noticed her son behaving strangely. During the course of this interview, Fonolleras has said, he learned of the "pile-up" game. The "pile-up" is said to have worked this way: During nap time in a basement classroom, Kelly Michaels would march her students upstairs to a third-floor choir room, place kitchen utensils on the floor, and make the children strip and, once naked, roll around together.

In the days that followed, Fonolleras conducted interviews with other Wee Care children, bringing to these meetings not only crayons and paper but knives and forks and spoons. Remarkably, he made no tape recordings of these interviews, nor did he keep his written records. At the Michaels trial, he told the court that he had destroyed all the notes he took at these initial meetings because, at the time, he saw no reason to save them. He was not at this time gathering evidence for a criminal prosecution—although, as it turned out, there would have been no prosecution, beyond the six initial charges, had not Fonolleras, moved by what he heard in these unrecorded interviews, raised the specter of widespread child abuse. During my conversation with him, he explained that the only way to understand his technique of eliciting testimony about child abuse was to know what the children had told him in the very first interviews—the records of which, of course, he had thrown away.

Sometime in mid-June, Fonolleras called the county prosecutor's office with the suggestion that it might want to look further into the Wee Care case. The prosecutor's office and the DYFS agreed to launch a joint investigation and also brought in Peg Foster, who had earlier instructed the Wee Care parents on what she believed to be the symptoms of child abuse. For two months—during July and August of 1985—this investigative team talked with the Wee Care staff and with parents, and also recorded interviews with the children. These interviews, it is important to understand, are not like those that might take place between two adults. Listening to tapes of the interviews, one might be struck by how little the children actually confided on their own and also by the wholly fantastical nature of so much of what they did say. Most of the children were confused, had nothing to say, or flatly denied that anything had happened to them. It was also clear that what a child actually *said* during the questioning often carried little weight with the investigators. If a child persisted in denying that anything had been done to him or her, Fonolleras or another investigator would typically write: "At this time Hugh denied victimization. It should be noted [that] during the interview, Hugh was victimizing an anatomically correct doll."

As a rule, the children were given knives and forks and then asked to show—on an anatomically correct doll—where Kelly had hurt them. On the tapes that I heard, a child's first response more often than not was to poke the doll in the eye or the neck or a knee. Invariably, the listen-

Listening to tapes of the interviews with the allegedly abused children, one might be struck by how little they actually confided on their own

As the investigations progressed, it became amply clear that some of the parents took as true every word of the stories of abuse

er then hears the voice of Fonolleras, urging, "Where else? Uh-huh, where else?" After a succession of "where else?" responses, the child winds up poking at a penis, or a vagina, or an anus. Here, the "where elses" stop. Later, Fonolleras's official report typically would note how a child "described" the penetration of her vagina or his anus.

Fonolleras was quick to praise those who confirmed his suspicions: "Boy, you're doing so good." But he was stern with those who responded with firm or frequent noes. Here is Fonolleras with one tiny recalcitrant: "If you don't help me, I'm going to tell your friends that you not only don't want to help *me* but you won't help *them*."

What follows is part of a transcript of an interview with Luke, age four, conducted by Fonolleras and Essex County Investigator Richard Mastrangelo.

FONOLLERAS: A lot of other kids have helped us since we saw you last.
LUKE: I don't have to. No!
FONOLLERAS: Did we tell you Kelly is in jail?
LUKE: Yes, my mother already told me.
FONOLLERAS [indicating Mastrangelo]: Did I tell you this is the guy who arrested her, put her in there? Don't you want to ask us any questions?
LUKE: No!

Fonolleras at this point handed Luke an anatomically correct doll, then proceeded with his questioning.

FONOLLERAS: What color did Kelly have down there? Brown like her head? Did she have hair under her arm?
LUKE: My daddy do.

At this point, Luke began to shriek, and there are indications that he was kicking Fonolleras. Fonolleras offered him a piece of cake and asked him if he would like to see Investigator Mastrangelo's badge. Mastrangelo then said to Luke, "So your penis was bleeding?" Luke laughed.

FONOLLERAS [taking a new tack]: Did Kelly play "Jingle Bells" with clothes on?
LUKE [screaming now]: No, I saw her penis! I peed on her!
FONOLLERAS: You peed on her?
LUKE: No, she peed on me!

At this time Luke told Fonolleras that he wanted to stop. But Fonolleras urged him to continue. He asked more questions about Luke's penis, about whether he put it in Kelly's mouth.

FONOLLERAS: Whose mouth did you have to put your penis in?
LUKE: Nobody.
FONOLLERAS: Did anybody kiss your penis?
LUKE: No. I want to go home.
FONOLLERAS: Did she put this fork in your bottom? Yes or no.
LUKE: I forgot.
FONOLLERAS: Did she do anything else to your bottom?
LUKE: That's all she did.

There followed a series of "I forgot" and "I don't know" responses. Finally, tiredly, Luke said, "Okay, okay, I'll try to remember." He then said—in an obviously playful, make-believe tone—"She put that in my heinie."

FONOLLERAS: The fork!
LUKE [shrieking]: Yes!

There were more questions, and more noes from Luke. Fonolleras then said, in a disappointed tone, "I thought you were going to help me." The session ends with Luke shouting, "It's all lies!"

If the parents of the Wee Care children harbored any doubts about these interviews and the resulting abuse charges, they kept those doubts to themselves. One Wee Care parent, grateful for the kindness Kelly Michaels had shown his child, did write to express his faith in her innocence. Still, the months of group meetings with investigators and other parents eroded his faith. At the trial, this father took the stand as a vocal witness for the prosecution.

As the investigations progressed, it became amply clear that some of the parents took as true every word of the stories of abuse they began hearing from their children. One mother explained (to a grand jury) how her four-and-a-half-year-old son had told her that Kelly had stuck a spoon and a pencil in his ear, that her aide, Brenda Sopchak, had given him a "truth drink," that Kelly had begged the aide not to call the police, that she had told the little boys she would cut them in pieces and throw them away so the mothers couldn't find them again.

Asked if she thought her son might have been fantasizing, the mother, a school board member, answered, "No." He was, she further explained, "merely recounting what had happened during the day."

If Kelly Michaels's fellow teachers harbored doubts about her guilt, they, too—with one notable exception—kept these doubts largely to themselves. There were children, it appears, who had told investigators that other teachers had been present when they were being molested by Kelly. Some of the children named every teacher in the school. This would explain the clear eagerness to please in the answers some teachers gave during their grand jury testimony. Before being questioned herself, Kelly Michaels's classroom aide, Brenda Sopchak, was played a tape of a child accusing *her*. She now began to remember things: Michaels's suspiciously even temper, how she seemed to be in a daydreamlike state at times, and the like. Another teacher testified that Kelly wore no underpants under her jeans. Only Wee Care's head

teacher, Diane Costa, remained unwaveringly supportive of Kelly Michaels, whom she described as a "model teacher." But Costa herself was indicted on the charge of failing to report child abuse, which meant that she could not testify at Michaels's trial without placing herself under the threat of prosecution. The indictment effectively silenced the one authoritative voice capable of undermining the state's case.

After closing for the summer, Wee Care did not reopen in September 1985. Only the members of the investigative team returned from time to time to the classrooms. Assessing their months of research, these investigators claimed that Kelly Michaels had, in her seven months at the school, sexually abused the entire Wee Care student body, fifty-one children. Two more grand juries were convened, and in December, Kelly Michaels was indicted on 235 counts of abuse against thirty-one children.

The trial of Kelly Michaels began on June 22, 1987. (One of the Wee Care families had moved out of Maplewood, and others had chosen not to expose their children to the rigors of a jury trial; as a result, the charges against Kelly Michaels now numbered 163.) Because the Michaels family had run out of money, Kelly Michaels was defended by a team of "pool attorneys" appointed by New Jersey's Office of the Public Defender. Pool attorneys are not salaried employees of the state but free-lancers permitted to pick and choose among available cases. Michaels's case went unassigned for four months: It would seem that many of these lawyers were reluctant to take on a case that looked as though it would drag on for months, or to defend a woman accused of sexually assaulting, among others, the grandson of a prominent local judge. (The judge, as it turned out, was the first witness called by the prosecution.)

Harvey Meltzer and Robert Clark, the defense attorneys eventually assigned to the case, believed their client to be innocent. They hoped to base their defense on logistics and common sense—on the contention that no one could have abused children sexually in every corner of the school without anybody else finding out about it.

The prosecutors, for their part, knew their hopes lay in the emotional nature of the case. Lacking material evidence, the prosecutors sought to stir outrage—and, of course, to convince the jurors that they should simply *believe the children.*

They needed some sort of facsimile evidence, and in the summer of 1985, months before the 235-count indictment against Michaels was handed up, they began instructing Wee Care parents in the preparation of charts and diaries detailing the "symptoms" of abuse—the bedwetting, nightmares, changes in behavior, and so on—that they had first learned of at the meeting at Wee Care in mid-May of that year. During my interviews at the prosecutor's office in the winter of 1988, I saw huge stacks of these charts. One of the more noteworthy symptoms of abuse listed on the charts was "child won't eat peanut butter." The children's lack of appetite for peanut butter, the prosecutors contended, was proof of the charge made by the children that Michaels had spread peanut butter on their genitals and then licked it off. Sometimes it was peanut butter alone, but sometimes—as the testimony evolved in ever more elaborate detail—it was peanut butter and jelly.

I met that winter as well with a number of Wee Care parents who were eager to tell me all the significant changes they had noticed in their children, in particular their suddenly sexualized behavior. Each time I was told a new detail—how a child grabbed his father's genitals or talked about kissing penises—I inquired

Lacking material evidence, the prosecutors sought to stir outrage—and, of course, to convince the jurors that they should simply believe the children



No matter what else might be going on at home, the parents held that their children's problems stemmed from abuse

when this kind of behavior or talk had begun. Invariably I was told, "Just after disclosure." That is, not after Kelly Michaels is said to have begun sexually molesting the children, in the fall of 1984, but after the parents were told, in the spring of 1985, to look for portents and signs.

One mother told me, "My daughter was all over my husband. She had turned into a little five-year-old whore!"

I asked her when this behavior had begun.

"After disclosure."

Disclosure, like so many other quasi-legalisms that support the accusations of child abuse, became a household word among the Wee Care parents. It never occurred to the mother in question or to any of the other mothers with whom I spoke that the hypersexuality of their children might have to do not with Kelly Michaels but with the exhaustive questioning, and lurid disclosures, to which they were subjected by investigators and by their parents. (There were parents, I learned, who kept separate charts listing suspicious behavior they began to remember having occurred prior to disclosure. But not one of these parents had found the behavior unusual enough *at the time* to consult a pediatrician or ask a Wee Care teacher about it.)



The charts were useful not only to the prosecution. They also provided some parents with a way of explaining all types of problems they had with their children. That their children had been molested at school now served to explain *everything*. As one parent said, "Everything my husband and I had passed off as just some phase our child was going through, we could look back on and say, 'Now, *now* we could understand why.'" Other parents cited the molestation as the cause of their marital breakup. No matter what else might be going on at home, parents held that their children's problems stemmed from abuse at Wee Care.

In court, the charts aided the parents in their testimony and perhaps aided Judge William Harth in his decision to allow such testimony. In a similar case, a higher state court in New Jersey subsequently ruled as inadmissible—as hearsay—the testimony of parents on the subject of what their children told them. Michaels's lawyer Harvey Meltzer requested a mistrial based on this ruling, which was handed down after the prosecution had presented its case. The judge refused to grant the mistrial. Instead, he instructed the jury to disregard some twenty charges based on hearsay; but he did not give the instruction until much later, just prior to the jury's deliberation. Thus, the jurors had been allowed to listen for months to hearsay that at the last moment they were told to erase from their minds.

In Judge Harth's courtroom, the parent-plaintiffs were treated with unstinting consideration for their every concern, particularly the concern for anonymity. The guarantee of anonymity, of course, encourages the multiplication of charges and accusations. To the privacy of the parents and children Judge Harth accorded something akin to sacred status, while the name of the accused—like that of the accused and their families at similar tribunals across the nation—was emblazoned in headlines, irremediably tarnished.

To protect the Wee Care families' anonymity, the judge strictly curtailed the amount of investigation into their backgrounds he would allow defense attorneys. To protect that anonymity, the judge sealed the trial transcript. Nor were the children required to testify in open court. They testified in the judge's chambers, and their testimony was shown to the jury on closed-circuit TV—a not uncommon arrangement at such child-abuse trials. Judge Harth also refused to allow the defense psychologists to

xamine the children, as the prosecution doc-ors had been able to do. These children (who ad, in fact, been analyzed and counseled for ome two years prior to the trial) would, the udge said, be too traumatized to answer ques-ions by a second set of psychologists. The de-ense argued in vain that *its* psychologists must ave a chance to determine whether the chil-ren were, in fact, traumatized, but the judge eld firm. It was a decision that violated the ost fundamental principle of due process—the rinciple that both sides must be heard in a court-oom. Not even a cardinal principle of the justice ystem was a match, apparently, for the revered tatus accorded alleged victims of child abuse.

At the trial the children's testimony, given fter two and a half years of preparation and raining, was rich in detail, a startling difference rom the earlier denials and bewilderment re-corded during the investigative phase. One wit-ness was Luke, who had shouted "It's all lies!" at Fonolleras's questions. Mindful of this taped outburst, prosecutor Sara McArdle asked Luke whether he hadn't meant he was *hoping* it was all ies. This time he didn't disappoint his inter-rogator: Yes, the child answered, he had been oping it was all lies.

Still, even now there were child witnesses who continued to change stories, mid-estimony, or to deny that anything had hap-ened. One child told the court that Kelly orced him to push a sword into her rectum. A engthy and earnest colloquy then took place, between the attorneys and the judge, as to whether the child was saying *sword* or *saw*. After he had pushed the sword, or saw, into his teach-er's rectum, the boy told the court, she told him to take it out.

"What did Kelly say when you took the sword out?" the child was then asked.

"She said, 'Thank you.'"

Brad Greene told the court that Kelly threat-ened to turn him into a mouse—that, in fact, she *had* turned him into a mouse for a little while during a plane trip to visit his grandmoth-er. Child witness Celine Mauer said that she had been "tractored" by Kelly; that is, been abused, with other children, inside a tractor. Indeed, the prosecutors went to some trouble to substantiate this claim—bringing a representa-tive of the Maplewood street maintenance de-partment to confirm that a tractor had been parked in the vicinity of the school.

Who would have believed any of this? Surely no reasonable adult, no jury. Yet it was offered as evidence. Thanks to the current zeal to pros-ecute child abusers, strange new rules have come to obtain at these trials according to which the witnesses need not be credible all the time. These rules did not obtain at the McMar-tin trial, at which jurors rejected the children's stories, but it did obtain at the trial of Kelly Michaels. Prosecutor Glenn Goldberg advised the jury at the outset that it was not necessary to believe everything the children said. Where child abuse is concerned, the prosecutor told them, "there is no physical evidence. Is the jury going to be able to understand this?"

In effect, the prosecutor asked the jurors if they could bring themselves to forget certain values with which they had been imbued as citizens of a democracy, values such as the importance of evidence in a criminal trial, and if they could suspend their belief in the Constitution in the interest of protecting children. As the verdict proved, they could.

Perhaps the most important witness for the prosecution was not a child or a parent but Bronx psychologist Eileen Treacy. An article in *New York* magazine later revealed that the curriculum vitae of this particular child-abuse "expert" exaggerated her credentials. The article also cited a ruling by a New Jersey judge, Mark Epstein, in a similar child-abuse case. That ruling declared, "The most damning witness [against the prosecution] was Eileen Treacy. . . . Ms. Treacy's questioning gently but surely led [the child] where Ms. Treacy wanted to take him." The judge was convinced, he said, that Treacy would have been able to elicit the same accusations from children who had *not* been abused.

If a child said emphatically that nothing had happened, the denial, Treacy explained, was the very proof that the abuse *had* taken place. In this expert's view, all friendship or affection shown by teacher to child signified an effort to seduce. At the Michaels trial, Treacy testified that the Wee Care students were "the most traumatized group of children" she had ever seen. She explained the trauma by referring to the theories of Suzanne Sgroi, a pediatrician and the discoverer of the Child Sex Abuse Syndrome. According to Dr. Sgroi, the syndrome develops in a number of phases. There is the "engagement phase," during which time the abuser seduces the child into the activity. This is followed by the "secrecy phase," the "suppression phase," and so on; and Treacy explained each of them to the jury. "Proof of the suppression stage," she said, "is the succession of no, no, no answers." When one child, during testimony, expressed concern for Michaels, this demonstrated "that she [the child] had a relationship with Kelly, and that fits into the engagement phase."

Treacy, it should be said, did not limit herself to interpretations based on the theories of Dr. Sgroi. In one of the abuse diaries, a parent had noted that her child no longer liked tuna fish.

Not even the principle of due process was a match, apparently, for the revered status accorded alleged victims of child abuse

The psychologist had in effect told the jury that they must suspend all rational belief if they were to understand the abuse the children had suffered

This, Treacy pointed out to the jurors, was significant. "It's well known," she said, "that the smell of tuna fish is similar to the odor of vaginal excretions." In the winter of 1988, when I visited Treacy in her office in the Bronx, I remarked on the many children's drawings on the walls. She told me that if I looked closely at the drawings, I would "see how obvious *hands* are in all their pictures." The predominance of hands, she explained, was a strong sign that the children who drew these pictures had been molested.

To encounter Treacy's Kafkaesque testimony is to understand how a jury managed to find the accused in this case guilty, however improbable the evidence. The abuse expert, a psychologist, had in effect told the jury that they must suspend all rational belief if they were to understand the abuse the children had suffered. It was a world in which no meant yes, black meant white. Yet, the jury was told, they must believe its premises, believe the children, or else be counted guilty of betraying these young victims.

The principal witness for the defense was Dr. Ralph Underwager, an avowed opponent of the child-abuse investigators' techniques, their reliance on dolls and children's drawings, and their insistence on finding child abuse whether or not any took place. At the Michaels trial, Dr. Underwager said, "The child is interrogated and desperately is trying to figure out what are the *rules,* what's wanted of me by this powerful adult before me? The child says no, Kelly's clothes were *on,* when the interrogators want the response 'Her clothes were *off.*' And what happens? The interviewer doesn't stop, doesn't *believe* the child, *repeats* the question. It just tells the child: What you told me before isn't enough. It isn't right. It's not what I want . . . " His testimony said, in effect, that nothing had happened to the Wee Care children except the visits of the investigators. The Wee Care parents I talked to vehemently agreed that, of everybody on the defense side, the person they hated the most was Dr. Underwager.

Defense attorneys Clark and Meltzer made the decision early not to present character witnesses to testify on Kelly Michaels's behalf. Such a witness may be asked anything under cross-examination, and what the attorneys feared most was the discovery that Michaels had been involved in two brief homosexual love affairs. Kelly Michaels refers to the liaisons as nothing more than youthful experiments, but the defense lawyers reasoned that the prosecution would seek to make a damaging connection between her sexual history and the criminal acts with which she was charged.

(Prosecutor Goldberg sought to nourish this view by close textual analysis of a Bob Dylan song that Kelly Michaels had copied into her roll book. The lyrics included the lines "You lover who just walked out the door / Has taken all his blankets from the floor." The prosecutor, who has an undergraduate major in psychology, told the jury that the song was very significant, that it was an extremely important clue to Kelly Michaels's secret life as a sexual criminal. The Wee Care children, he told the jury, "slept on blankets and mats.")

With no character witnesses called—no old classmates, friends, neighbors, or teachers to color in, with stories and comments, the outline of a normal life—the jurors saw only the Kelly Michaels of the Wee Care case, the abuser of children so luridly portrayed in the testimony.

For the jurors who doubted that one woman could commit so many awful crimes, Assistant Prosecutor Sara McArdle reminded them in her summation that Adolf Hitler, "one man," had persecuted not a "little school" but the "entire world"—"Jews, Gypsies, Czechs, and blacks." Blacks, of course, were not among Hitler's victims, but many of the jurors were black.

Bearing in mind, perhaps, that prosecutorial excess is one of the grounds relevant to an appeal, prosecutor McArdle later vehemently denied any intentional parallel between the defendant and Adolf Hitler. She went on to say that she could not imagine that anyone could read anything untoward into this simple historical analogy. Thus, the prosecution, which had vested so much faith in a lack of appetite for peanut butter, and which divined damning proofs of guilt in Bob Dylan lyrics in a roll book, now disdained as fanciful any notion that a comparison to Hitler might be something other than a neutral reference.

It took the jury thirteen days to reach its verdict that Michaels was guilty of 115 counts of abuse. Meltzer requested that the court consider granting his client bail pending appeal. The judge turned down the request: Michaels, he said, was a danger to the community. He said, "I just cannot forget the children."

But a three-member appellate panel agreed that, because of the legal questions the trial raised, Kelly Michaels should be granted bail pending appeal. Among the questions the judges doubtless had in mind was the defendant's constitutional right to face her accusers—denied in this trial, as in many of the other trials involving children's hearsay testimony.

News that Kelly Michaels might get bail raised storms of protest from the Wee Care parents. The prosecutors appealed. Local politicians, declaring themselves outraged, joined them. The parents marched and picketed. One mother, weeping, told reporters that when she had informed her child that Kelly had been con-

victed, the child had said, "Now I'm safe." What do I tell her *now*? Now, my daughter's *not* safe!" The state's highest court, in short order, vacated the bail decision.

In the days immediately following the end of the McMartin trial and the acquittal of Ray Buckey and his mother, the *Los Angeles Times* published an analysis of the press coverage of the case. The headline above the first installment in the series could as easily have been affixed to analyses of the Michaels trial: WHERE WAS SKEPTICISM IN MEDIA? PACK JOURNALISM AND HYSTERIA MARKED... COVERAGE.... FEW JOURNALISTS STOPPED TO QUESTION THE BELIEVABILITY OF THE PROSECUTION'S CHARGES.

During the trial, stories began leaking from the prosecutor's office suggesting that Kelly Michaels had herself been sexually abused by her parents. The stories were widely circulated among reporters covering the case. One of them, a television reporter, told me of stories she had heard that Kelly Michaels's mother had molested her and sent her nude photographs of herself; and of how Kelly Michaels's father—who, the story went, also molested his daughter—had called Wee Care every day to make sure that she was initiating the children in the practices of pederasty.

Such stories were not broadcast or printed. Still, they had enormous impact on the press, for they meshed nicely with current dogma—and the press is nothing if not up on the latest dogma—which holds that children who are molested become molesters themselves. The rumors that Kelly Michaels had been sexually abused by her parents thus counted heavily in persuading many reporters that she was guilty. In turn, these reporters, subtly and sometimes not so subtly, conveyed their belief to their readers and viewers.

Of course, the newspapers and the TV stations no longer concern themselves with Kelly Michaels, who will not come up before a parole board for twelve more years. When she does come up for parole, the Wee Care parents have vowed they will be there to see that it is denied. Her attorney is moving ahead with an appeal. In the meantime, Kelly Michaels sits in her small cell at the women's prison in Clinton, New Jersey, where the Wee Care parents are determined to keep her.

The Wee Care Day Nursery closed down in the aftermath of the investigation; the former Wee Care students, it would appear, thereafter went to another sort of school: one in which they were instructed, by child-agency investigators and by prosecutors, in the details of the sex crimes supposedly committed against them. Perhaps the worst thing about the long investigation and trial is that—however unfounded the charges—the child witnesses grow up having internalized the belief that they have been the victims of hideous sexual abuse. No one who saw them will soon forget the frenzied faces of thirteen- and fourteen-year-old former McMartin pupils in the hours following the verdict. These adolescents had spent their last six years—fully half their lives—instructed in the faith that they had been subjected, at ages four and five, to unspeakable sexual horrors; this belief they had come to hold as the defining truth of their lives and identities. It is not surprising that these children should have wept and raved when the verdict was handed down denying all that they believed in.

However unfounded the charges, the child witnesses grow up believing they have been the victims of abuse

Believe the children is the battle cry of the child-abuse militants, who hold as an article of faith that a pederast lurks behind every door and blackboard. But child after child repeatedly said that Kelly Michaels had done nothing—and they had *not* been believed. The prosecutors had brought experts to court to testify that children denying abuse should not be believed. *Believe the children* apparently means—to those raising the rallying cry—believe the children *only* if they say they have been molested. "To believe a child's *no* is simplistic," prosecutor McArdle had told the jury.

The scores of investigations and trials of alleged child molesters, undertaken in the name of a good—protecting children—have irreparably shattered lives and reputations. It is not an unfamiliar pattern in our history. We are a society that, every fifty years or so, is afflicted by some paroxysm of virtue—an orgy of self-cleansing through which evil of one kind or another is cast out. From the witch-hunts of Salem to the communist hunts of the McCarthy era to the current shrill fixation on child abuse, there runs a common thread of moral hysteria. After the McCarthy era, people would ask: But how could it have happened? How could the presumption of innocence have been abandoned wholesale? How did large and powerful institutions acquiesce as congressional investigators ran roughshod over civil liberties—all in the name of the war on communists? How was it possible to believe that subversives lurked behind every library door, in every radio station, that every two-bit actor who had ever belonged to the wrong political organization posed a threat to the nation's security?

Years from now people doubtless will ask the same questions about our present era—a time when the most improbable charges of abuse find believers; when it is enough only to be accused by anonymous sources to be hauled off to the investigators; a time when the hunt for child abusers has become a national pathology. ■

ELEANOR IN THE UNDERWORLD

By J. S. Marcus

Eleanor oppresses her husband, Martin, with tiny gestures: driving dangerously, dropping the dinner, turning on the dishwasher while he is in the shower. Eleanor, who sleeps poorly, often wanders around the house until all hours, dazed but determined, knocking over picture frames and stacks of books. Alone in his empty bed, Martin must wake to go help Eleanor clear away the broken glass, stepped-on records, shattered appliances. Eleanor, a guilty woman who feels no guilt, will end up back in bed with Martin. They will hold each other then, in the familiar darkness, while Eleanor, silently amused, thinks of a recently departed coffee grinder, of the cracked photograph of Martin's sister's children.

Martin produces instructional videos for large corporations: small shows for prospective employees all about company policies and company morals, lurid technologies and human folly reduced to five-minute color displays. Martin is a condenser by trade and by temperament; Eleanor reads in the living room.

Her hair is very dark now, and it curls, gently, but unmistakably, with the shape of her face. Her fingers are long and dangerous-looking, stiff on the armrest of the sofa, or held, straight up, next to her sunken eyes.



Her small lips, purple from drinking fruit juices and red wine, don't look like lips: They are thin and irregular, and she has a habit of turning them under her front teeth. Eleanor's smile is a horizontal crack, a lingering line, a mistake.

When it comes to getting through the day, Eleanor doesn't mix herself up with method. She is a woman of habit and can't bother with ideologies or analytic models. When she cooks, and she cooks frequently, she refuses to consult pictures of the finished product shining up at her from the cookbook. She is a woman of hidden talents, indolent but contemplative, and, according to her own diagnosis, a survivalist at heart.

Martin is not like Eleanor. He is faithful, and he is a systematic investigator—of simplicity, in Eleanor's case. When they first met, Martin found something simple in Eleanor's looks, lots of geometric shapes and primary colors—red lips, blue eyes, yellow hair, the body as a series of soft, narrow ellipses. Eleanor doesn't think of herself that way at all, not in the least little bit. She looks in the mirror, or at old photographs, and sees something shapeless and spoiled, and certainly not pure. "Melted snow," she'll think out loud.

Eleanor read too many books at an early age and considers herself the antiheroine of her own life. She murders without provocation, repeats terrible and fantastic lies, is known for lapses in taste and tact. Eleanor's wit is a scythe. She charges into rooms, indestructible, aiming just above the collar.

Sometimes Eleanor lives in a dreamworld. She dreams that she only imagines herself a fiend. Her cruelties become accidental; her kindnesses appear styled and significant. She becomes her dream: an old bone, a cream puff, another upholstered

J. S. Marcus is the author of Everywhere, *a collection of stories to be published by Knopf next year. His story "The Art of Cartography" appeared in the December 1986 issue of* Harper's Magazine.

Illustrations by Patricia Dryden

chair. "Poor inanimate Eleanor!" she tells herself. "She has lost the battle with propriety before it could even begin."

Eleanor doesn't mind very much—these gaps between her actions and her inventions, her imagined inability to do harm. She occupies herself with Martin and his thin good looks, his long neck, his apparent clairvoyance. Martin—sharp-featured, self-satisfied—knows exactly what's coming next. He isn't ever surprised. Occasionally Eleanor wonders why: "It must have something to do with his neck," she once decided. (Martin's neck is long and complicated, faintly aristocratic; his head is far away from the ground.) Then she decided it had everything to do with etiquette, with the fact that Martin has an Attic politeness. "Martin is too polite to act surprised," she once told herself.

Martin believes his politeness is contagious. He actually believes that Eleanor's recent nocturnal "accidents" are in fact accidents, that she is trying to be polite by not turning on the lights during her pilgrimages to the kitchen, her sojourns in the bathroom. The idea that Eleanor might be picking up the coffee grinder, or the picture frame, or the magazine rack, and just throwing it on the floor hasn't entered Martin's mind. "Fool," Eleanor thinks, as Martin lumbers through the hall, scratching his blond stubble.

Sometimes Eleanor dreams about ways to change: She dreams about writing her autobiography. The book would be episodic, but coherent, in its documentation of insults, sporadic violence, sexual and gastronomic excesses, elaborate property crimes, orchestrated public humiliations, drawing-room abuses. Eleanor—the grand intruder! And the book would end—as her life seems to be ending—with an undramatic acquittal. Eleanor is looking forward to that ending; she loves anticlimaxes.

Martin has his own suggestions. He believes that Eleanor needs inspiration from other people, just as he himself is inspired by other people. Martin finds crowds healing; the din of a crowd's voice is a symphony. Martin, intruding dramatically, with the will of an aristocrat, wants Eleanor to take people out from under the microscope, to stop looking at those specks from inside the plane window. Eleanor laughs at Martin's suggestions. "Ha," thinks Eleanor, lying on the floor with her feet up on the sofa. "Ha," she has actually said out loud.

Not that Eleanor isn't equipped for those sorts of endeavors: Eleanor knows quite a number of people, quite a number of men and women; so many, in fact, it's difficult to tell them apart.

The women, of various ages and sizes, all believe in a world that goes down and comes around. They gain and lose weight, fall in and out of love with their husbands, go to work, have a child, back to work, another child. Eleanor isn't comforted by these women and their sundry exuberances, the way they give birth in between trips to the office. She looks at them and thinks, "The only tragedy is the tragedy of repetition." Eleanor flies through her life, as if she were riding a rubber band.

The men, whom Eleanor spies upon in streets and at parties, are often like her husband, Martin—acquiring and dispensing without expression. Eleanor listens to them, not believing a word, wondering if they perm their hair, or embezzle money, or cheat on their wives. Eleanor, who perms her hair, steals money from Martin's sister's purse, and cheats on her husband, smiles, then turns her back and walks away from them in mid-sentence.

Actually, Eleanor hasn't done any of those things. The hairdresser, his voice shaking with pity, told Eleanor that her hair will never hold a perm. She took money from Martin's sister's purse at Martin's sister's suggestion. Martin's sister, holding a daughter, wanted to give the carryout boy a tip. And Eleanor is too busy fending off Martin's advances to think about anyone else. At parties, while the husbands mention their salaries or complain about their wives' insomnia, Eleanor looks at people's shoes or finds things on the wall. Sometimes the husbands try conversation. They explain whatever with lengthened smiles and breathy laughter. Soon enough, though, they tire of Eleanor's

¡Speak Spanish like a diplomat!®

What sort of people need to learn a foreign language as quickly and effectively as possible? *Foreign service personnel,* that's who. Members of America's diplomatic corps are assigned to U.S. embassies abroad, where they must be able to converse fluently in every situation.

Now you can learn to speak Spanish just as these diplomatic personnel do — with the Foreign Service Institute's Programmatic Spanish Courses. You'll learn Latin American Spanish recorded by native speakers.

The U.S. Department of State has spent thousands of dollars developing this course. It's by far *the most effective way* to learn Spanish at your own convenience and at your own pace.

The course consists of a series of cassettes and accompanying textbook. Simply follow the spoken and written instructions, listening and repeating. By the end of the course, you'll be learning and speaking entirely in Spanish!

This course turns your cassette player into a "teaching machine." With its unique "programmatic" learning method, you set your own pace — testing yourself, correcting errors, reinforcing accurate responses.

The FSI's Programmatic Spanish Course comes in two volumes, each shipped in a handsome library binder. Order either, or save 10% by ordering both:

☐ **Volume I: Basic.** 12 cassettes (17 hr.), manual, and 464-p. text, $175.
☐ **Volume II: Intermediate.** 8 cassettes (12 hr.), manual, and 614-p. text, $145

(CT residents add sales tax)

TO ORDER BY PHONE, PLEASE CALL TOLL-FREE NUMBER: **1-800-243-1234.**

To order by mail, clip this ad and send with your name and address, and a check or money order - or charge to your credit card (AmEx, VISA, MasterCard, Diners) by enclosing card number, expiration date, and your signature.

The Foreign Service Institute's Spanish course is unconditionally guaranteed. Try it for three weeks. If you're not convinced it's the fastest, easiest, most painless way to learn Spanish, return it and we'll refund every penny you paid. Order today!

190 courses in 55 other languages also available. Write for free catalog. Our 17th year.



Audio-Forum
Room M509
96 Broad St.
Guilford, CT 06437
(203) 453-9794

AUDIO-FORUM
THE LANGUAGE SOURCE

absent expressions, her colorless hair, her many glances above and behind their faces. Then—as if she can read their minds—she announces a wave of thirst and a jolt of hunger. Eleanor backs up to the kitchens, leaving men to fend for themselves or return to their roundabout, renovated wives.

When she first met Martin, Eleanor believed in love. She believed that love, like music, could have a kind of precision. Now, from the window, Eleanor sees these men—leaving home in the morning or dragging themselves back at night—and she assumes they are leading loveless lives. Eleanor, sprawled out on the living room carpet, holding a magazine in front of the light, has written the book on loveless lives.

Eleanor in the afternoon. When Eleanor reads books that document previously undocumented atrocities, she likes to begin at the middle, with the photographs. The book in her lap is about Silesian and Sudeten Germans. Backed out of Poland, hounded out of Bohemia, the Silesian and Sudeten Germans were forced to emigrate—after hundreds and hundreds of years, after an eternity—to a new part of the world, deep into the Germany that months before—a moment before—had left them behind for the Russians. It was the end of 1945, and, all over, people were wandering around the cold hell they'd made for themselves; no one was happy to see the Silesian and Sudeten Germans. Eleanor, twenty-eight, childless, appliances in the garbage, reads about special concentration camps where these technically German refugees were detained, forced to wear felt swastikas, beaten, demoralized, ruined utterly, then sent packing to live in the rubble. Eleanor, who often eats while she reads, moves through the pages of lost faces like an explorer: insatiable.

Eleanor in the bedroom. Eleanor's husband, Martin, has placed his chin on her stomach, and his eyes look like a constellation, far away and interpreted, ever present in the darkness.

Eleanor at the grocery store. The frozen-foods section is an obstacle course. Hello, hello, hello. Eleanor bends into the freezer and smiles as she takes custody of the final box of baby peas.

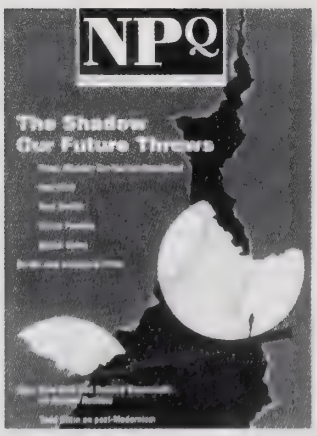
After the grocery store, Martin and Eleanor are walking to the car. Martin is walking ahead, certain of everything, of his bony good looks and his undetected adultery, and he glances over his shoulder at Eleanor, just as her bag of groceries spreads out over the parking lot.

Eleanor in the parking lot. There have been hundreds and hundreds of years. Years litter the blacktop. Is Eleanor snapping back? Martin is a microbe, a speck: smaller and smaller and smaller. The long journey upward! Is it over? ■

WHAT HAPPENS WHEN YOUR WORLDVIEW FALLS APART? WHEN SOLIDARITY RUNS POLAND AND THE JAPANESE OWN ROCKEFELLER CENTER? CONNIE CHUNG'S CELEBRITY INTERVIEWS AREN'T MUCH HELP IN FIGURING OUT WHERE WE ARE GOING. READING NPQ IS NOT LIKE WATCHING TV. IT TAKES QUALITY TIME: WE TURN A FOCUSED EYE ON CURRENT ISSUES AND PROVIDE IN-DEPTH INTERVIEWS WITH THE PEOPLE WHO ARE SHAPING THE TIMES TO COME.

The Antidote to Trivialization

Jayne Anne Phillips
Carlos Fuentes
John Kenneth Galbraith
Abolhassan Bani-Sadr
Joan Didion
Ryszard Kapuscinski
Jean Baudrillard
Ali Mazrui
Régis Debray
Frank Zappa
Octavio Paz



I want to subscribe to NPQ for only $24 per year

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

☐ Check enclosed ☐ Bill Me

Or Charge By Phone, **Call 1-800-336-1007** (Outside CA)

Foreign: Canada & Mexico please add $5. All other countries add $15.

New Perspectives Quarterly

10951 W. Pico Blvd., Second Floor, Los Angeles, California 90064

213.474-0011

A LIFE COLORED BY WAR

Amsterdam, May 1940: When the Germans came

By Hans Koning

When I was a boy in high school in Amsterdam, there were images in my mind from the First World War of English soldiers, little fellows under their saucer helmets, marching down a village street with French children running after them crying, "Tommy, Tommy!" Then the soldiers are standing in a trench waiting for dawn, rain is falling, it isn't possible to sit down in the heavy mud. When the subaltern blows his whistle, they climb out and start charging forward, holding their rifles with bayonets pointing upward at forty-five degrees. After that, very few of them will stay alive for more than a few minutes longer.



I could not conceive of myself as being one of those men, of their gentle docility in obeying the whistle. Such a fate (like being burned as a heretic or broken on the wheel by the Spaniards who waged war on Holland 300 years earlier) belonged to a past of before *me*. The births of me and my classmates were the divide. Our parents and teachers wouldn't have dwelled so much on that war if it hadn't been for the fact that they believed nothing like it would ever again be seen on earth, that it was an unbelievable experience of humanity.

I am talking of Amsterdam in the Thirties. It was a town in which our milkman came to the door mornings with a cart holding a large metal urn with fresh farm milk. This cart had a dog walking under it in harness, to help pull. All milk carts had the same breed of large dog for that purpose, but the only name I know for it is "milkman's dog." They had reddish-blond fur, the color of many young girls' hair in Holland, and this kind of hair was thus called milkman's dog's hair, *melkboeren-honden-haar*. During the German occupation of Holland, those carts and the milk disappeared, of course. After the war, in 1946, they came back. Presently the milkmen got little scooter engines to do the moving, and then their carts and engines were replaced by electric trucks. Then home delivery of milk ended, as it ended quite a while ago in this country.

In the 1930s, Amsterdam was in many ways closer to the Dutch eighteenth century than to the city as it is now. Flat-bottomed barges were poled along our canals by men walking fore to aft, pushing off against the canal bottom with those poles and then walking forward carrying them, and so on and on through their days. In my mother's apartment (my parents were divorced and I rarely saw my father), only the living room was heated in winter, with a coal stove. A fixed topic of our school conversations was the weighing of the misery of our summer mosquito bites against that of our winter chilblains. After my mother had got her divorce, no one in her family except her father (who was a poet) ever talked to her again. When she and I traveled on the streetcar in Amsterdam—a capital city, after all, with 700,000 inhabitants—I often heard someone mutter, "Paintings should hang," which was the local witticism for women who wore makeup.

Amsterdam was the Red City, with large socialist and communist parties, yet its spirit outside its poor neighborhoods was eighteenth-century bourgeois Calvinist, with its Sundays of empty streets a desert of boredom and its religious splits a legacy of the war between Protestant Holland and Spain. Protestants bought their clothes in Protestant shops only, Catholics in Catholic shops, and when a Catholic grocer advertised for a delivery boy, he'd specify, "Catholic delivery boy wanted." Yet also handed down from that war of independence was an undiluted libertarianism that had kept the borders open

Hans Koning's most recent novel is Acts of Faith. *His latest nonfiction book is* Nineteen Sixty-eight. *His last piece for* Harper's Magazine, *"Memories Official and Unofficial," appeared in October 1988.*

Photograph from The Bettmann Archive

to refugees from everywhere and meant that ideas were left alone. Dutch Calvinism was a state of mind rather than a religion. Amsterdam's 100,000 Jews were as much Calvinists as its Dutch Reformed, Catholics, and atheists.

Holland in the Thirties was poor, but it was a poverty of scarcity rather than of starvation. Many of the rich surely kept their riches through the Depression and went on leading their customary (at all times quite Spartan) lives. A friend of my mother's was the owner of a La Salle, a large car with cut-glass vases of flowers in its windows (I learned only recently that La Salle was an American make and not French, as I had always assumed). One day I was picked up after school for a ride, and I was the envy of the children in my class, most of whom had never been in an automobile. My mother's household might be labeled "impoverished middle class," I suppose, although I think of it as not fitting into any class. There are quite a number of evenings in my memory when she didn't have a guilder coin to put into the electricity meter (electricity and gas were supplied only on a pay-as-you-go basis) and we had to go to bed because there was no light. In those days you needed a little tax plate on your bicycle that cost something like two guilders fifty a year, about a dollar. There were regular police checks at busy points, and if you didn't have the plate, your bicycle was impounded until you had paid the fine. Often the police stood at the traffic light in front of the Rijksmuseum, which was on my way to school; if I hadn't yet had the money to buy the plate for the current year, I'd get off before the museum and try to slip past on the sidewalk. I was caught at least once. The unemployed, of which there were hundreds of thousands, got their bicycle tax plate free. Theirs, however, was only for enabling them to look for work; it had a hole in the middle and wasn't valid on Sundays. Our Conservative, Christian government of the time didn't think it necessary to let them have any free pleasure rides.

It was in this world that one Friday, May 10, 1940, at six in the morning, my mother came into my bedroom and told me, "We're at war." I was still a schoolboy. The night before I had been to a double feature, and walking home with my friends we had commented that the fire of the anti-aircraft batteries around Amsterdam was unusually heavy. Almost every night those batteries fired dutifully at the German and British planes that violated the neutrality of Dutch air space. (By then England and Germany had been at war for eight months, right through the winter.) That Friday, two hours before dawn, the German army had crossed our border and, as the Dutch conscripts fell back before the German tanks, our dikes were opened to create the water barrier supposed to protect Holland proper from any invader. I lay in my bed for half an hour maybe, literally shaking with fright. Then it was over and, I do not know why, I was never afraid again during that war. I went out into the street. It was fully light and I learned my first lesson in wartime civics: The Dutch, who hadn't had a war at home in three centuries, were already standing in line. There was a line at the door of the grocery store on our corner, still closed, and on the Van Baerle, the nearby shopping street, I found lines at the Bata shoe store and the bakeries. Somehow the people knew in their blood that in war you survived if you accumulated everything you could lay your hands on and beat your neighbors to it in the process. In Dutch this is called "hamstering." For quite a number of people it became the main activity during the five years of German occupation that were to follow.

Not unlike the French generals of that time, my friends and I thought this would be a trench war like the last one and that a front line would solidify somewhere—we assumed it would run through the Netherlands—and that when we reached draft age in one or two years, we would be trained and take our places on it. The weekend following that Friday was strangely quiet, with very little hard news in the papers or on the radio. The weather was sublime. It is remarkable that both the summer of 1914 and the spring of 1940 are remembered by those who lived through them for their weeks and weeks of long sunny days, mocking the dying under those deep blue skies. Rumors abounded; German soldiers were said to be infiltrating the country in every conceivable disguise, including that of Catholic nuns. Thousands of German girls had come to Holland in the Thirties as domestics. (A Dutch family had to be poor then not to have a live-in maid for all household work; they'd earn some six guilders a week but had room and board, which in those days was in itself an attainment.) Those girls were now all said to be spies, directing the German planes with flashlights from their attic windows. Many would reveal themselves as Nazis, but I don't know if any actual spies were found among them. There wasn't that much to spy on in Holland.

On Monday morning we awoke to see huge clouds of black smoke drift to the sky north of Amsterdam. The oil depots of the harbor were burning, and when I was told that they had been set alight by the Dutch army rather than by German bombers, it took me some ten seconds, but not longer, to realize it meant our war was already lost. That day or perhaps it was on Tuesday, Queen Wilhelmina went to England on a British destroyer. To me, she was the last serious queen the country had, "the only socialist in The Hague," as she was mockingly called by her ministers. She did not flee but escaped, to be the focal point of the continued war of the Dutch and especially of the Dutch navy against Germany. As for me, I telephoned the British consulate in Amsterdam (how inane this sounds to me now) and asked if they would help a boy volunteering for the British army to get to England. A very calm and polite gentleman came on the phone and told me that, no, they couldn't help me in that, but I would be let into the country without a visa in the event I got there. (After the outbreak of war in September 1939, all European countries demanded entry visas.) With that answer as a spur, I bicycled to the North Sea coast by way of Haarlem to Ijmuiden, only twenty miles west of Amsterdam. I was too late. The day before, several boats and ships had still got out, although some had been sunk by German bombers; now the harbor lay

mpty. And when I got back to Haar-
em I was precisely in time to see a
German regiment march through, a
ery orderly show of force for the pop-
lation, which watched in silence. As
stood on the sidewalk with my bicy-
le, a man beside me said, "Look at
nat. Look at that. They've thought
f everything," and indeed they were
ertainly the best-equipped troops we
ad ever seen. But that evening, back
n Amsterdam, a friend of ours, a
oung photographer only five years
lder than I, who had the year before
riven all over France in an old Lan-
ia convertible (bought in Amster-
lam for twenty-five guilders), told us
o cheer up. "No army in Europe can
eat the French army," he said again
nd again. On Wednesday, Rotter-
lam, firebombed by the Germans,
vas burning, the Dutch air force had
eased to exist, and the Dutch army
nded its resistance. That evening, I
tood on the street in Amsterdam in
he twilight, when after five days of
blackout, the street lamps suddenly
vent back on. A mild cheer went up.
But the next day they went out again
nd stayed out for five more years. Six
weeks later the French army stopped fighting.

But in spite of all our miscalcula-
tions, four and a half years later there *was* a front line running through the Netherlands, and I was a soldier on one side of it. The front in my case was the waterway separating the Dutch island of Schouwen, held by part of an SS division, from Tholen, a peninsula sticking out from Dutch Brabant and recently liberated by the English and the Free French. I was the only Dutch soldier in 7 Troop, 4 Command, a Free French unit with an English communications section. I was a sergeant, though not a real one in the sense of being on the books in Whitehall. Long after that phone call to the consulate in Amsterdam, after years of waiting and wandering and of imprisonment in occupied France, I had reached England, but I had never been properly incorporated into any army body. I could presumably have glided into becoming one of those hazy, whiskey-swilling liaison men such as the Americans in Thomas Pynchon's *Gravity's Rainbow* or the

You deserve a factual look at. . .

The "Intifada"

Is Israel using excessive force to suppress it?

For over two years now, the "intifada," the uprising of the Arab population in the territories administered by Israel, has occupied the attention of print and broadcast media and has therefore been of concern to the public. Much of that concern has centered on the methods used by the Israelis to suppress this uprising. Television especially has left the impression that those methods are too harsh, that the Arabs in the administered territories are subject to human rights abuses on a grand scale and that their civil rights are routinely violated.

What are the facts?

■ As a result of their brilliant military exploits in the Six Day War, the Israeli Defense Forces (IDF) have gained a reputation of prowess and professionalism. It is therefore difficult to understand why the competent Israeli military have until now been unable to squash this uprising. One inevitably compares it with the "efficiency" of, for instance, the Chinese, who, at a cost of perhaps 4,000 lives, took care of *their* uprising in a single day; by the Syrians, who "settled" their uprising in the City of Hama by killing an estimated 25,000 of their own people and by leveling the city; or with the Iraqis, who dealt with their restive Kurdish minority by summarily poison-gassing entire villages.

■ There is, of course, little question that the IDF could easily have handled the intifada in the same "efficient" manner. Had they done so at the very beginning, it would in all likelihood have been the end of the whole affair. There would not have been years of turmoil, of extensive television coverage, of countless agonizing editorials in the media of the world, and endless denunciation of Israel in international forums. But Israel is a western democracy and is, of course, unable to act in this manner. The reason that the "intifada" has been allowed to drag on for so long is the almost incredible restraint by the IDF and their scrupulous concern about the lives and the properties of the Arab population.

■ The "intifada's" goal is not the creation of an Arab mini-state. This uprising is the latest link in the chain of the never-ending war of the Arab nations against Israel, the unchanging goal of which is the total destruction of the Jewish state. The "intifada" uses the techniques of street violence, by which Israeli soldiers and civilians find themselves under continuous assault, threatened daily by stones, Molotov cocktails and occasional gunfire. Faced with this never-ending provocation, the restraint of the IDF has to be admired. While every human life is precious, what is remarkable is the relatively small number of casualties—fewer than die during outbreaks of violence in Lebanon, in Kashmir, in Sri Lanka or in Azerbaijan, or during the drug wars in American inner cities. And this small number is reflective of the determination of the Israeli government to minimize casualties and of the forbearance and professionalism of the IDF.

■ In their effort to minimize casualties and injuries, the IDF have detailed and specific instructions on use of force and of weapons. For instance, soldiers are only allowed to open fire when fired upon. They are never allowed to fire into crowds; they are not allowed to fire if innocent bystanders could be hurt; they are not allowed to fire at fleeing attackers. In order further to reduce casualties, the Israelis continue to experiment with plastic bullets, rubber bullets and other non-lethal weapons. Automatic weapons are completely forbidden. If at all possible, nightsticks are being used instead of guns. The role of IDF soldiers in maintaining order and tranquility in the territories is made infinitely more complicated by their being confronted mostly by children. teenagers, and women, while the able-bodied men stay safely in the background, egging them on.

The "intifada" is a violent uprising, an extension of the unrelenting war of the Arab states against Israel. It has been allowed to go on for over two years, only because of the patience, forbearance and respect for human life and property of the Israeli government and military. The "intifada" cannot solve the problems of the Middle East. Peace in the area can only come about by face-to-face negotiations between Israelis and the Arab inhabitants of the administered territories. In a recent speech, Prime Minister Shamir stated: "Israel has submitted a logical, fair and just plan for the solution of the conflict. If Arab governments sincerely want to contribute to the solution of the conflict, to the elimination of violence, and to the achievement of peace, then they must use their influence on the Palestinian Arabs to dissociate themselves from the useless, destructive and hopeless ties to the PLO."

This ad has been published and paid for by

FLAME

Facts and Logic About the Middle East

Gerardo Joffe, President

(fly. Western Regional Director of CAMERA)

P.O. Box 590359 ■ San Francisco, CA 94159

FLAME is a tax-deductible, non-profit educational 501(c)(3) organization. Its purpose is to combat media inaccuracies, through public education and publicity. Your tax-deductible contributions are welcome. They enable us to pursue these goals and to publish these messages in newspapers and magazines. Our overhead is minimal. Almost all of our revenue pays for our educational work and for these clarifying messages.

Yes, I want to help in the publication of these ads and in clarifying the situation in the Middle East. I include my tax-deductible contribution in the amount of

$ _____. H/26

My name is _____

I live at _____

In _____ State _____ Zip _____

Mail to: FLAME, P.O. Box 590359, San Francisco, CA 94159

Brighter kids for under $2.00 a month



Reading CRICKET magazine helps children have more adventurous minds and active imaginations. CRICKET is for very special children. Children who are curious about their world. Children who love to read. *Children just like yours!*

$14.95 for an EIGHT-ISSUE TRIAL subscription. Send no money. We will bill you later. *Save over $15.00 off the regular twelve-issue price!* Order now by calling toll free or by sending us the coupon below.

Name_____

Address_____

City, State, Zip_____

1-800-BUG PALS (1-800-284-7257, Ext. 5C)
CRICKET, Box 52933, Boulder, CO 80322

Cricket 5HMG9

New York happens all around us



The Salisbury Hotel on West 57th, across from Carnegie Hall, at the crossroads of New York City.

Whatever your pleasure, whatever your business, you're at the center of everything that's going on in New York City.

In the shadow of skyscrapers and stage doors, The Salisbury offers you 320 spacious air conditioned rooms, elegantly decorated, and courteous old world room service. All at a price you can afford.

Single accommodations $108-$118. Doubles $118-$128. Suites $175-$295*. Corporate, weekend and group rates upon request. Meeting/ banquet facilities are available.

Salisbury
HOTEL
123 West 57th Street
New York, New York 10019 U.S.A.
For reservations or brochure:
toll-free (800) 223-0680 • NYC (212) 246-1300
Cable SALISHOT • International Telex 668366
*Taxes and gratuities not included.

Put the whole world at your fingertips, with . . .

Venturer MultiBand Receiver

Only $99.95*

But read the ad for an even better deal!



•*We have a small monthly allotment of the Venturer 2, same as the standard Venturer, but it also plays cassette tapes. It costs $30 more—$129.95. The "special deal"—3 for the price of 2—is also available for this model.*

The *Venturer* Receiver gives you crisp reception over the full ten bands of the radio spectrum, including, of course, the entire AM/FM range. But you can also roam the international shortwave and ham radio bands (4 to 12 mHz) for information from all over the world. And you can pick up the TV-audio from channels 2 to 13, a great way to keep up with your favorite programs. But there is more: Listen to 24-hr. reports of the U.S. Weather Bureau, and get news of all support services—police, fire, ships, and civil defense. Then there is the aircraft band, and all 40 channels of the CB band. The *Venturer* works off your 110-volt house current, off batteries, or off any external 12-V. DC source.

We import *Venturers* in container loads and can offer them for just $99.95. But we have an even better deal: ***Buy two for $199.90, and we'll send you a third one, with our compliments—absolutely FREE!*** Take advantage of this special offer and order your *Venturer MultiBand Receiver(s)* today!

FOR FASTEST SERVICE, ORDER
TOLL FREE (800) 882-3050
24 hours a day, 7 days a week
Please give order **#1195A297** for the *MultiBand Receiver,* and for the cassette version, give order **#1196 A297.** If you prefer, mail check or card authorization and expiration. We need daytime phone for all orders and issuing bank for charge orders. We cannot ship without this information

UPS/insurance: $6.95 for one *Venturer MultiBand Receiver,* $8.95 for three. Add sales tax for CA delivery. You have 30-day return privilege and one year warranty.

haverhills
131 Townsend Street, San Francisco, CA 94107

hairdresser in Evelyn Waugh's war novels. But I was too young, too *something,* for such cynical behavior. I believed in that war with all my being and was indeed one of those unlikely creatures who had been desperately afraid it would be over "before they got there." I had been sent to that commando troop with little training, on the strength of being able to interpret for them in their contacts with the rare emissaries from the Dutch resistance who came over at night, across the river outlets separating them from still-occupied Holland. I had lacked the audacity to make myself an officer, but I wasn't going to be a private and sleep twelve to a room. So I sewed on sergeant's stripes on the way, and they never questioned me on it. It was an unorthodox outfit and they had expected a lieutenant; anyway, in the class-divided British army, I sounded more like an officer than like a private.

My commanding officer was a Frenchman, Captain Willers, and when he toured the positions he did not keep behind Tholen's western dike but followed the path on top of it, where he presented a target to any German sniper across the water. I'm certain he did not do this in the spirit of those lethal officers of the First World War who had thought they inspired their men by drawing fire or by kicking a football when going over the top; Willers's men were much too hard-bitten and cynical to go for theatrics. I think it was a measure of the captain's contempt or aversion for the Germans. These Free French, different from the British, weren't nursing one atom of the traditional feelings about the rules of war, honorable soldierdom, the shaking-hands-with-your-adversary stuff. They didn't consider the SS across the river mouth as criminals either; even that would have shown too much respect. They considered them scum. And when I had to accompany Willers, I walked behind him on top of the dike too, although he never told me to. I was under the spell of the image of 7 Troop, as they were under it themselves, the commando image of invulnerability and near-contempt for everyone else, partly created by the wartime newspapers and movies and

uch army men as General Montgom-ry, I now think. It was a far cry from he traditional, resigned British disci-line. Their ideas of war were as much n illusion as the traditional ones, but hey worked, they worked for the mo-ale of these very young men among vhom I was the youngest. In their ompany I didn't think of getting illed or wounded. I thought of not ooking ridiculous in Captain Wil-ers's eyes.

The war I found myself in at that lace and time entailed for me a total urnabout. Under the German occu-ation I had lived furtively. I had sat n French trains with an identity card hat made me a young miner from Huy in Belgium. I remember a Ger-nan corporal going through the train nd studying it with his earnest but lumb face, a peasant's face, looking at he card and then at me over his metal reastplate hanging by a chain around is neck (his badge of office). I have ried to reconstruct the way I must ave looked back at him but I can't. With a little smile perhaps. We made point of always carrying *Signal*, a German illustrated weekly published n all the occupied countries and full f photographs of their victories and lond children. The corporal could, with one question, one moment of uspicion, doom me. He didn't; he vent on to the next passenger. All hose months and years I had felt in-reasingly exposed, and shabby, and urtive (I must repeat the word). Now was sitting in the muddy Brabant ields within a glamorous island of Anglo-Saxon matériel. Our stuff was ll American or British. We cooked n stainless-steel gasoline cookers, we pened cans of Spam from Chicago, we had shiny new Bren guns and eeps. (The first time I saw the five-ointed white star of our armies, on a eep in England, I went over to lay my and on it.) Taking or using nothing rom the farmers around us, we lived n a sleek, tan and steel-gray world of ur own, and in it the men of the commando unit did to an amazing degree as they pleased. When I was n Antwerp one day with a French NCO, he simply stole a jeep off the street when he felt we needed one. And across the water, amidst the fields they themselves had flooded, sat the recent masters of the new German Europe, running low on food and fuel, burning sticks of plundered furniture from the farms to keep warm, and using the horses taken from the farmers to move their supplies.

We were put on night alert when someone from the resistance was expected to come over. Sometimes the Germans got wind of their plans and sent a raiding party instead. I learned to fire a Bren gun, and I hoped I was killing people; it was impossible to tell across the wide, misty river mouth. When we finally crossed the water, the Germans almost immediately surrendered and were taken prisoner. A bedraggled German NCO handed his pistol over to me, a beautiful 9mm automatic with a little swastika hammered into the barrel, made by the Belgian FN factory in Herstal for the German army. Captain Willers let me keep it; it has since been stolen from me. This scared *Gefreiter* (lance corporal) was by himself enough to demystify the SS and the criminal arrogance of National Socialism, which was merely founded on men with pistols facing men without pistols.

There were still a few civilians on Schouwen, and they hoisted a Dutch flag on what was left of a church steeple. In the flooded eastern part where there was no one, we sloshed through the water and entered the houses, where old papers and broken bureau drawers were floating around. We—even I—in this liberated Dutch, Allied territory, were looking for loot. But there was nothing.

Some days later we were ferried back to Tholen and boarded open trucks that took us into Germany. By the time we crossed the border, I had convinced some of the French to let me teach them the "Horst Wessel" song, the Nazi anthem, and thus we greatly astounded the Germans who were trudging along their roads and stopped to stare at us singing. The war was nearly over then.

Yet it became a tricky summer, for we were supposed to keep the peace between Germans and their freed slave laborers, who were out for food and revenge, and this cost us casualties. But there was a legitimate pleasure (for the last time in history, I

Introducing

Ladybug

the new magazine for children ages 2 to 7 from CRICKET magazine



Discover...

the pleasure of quiet moments with your child, in a world of ideas, adventures, and activities.

"LADYBUG is the happiest news for youngest readers, preschoolers, and their parents. In addition to a solid foundation of expertise in early childhood education, it's a delight to the eye, an adventure for the mind. LADYBUG sets a bright new standard of excellence."

—Lloyd Alexander, author/Newbery medalist

Give...

your young child the best possible start on the path to becoming a successful and enthusiastic reader.

$14.95 for an EIGHT-ISSUE TRIAL subscription. Send no money. We will bill you later. *Save over $10.00 off the regular twelve-issue price!* Order now by calling toll free or by sending us this coupon.

Name _____

Address _____

City, State, Zip _____

LADYBUG, Box 58344, Boulder, CO 80322

1-800-BUG PALS

(1-800-284-7257, Ext. 5L)

5LAY1



A tribute to love! In an aura of romanticism and without inhibition Rodin, with perfect balance, combined spiritual and physical love in a single work. Hand crafted from bonded marble. 11¼" high on a marble base $167 ppd. Check, VISA, MC. Unconditional guarantee. **112 page artbook color catalog $6. Largest collection of museum reproductions in U.S.**

ELEGANZA LTD. *Importers of Fine Statuary*

Magnolia Village • 3217 W. Smith #1075
Seattle, WA 98199 • 206/283-0609

Someday you may want to die.

Support the right of the terminally ill to die with dignity. Call for information.

THE HEMLOCK SOCIETY

1-800-247-7421

P.O. Box 11830
Eugene, OR 97440

think) in being a conquerer in that feudal landscape. My commanding officer drove his jeep himself, like a maniac, and I dashed up and down the Rhine valley with him, interpreting, setting up roadblocks, and scrounging up things for our men. Every town was in ruins, in some streets you could hardly pick your way on foot through the rubble, and the highways were lined with the gray-green metal boxes of ammunition the Allied armies hadn't needed anymore. Sitting on them, hitchhikers waved at every military vehicle for a lift, a lift to anywhere. Rain and sun swept over those exoduses.

The farmers were bulging with the loot the German army had collected for them from all over Europe in the past five years, while their wives came to complain to us whenever a Polish or Italian former slave laborer took a chicken. Once, my commanding officer made me accompany a German woman into a Polish camp for displaced persons (DPs) to look for a bicycle she said a Pole had stolen from her. The Poles didn't appreciate the visit and came near to lynching us both. When the bicycle was found, it turned out to be a Dutch one, and I asked the Polish DP to keep it, of course. The German woman told me I'd be sorry.

But all in all we fell easily into our roles. The farmers came out, unasked, to push our trucks out of the mud, just as their daughters came out, unasked, to trade their favors for cigarettes. They were as good at being defeated as they had been at waging war. The two qualities were opposite sides of the same coin. Talking to them from one's seat in the open jeep must have been not unlike talking to a man from one's saddle in the thirteenth century, when being mounted made one a knight.

The first time I was on leave in Amsterdam, in my uniform with the English-language shoulder tabs, schoolchildren were still collecting signatures from Allied soldiers as they had been doing since the day of liberation. I never let on that I was Dutch; they would have been gravely disappointed. I felt myself to be a man from a different world and couldn't help feeling slightly contemptuous when I saw Dutch soldiers or ex-resistance people paint the white star on their trucks, as if there were still fighter planes overhead. They hadn't had their revenge, as I had; they had yet to forget the occupation. But it had brought a new kind of solidarity. No longer did the government issue bicycle plates with holes.

That was my war. It came at the beginning of my life as an adult and colored it, in the precise way—or so it looks to me—that the Battle of Waterloo colored the entire life of Stendhal. Nothing happened to him in his lifetime to turn to dust the Napoleonic glory (tattered as it was, founded on a million dead soldiers, as he very well acknowledged to himself, but still...). In my lifetime, less lucky, I saw the essence of my war ebb away. On the television set in my New York apartment, our five-pointed white star reappeared, and under its aegis the pacification and defoliation and the other programs with their good P.R. names were carried out. TV voices reported how many people we had *killed*, for standing in the wrong rice fields. The weekly body count. These reports were received not in a nation itself living with death (like Nazi Germany) but in a nation only half-watching and half-listening, just back from Jones Beach, balancing their checkbooks. The horrors of schoolbook history had occurred in the dark days before I appeared on the scene; even seeing the newsreels of the death camps after the war had not destroyed my positivism, a tenacious belief that human history climbs upward, that, as my mother used to say right through the Depression and the occupation, "In the end it is all somehow for the best." The war had not gainsaid this, because the Germans had taken themselves off the path of human progress and outside history. That is why I attempted to kill Germans without misgiving. Now that war was no longer outside history, there was no longer a liberating response to the ex-Nazi who once told me, "In the long run, we all do the same things." For me (whose father had been shot by the Germans) that was an idea that poisoned my past.

My youth of enemy occupation and

ar had made me feel quite superior hen reading the stories and auto-iographies of my contemporaries ere in the United States. They emed so spoiled, so self-indulgent. n those same years they had been veating over a high school dance, a rannical father, being called names the street. They didn't know how it lt to be lost in a frontier wood, to be arving, in mortal danger. Later my mplacent heroism faded. Our he-ics had, after all, only been about ice white folks unexpectedly suffer-ng the fates routinely reserved for the sser races, who didn't write about it. low the children of Vietnam and aos were living in cages, day in and ay out, under bombardments that ould have shell-shocked West Pointers and the British officers from Sandhurst.

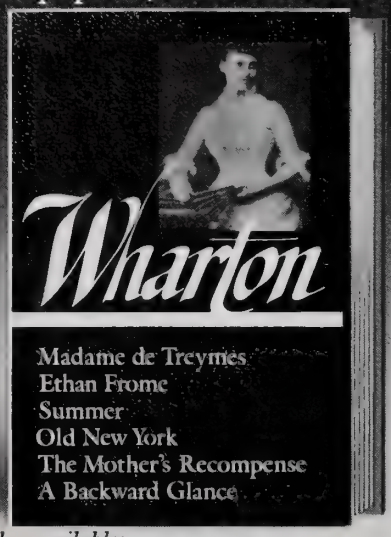
I have not lost my belief in the just-ess of my war, but I have stopped inking that the German evil was nique, *sui generis*. All state-generat-d violence has become suspect to ne. I am far from alone in this. It is a iscovery that may be the saving grace f our bloody century.

In the first days of August 1914, the rench intellectuals and radicals who ad convincingly argued that wars em from economics and that we are ll made fools of by flag-waving oliticians were crowding the French ailroad stations, singing the "Mar-eillaise." They were off to kill the hen who a week earlier had been heir fraternal colleagues, and they lt it was their own decision. And n a way it was. Europe's collective emory was full of obscure passions nd loves, of glory. A British poet hanked God "for matching us with lis hour," those "us" being his gen-ration, about to be maimed or wiped ut. There was a giant misunder-anding here, perhaps between the oet and God. In the final weighing of tes, it is seen that they were not iped out by a godless enemy but by heir own colonels and generals.

In our war there was no singing in ailroad stations. The men of the Roy-l Air Force and later of the American rmy Air Forces quietly climbed into heir planes and flew missions over ermany with a one-in-ten, a one-in-

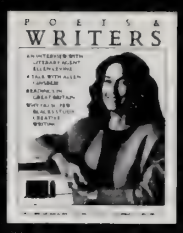
New In The Library of America

Enter the private worlds of America's Gilded Age in *Novellas and Other Writings* from one of our most brilliant, and popular, social observers.



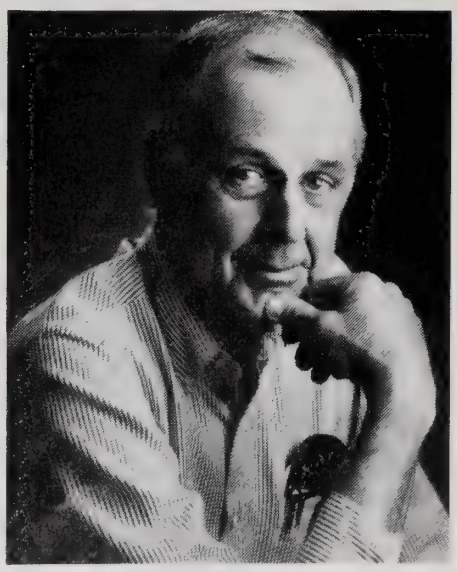
Also available:
NOVELS: *The House of Mirth, The Reef, The Custom of the Country, The Age of Innocence*

THE LIBRARY OF AMERICA
The only definitive and comprehensive collection of America's greatest writers
More than 45 volumes in the Library of America are now available at better booksellers. For a complete listing, more information, or to place an order: The Library of America, 14 E. 60th St., NY 10022



OF WRITERS BY WRITERS FOR WRITERS

Subscribe to *Poets & Writers Magazine*, and six times a year get news of publishing opportunities and upcoming grants and awards, essays by and interviews with poets and fiction writers, reports of literary activities around the country, announcements of literary prize winners, and classifieds that list everything from jobs to house rentals. 1 year $18 (writers listed in our Directory: $16) 2 years $32 (writers listed in our Directory: $28) Please send check or money order in U.S. dollars. For foreign subscriptions add (per year): Canada/Mexico $8.40; Europe/N. Africa $17.75; all others $22.50. Please allow 8 weeks to fill subscriptions or change addresses. Poets & Writers, Inc., Dept. R. 72 Spring Street, New York, NY 10012, (212) 226-3586.


© DAN CARRACO

"He is *the* prophetic American voice of our day."
Page Smith
CHRISTIAN SCIENCE MONITOR

"A profound, well-crafted book. Berry brings a unique . . . voice to the growing environmental movement, a voice that has, in his own words, 'the exactitude of conviction.'"
KIRKUS REVIEWS

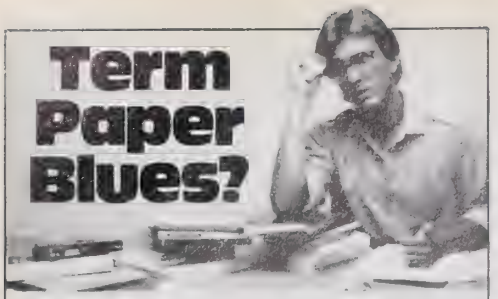
WHAT ARE PEOPLE FOR?

"Splendid writing."
PUBLISHERS WEEKLY

ESSAYS BY
Wendell Berry

Cloth, $19.95/Paper, $9.95

North Point Press, 850 Talbot Avenue, Berkeley, CA 94706



Term Paper Assistance

Catalog of 19,278 research papers

Order Catalog Today with Visa / MC or COD

Toll Free Hot Line **1-800-351-0222**

California & Canada: (213) 477-8226
Monday - Friday 10 am - 5 pm (Pacific time)

Or send $2.00 with coupon below

Our 306-page catalog contains detailed descriptions of 19,278 research papers, a virtual library of information at your fingertips. Footnote and bibliographic pages are free. Ordering is easy as picking up your phone. Let this valuable educational aid serve you throughout your college years.

EXAMPLES OF CATALOG TOPICS. . .

15759 - WORK RELATED STRESS Ways to minimize and manage stress, emphasizing human relations and environmental approaches. 9 footnotes, 7 bibliographies, 6 pages.

15842 - GROUNDWATER CONTAMINATION Origins, types, economic, political, health aspects. Proposed solution based on cost/benefit analysis of social capital. 12 footnotes, 8 bibliographies, 8 pages.

Research Assistance also provide custom research and thesis assistance. Our staff of 75 professional writers, each writing in his field of expertise, can assist you with all your research needs.

QUALITY GUARANTEED!

RA since 1970 **RESEARCH ASSISTANCE**
11322 Idaho Avenue, Suite 206 - XR
West Los Angeles, California 90025

Please rush my catalog. Enclosed is $2.00 to cover postage.

Name _____
Address _____
City _____ State ____ Zip _____



LIBIDO

The Journal of Sex and Sensibility

. . . . . .

Intelligent Erotica for People Who Think

. . . . . .

Quarterly $20 Sample $6
Outside USA $30

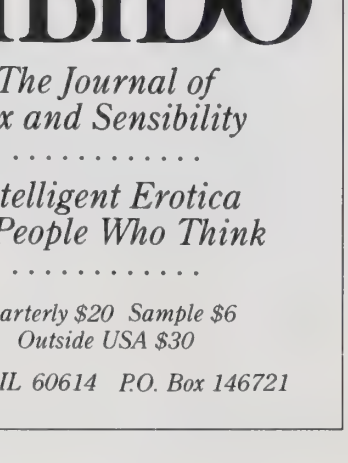
Chicago, IL 60614 P.O. Box 146721

Does the "replica" outperform the famous original?

Mount Fuji Ceramic Pen only $39.95*

***But read this ad for an even better deal.**

One of the world's truly fine line of products is that of Europe's Montblanc pens, appropriately named after that continent's highest mountain. If you have ever written with a Montblanc pen, you know that writing with them is a delight and almost effortless. One substantial drawback, however, as with so many luxuries, is that their price is awfully high. It is easy to spend $150 or more for one of them. Our Japanese friends have created a "replica" of this outstanding pen, which (except for one small detail—it doesn't have that 6-pointed star on the top) is indistinguishable in appearance, heft and feel. Not surprisingly, they called it *Mount Fuji*. It has the same hi-lacquer finish, with goldtone accents, as the famous original. The ceramic writing tip provides silk-smooth, effortless writing. It will never flatten or skip, even after hardest and longest use.



•The great reservoir of the Mount Fuji Ceramic Pen holds enough ink to draw a line 6.3 miles long. That is enough to write a medium-size novel. But just in case your literary requirements go beyond that, we include an extra tip and an extra ink reservoir.

The most remarkable thing about the *Mount Fuji Ceramic Pen* is its price. We are the exclusive direct mail distributors of this splendid writing instrument and can offer it therefore for just $39.95. But, we have an even better deal: ***Buy two for $79.90, and we'll send you a third one, with our compliments—absolutely FREE!*** Discard those tacky ballpoint pens and those clumsy felt tips. Write smoothly and easily, give character and good appearance to your writing. And make a really great buy. Treat yourself to better writing and get your *Mount Fuji Ceramic Pen(s)* today!

FOR FASTEST SERVICE, ORDER
TOLL FREE (800) 882-3050
24 hours a day, 7 days a week

Please give order Code #3800-A296 for *Mount Fuji Ceramic Pen*. If you prefer, send check or card authorization and expiration. We need daytime phone for all orders and issuing bank for charge orders. UPS insurance $1.50 for one *Mount Fuji Ceramic Pen* and $6.95 for three. Add sales tax for CA delivery. You have 30 day return and one year warranty.

For quantity orders (100+), call Ernest Gerard, our Wholesale/Premium Manager at (415) 543-6570 or write him at the address below.

since 1967
haverhills®

131 Townsend Street, San Francisco, CA 94107

eight, at times a one-in-four chance they would be burned alive or tumble to their deaths from 10,000 feet. They knew (or believed, which came to the same thing) that certain industrial targets, important as they might be, weren't bombed because they had been in British ownership before the war and would return to British hands after the war. All of us knew there would have been no war if the statesmen of Western Europe hadn't felt Hitler was really one of them and a bulwark against the Russians. We were wiser than those obedient, desperate men in the trenches, but Hitler offered no choices.

In the Vietnam War, perhaps for the first time in modern Western history, some men rebelled against the war itself, gave their officers the "fuck you" sign, and threw their medals back at their government. This wasn't done in protest against appalling conditions, as had happened in France in 1917, but because they had stopped being good Pavlovian dogs whenever someone rang the bell of patriotism. Still, the majority quietly did their duty as defined for them by the state.

Much courage was shown in those wars, that is unquestioned. It was a courage of "playing the game," being part of the team. But I would now reserve the word *courageous* for people such as those few in the Dutch resistance who for years pretended to be Nazis in order to make their secret work possible, and who were thus loathed and in some cases killed by their former friends. I think now that the highest and possibly the only valid form of war courage is the courage that engenders solitary behavior. To act alone, and maybe even against the grain, is harder than to heed the bugle call. To go against the American grain (as Dwight Macdonald called it) is very hard, because we are less cynical here than in most countries about our own national justness and purpose.

I am thinking of solitary courage, which can never be based on the closing of part of one's mind. I am thinking of someone like Lauro de Bosis, an Italian antifascist poet, a fugitive from —that is, at war with—Mussolini. After six hours of flying lessons at the Marseilles airfield, de Bosis went on

is first solo flight. Instead of circling ver the head of his instructor, he set ut for Rome. The time was October 931. With him in his plane he had a it bag with several thousand leaflets n which he called on Italians to write hain letters against Il Duce (George ernard Shaw's idea) in preparation r an uprising. The cloud of leaflets escended on Rome, but they were uickly collected by the fascist militia here they lay or fell from the timid ands of the Romans. No chain letrs were started, and not a word apeared in the Italian press. We know f de Bosis and his plan only because, n the way to the airfield, he had nailed a letter to a friend describing it nd enclosing one of his leaflets. He ad been sitting up all night in his hoel room writing the letter, and he eaded it "The story of my death." he *New York Times* printed it some ays afterward, on October 14, 1931. De Bosis's plane would have been ell-nigh out of gas when he turned est toward the Mediterranean, and e was never seen again.

I am thinking of a man in my war, ernand Bonnier de la Chapelle, a rench student in the resistance, who hot and killed Admiral Darlan in Aliers on December 24, 1942. To the ewilderment of the anti-German underground everywhere, Admiral Darn, a prominent French Nazi, had een confirmed in his functions in librated North Africa by General Eienhower. It was done for "reasons of tate," but it put the very purpose of he war in question. Our morale colapsed. It was a terrifying moment, for ere was the first area freed from Axis omination and yet justice was not one. Thus Darlan's death saved the Allied cause, no less. But after a sumnary trial, Bonnier was executed by he Vichy-French police, on Christmas morning, in an Algiers where the American and British flags were aleady flying. It was for those same reasons of state" that the Allies idn't intervene. In the local French-Algerian newspapers it was all turned round, and this young man, acting or the resistance, was said to have een a Nazi or an Italian fascist whose ame was unknown.

The list of such acts of lonely cour-

Continued on page 78

ONLY $6.95
Standard Discount Available

GREAT GIFT IDEA



The Next BESTSELLER!!

- Multi-printings of early volumes
- National Publicity
- Order from Baker & Taylor (201) 218-3968
- Order from Phillip Stephens Ltd. Phone: 1 (800) 780-8111 Fax : (212) 463-0468
- For advertising opportunities call (800) 999-5554

Mail Order Form:

❑ Check
❑ Money Order

Name: _____
Address: _____
_____
Phone Number: _____

THE ULTIMATE CHAIR
for back relief and relaxation!

. . .and 25 other products for a healthy back!



Office Model Available!

BackSaver FREE 14 page catalog 1-800-251-2225 or write
53 Jeffrey Ave., Dept. HM-0, Holliston, MA 01746 In MA 508-429-5940

Want to locate a MISSING SPOUSE, PARENT, FRIEND, or DEBTOR? The "HOW TO FIND MISSING PERSONS MANUAL" will let you do it FAST, from within the privacy of your home. Earn money locating for others. Free consultation for one (1) year. Send $79.95 to:
FINANCIAL TRAINING INSTITUTE, INC.
5100 WEST 164th STREET SUITE 21
CLEVELAND, OH 44142

SOLUTION TO THE APRIL PUZZLE

S	E	L	F	D	E	N	I	A	L	I	S
O	D	A	F	U	N	O	R	G	A	N	I
G	I	N	G	E	R	Y	A	L	I	G	N
R	R	U	A	L	A	N	N	A	R	L	D
O	F	A	T	L	G	U	T	O	U	E	U
F	D	F	B	I	E	R	C	E	B	N	L
O	M	I	K	S	E	S	E	A	D	O	G
T	I	P	S	T	A	F	F	E	G	O	E
Y	L	E	N	O	L	R	R	I	N	K	N
T	L	E	F	U	D	G	E	O	D	I	C
I	S	N	E	P	O	R	P	A	F	O	E

NOTES FOR "MARGINAL OBSERVATION"

1. FAIR, two meanings; 2. DUE-L-LIST; 3. ENRAG(anagram)-E, & Lit; 4. IRA(anagram)-N; 5. IN-GLEN-OOK; 6. FA-DO; 7. O-R-GAN(reversal); 8. GINGERY, anagram; 8. G(R)AB'S; 9. GUFF(awed); 10. ALIGN, hidden; 11. R-I-D-E, odd letters; 12. A-L(ri) G-A (reversal); 12. AN(. . . N)AL, reversal;13. F-U-G-U-E, last letters; 14. G(RE)ENIE; 15. (h)OBOE(s); 16. UNDERGO(n), anagram; 17. EL (A-ND)S; 18. RUN-YON; 19. C. . . -OR-GI; 20. BU(t)-RIAL(anagram); 21. L-OGIER(n) (anagram); 22. M-ILLS; 23. STOUP, anagram; 24. ES(K. . . I)MO, anagram; 25. SE(AD)OG, reversal; 26. AB(ort)ED; 27. TIPS-TA-FF; 28. PE(E)N; 29. A-ERA reversed; 30. FLUE, "flew"; 31. FIDO, hidden in reverse; 32. EPIFAUNAL, anagram; 33. (t)YLENOL, reversed; 34. NOD-E. . . ; 35. ENTERTAINS, anagram & Lit; 36. FELT, two meanings; 36. FUDGE, two meanings; 37. D(O)SIDO, anagram & Lit; 38. C-I-DO, reversed; 39. ILES, hidden; 40. PER-F-ECT(anagram); 41. F-(OR-FE)IT.

SOLUTION TO APRIL DOUBLE ACROSTIC (NO. 88). MARY LOUISE GILMAN. (6,000) SOUND-ALIKES, (LOOK-ALIKES, AND OTHER WORDS). You probably remember the story of the lawyer and the banker who were out fishing when their boat sank. As he struck out for shore, the lawyer, a good swimmer, asked his friend, "Can you float alone?" The banker gasped, "I'm drowning, and you want to talk business?"

CONTEST RULES: Send the quotation, the name of the author, and the title of the work, together with your name and address, to Double Acrostic No. 89, *Harper's Magazine*, 666 Broadway, New York, N.Y. 10012. If you already subscribe to *Harper's*, please include a copy of your latest mailing label. Entries must be received by May 8. Senders of the first three correct solutions opened at random will receive one-year subscriptions to *Harper's Magazine*. The solution will be printed in the June issue. Winners of Double Acrostic No. 87 are Lillian M. Bigenho, Verona, Pennsylvania; Stan Wrisk, Baltimore, Maryland; and Mary M. Fowler, Hartford, Connecticut.

CLASSIFIED

BOOKS

Eureka Bookfinder. Send wants: 2024-H Harris Street, Eureka, Calif. 95501.

Locating out-of-print books our specialty. Avonlea Books, Box 74E, White Plains, N.Y. 10602. (914) 946-5923.

Old-book scout locates out-of-print books. Write: Greenmantle, P.O. Box 1178HP, Culpeper, Va. 22701.

Booklover's smorgasbord. Free catalogue. Iron Kettle Books, Hancock Road, Williamstown, Mass. 01267.

Intense, vivid, accessible, humanistic, artful poetry. Good stuff. $5 includes postage. Lee Shatz, 461 Bellevue, #26, Oakland, Calif. 94610.

Obtain your books (new or in-print) easily, pleasantly, reliably—with one soothing call to Minnesota. Tell us what you need; we ship immediately or will special-order. Gringolet Bookstore, Minneapolis, Minn. (800) 468-4347.

Canadian Books: Used, out-of-print, paperbacks, hardbacks. Any Canadiana, Arctic, or sea books. Wells Group, 958 Page Avenue, Victoria, B.C. V9B 2M6, Canada.

Old and rare books. Fine bindings, travel, fine and decorative arts, etc. Free catalogue. James Beattie Ltd., P.O. Box 882, Blue Bell, Pa. 19422.

Presidential Biographies. Send 25¢ stamp for monthly listing of available titles. New and out-of-print books. American Political Biography, H-39 Boggs Hill Road, Newtown, Conn. 06470.

Antiquarian book tours. Twelve days immersed in Britain's greatest bookshops. Private receptions, historic accommodations, fairs, more. British Specialty Tours, Box 78193, Dept. HAR, Indianapolis, Ind. 46286. (317) 873-3732.

S. J. Perelman: early titles wanted. Jens Lehmann, Burgwedeler Strasse 120, 3004 Isernhagen, West Germany.

EMPLOYMENT OPPORTUNITIES

Teach abroad/here. Current openings list: U.S.A., $9; overseas, $9. Special opportunities: Australia, France, England, Japan, $8 each. EISL, Box 662, Newton, Mass. 02162-0002.

Get paid for reading books—$50–$100 per book. Write: Calco Publishing, Dept. C-36, 500 South Broad, Meriden, Conn. 06450.

VACATION RENTALS

Italy—Tuscany sixteenth-century farmhouse. Spacious quarters, three bedrooms; also three-room apartment. Close to ancient town. Panoramic views. Convenient to Florence, Siena. Tansey: (719) 566-1354; commencing April: (39) 575-62512. CP4, Cortona AR/52044, Italy.

Hawaiian Islands—Molokai, Kaluakoi resort. Polynesian studio with kitchen. $50 per night. (800) 225-7978 or (800) 950-5541.

Furnished sabbatical or vacation home in perched medieval village on French Riviera. Available from June 1990: $650 monthly. Long-term rates. Line 2B, Residence d'Hennemont, 78100 St. Germain en Laye, France.

Maine—Port Clyde and Tenants Harbor, wonderful homes, fully furnished, immaculate, and comfortable. From $200 to $2,000 per week, year-round. C. Lang, P.O. Box 282, Tenants Harbor, Me. 04860. (207) 372-8906.

RANCH VACATIONS

Package vacations in Montana's Rocky Mountain wilderness. Trout fishing, horseback riding, river rafting, and much more for all ages. The Hawley Mountain Guest Ranch, Box 4-H, McLeod, Mont. 59025. (406) 932-5791.



ASSOCIATIONS

Bertrand Russell Society. Information: HM, RD 1, Box 409, Coopersburg, Pa. 18036.

Knighthoods for gentlemen, honors for ladies. Brochure, $3: Nobilitat-H, 316 Edward Street, Victoria, B.C. V9A 3E6, Canada.

LITERARY SERVICES

Looking for a publisher? Learn how you can have your book published, promoted, and distributed. Send for free booklet: HP-2, Vantage Press, 516 W. 34th Street, New York, N.Y. 10001.

Poets—sell your poems for $500 each. Free details. Editor, Box H-3491, Knoxville, Tenn. 37927.

Need help with research, writing, editing? Contact the professionals. Research Associates, Box 93, Canaan, N.Y. (518) 781-4174.

Parents, are you guessing about children's books? Research identifies the best; invaluable at library or bookstore. Send $6.50. Childlit Research, Box 100-D1, Rico, Colo. 81332.

VACATIONS

Linekin Bay Sailing Resort. Fleet of sailboats, two-masted schooner, sailing instruction, heated pool, tennis. Write for folder: Boothbay Harbor, Me. 04538.

Kiawah, Island Resort. Near histori Charleston. Ten-mile beach and more. Fre vacation guide. Ravenel Associates. (800 845-3911, ext. 375.

Wild Dunes Resort. Twelve miles fror Charleston. Beautiful beach, exciting yach harbor, top-ranked golf. Ravenel Associates (800) 346-0606, ext. 375.

Seabrook Island Resort. Ultimate privat resort. Beach, golf, tennis, equestrian cen ter: free color brochure. Ravenel Associates (800) 845-2233, ext. 375.

Charleston's Resort Islands. Kiawah Islan Resort, Seabrook Island Resort, Wild Dune Resort, and Isle of Palms. Central reserva tions and information. Beautiful beaches championship golf and tennis, great restau rants, exciting shops, sailing, fishing, an more. Free comprehensive 52-page colo magazine. (800) 247-5050, ext. 375.

Cape Cod/Brewster. Luxury vacation rent als on exclusive golf resort. Two miles t beaches. Weekly summer rates: town house $675–$825; executive villas $1,500–$1,700 (508) 896-2090.

EDUCATION

Bachelor's, Master's, Doctorate. Guide t colleges offering nonresidential degree pro grams through independent home study. Ac credited, economical, accelerated programs Credit given for prior accomplishments an work experience. Free detailed brochure. Write: Doctor John Bear, P.O. Box 826-H1 Benicia, Calif. 94510.

Superlearning. Triple learning speed through music. Languages, data. Maximiz memory, potentials. Stressless. Free excerpt catalogue. Superlearning, 1290 W. 11th, No. 105-H6, Vancouver, B.C. V6H 1K5 Canada.

SUMMER WRITING WORKSHOP
Aug. 12-25, 1990, Newman House (U.C.D.)
Dublin, Ireland
Leading Irish writers, Homestay B & B
Write/call: J. McAuley, MS-25,
Eastern Washington University
Cheney, WA 99004 • (509) 359-2829 E.D.

Study Chinese at home. Free brochure. Write: AICS, Box 453, Charles Town, W. Va. 25414.

Off-campus individualized programs for professionals at Somerset lead to American doctoral degrees. For a prospectus send $8 to the International Administrative Center, Somerset University, Illminster, Somerset TA 19 OBQ, England. (44) 0460-57255.

Research for anyone with a literary project. Fee negotiable. Nichols, 1706 Wood Street, Valparaiso, Ind. 46383.

Study Spanish in Guatemala. Family living. CASA, Box 11264, Milwaukee, Wis. 53211. (414) 372-5570.

CLASSIFIED RATES: Minimum ten words. One time, $2.20 per word; three times, $2.10 per word; six times, $2.00 per word; twelve times, $1.85 per word. Telephone numbers count as two words, as do box numbers. ZIP codes count as one word. CLASSIFIED DISPLAY: Minimum one inch. One time, $130 per column inch; three times, $125 per column inch; six times, $120 per column inch; twelve times, $105 per column inch. The closing for classified copy is the first of the month, two months prior to issue date. Prepayment is required. Make checks payable to *Harper's Magazine* and send to Harper's Classified, 666 Broadway, New York, N.Y. 10012. Include telephone number on all correspondence. Address inquiries to Andrew Walko, Classified Advertising Manager.

Research papers: 18,278 papers available—all academic subjects. Rush $2 for 306-page catalogue. Custom writing also available. Research, 11322 Idaho, No. 306HB, Los Angeles, Calif. 90025. Toll-free hotline: (800) 351-0222; in Calif., (213) 477-8226.

SPEAK FRENCH OR ANY LANGUAGE
AS U.S. DIPLOMATS DO!
Self-study audiocassette courses developed for U.S. State Dept. now at **savings up to 60%!** Call or write for FREE catalog **1-800-722-6394.**
AUDIO-LANGUAGE INSTITUTE®
516 Fifth Avenue, Dept.H11Suite 507, NY, NY 10036.

Fully approved university degrees. Economical home study for bachelor's, master's, and Ph.D. degrees, fully approved by California State Dept. of Education. Prestigious faculty counsels for independent-study and life-experience credits (5,100 enrolled students, 200 faculty). Free information: Richard Crews, M.D. (Harvard), President, Columbia Pacific University, Dept. 2F90, 1415 Third Street, San Rafael, Calif. 94901. (800) 227-0119; in Calif., (800) 552-5522 or (415) 459-1650.

ART

Your portrait done in oil on canvas. Expert artist will work from photograph(s). Also, Old Masters reproductions in oil, or you may wish to send us your own design for reproduction. Our artists are well experienced and skilled, possessing the required technique to create and reproduce paintings that are sure to pleasantly surprise you. Please write: International Fine Arts Gallery, P.O. Box 1575, Postal Station P, Thunder Bay, Ontario P7B 5G1, Canada; or fax (807) 344-1840.

Unique item of art. Handwoven bookmarker from quality papers: $3.95 each. Dawn Graphics, 2124 Kittredge, Suite 181, Berkeley, Calif. 94704.

TRAVEL

"Roam the World by Freighter." Reference guide to unusual cruising. $3. TravLTips, Box 218B1A, Flushing, N.Y. 11358. (800) 872-8584; in New York State: (718) 939-1400.

Volunteer work abroad. Two- to three-week village projects in India, Tanzania, Guatemala, Western Samoa, Mexico, and Paraguay. Brochure: Global Volunteers, 1000 American National Bank Building, St. Paul, Minn. 55101.

GALAPAGOS
Come celebrate in December with 9 other adventurers and our naturalist, sailing on board a yacht, exploring more islands than any other Galapagos expedition.
FREE BROCHURE
Inca Floats 415-420-1550
1311-H 63rd St., Emeryville CA 94608

GENEALOGY

Irish genealogy. Write: Hibernian Research Ltd., 22 Windsor Road, Dublin 6, Ireland. Call (353) 1-966-522 (24 hours).

MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS

Panpipes/flutes, over 250 varieties, many ages/cultures. Catalogues, $2. Lew Price, Box 1558 (R), Fair Oaks, Calif. 95628.

GOURMET

Quick, healthy vegan recipes. Three for $5, ten for $10. ARA, 3908½ Overbrook, Columbia S.C. 29205.

Exciting dessert lovers' recipes. Five easy recipes. Send $3, SASE to Dept. H, P.O. Box 6202, Boca Raton, Fla. 33427.

Recipes for the health of it. Latest information on everyday, cancer-resistance-building ingredients. Four hearty soups, four toppings. Send $2 to Dept. H, Box 2313, Dorval, Quebec H9S 5J4, Canada.

Fin-tastic fish recipes. Send $2 to Nansea, 1107 N. Roosevelt, Suite 960, Key West, Fla. 33040.

MERCHANDISE

Naturist videos. $2, SASE. HA, Box 9296, Newark, Del. 19714.

The U.S. Constitution. Pocket-size, 42 pages with index. For your copy send $5 to Freedom, P.O. Box 308, Winooski, Vt. 05404.

One million video movies. Catalogue, $1. RTS/HP, Box 750579, Petaluma, Calif. 94975.

COMPUTER PROGRAM

WISDOM OF THE AGES
First electronic book of quotes, sayings & ideas brings over 1,000 of the world's greatest minds to PC screens & printers. Select subject. Use timeless knowledge to act, write & speak better; earn more.

Only $79.00 for all 5 disks.
30 day money-back guarantee.
MCR Agency, Inc. 1-800-767-6797
6116 Merced Ave. Dept. #81H
Oakland, CA 94611

BUSINESS OPPORTUNITIES

Let the government finance your small business. Grants/loans to $500,000 yearly. Free recorded message: (707) 449-8600. KW6.

Earn thousands as an independent commission mailer. Rush $1 and SASE to S + D Enterprizes, 4027-C Rucker Avenue, Suite 910, Dept. B, Everett, Wash. 98201.

Read books for pay: $100 a title. Write: PASE–KC8, 161 Lincolnway, North Aurora, Ill. 60542.

Patents. Information. Scott Ramsey, 5253B Even Star, Columbia, Md. 21044.

Earn hundreds weekly stuffing envelopes. Proven successful. No experience necessary. Start immediately. New Era Enterprises, HP, 1589 Albion, Rexdale, Ontario M9V 1B6, Canada. Enclose a large SASE.

Guaranteed. Complete success plan to extra income working at home. Free details. MAF Books, 41 Short Hills Circle, Millburn, N.J. 07041.

MUSIC

Classical LPs and CDs. Selected for musical quality and sonic fidelity. Free catalogue. Alternative Audio. (800) 873-4434 or (415) 822-5015.

REAL ESTATE

Repossessed VA and HUD homes available from government for $1 without credit check. You repair. Also, tax-delinquent foreclosures. Call (805) 682-7555, ext. H-1716, for repo list in your area.

GIFTS

Penis poster (23"×35") depicts 12 animal penises (man to whale). Scientific novelty. $10 ppd. to Poster K, Box 673, Bloomington, Ind. 47402.

Dan Quayle watch. Quartz, $33. JAR, P.O. Box 10707, Arlington, Va. 22210.

PUBLICATIONS

Proof Jesus fictional. Scholarly proof Flavius Josephus created fictional Jesus, Gospels: $5. For details send SASE to Abelard, Box 5652-H, Kent, Wash. 98064.

Mysteries By Mail
A catalog for mystery and espionage readers and their friends. Over 400 books, audio cassettes, videos, games, and gifts. Classics, best sellers, new voices, old friends. Send $2.00 for 40 page catalog. Mysteries By Mail, P.O. Box 679-N, Boonville, CA 95415.
© Copyright 1990, Mysteries By Mail

The People. Marxist biweekly since 1891. Four months/$1, one year/$4. *The People* (H), Box 50218, Palo Alto, Calif. 94303.

The Quayle Quarterly
Keep a watchful eye on The Man Who Could Be President. Don't underestimate Dan Quayle - he's being groomed for the No. 1 spot. News, commentary, cartoons, humor. Send $12 for 1 yr ($3.95 for sample).
Box 8593-H Brewster Sta., Bridgeport CT 06605

Agnostic/atheist literature. Foremost publisher. Enlightening samples packet: $5. Independent Publications, Box 102, Ridgefield, N.J. 07657.

Innisfree—one literary magazine you'll like: fresh, captivating stories and poems, lighthearted artwork, attractive, professional presentation. Subscriptions: $18 (six issues); introductory copy, $2. Box 277-H1, Manhattan Beach, Calif. 90266.

HOW TO PUBLISH YOUR BOOK
Join our successful authors in a complete and reliable publishing program: publicity, advertising, handsome books. Speedy, efficient service. Send for FREE manuscript report & copy of Publish Your Book.
CARLTON PRESS Dept
11 West 32 St., New York 10001

To "Burn" a Woman. A romantic manual for men. Send $2, SASE: Office Number One, 1709 San Antonio Street #1, Austin, Tex. 78701.

PERSONALS

Extraordinary psychic counselor, problem solver. Phone readings. Visa/MC/AmEx. Randal Clayton Bradford. (213) 820-5281 or (213) REA-LITY.

Attractive Oriental ladies seeking correspondence, marriage. Presentations by American/Asian couple. Asian Experience, Box 1214JA, Novato, Calif. 94948.

Counselor/mediator offers advice by mail. Helps resolve interracial, cross-cultural, financial conflicts. Sane, supportive, confidential. Brief response within ten days: $25. Longer advice: send $25 per page. World-Loom Foundation, 411A-905 Corydon, Winnipeg R3M 3V3, Canada.

CLASSIFIED

Beautiful, educated, English-speaking Asian women seek life partners. Traditional values. Brochure of 300 leaves no doubt. Ask about video. Blue Horizons, Suite 229-HR, 862 Farmington Avenue, Bristol, Conn. 06010. (203) 584-5712.

Cultured singles, nationwide. Older women/younger men; younger women/older men. Send LSASE to Anachron, Box H-326, New York, N.Y. 11367.

Scandinavia, Poland, USSR, South America: Worldwide correspondence for sincere, unattached, educated members. Scanna, P.O. Box 4-HP, Pittsford, N.Y. 14534. Call (716) 586-3170.

Meet women worldwide. Free 24-page catalogue. America's most respected correspondence service. Cherry Blossom, 190 HR Rainbow Ridge, Kapaau, Hawaii 96755. (808) 961-2114, anytime.

Single Booklovers gets cultured singles of all ages acquainted. Established 1970. Nationwide. Write: Box 117, Gradyville, Pa. 19039; or call (215) 358-5049.

Beautiful Latin, Asian ladies seek friendship, marriage. Free photo brochure. Latins, Box 1716-HR, Chula Vista, Calif. 92012. (619) 425-1867.

Beautiful Asian women seek friendship, marriage. Send age, interests. GRE, Box 555, Elmont, N.Y. 11003.

Classical Music Lovers' Exchange. Nationwide link between unattached music lovers. Box 31, Pelham, N.Y. 10803. (800) 233-CMLS.

Meet Christian singles. Nationwide. Phone or mail introductions. No fee, donations only. Write: Box 90-20-WE, Van Nuys, Calif. 91409.

Asian women desire romance. Overseas, sincere, attractive. World's No. 1 service. Sunshine International Correspondence, Dept. NA, Box 5500, Kailua-Kona, Hawaii 96745. (808) 325-7707.

Japanese women seek friendship/marriage. Other Orientals too. Pacific Century Correspondence, 110 Pacific 208K, San Francisco, Calif. 94111. (816) 924-1668.

Asian Girls. Free information. J.W., P.O. Box 2329, Jakarta, Pusat, Indonesia.

Advice. Degreed, Zen-oriented philosopher: $5, long; $10, longer. ARA, 3908½ Overbrook, Columbia, S.C. 29205.

Idealistic SWM, 44, responsible/fun, bookish/fit, physician/unaffected, nice-looking/modest, seeks best-friend/wife. Box 14481, Atlanta, Ga. 30324.

Quiet, refined, nonsmoking and non-drinking teacher, 48, whose interests include amateur radio, photography, natural history, and close communion with nature in a small-town southwestern environment. Interested in meeting woman with similar interests. Write: G.H., 1907 Shawnee Trail, Dalhart, Tex. 79022.

Want information Lillo—Bob. Helsingfors 1934. Write: Box 362, Belle Rose, La. 70341.

Art Lovers' Exchange. End your search. Meet the single fine-arts gentry. ALX, Box 265, Bensalem, Pa. 19020. (800) 342-5250.

Southland Letter Writing Club. Information: 41286 Plumrose, Hemet, Calif. 92344.

Share your popcorn. Join The MovieLovers' Club, a nationwide network of unattached moviegoers. Box 2035H, Bala, Pa. 19004.

At the Gate. Meet singles sharing values on peace, ecology, personal growth, and human rights. Free details. Box 09506-HP, Columbus, Ohio 43209.

Angel Express—low-cost, easy local/international link. Free information. Box 2418, Falls Church, Va. 22042. (703) 641-0235.

Worldwide correspondence for true friendship, marriage. Write: Box 812, Montevideo, Uruguay.

Artistic Connections—linking single lovers of the arts across the nation. Music, art, film, literature, dance, drama, photography. Write: AC, Box 116, Chatham, N.J. 07928.

Nice singles with traditional values wish to meet others. Free magazine. Send age, interests. Dept. HM, P.O. Box 454, Crossville, Tenn. 38557.

WM, widowed physician, northcentral U.S.A. Zestful 60s, 5'8", 153 lbs., wise and wholesome. Blend of European culture and American accomplishments with urban refinements and country earthiness. Seeking a slender, vibrant, authentic Caucasian or Oriental soulmate for an enticing and enlivening relationship. Reality requisites: unencumbered, relocatable, and a lover of home, health, art, and nature's splendors. Age 48 and up. Bio/address and returnable photo, please. Box 777, *Harper's Magazine,* 666 Broadway, New York, N.Y. 10012.

Attractive Oriental women. Free details. Enclose six 25-cent stamps. Anticipations, Box 2307-HB, Makati, Philippines.

MISCELLANEOUS

Acrosticians Club. Free copy of Acrostics Network, containing details and puzzles. Write: MOCK, 1030-A Delaware, Berkeley, Calif. 94710.

THE NATIONAL
HEMLOCK SOCIETY
P. O. Box 11830
Eugene, OR 97440-3900
Telephone: 503/342-5748

Voluntary Euthanasia for the Terminally Ill

Dog retirement home. When you can't properly care for your dog or if it outlives you, we provide a homelike environment on a farm for life. Furniture, rugs, TV, medical care, running room, dinner nightly, and personal, loving attention are provided. Not a kennel. Rover Rest Home and Puppy Farm by Marc Miller. P.O. Box 5441, Fort Lauderdale, Fla. 33310.

Handwriting analysis consultant. Professionally trained; $45. Mary L. Orloff, 1540 York Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10028.

Continued from page 75

age is a very, very long one. Some may appear to be, and some are, controversial, escaping definition. The majority of them, and their authors, will forever be unknown. These days, the accepted truth holds that while state violence may be necessary, solitary violence is terrorism. But I am trying to qualify courage. I am not thinking of men or women who kill innocents in order to achieve power by blackmail. I am thinking of those who sacrificed themselves, with clear heads, to attack the representatives of state terror. They were the opposite of terrorists.

It may be asked, however, by whose authority they made their momentous decisions, and to that I can only answer, "By their own authority." At the end of day there is no other authority for any of us. ■

May Index Sources

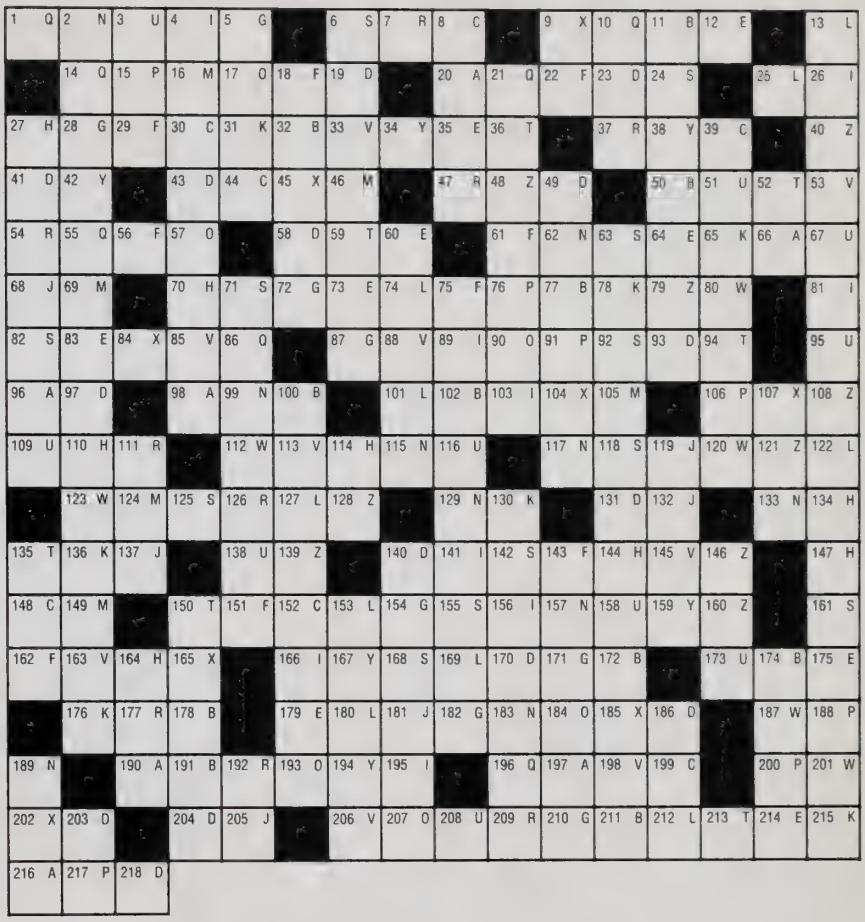
1 United Nations (N.Y.C.)/U.S. State Department; **2** Lawrence Weschler, *Columbia Journalism Review* (N.Y.C.); **3,4** Times Mirror Center for the People and the Press (Washington); **5** *Washington Post*; **6** Tass (N.Y.C.); **7** *Wall Street Journal* (N.Y.C.); **8** South African Police (Pretoria); **9,10,11** *Time*–CNN poll, Yankelovich Clancy Shulman (Westport, Conn.); **12** Anti-Defamation League (N.Y.C.); **13,14** *Der Spiegel* (Hamburg, West Germany); **15** *New York Times*; **16** Gallup Organization (Princeton, N.J.)–*Psychology Today* (N.Y.C.); **17** Yellowstone National Park (Wyoming); **18** Daniel Seiver, Miami University (Oxford, Ohio); **19** American Academy of Allergy and Immunology (Milwaukee); **20** Hackensack Meadowlands Development Commission Environment Center (Lyndhurst, N.J.); **21** Nuclear Information and Resource Service (Washington); **22,23** U.S. National Institute for Occupational Safety and Health; **24** McGavren Guild Radio (N.Y.C.); **25** *Oxford English Dictionary* (Oxford, England); **26** *Harper's* research; **27** David A. Kaplan, *Newsweek* (N.Y.C.); **28,29** Drexel Burnham Lambert (N.Y.C.); **30** Yoshi Tsurumi, Baruch College, City University of New York; **31** United Auto Workers (Detroit); **32,33** Nexis (N.Y.C.)–Mead Data Central (Dayton, Ohio); **34** Gerald Eskenazi, *New York Times*; **35** Kevin Kushel, Associated Press Photo Library (N.Y.C.); **36** White House (Washington); **37,38** Hallmark Cards (Kansas City, Mo.); **39,40** *Baseballistics* by Bert Randolph Sugar (St. Martin's Press, N.Y.C.)/Commissioner's Office, Major League Baseball (N.Y.C.).

DOUBLE ACROSTIC NO. 89

by Thomas H. Middleton

The diagram, when filled in, will contain a quotation from a published work. The numbered squares in the diagram correspond to the numbered blanks under the WORDS. The WORDS form an acrostic: the first letter of each spells the name of the author and the title of the work from which the quotation is taken.

The letter in the upper right-hand corner of each square indicates the WORD containing the letter to be entered in that square. Contest rules and the solution to last month's puzzle appear on page 75.



CLUES WORDS

A. Surrounding; moving freely — 66 190 20 216 197 / 96 98

B. Chain of 80 S. Pacific islands including Espiritu Santo and Efate (2 wds.) — 174 11 102 50 178 / 211 77 191 172 / 100 32

C. Goaded, heckled — 148 30 199 39 152 / 44 8

D. First British monarch to abdicate the throne (3 wds.) — 93 97 140 186 203 49 170 43 / 19 23 131 218 58 204 41

E. "Marion's nose looks ____" (3 wds., *Love's Labour's Lost*) — 35 73 175 214 12 60 64 83 / 179

F. Prohibit, forbid — 162 143 75 151 61 29 22 18 / 56

G. Ceremonial robe; something that clothes — 154 171 87 210 72 5 28 182

H. Tympanic membranes — 144 147 134 164 114 27 70 110

I. Drill, practice session — 4 141 26 103 89 156 166 195 / 81

J. Type of receptacle, as for a bulb or a plug — 181 205 119 137 68 132

K. Louse, rat, heel — 130 176 78 136 215 65 31

L. Relating to manufacture — 153 74 122 169 101 25 212 180 / 13 127

M. Like "i," e.g., or certain muslins — 69 124 105 46 16 149

N. Symbol of mortality (hyph.) — 133 62 157 115 2 117 99 183 / 129 189

O. Clockwork model of the solar system — 193 184 90 207 17 57

P. Cap. of Kiangsu Province, China — 217 76 200 91 15 188 106

Q. "We the globe can compass soon, / ____ than the wandering moon" (*Midsummer Night's Dream*) — 86 196 55 14 1 10 21

R. Wood nymph who died with the tree she dwelt in — 177 47 192 37 54 209 111 7 / 126

S. Suddenly and unexpectedly (4 wds.) — 71 125 63 168 24 142 6 155 / 161 92 118 82

T. "For the great Gaels of Ireland / Are the men that God ____" (2 wds.; Chesterton, "Ballad of the White Horse") — 36 135 150 213 52 59 94

U. Painless death — 3 51 67 116 208 158 173 109 / 138 95

V. Groupings of social units within a tribe — 88 206 163 113 33 198 53 85 / 145

W. Eng. archaeologist and anthropologist (1903–72; *Adam's Ancestors*) — 123 112 187 120 201 80

X. Harsh, rough, rasping — 202 9 107 45 165 185 84 104

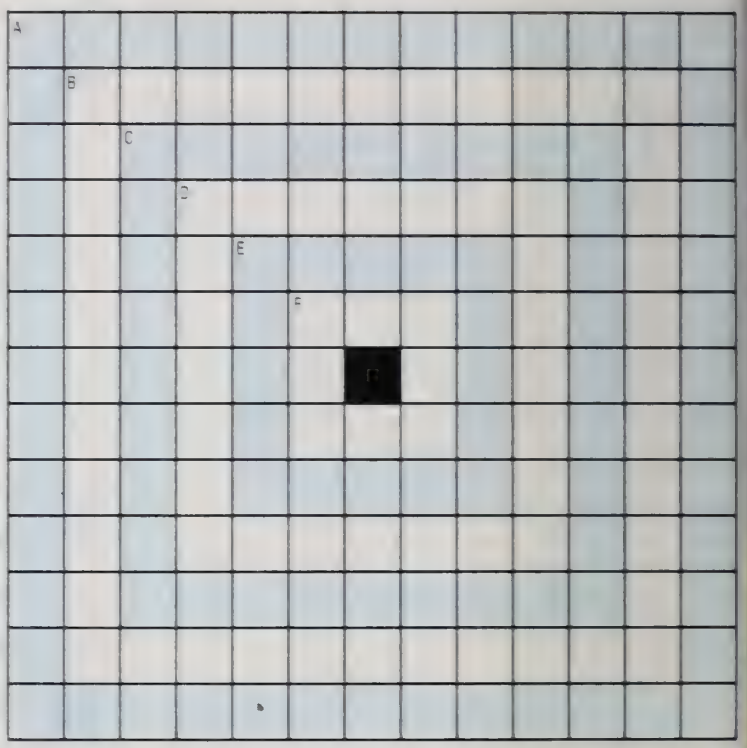
Y. Selected, preferred — 159 167 34 194 42 38

Z. Nineteenth-century "sufferin' drama" by Mrs. Henry Wood (2 wds.) — 121 108 146 40 79 128 48 139 / 160

PUZZLE

Square-rigged

by E. R. Galli and Richard Maltby Jr.



Each numbered row contains two nonoverlapping entries. Superimposed on those entries are six square circuits beginning at the upper left-hand corner of each and reading clockwise, consisting of two to seven consecutive and nonoverlapping entries. Thus each square in the diagram contains a letter that appears in two entries. All clue groupings are by length, which is not necessarily the order of entry.

Clue answers include two proper names and some uncommon words (2.b., 6.b., A.e.). The solution to last month's puzzle appears on page 75.

Rows

1. a. Latin popular . . . get out, it's a strange language (5)
   b. Strange airs played loudly in intimate opera (8)
2. a. Operated kosher, and the French get irritated (6)
   b. Amount I wasted for South American bird (7)
3. a. Girl informally turned tricks, spurning $100 (5)
   b. Suck up to shifty parasite (8)
4. a. Almost in awe about lady relative (5, *hyph.*)
   b. Racing crew accepts approval, in a sense (8)
5. a. Indian gives info about knockout (6)
   b. Race about quietly in reverse—this leads the racers (7, *two words*)
6. a. Type that's recently married the wrong way (5)
   b. Piece of suiting tailored in swank, flannel-like fabric (8)
7. a. In the past, refuse indeed's gone bad (6)
   b. Young kid—squirt's about right (6)
8. a. Suggestion for invading Canal Zone is flimsy stuff (6)
   b. Certain college member's recast role, etc. (7)
9. a. Odd, gracious drunk (5)
   b. Crazy about right one, some of the titled British (8)
10. a. Back enough soldiers for two basketball teams? That's the official impression (6)
    b. Love, hug me back . . . what's stopping you from being transported? (7)
11. a. Gee, sorry to be losing heart and retreating, being heroes to the Greeks? (5)
    b. Singing of sentimental stuff, dance with one not teary (8)
12. a. Herb's less controlled (6)
    b. Treats sore throat, back chafe, and broken legs (7)
13. a. Part of a foot: half-inch reversed fits (6)
    b. Characteristic of fish is bit of color in brood (7)

Square Circuits

A. a. Breeze, as a rule, comes back on outskirts of Tabriz (5)
   b. Descendant of Persian in Bombay—Norm's one (5)
   c. Spanish lug is young blade (5)
   d. Small draft, love, isn't much of a toast in England! (6)
   e. N.Y.C. tries recycling of a common plastic (8)
   f. Bum, resigned about $1,000, laughed (9)
   g. A golf nut shot about 51, creating tiff (10, *hyph.*)

B. a. Uninteresting, odd characters in Germany (4)
   b. Was bit of Yiddish included in courses (4)
   c. Matador's cape—no thanks, he's stubborn (4)
   d. Young woman gets Ms. in bad deal (6)
   e. Joint coverup? One foolishly lent around a thousand (6)
   f. Quietly this is tinkered, it's said (7)
   g. Girlfriend returns in that aroma nightly (9)

C. a. As a threat, males serve perfectly (6)
   b. Take up with brothers and bachelor on the rebound (6)
   c. The ultimate part of drunken dalliance (6, *hyph.*)
   d. Infringes a copyright—i.e., parts being rewritten (7)
   e. Heavyweight? King has one great deal planned (7)

D. a. Girl's head the man's turned without a soft cry (4)
   b. Is spiciness seen in the movies? On the contrary! (4)
   c. *Lost Horizon* star's one retreating from line of pressure (7)
   d. Ken's involved in wearisome, slapdash repair work (9)

E. a. Boxing program needs a mother for spice (4)
   b. Computer crunches this incidental setback? (5)
   c. One indication of speed or top-grade pot from Greece (7)

F. a. Not quite loving family (3)
   b. Fish pole—carbon pole (5)

Contest [illegible] completed diagram with name and address to "Square-rigged," *Harper's Magazine*, 666 Broadway, New York, N.Y. 10012. If you prefer to return to *Harper's*, please include a copy of your latest mailing label. Senders of the first three correct solutions opened at random will receive one-year subscriptions to *Harper's Magazine*. Winners' names will be printed in the July issue. Winners of the March puzzle, "Theme Is Showcase," are Catherine Shurtleff, Atlantic City, New Jersey, Michael Grigg, East Sandwich, Massachusetts, and Michael Dunlap, Harrisonburg, Virginia.



f of GM, going all out for

"Used to be that an American
ar in Switzerland was some-
ning of a rarity.
Not anymore. GM sells a lot
f cars over here these days–
ood cars at good value.
Vhich is nice for me–I'm the
ocal dealer."

act: GM exports more cars
round the world from
Jorth America than any other
ar manufacturer.

GM
MARK OF EXCELLENCE

hevrolet Beretta

Chevrolet, Pontiac, Oldsmobile, Buick, Cadillac, GMC Truck



A GRAND COLLECTION.

To send a gift of Grand Marnier® Liqueur (except where prohibited by law) call 1-800-243-3787

June
What's Central to Central
3 9042 02348319 8

JUNE 1990
$2.50

HARPER'S



NEITHER MORONS NOR IMBECILES NOR IDIOTS
In the Company of the Mentally Retarded
By Sallie Tisdale

THE OTHER CANON
A Syllabus for Skeptics
By Lewis H. Lapham

BURLINGAME
MAY 15 1990
LIBRARY

FEELING SOMETHING
When a Father Dies
By Bruce Duffy

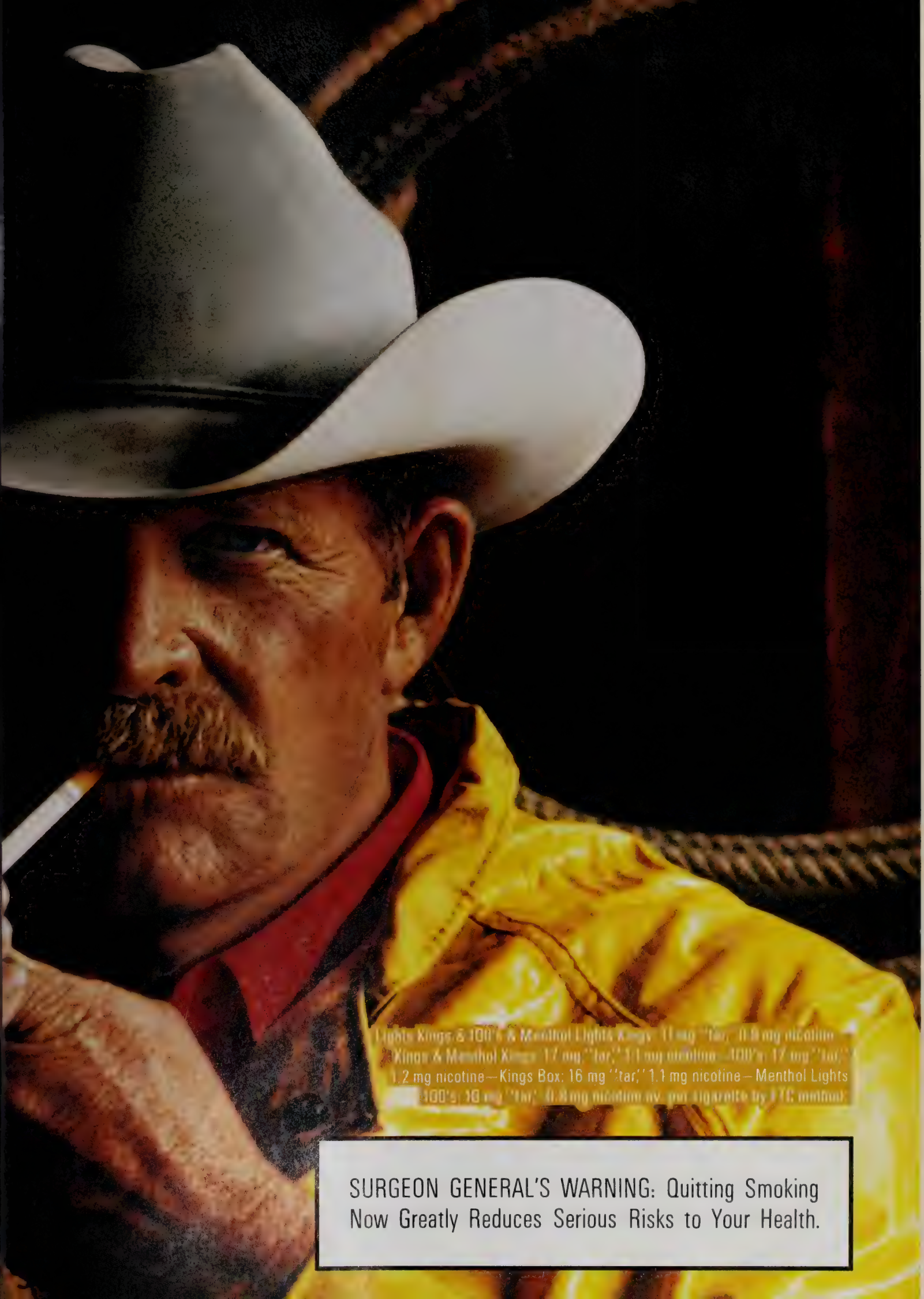
REHEARSING "THE FIREBIRD"
A story by Jane Hamilton

Also: rd Cooper,
r come and gone

#125E ********** 5-DIGIT 94010
HP BRL7P14B0P099
BURLINGAME PUBL LIB
480 PRIMROSE RD
BURLINGAME CA 94010

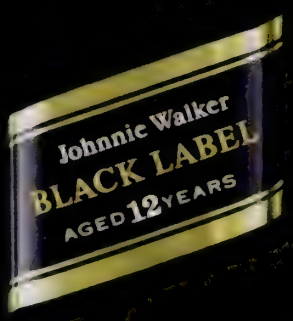


© Philip Morris Inc. 1990


Lights Kings & 100's & Menthol Lights Kings: 11 mg "tar," 0.8 mg nicotine
Kings & Menthol Kings: 17 mg "tar," 1.1 mg nicotine—100's: 17 mg "tar,"
1.2 mg nicotine—Kings Box: 16 mg "tar," 1.1 mg nicotine—Menthol Lights
100's: 10 mg "tar," 0.8 mg nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC method
SURGEON GENERAL'S WARNING: Quitting Smoking
Now Greatly Reduces Serious Risks to Your Health.



Thank Dad for being more proud than angry.



Ultimately, there's Black.

Send a gift of Johnnie Walker® Black Label® anywhere in the U.S.A. Call 1-800-243-3787. Void where prohibited.

© 1990 SCHIEFFELIN & SOMERSET CO. NY, NY. JOHNNIE WALKER® BLACK LABEL® BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY, 43.4% Alc/Vol (86.8°).

HARPER'S

FOUNDED IN 1850 / VOL. 280, NO. 1681
JUNE 1990

Letters 4 *Bryan Scott Syverson, Michael Cala*

Notebook 10
The other canon *Lewis H. Lapham*

Harper's Index 15

Readings 17
What's Central to Central Europe? *Erazim Kohák*
Zaire: "Now I Wait for Death" *François Lusanga Ngiele*
AIDS, Mourning, and Action *Michael Feingold*
Come and Gone *Verlyn Klinkenborg*
Nick's Barber Shop *Bernard Cooper*
"Long Distance" *a story by Edna O'Brien*
And . . . *Allen Ginsberg, Phyllis Janowitz, Walt Disney World Company*

Report 47
NEITHER MORONS NOR IMBECILES NOR IDIOTS *Sallie Tisdale*
In the company of the mentally retarded

Annotation 60
WOOD, THAT IT BE TRUE *Francis Wilkinson*
Getting a grip on the Louisville Slugger

Story 62
REHEARSING "THE FIREBIRD" *Jane Hamilton*

Memoir 70
FEELING SOMETHING *Bruce Duffy*
When a father dies

Acrostic 79 *Thomas H. Middleton*

Puzzle 80 *E. R. Galli and Richard Maltby Jr.*

Cover: Detail of a photograph by Andrew Kilgore

Harper's Magazine is owned and published monthly by Harper's Magazine Foundation, 666 Broadway, New York, New York 10012. Allen Austill, Chairman.

Copyright ©1990 by the Harper's Magazine Foundation. All rights reserved. The trademark *Harper's* is used by Harper's Magazine Foundation under license and is a registered trademark owned by Harper & Row Publishers, Inc. The trademark *Harper's Index* is a registered trademark owned by the Harper's Magazine Foundation.

Printed in the U.S. Second-class postage paid at New York, New York. In Canada, second-class postage paid at Mississauga, Ontario. POSTMASTER: Send all address changes to *Harper's Magazine*, Post Office Box 1937, Marion, OH 43305. ISSN0017-789X. CHANGE OF ADDRESS: Please provide both address from last issue and new address. Allow six weeks advance notice. SUBSCRIPTIONS: $18 one year. Canada and U.S. possessions, add $2; other foreign, add $3 per year. Send orders to *Harper's Magazine*, P.O. Box 1937, Marion, OH 43305. SUBSCRIPTION PROBLEMS: Write *Harper's Magazine*, P.O. Box 1937, Marion, OH 43305, or call (800) 347-6969; Canada (614) 382-3322, M-F, 8 A.M.–4:30 P.M., Eastern time. All requests for PERMISSIONS and REPRINTS must be made in writing to *Harper's Magazine*, 666 Broadway, New York, NY 10012. *Harper's Magazine* will not consider or return unsolicited nonfiction manuscripts that have not been preceded by a written query. *Harper's* will consider unsolicited fiction. Unsolicited poetry will not be considered or returned. No queries or manuscripts will be considered unless they are accompanied by a self-addressed, stamped envelope.

HARPER'S

Editor
Lewis H. Lapham
Executive Editor
Michael Pollan
Senior Editors
Gerald Marzorati, Jack Hitt,
Darcy Frey *(acting)*
Managing Editor
Ellen Rosenbush
Art Director
Deborah Rust
Associate Editors
Charis W. Conn, Ilena Silverman,
Colin Harrison
Assistant Editors
Elliott Rabin, Paul Tough
Assistant to the Editor
Ann K. Stern
Interns
Jeffrey Davis, Richard Hicks,
Julie Sriro

Contributing Editors
L. J. Davis, Mark Edmundson,
Francisco Goldman, Vicki Hearne,
Craig S. Karpel, Barry Lopez, Peter Marin,
George Plimpton, Bob Shacochis,
Earl Shorris, Jacqueline Simon,
Eric Treisman, Philip Weiss, Tom Wolfe
Washington Editor
Christopher Hitchens

John R. MacArthur, *President and Publisher*

Vice President and General Manager
Douglas E. Ellis
Vice President, Corporate and Public Affairs
Ellen Ryder
Vice President, Circulation
Patricia Hart
Circulation Assistant
Judith Brienza
Assistant to the Publisher
Diane Kraft
Receptionist / Advertising Assistant
Noreen Assing
Staff
Joseph Malits, Jolie Shulman

ADVERTISING SALES
666 Broadway, New York, New York 10012
(212) 614-6500

Vice President, Advertising Director
Mary Anne Malley
Account Representatives
Evan Green, *West Coast Manager*
Peter B. Harckham, Lisa Kay Greissinger,
Kenneth Nova
Advertising Coordinator, Andrew Walko

LETTERS

More Neologisms

bu·cop·rol·o·gy *n* [fr. Gk. *bous* + *kopros* bull and dung]: The study of bullshit, in all its forms, in human society. **bu·cop·rol·o·gist** *n*: One who studies bullshit in human society; [derisive] a synonym for high-level bureaucrats, politicians, and showboat professors from prestigious universities, especially those who appear on *Nightline* or *The MacNeil/Lehrer Newshour*. **bu·cop·ro·dy·nam·i·cist** *n*: 1) A master of the dynamics of bullshit, one who can spot it, harvest it, manage it, manipulate it, and make it smell sweet and look like anything other than what it is. 2) The most evolved form of a *bucoprologist*.

Bob Burruss
Kensington, Md.

bush·wash *v* [*bushwhack* + *brainwash*]: To be taken in unawares by insidious argument.

driv·ia *n* [*drivel* + *trivia*]: An increasingly common sort of communication practiced by politicians and major network news commentators wherein inconsequential or vacuous pronouncements are uttered with great seriousness, as if they actually illuminated reality. "It is appalling that so many people have been *bushwashed* by the president's *drivia*."

James A. Bell
Galesburg, Ill.

clus·ter·phil·ia *n* [*cluster* + Gr. *philia* love]: The unexplained collection of well-known people living at the same time who bear great likeness to one another; e.g., the simultaneous abundance of quarterbacks named Steve or movie stars named Tom.

Thomas Cogan
Sunnyside, N.Y.

lo·ga·cad·e·mize *v* **logacademish** *n* [fr. Gk. *logos* word + Gk. *akademos* an assemblage of boring people paid to corrupt the young]: The method by which scholars and scientists secrete professional papers, embedding facts in a matrix of congealed, inert language, much as flies are trapped in amber. While indistinguishable as a physical activity, the verb to *logacademize* is utterly unrelated to the verb to write.

Cal Turlock
Portland, Ore.

ras·pu·ni·ty *n* [*Rasputin* + *impunity*]: Unpunished evil influence, particularly political, by a clever maneuverer over a powerful but gullible superior.

Harper's Magazine welcomes Letters to the Editor. Short letters are more likely to be published, and all letters are subject to editing. Letters must be typed double-spaced; volume precludes individual acknowledgment.

'Lee Atwater's *raspunity* was galling to his Democratic counterparts."

Barbara Shulgasser
San Francisco

ster·e·o·lex·ism *n* [*stereotype* + *lexicon* + *sexism*]: The disproportionate representation of male voices in the development of language, implying also the stereotypical selection of words contributed by women. "The *Harper's Magazine* neologism forum was *stereoexist*. Out of seventy entries designed to 'fill the lacunae of today's dictionary,' only four definitions were penned by women, and only one of those ventured beyond chocolates and gender specificity."

Megan Williamson
Madison, Wis.

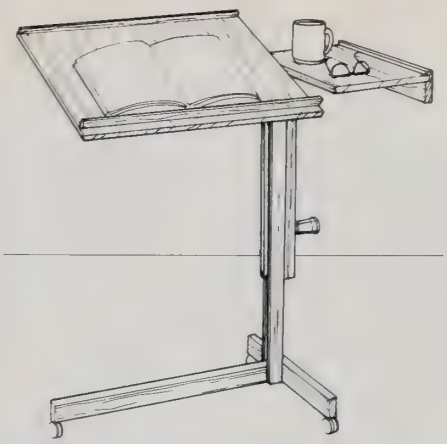
The February forum ["What's the Word for . . . ?"] was most entertaining, provocative, etc. It should be pointed out, however, that one of Alexander Theroux's neologisms, the word *slope*, was preempted by the singer Paul Simon in the song "Crazy Love, Volume II." To wit: "Fat Charlie the archangel, *sloped* into the room/He said I have no opinion about this/and I have no opinion about that/Sad as a lonely little wrinkled balloon/He said, Well I don't claim to be happy about this, boys/And I don't seem to be happy about that . . ."

Theroux's usage, "to slip out of a room while keeping a low profile," was very close to Simon's.

John Washburn
Austin, Tex.

I want to offer a correction to an entry in your useful and amusing dictionary of neologisms. *Facho* (defined by David Quammen as female machismo) misses its mark, besides already having been coined. In the 1960s I used *facho* to describe failed acts of machismo; that is, ostentatious manliness gone awry, a damp squib where a burst of impressive masculinity was intended. I am sure this coinage was inspired by Woody Allen's stand-up comedy and early films. Female machismo, a behavior pattern barely visible on the horizon in 1966,

Lay Down Your Arms



Ah, to read without aching arms and dented elbows. Now you can with our Reader's Table from Denmark. It adjusts easily to hold your book at just the right height and angle. Reading becomes surprisingly comfortable in a chair, in bed, or beside a desk. An intelligent design, and a handsome piece of furniture in mahogany, teak, cherry, or black ash.

$184 includes shipping via UPS ground. Assembly required.

MC/VISA/AMEX/Check • Florida add 6%
Money-Back Guarantee • Catalog on Request
800-544-0880 or 407-276-4141

LEVENGER™
Tools for Serious Readers
975 S. Congress Ave., Code HRT1, Delray, FL 33445

Brighter kids for under $2.00 a month



Reading CRICKET magazine helps children have more adventurous minds and active imaginations. CRICKET is for very special children. Children who are curious about their world. Children who love to read. *Children just like yours!*

$14.95 for an EIGHT-ISSUE TRIAL subscription. Send no money. We will bill you later. *Save over $15.00 off the regular twelve-issue price!* Order now by calling toll free or by sending us the coupon below.

Name _____
Address _____
City, State, Zip _____

1-800-BUG PALS (1-800-284-7257, Ext. 5C)
CRICKET, Box 52933, Boulder, CO 80322

Cricket

5HMH7

Does the "replica" outperform the famous original?

Mount Fuji Ceramic Pen only $39.95*

But read this ad for an even better deal.



•*The great reservoir of the Mount Fuji Ceramic Pen holds enough ink to draw a line 6.3 miles long. That is enough to write a medium-size novel. But just in case your literary requirements go beyond that, we include an extra tip and an extra ink reservoir.*

One of the world's truly fine line of products is that of Europe's Montblanc pens, appropriately named after that continent's highest mountain. If you have ever written with a Montblanc pen, you know that writing with them is a delight and almost effortless. One substantial drawback, however, as with so many luxuries, is that their price is awfully high. It is easy to spend $150 or more for one of them. Our Japanese friends have created a "replica" of this outstanding pen, which (except for one small detail—it doesn't have that 6-pointed star on the top) is almost indistinguishable in appearance, heft and feel. Not surprisingly, they called it *Mount Fuji*. It has the same hi-lacquer finish, with goldtone accents, as the famous original. The ceramic writing tip provides silk-smooth, effortless writing. It will never flatten or skip, even after hardest and longest use.

The most remarkable thing about the *Mount Fuji Ceramic Pen* is its price. We are the exclusive direct mail distributors of this splendid writing instrument and can offer it therefore for just $39.95. But, we have an even better deal: ***Buy two for $79.90, and we'll send you a third one, with our compliments—absolutely FREE!*** Discard those tacky ballpoint pens and those clumsy felt tips. Write smoothly and easily, give character and good appearance to your writing. And make a really great buy. Treat yourself to better writing and get your *Mount Fuji Ceramic Pen(s)* today!

FOR FASTEST SERVICE, ORDER
TOLL FREE (800) 882-3050
24 hours a day, 7 days a week

Please give order **Code #4800 A336** for *Mount Fuji Ceramic Pen*. If you prefer, mail check or card authorization and expiration. We need daytime phone for all orders and issuing bank for charge orders. UPS/insurance: $4.95 for one *Mount Fuji Ceramic Pen* and $6.95 for three. Add sales tax for CA delivery. You have 30 day return and one year warranty.

For quantity orders (100+), call Ernest Gerard, our Wholesale/Premium Manager at (415) 543-6570 or write him at the address below.

since 1967
haverhills®
131 Townsend Street, San Francisco, CA 94107

even then had its own appellation: The correct term for this, alas, retrograde conduct is *macha*. It is derived simply by substituting the Spanish feminine ending *a* for the masculine ending *o*. This coinage keeps intact two useful notions, failed machismo—*fachismo*—and female machismo—*machisma*.

Robert French
Denman Island, B.C.

The Hacker's Work

Your March forum ["Is Computer Hacking a Crime?"] exposed crucial issues this society faces. In the ignominious prosecution of hackers, what is really being pursued is censorship and restriction. The computer is the data processing tool of the future; every nuance of its use must be investigated. Our only protection from the abuse of the computer and the many networks of information is knowledge about how they function. Hackers, crackers, and those who create worms and viruses, though described as criminals, all work to benefit society.

Richard Showstead
Boston

At the risk of having my personal information publicly exposed by your forum participant Phiber Optik, who in the course of the conversation angrily downloaded the credit history of another forum participant, I feel the discussion regarding hacking was sycophantic. I have been playing and working with computers all of my teenage and adult life. I hacked before and after the PC became ubiquitous, but prior to the furor raised by the trial of Robert Morris Jr., who was convicted of computer fraud. All of your forum participants opined that hacking, through its questionable ability to expose the secrets of an ever-encroaching Big Brother, served the greater public good. Most people, inured to our debt-ridden, credit-happy society, understand that true privacy is a luxury afforded only to hermits. I *know* my personal data appear in records in many data bases, and I would prefer they didn't. I don't *need* Optik, Acid Phreak, or their pseudonymous ilk to inform me

My personal experience as a hacker was purely juvenile entertainment; likewise for my friends and coconspirators at that time. The thrill of breaking into a system I didn't belong in was identical to the thrill of entering the house of someone I knew was away. I *knew* I shouldn't be there, I *knew* I was clever enough to keep from ever being found out, and I *knew* that if I looked through as many personal belongings as I could, I'd find something titillating. Hacking is not art, nor is hacking inherently political; hacking is voyeurism and masturbation.

It is impossible to safeguard the data collected by our many institutions. Prosecuting hackers will not reduce their numbers but will only create celebrities. (Imagine the salary Morris will command after his release.) I do not desire my government to prosecute hackers, nor do I want hackers to do me any favors. I would like to see hackers stop being viewed as an intellectual priesthood, a national treasure of technophilia. They are pubescent nerds for whom technology has provided a new form of virtually risk-free stimulation. The only cure for the desire to hack is maturity, a naturally occurring phenomenon that, unfortunately, does not occur in 100 percent of the population.

Bryan Scott Syverson
Chicago

Unless the pseudonymous Phiber Optik and Acid Phreak are females, which, to judge by their voices, seems unlikely, all of the people who logged onto the discussion were male. I suppose there must be plenty more hackers in the field than those who responded to your query, but I wonder whether female hackers exist. I wonder about this on a theoretical level: Is there something about the very concept of hacking and cracking (exploring private data, breaking into forbidden networks, violating, however innocuously, the Other) that predominantly attracts males?

In this light I think it's interesting that hacker Adelaide compares the complacency of his fellow hackers in the face of attempts to regulate and restrict their pastime to the complacency of women in the face of attempts to overturn *Roe* v. *Wade*. By this analogy, he establishes a unity between himself and his machine (like that between a woman and her body), a unity that is and ought to be inviolable by the rule of law. Adelaide's comment marks his strange transformation from a digital explorer expanding the limits of computer technology to a common citizen oppressed by the forces of an increasingly intrusive government.

I hope that when the revolution referred to in the forum comes to pass, I, a believer in every person's right to make decisions about his or her own body, can link hands (or at least mother boards) with a skillful hacker. Subverting Big Brother, especially our very stupid Big Brother, will take all kinds.

Inda Schaenen
Baltimore

A Bensonhurst Childhood

Like Barbara Grizzuti Harrison ["Women and Blacks and Bensonhurst," March], I grew up in Bensonhurst, Brooklyn, in the 1950s, but as a Sicilian male I may have been in a slightly more privileged position merely by virtue of gender. I, too, was bookish and bright, but I tried to balance these traits with a street persona necessary for survival. Much conflict ensued.

Even now, twenty years after the fact, I can still recall the nasty elements of working-class Italian life: mob (as in the Mob) adulation, repressed sexuality, fear of strangers, and an active and often physically violent hostility toward Jews (Orthodox Jewish males in particular), blacks, and Hispanics.

Like Harrison, I was born into a racist family within a racist milieu, but for some reason this legacy transformed itself into a predilection for dating Jewish and black girls and befriending their brothers and cousins. (Was it Africa-kissed genes on the Sicilian islands long ago? Errant hormones? Or the fact that I "looked Jewish" and may have had a better developed sense of empathy than my Italian peers?)

In fact, I hated Italian girls, be-

DISCOVER WHAT BUSINESS TRAVEL SHOULD BE.



With the advent of a unified Western Europe and open doors to Eastern Europe, exciting business opportunities are on the horizon. Take advantage of these new markets with Air France Executive Europe. Air France is Europe's #1 carrier, connecting to more cities in Europe than any other airline. By joining Air France Executive Europe you'll also have the advantage of exclusive discounts on luxury limousine service in more than forty European cities. Membership in Air France Executive Europe is automatic. Simply fly Air France Le Club, Première or Concorde on the way to your European destination. As added incentive, if you fly as an Air France Executive Europe member from April 16 through August 31 you can receive a $100 gift cheque from Relais & Chateaux properties. These properties include some of the finest hotels and restaurants in Europe. Just ask for your gift cheque when you check in at any Air France gateway in the continental U.S. Discover Air France Executive Europe and you'll discover what business travel should be. To find out more, call a travel specialist or call 1-800-AF-PARIS.



Ask for your free $100 gift cheque.

THE FINE ART OF FLYING

AIR FRANCE

What business travel should be!

Air France is a partner in Mileage Plus, OnePass, FlightFund and USAir's Frequent Traveler Program.

Gift cheque offer limited to passengers purchasing full fare adult Concorde, First or Business Class ticket on Air France in the U.S.A. for travel April 16 through August 31, 1990. Travel must originate in continental U.S.A. Voucher must be requested by passenger at check-in counter before boarding. No retroactive requests will be honored after flight departure. Voucher must be redeemed no later than December 31, 1990 at any Relais & Chateaux property in Europe. May not be used with any other promotion. Other restrictions may apply.

cause the ones I knew subscribed wholeheartedly to their parents' crabbed ethos: You're Italian and white, and that's good; Italians from regions and towns other than yours are not as good; Jews and other minorities only want to steal your livelihood, your home, *your women*, and therefore are evil. And oh, yes—always mind your own business, no matter what you see or how you feel about it.

As much as I hate my background for this darkness (I moved away from Bensonhurst as quickly as I could), I also paradoxically cherish it for my bilingualism, a very clearly defined work ethic, and some of the cultural niceties like multigenerational living arrangements, fish dinner on Christmas Eve, and being able to walk down my street and greet everyone by name.

The cultural insularity of a place like Bensonhurst perforce dooms it to extinction, even as its residents proclaim its stability. (They're holding off nonwhites at the borders, but, ironically, the Jews moved out of Bensonhurst as Italians began moving in during the mid-1950s. Now, longtime residents are leaving in the wake of recent influxes of Chinese and Koreans, and a small number left after the killing of Yusuf Hawkins.)

The murder of Hawkins saddens and angers me, but it does not surprise me. The increasingly impacted American working class economy makes denizens of Bensonhurst and similar enclaves—Howard Beach comes to mind—particularly edgy and fearful of the future. In these places, anything can set off the violence.

Michael Cala
Staten Island, N.Y.

A Horse in Panama

Regarding Lewis Lapham's March Notebook on President Bush's invasion of Panama: of course, a horse. It seems so obvious now that Lapham has mentioned it; what the Great Panama Adventure really needed was a horse, old George B. astride, prancing under the palm trees, in his presidential slouch hat (nice touch, that), waving to the throngs of liberated Panamanians. So traditional, so triumphant, so suitable for putting into history books.

It's odd the image men missed that shot. I missed it, too, of course, but I don't count, and anyway I was concentrating on a different script, a sort of Central American "Sink the *Bismarck*" piece, tentatively titled "Kill Noriega." It had real possibilities: Open with a long shot, Senior Statesmen silhouetted at the end of a long Corridor of Power, whispered voice-over: "Get that little bastard out of our hair. That's what the Chief wants. Do it! Now!" A neat, tight plot line, semiclassic at least; the somewhat trusted henchman who forgets his place, gets uppity, outlives his usefulness, turns into an embarrassment. The somewhat regal good guy, anxious to stamp out evil, particularly embarrassing evils. So what to do? Can't buy the bad guy out, can't shut him up; there's nothing left but to rub him out.

But do it right. Big nations do big things; none of this piddling coup d'état stuff, captains and majors we don't even know seizing radio stations, headquarters, and such. Forget that; do it right—paratroopers, blackened faces, night-vision goggles, media briefings by ranking officers—make it something to remember. Just don't forget the mission; there's a mean little guy down there, bad complexion, red underwear. Find him. Shoot to kill.

Complications follow. Twelve thousand troops, trained dogs, and spies, and still the bad guy can't be found. "He's in the hills," the briefers say; "rugged terrain, spiders, snipers, possibly unfriendly natives. Not to worry; we have camouflage suits, jungle-training courses, all the latest techniques. We'll find him."

"Where is he?" scream the tabloids. "Has he escaped?" the newsmen ask. The search intensifies. The tension mounts. Christmas comes. Almost; the night before, a mouse stirs at the door of the Vatican mission. Oh, oh—it is he, the little Manuel, asking for sanctuary. Christmas Eve, the Vatican, a frightened little man pursued by tanks and legions from the north. Will there be room at the inn? Of course; come in, O awful despot. Merry Christmas.

Chagrin breaks out. Dark mutterings are heard. What is this medieval stuff anyway? Sanctuary? Come out; do battle like a man! Modern weaponry is called upon; loudspeakers are trotted out, mighty amplifiers cranked way up, the hardest rock is blasted forth, top decibel. Small birds drop dead, orchids wilt, the chapel statues plug their ears; the vile general does not budge. He once wrote a book called *Psychological Operations*.

Negotiations ensue. "But Monsignor, this is a very bad guy you have in there; he'll steal the silverware, corrupt the altar boys." "Ah, but that is not for me to judge. The Lord will judge; the Lord forgives." "Well, just let us in to talk to him; we'll pay for the broken windows." "Sanctuary is sanctuary; I cannot do that." "We understand, Your Excellency, that there's been some trouble in the Vatican; financial reverses and all. You know, there's a million dollar reward for this creep; we might be able to up that quite a bit." "Sorry, gentlemen, no deal. He must decide himself."

Stalemate occurs. Clouds form. Bowl game goes on. His Evilness grows restless. No friends stop by, the food is bland, room service is nonexistent. He wanders down to the mission library in search of a little pornography, finds instead the *Confessions* of St. Augustine. No pictures. He realizes he is trapped; prison could never be this dull. He decides; calls his girlfriend, calls his wife, puts on his general's swooping hat, his uniform, gives up.

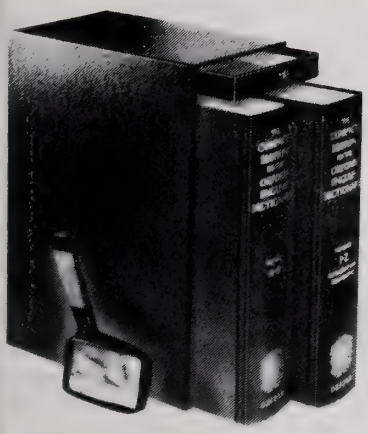
Which, unfortunately, is not a proper ending. Nothing really gets resolved; the Law appears, dragging its weight; days in court, years, hearings, motions, stays, and probably never even so much as a little, little trial. No coda, no splendid final shot; we close with neither a bang nor a whimper. It just won't do. So scrap that script and stick to Lapham's. History demands a tidy ending—victory, exultation, and a horse; full orchestra, the sky above the palm trees, the presidential slouch hat waving, over and out.

Jerome D. Lamb
Fargo, N.D.

PERMANENT PLEASURES

Choose one of these fine works and save up to $290.

You simply agree to buy 4 books within the next 2 years.



The Compact Edition of The Oxford English Dictionary

for **$32.95** (Pub. price $250)

"The most complete, most scholarly dictionary of the English language"—*The Christian Science Monitor.* Through photoreduction, the original 13-volume set has been reproduced in this two-volume *Compact Edition.* A Bausch & Lomb magnifying glass is included.



Joseph Campbell's Historical Atlas of World Mythology

for **$29.95** (Pub. prices total $250)

This masterwork—the culmination of Campbell's brilliant career—traces the saga of humankind's spiritual awakening. In five lavishly illustrated volumes, Campbell shows how our ancestors lived and what they believed, shedding new light on who we are and where we come from. Insightful, illuminating, challenging, the *Historical Atlas of World Mythology* is a vibrant introduction to the past—and to the mind of one of this century's greatest thinkers. 99 4-color maps; 1,152 photographs and drawings.



The Times Atlas of the World Seventh Comprehensive Edition

for **$29.95** (Pub. price $149.95)

"The best atlas available in English"—*The New York Times.* The only atlas printed in 8 colors for clear reading of geographic and political features. This volume contains 292 pages of color maps and a 277-page index with over 200,000 entries.



BOMC Library of American History

for **$24.95** (Club prices total $280)

Taking you from the American Revolution and the Constitutional Convention to the Civil War, World War II and the 1960 presidential campaign, this handsome collection makes a superb addition to your home library.

Set includes *Berlin Diary, The Making of the President 1960, Miracle at Philadelphia, Paul Revere and the World He Lived In, The Peabody Sisters of Salem, Reveille in Washington 1860–1865, A Stillness at Appomattox* and *The Year of Decision 1846.*



The Story of Civilization by Will and Ariel Durant

for **$29.95** (Pub. prices total $335.45)

For almost half a century Will and Ariel Durant traced the continuity of world history—the religions and philosophies, the political and economic tides, the arts and sciences, the customs and conquests—to show the foundations of society today. A Book-of-the-Month Club exclusive for almost 50 years, the Durants' illustrated masterwork is history come alive.

© 1990 BOMC

Facts About Membership. As a member you will receive the *Book-of-the-Month Club News*® 15 times a year (about every 3½ weeks). Every issue reviews a Selection and more than 150 other books, which are carefully chosen by our editors. If you want the Selection, do nothing. It will be shipped to you automatically. If you want one or more other books—or no book at all—indicate your decision on the Reply Form and return it by the specified date. *Return Privilege:* If the *News* is delayed and you receive the Selection without having had 10 days to notify us, you may return it for credit. *Cancellations:* Membership may be discontinued, either by you or by the Club, at any time after you have bought 4 additional books. Join today. With savings and choices like these, Book-of-the-Month Club is where book lovers belong.

BOOK-OF-THE-MONTH CLUB®

Book-of-the-Month Club, Inc., P.O. Box 8803, Camp Hill, PA 17011-8803 **A067-6-0**

Check one box only.

- ☐ **913.** The Story of Civ. **$29.95**
- ☐ **905.** Compact OED **$32.95**
- ☐ **946.** Times Atlas of the World **$29.95**
- ☐ **934.** Hist. Atlas of Mythology **$29.95**
- ☐ **915.** BOMC Libr. of Amer. History **$24.95**

Please enroll me as a member of Book-of-the-Month Club and send me the item I have checked at left, billing me for the appropriate amount, plus shipping and handling charges. I agree to buy four more books during the next two years. A shipping and handling charge is added to each shipment.

Name_____ **0-64**
(Please print plainly)

Address_____ Apt._____

City_____

State_____ Zip_____

Prices shown are U.S. prices. Outside the U.S. prices are generally higher. All orders subject to approval.

NOTEBOOK

The other canon

By Lewis H. Lapham

A classic is something that everybody wants to have read and nobody wants to read.

—Mark Twain

The making of lists is as ancient and venerable an occupation as the making of books, but within the categories of worthy text and cultural totem the habit lately has become obsessive. The nation apparently feels itself threatened with the extinction of its literary intelligence and the loss of its historical memory. Against the perils of ignorance the educated classes, or, more properly, the besieged remnant of what were once the educated classes, have set about the task of building walls of paper.

Every few months another alarmed scholar publishes another list of books presented as required reading for every man, woman, and child who presumes to the stature of civilized American. The lists invariably favor titles suffused with the solemn aura of "the classics," which, as Mark Twain well knew, instantly assures their assignment to the schedule of work to be done next Tuesday or next summer.

The lists also bear the weight of earnestness. Because none of the anthologists wishes to be thought frivolous or ineligible for government money, none dares to omit *The Federalist Papers,* the essays of Ralph Waldo Emerson, Tocqueville's *Democracy in America,* Melville's *Moby-Dick,* or James's *Golden Bowl.* The works in question undoubtedly deserve their place among the company of the immortals, but they intimidate the apprentice reader with the stateliness of their reputations and the formality of their prose. Better that the apprentice reader be led gradually into the snares of learning, tempted with the guile of Melville's confidence man rather than harangued by his mad captain or punished by his ambiguous whale.

The books on my own list come without the baggage of obligation. The authors tend toward a skeptical and nonconforming habit of mind, and they have been long accustomed to the suspicion of the educational and political authorities. Being safely dead, they take no offense at the absence of flattering reviews and make no complaint about the judgment of the book clubs. If readers find their remarks objectionable—either too satirical or too disrespectful of the American pieties—they need not feel that they have failed an examination. The books on the list represent a tradition of American writing that never enjoys much popular support; within the congress of American letters, they belong to the party almost always out of office.

But the working out of the American destiny depends on a ceaseless argument between the chorus of approval and the solo voices of dissent, and at the moment the emphasis inclines too heavily toward the self-congratulation of the comfortable majority. Gradually since the end of World War II, and more rapidly and more alarmingly during the last decade of the Republican ascendancy, the lists of improving texts have been inoculated against the contagions of laughter and doubt. It is no wonder that the current generation of readers confuses the American literary inheritance with a trust fund consisting entirely of sermons. The following list is meant to restore at least the semblance of a balance to the American dialectic.

The Devil's Dictionary, by Ambrose Bierce. Dover, 144 pages. Several hundred satirical definitions of common words arranged alphabetically, the definitions notable for their wit. As follows:

"Fear, *n.* A sense of the total depravity of the immediate future."

"Mammon, *n.* The god of the world's leading religion. His chief temple is in the holy city of New York."

"Pray, *v.* To ask that the laws of the universe be annulled on behalf of a single petitioner confessedly unworthy."

The brief and miscellaneous character of Bierce's definitions lends itself to the attention span of the modern reader. Properly used (i.e., in dull moments, while waiting for a divorce or a train), the dictionary serves as a corrective against the drivel of the day's newspaper editorials.

Letters From the Earth, by Mark Twain. Harper & Row, 239 pages. The sardonic facets of Twain's genius tend to be suppressed by the publishing business, possibly on the ground that if his skepticism were to become too well known, then his more familiar works (*Tom Sawyer, Huckleberry Finn*) might lose their value as primers for schoolchildren. But Twain, like Bierce, is one of the foremost wits in the library of American letters, and he deserves to be read in all his humors, if for no other reason than as a remedy against the best-selling claptrap on the order of Robert Fulghum's *All I Really Need to Know I Learned in Kindergarten.*

Among the letters "from the Earth," the reader new to the correspondence might do well to begin with letters II and XIII and then proceed to the remarks on James Fenimore Cooper's prose style or the notes on visiting cards.

Democracy, by Henry Adams. New American Library, 191 pages. For reasons that I have yet to understand, the contemporary American author cannot write a satisfactory novel about the arts of political chicane in Washington. Maybe the inhibition is instilled at birth, or during the first two years of infancy. More probably it is the result of the mass media's tireless insistence that politicians, especially presidents, must be swathed in the ornamental drapery of a late Roman emperor.

Adams understood that American politicians were mortal, possibly because both his grandfather and great-grandfather had been presidents, and he knew the difference between a private and a public voice. Of the society in the nation's capital, Adams once observed:

"What makes a long residence in Washington so bad for one's temper is the horrible display of vanity, especially among the men. If ever, once, in all these forty years that I have known statesmen, I had met one solitary individual who thought, even at intervals, of anyone or anything but himself, I would forgive him as a sad example of human eccentricity, and say no word against him."

The House of Mirth, by Edith Wharton. Charles Scribner's Sons, 352 pages. Although first published in 1905, the novel reads as if it had been published last week. Wharton describes a society founded on the newly acquired riches of an ignorant plutocracy. The text needs only a few changes of name and address in order to align it with the contemporary accounts in *Fortune* and *People* magazines. Because Wharton doesn't worship the rich (which distinguishes her from virtually all of the modern novelists working more or less the same clay), she knows that she is writing about a mode of feeling that is both trivial and cruel.

The House of Mirth addresses itself to what in 1905 was still an irrelevantly small circle of people entranced by their reflections in a tradesman's mirror. In the eighty-odd years since Wharton published the novel, the small circle has become considerably larger, and the corollary deformations of character show up in all ranks of American society, among all kinds of people caught up in the desperate buying of their self-esteem.

The Theory of the Leisure Class, by Thorstein Veblen. Penguin, 400 pages. Veblen arrived at his theory by contemplating the folly of private individuals. He drew his examples from

"Wall Street's an almost weirdly predictable place. All booms eventually turn into panics. And all good ideas eventually turn into folly."—L. J. Davis

Hosted by Lewis Lapham

BOOKMARK

The show that reads between the lines.

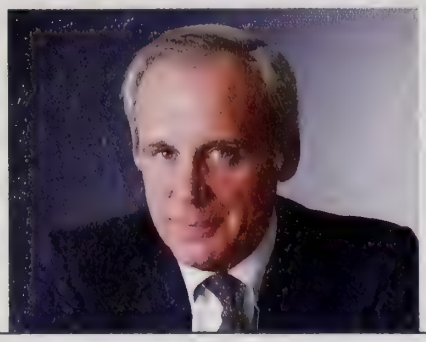
The Wall Street of the 1980's...Capitalist anarchy? The destructive effects of a bad tax system? Or a circus out of control?

Listen to what insiders think, as they discuss *BARBARIANS AT THE GATE* with author Bryan Burrough on BOOKMARK.

Each week, Lewis Lapham invites the author of an important new work to join other guests for an intense discussion of the ideas presented in the book.

BOOKMARK. Sometimes you'll agree with what you hear. Sometimes you won't. But you'll always come away with fresh insights. Join us on PBS this week for a passionate display of opinion, prejudice, criticism and fervent belief. Check your local TV listings for time and channel.

Funded by Bell Atlantic We're More Than Just Talk.



Want to brush up on a foreign language?



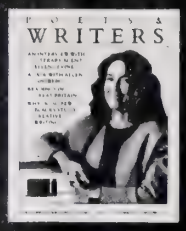
With Audio-Forum's intermediate and advanced materials, it's easy to maintain and sharpen your foreign language skills.

Besides intermediate and advanced audio-cassette courses—most developed for the U.S. State Dept.—we offer foreign-language mystery dramas, dialogs recorded in Paris, games, music, and many other helpful materials. And if you want to learn a *new* language, we have beginning courses for adults and for children.

We offer introductory and advanced materials in most of the world's languages: French, German, Spanish, Italian, Japanese, Mandarin, Greek, Russian, Portuguese, Korean, Norwegian, Swedish, and many others.

Call 1-800-243-1234 for FREE 32-p. catalog, or write:

AUDIO-FORUM®
Room M610, 96 Broad Street,
Guilford, CT 06437 (203) 453-9794



OF WRITERS BY WRITERS FOR WRITERS

Subscribe to *Poets & Writers Magazine*, and six times a year get news of publishing opportunities and upcoming grants and awards, essays by and interviews with poets and fiction writers, reports of literary activities around the country, announcements of literary prize winners, and classifieds that list everything from jobs to house rentals. 1 year $18 (writers listed in our Directory: $16) 2 years $32 (writers listed in our Directory: $28) Please send check or money order in U.S. dollars. For foreign subscriptions add (per year): Canada/Mexico $8.40; Europe/N. Africa $17.75; all others $22.50. Please allow 8 weeks to fill subscriptions or change addresses. Poets & Writers, Inc., Dept. R. 72 Spring Street, New York, NY 10012, (212) 226-3586.

Bring "practical nostalgia" to your home or office, with...

StationMaster Chime Clock only $129.95*

But read this ad for an even better deal!



Around the turn of the century, these handsome clocks adorned the offices of the station masters of American railroads. They were cherished for their beauty and precision—they kept America's trains on time. *Rodell-7*, one of the great names in clocks and watches, has painstakingly recreated this famous and beloved original. The "new" *StationMaster Clock* is executed in its original classic octagonal design, with its pendulum caboose. It's handsomely constructed in solid oakwood (not veneers) and brass. The crystal shielding the caboose window is faceted glass, a small luxury found only on the most expensive timepieces. Another quality feature is the red calendar hand. Every day, at the stroke of midnight, it steps one day forward. The clock is a feast for the eyes. But the real value is inside the clock. It's that exquisite 31-day Japanese chime movement, of such precision that it is classified as a "Regulator." The melodious chimes punctually sound the half hours and count the full hours.

We are the exclusive importers of *Rodell-7* clocks and can bring you this beautiful clock for just $129.95. But, we have an even better deal: ***Buy two for $259.90 and we'll send you a third one with our compliments—absolutely FREE!*** Bring a touch of "practical nostalgia" to your home or office, adorn them with the beauty of yesteryear, and send for your *StationMaster Chime Clock* today!

• *The oakwood of the* StationMaster Clock *is selected for its attractively "marbled" grain and is carefully matched. Hardware and pendulum are pure brass. The "caboose" crystal is hand faceted, a luxury feature found only in the most expensive timepieces. The clock is 24" tall, 15" wide, and 4" deep.*

FOR FASTEST SERVICE, ORDER
TOLL FREE (800) 882-3050
24 hours a day, 7 days a week

Please give order #1500 A337. If you prefer, mail check or card authorization and expiration. We need daytime phone for all orders and issuing bank for charge orders. U.P.S. insurance: $4.95 for one *StationMaster Chime Clock*, $6.95 for three. Add sales tax for CA delivery. You have 30-day return and one-year warranty.

For quantity orders (100+), call Ernest Gerard, our Wholesale/Premium Manager at (415) 543-6570 or write him at the address below.

since 1967
haverhills®
131 Townsend Street, San Francisco, CA 94107

the lives of the capitalist princes who held sway in Newport or Saratoga and who concerned themselves with oysters, fetes, horses, parrots, clothes, sporting events, coaches, and dogs. The leisure class has since become the leisure state. Between the years 1945 and 1985 Americans transferred the burden of what Veblen called "conspicuous consumption" from the private to the public sectors of expenditure. As the wealth of the country has been shifted into institutional or bureaucratic treasuries, so also the society at large has come to adhere to the canons of "reputable waste." Any reader hoping to understand the reasons for the national debt, or the bankruptcy of the American industrial enterprise, would do better to read Veblen than the entire anthology of lamentations collected in the *Harvard Business Review*.

The Memoirs of a Superfluous Man, by Albert Jay Nock. Regnery Gateway, 326 pages. Nock deemed himself superfluous because he couldn't accommodate his mind to the interests of the gross national product or the purposes of the nation–state. A self-educated man, raised in Brooklyn and fond of dictionaries, Nock acquired the habit of reading Greek and Latin at the age of eight.

His memoir is less an account of his life than it is a history of his thought. He admired Rabelais, detested self-styled "liberals," and thought that modern civilization eventually would become bored by its own hideousness and so consent to its annihilation. Leaving for Europe just prior to the First World War, Nock explained that he didn't know how to adjust his hope of civilization with the American theory of prosperity:

"The whole sum of it was that I was like a man who had landed in Greenland with a cargo of straw hats. There was nothing wrong with Greenland or with the hats, and the man might be on the best terms with the Greenlanders in a social way, but there was not the faintest chance of a market for his line of goods."

The Big Sleep, by Raymond Chandler. Vintage, 139 pages. Almost any of Chandler's novels (*The Lady in the*

Lake, The Long Goodbye, etc.) would do as well, but I always liked the names Lash Canino and Eddie Mars. Chandler is both storyteller and metaphysician, and if sometimes I forget what I know about Los Angeles—either the way the light falls across the Santa Monica Mountains or the way the inhabitants prey upon one another in the manner of wolves—I read Chandler and know that I am not wrong about Richard Nixon's politics or the ethics of the standard movie deal.

A Modern Instance, by William Dean Howells. In *William Dean Howells, Novels 1875–1886.* Library of America, 1,217 pages. With the possible exception of Howells's own *Hazard of New Fortunes,* I know of no other American novel that so accurately describes both the mechanics and the ethos of American journalism. Bartley Hubbard, a newspaperman blessed with "no more moral nature than a baseball," serves as the prototype of the glib and smiling journalist familiar to the audiences of *Nightline* or *Washington Week in Review.* It is customary these days to present the character of the journalist as a figure richly endowed with the gifts of omniscience and moral rectitude. Howells provides an ironic deconstruction of the approved texts, and were I to teach a course at one of the nation's high-minded journalism schools, I would ask the class to transpose the character of Hubbard into the idiom of NBC news.

The Autocrat of the Breakfast-table, by Oliver Wendell Holmes. Airmont, 254 pages. The autocrat assembles a number of imaginary residents in an imaginary boardinghouse (among them a student of divinity, an old gentleman, and an "angular female in black bombazine"), and over an indefinite period of time, permitting only the occasional luxury of an interruption, he bestows on those present the benefit of his conversation. The autocrat is nothing if not opinionated, and he holds views on as many topics as can be seen wandering the streets of Boston in the decade prior to the Civil War. By nature a curious and generous man, the autocrat announces his preference for men of family (as opposed to "your self-made man, whittled into shape with his own jack-knife"), discusses the differences between British and American elm trees, remarks that he hates "little toad-eating cities" in which the inhabitants forever go about the business of puffing up their provincial virtue, knows that it is both futile and impolite to complain about the lack of talent among literary gentlemen who enjoy the specious "bandbox" reputations commonly awarded to "this or that electro-gilded celebrity," reports on horse racing, dogs, and the deer-shooting at Naushon in Buzzards Bay, concedes that he was once afraid of ships and a glove maker's signboard shaped in the form of a great wooden HAND, and avers that "good Americans, when they die, go to Paris." The man's talk is a wonder of civilization, not unlike one of the Renaissance paintings that he so much admires. His sense of proportion is as finally balanced as his wit:

"Talk about conceit as much as you like, it is to human character what salt is to the ocean; it keeps it sweet, and renders it endurable."

"Do the worst thing you can, or suffer the worst that can be thought of, you find yourself in a category of humanity that stretches back as far as Cain, and with an expert at your elbow who has studied your case all out beforehand, and is waiting for you with his implements of hemp or mahogany. I believe, if a man were to be burned in any of our cities to-morrow for heresy, there would be found a master of ceremonies who knew just how many fagots were necessary, and the best way of arranging the whole matter."

Even a long list of books is, of necessity, both arbitrary and incomplete, and if I have omitted several obvious names (among them Mencken, Dorothy Parker, and the inestimable Mr. Dooley) it is not because I intended any slight but because I had in mind a particular temperament and tone of voice—often worldly, sometimes sardonic, almost always generous, seldom cruel—that defines, with as much precision as the phrase will bear, what is meant by the American grain. ■

"If you've been searching for something to enhance the sensual side of your life... Yellow Silk offers fiction, poetry, art, reminiscences, and reviews of material that celebrate the erotic in a way that manages to be both tasteful and juicy. The writing ranges from earthy and funny to tender and thoughtful, and the art is exquisite. Highly recommended."

Neshama Franklin
Medical Self-Care

Yellow Silk
JOURNAL OF EROTIC ARTS



"All persuasions; no brutality."

William Kotzwinkle • Marge Piercy • Eric Gill • Susan Griffin • Octavio Paz • Tee Corinne • W.S. Merwin • Mayumi Oda Marilyn Hacker • William Packard • Judy Dater • Robert Silverberg • Ntozake Shange • Ivan Argüelles • Jane Hirshfield Pierre Louys • Gary Soto

YS, P.O. Box 6374, Albany CA 94706
$24/year • Quarterly

NAME

ADDRESS

OUTSIDE U.S., ADD $6/SURFACE, $20/AIR PER YEAR. U.S. FUNDS.


ABSOLUT
VODKA
ABSOLUT INTELLIGENCE.
FOR GIFT DELIVERY OF ABSOLUT® VODKA (EXCEPT WHERE PROHIBITED BY LAW) CALL 1-800-243-3787.
PRODUCT OF SWEDEN. 40 AND 50% ALC/VOL (80 AND 100 PROOF). 100% GRAIN NEUTRAL SPIRITS. © 1989 CARILLON IMPORTERS, LTD., TEANECK, N.J.

HARPER'S INDEX

Projected total cost to taxpayers of the S&L bailout, expressed as a percentage of the federal deficit : 300

Rank of the corporation formed to manage the bailout, among the largest U.S. real estate concerns : 1

Average number of U.S. companies that filed for bankruptcy each day last year : 173

Percentage of Chrysler's 1989 profits that came from the sale of Mitsubishi stock : 86

Number of shares of his Chrysler stock that Lee Iacocca has given away during the last 12 months : 100,000

Total amount a Brazilian can withdraw from a savings account this year under President Collor's austerity plan : $1,000

Tons of weapons Fidel Castro brought with him to Brazil's presidential inauguration ceremonies in March : 10

Estimated portion of Czechoslovakia's hard-currency export earnings that come from arms sales : 1/3

Estimated number of POWs from the Iran–Iraq War still imprisoned : 100,000

Percentage change, since 1985, in U.S. funding for overseas refugees : −30

Percentage change, since 1985, in the number of refugees worldwide : +50

Number of Palestinians killed by Israeli soldiers in the Occupied Territories in the first 3 months of this year : 30

Number killed as "collaborators" by other Palestinians : 35

Number of people killed by stray bullets in New York City last year : 39

Number of Americans sentenced to death since 1900 who were later found to be innocent : 139

Average number of Panamanians detained each day for "impeding the renewal of the power of the state" : 300

Members of the Panamanian cabinet who have owned or directed banks accused of laundering drug money : 5

Number of months after the *Valdez* spill that George Bush put his oil-barge company holdings in a blind trust : 1

Number of oil spills for which the company's corporate parent has been responsible since Bush bought the stock : 200

Number of country club memberships RJR Nabisco purchased in 1988 for Ross Johnson, its CEO : 24

Number of biodegradable golf tees ordered this year from Peat "T" of Edmonton, Canada : 300,000,000

Number of the ten largest environmental magazines that are printed on recycled paper : 3

Number of trees Harper & Row will plant to replace those used to publish *2 Minutes a Day for a Greener Planet* : 1,000

Pages of guidelines the New York City Transit Authority sent to a Boy Scout who wanted to clean a subway station : 6

Change, since 1988, in the fuel efficiency of new automobiles sold in the United States, in miles per gallon : −0.5

Number of countries that had an environmental protection agency in 1972 : 26

Number that have one today : 161

Portion of all fresh water in Poland that is too polluted for industrial use : 1/2

Average percentage of a Polish family's income that is spent on food : 70

Estimated percentage of all Spam sales in South Korea that are made on the black market : 40

Number of 7-Elevens per 1,000 square miles in Japan : 27

In the United States : 2

Fine for parking a pickup truck in one's own driveway in Flossmoor, Illinois : $10

Percentage of Southern California drivers who say they have made "indecent gestures" at other drivers : 38

Price of a wedding ceremony at the coin-operated, 24-hour Church of Elvis in Portland, Oregon : $1

Rank of finances, among the things couples say they worry about most on their wedding night : 1

Ratio of the number of dreams men have about men to the number they have about women : 2:1

Acres of mirrors in Donald Trump's Taj Mahal casino in Atlantic City : 10

Price of a night in the casino's Alexander the Great Suite, per minute : $7

Figures cited are the latest available as of April 1990. Sources are listed on page 78.
"Harper's Index" is a registered trademark.



"You'll never know how sweet freedom can be unless you've lost it for 8½ years."

EVERETT ALVAREZ, JR
VIETNAM POW

Everett Alvarez, Jr. was starved beaten and forced to endure unspeakable tortures.

His years of horror began in 1964 when the U.S. Navy plane he was piloting got shot down over the Gulf of Tonkin. For the next 8½ years he was a prisoner of war—the longest held in North Vietnam.

During those endless months he struggled to preserve his honor and his sense of self. And by his example inspired dozens of other POW's.

"When you're caged up in an alien land," relates Alvarez, "you begin to understand the essence of liberty, and what we have here in this country....

"The return to freedom was exhilarating. Everything I touched felt good. Everything I ate tasted good. Everything smelled so good. It was sweet beyond belief. Now, I wake up every day and, no matter what I have to face, I look forward to it with anticipation. I'm here and able to choose, able to do, able to act as a free individual."

Philip Morris Companies Inc.

KRAFT GENERAL FOODS · MILLER BREWING COMPANY · PHILIP MORRIS U.S.A.

Join Philip Morris Companies Inc. in support of the National Archives' celebration of the 200th anniversary of the Bill of Rights. For a free copy of this historic document, call 1-800-552-2222, or write Bill of Rights · Philip Morris Companies Inc. · 2020 Pennsylvania Ave. N.W. · Suite 533 · Washington D.C. 20006

READINGS

[Essay]

WHAT'S CENTRAL TO CENTRAL EUROPE?

By Erazim Kohák. From the Spring 1990 Dissent. *Kohák, the author of* Jan Patočka: Philosophy and Selected Writings, *teaches philosophy at Boston University. Last month he returned to Prague after an absence of forty-two years.*

Ten years from now, will there still be a Central Europe? Or will Europe's center, suddenly reemerging as the Soviet tide recedes, find itself submerged once more by a Western tide? The end came so abruptly. What now?

Amid the euphoria sweeping the streets of Prague, that question seems rather beside the point. There is literally everything to be done, and all of it at once. The communist rule lasted too long: We can no longer fall back on the *status quo ante*. It ended too abruptly for a new social texture to have grown gradually within the old. Now everything is to be done, and as to the question What next?, the answer is obvious: "Budem žít!" We shall live, just live, live at last.

That answer compresses into two words the longing of the weary years when life, constrained by arbitrary rules, became an unceasing, wearying effort, when there was no spontaneity. Ever since the Soviet occupation, we have lived a laborious charade. Those Western commentators who described communist practice with psychological rather than political or religious imagery used to call it institutionalized paranoia. That, though, described the rulers rather than the ruled. For the men and women in the dreary, normalized streets, imposed histrionic personality disorder would be more apt: the fatiguing effort to sustain a facade lacking conviction and spontaneity. Hence the overwhelming longing—to live in truth, spontaneously, just to be what we naturally are.

But what are we, we Czechs and Slovaks? What are we "naturally"? Humans, after all, are the most unnatural of animals, devoid of a secure instinctual basis for their social interaction and their individual lives. Far more than instinct, it is custom, the precipitate of history, that shapes our spontaneity. Our language may be Slavic, yet our history, more than a millennium of it, is Western. We shall live naturally: For a Czech, that clearly means, "We shall rejoin Europe."

After all, Czechoslovakia, like Poland, Hungary, and the putatively "Eastern" Germany, was never an "East European" country. The cultural boundary between Europe's East and Europe's West has always been quite clear. It is demarcated by orthography. Wherever the Latin alphabet is used, the cultural identity is distinctively Western, shaped by Latin Christianity, scholasticism, the Renaissance, the struggles of the Reformation and the Counter-Reformation, the Enlightenment, industrialization, and social democracy. When, early in this century, Romania switched from the Cyrillic to the Latin alphabet, it was making a cultural statement. Europe's East, demarcated by the Cyrillic alphabet, has a very different cultural heritage, rooted in Orthodox Christianity and czarist autocracy, shaped by the very different struggles at the border of Europe and in the vast expanses of Asia. Muscovy, Krivia, the Ukraine —that was Europe's East, and Central Europe was never a part of it.

For years in America I had to deal with the question "When did you come to the West?" I could only answer that I was born in the West, in Prague, the city of two Holy Roman Emper-

ors and a great medieval university, the cradle of the Reformation, and the focus of the Renaissance north of the Alps. I would have given the same answer had I been born in Hungary's Sáros-Patak, where Jan Amos Komenský (Comenius) once taught, or in Latvia's Riga, where Immanuel Kant's *Critique of Pure Reason* was first printed. The "East bloc" was always a wholly artificial entity. With its collapse, we shall obviously rejoin Europe.

Yet here doubts emerge. The daily reality of the Europe we would rejoin is rather different from the Europe we have envisioned as a cultural ideal—an ideal so dear to dissident essayists through all the years in which a triple tier of barbed wire prevented closer inspection. A Polish-Czechoslovak conference held in Wrocław last November addressed those doubts. The topic was "Culture Perplexed: Between Communism and Consumerism." None of the participants manifested the slightest trace of nostalgia for communism, not even for the "reform," "Euro-," or "human face" variety. Forty years were enough, thank you. Yet the consumerism that seems to have largely displaced the European cultural ideal is profoundly problematic for the men and women who pursued for so long the ideal of life in truth and who sacrificed communism's few consumer comforts for its sake. They struggled and sacrificed for an ideal. To them, it would be tragic if Central Europe, so recently freed from the imposed histrionics of "real socialism," were simply to sink into the mindless consumerism of the Atlantic basin.

Can Central Europe find a different drummer? In Czechoslovakia, as well as in Hungary, Poland, and the Baltic republics, a strong sense of national identity might well buy time for Central Europe, generating temporary configurations that could make the transition from Soviet domination less abrupt. The recent cooperation between Austria and Hungary holds out much promise. If augmented by Czechoslovakia, it might provide the protective environment that the old Hapsburg monarchy failed to provide. Were such a configuration to prove attractive to Poland and the western portions of Yugoslavia, it might well provide the breathing space within which Central Europe could find a distinctive identity.

Would it, though? Milan Kundera notwithstanding, the idea is problematic. In the twentieth century, "Central Europe" was the slogan of German expansionism. Is there, can there be, a distinctive Central Europe based on anything more than a nostalgia for the old Hapsburg monarchy? Here confident answers would be the height of folly. At most, we can speak of straws in the wind.

Yet straws there are. Because I am a philosopher by trade, it is the philosophical straws I notice. The entire emphasis of the Czech dissent, whose most prominent figures include playwright-philosopher Václav Havel and priest-theologian Václav Malý, has been on *life in truth*. In word and deed, Czech dissidents have demonstrated their deep conviction that there is truth, that there is good and evil—and that the difference is not reducible to cultural preference.

That unwavering conviction contrasts sharply with the recent philosophical evolution throughout the Atlantic basin. There the prevailing drift of thought is clearly toward a cultural relativism once associated with the sophists and their disillusioned suspicion that "truth" is no more than individual preference or collective consensus. The highly influential French philosophers Michel Foucault and Jacques Derrida, for example, argue that human discourse can refer only to other discourse, a text to another text. The American philosopher Richard Rorty concludes that truth is the shared conviction of a community of speakers, while American popular culture reduces it even further, to a matter of "how you feel about it." When Czech philosophers call for a life in truth—convinced that there is truth and that truth shall prevail, and that it is worth putting one's life on the line for it—they are marching to a very different drummer.

Philosophy may seem simply a Czech peculiarity; after all, the man who articulated the Czech cultural heritage in the darkest time of the Thirty Years' War, Comenius, was a philosopher, and so was Tomáš G. Masaryk, the man who restored Czech independence in our century. Yet even if the rest of Central Europe does not share the Czech passion for philosophy, the beat of the different drummer is still clearly heard. While the Atlantic littoral has grown increasingly secular, regarding the world as random and constrained only by conventional morality, Central Europeans are flocking to churches, rediscovering the world as a morally ordered place.

A sociologist might well explain this phenomenon as an aftereffect of forty years of communist rule, and that may well be the proximate cause. Yet the phenomenon has much deeper foundations, in the different ways Central Europe and countries along the Atlantic littoral entered the modern era. For France and England, modernity began with René Descartes and his successors, who presented "objective" reality as an aggregate of objects, devoid of value and meaning, only spatially and causally ordered, and obeying only mathematical laws.



Hungary's Young Democrats party (Fidesz) *created this campaign poster for the parliamentary elections earlier this spring. At left are Leonid Brezhnev and Erich Honecker. The caption reads, "You have the choice." The party finished fifth in the April 8 runoff election won by the Democratic Forum.*

The mind, with all it encompasses—truth, goodness, beauty—had no place in their scheme: It was relegated to a separate and dubious category of reality, to be called (much later) "merely subjective."

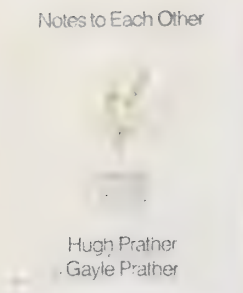
In Central Europe, Descartes's great counterpart was Comenius. Now all but forgotten, he was one of the most acclaimed men of his age: Harvard wanted him for its president, the English Parliament hoped he would mediate between itself and the king, Sweden wanted him to reform its school system. Comenius bequeathed to Central Europe a very different vision of reality—one that was value-laden and meaningfully ordered. Truth, beauty, and goodness appeared to him not as "subjective" impositions on a value-free, meaningless, and "objective" reality but as the intrinsic structure of reality itself.

In the Franco-English West, a rising natural science, operating with a Cartesian conception of reality, largely crowded out all vestiges of the Comenian vision of a meaningful, value-laden world. In Central Europe, however, that vision has remained. It reemerged in Goethe, in Schelling, and, for that matter, in a very different guise, in Masaryk, famous for his statement "Values, too, are facts." When, in 1935, the Moravian-born philosopher Edmund Husserl wrote of *die Krisis der europäischen Wissenschaften*—really, the crisis of Western civilization—he located its roots precisely in the Cartesian notion of "objective," meaningless, and value-free reality. He proposed instead a Comenian solution, and the dissident Czech philosophers of today, committed to life in truth and to the reality of truth, goodness, beauty, are very much his heirs.

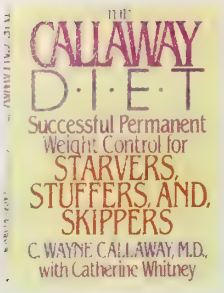
Likewise consumerism—which sees value as a "subjective" individual preference and reality as a meaningless object of consumption—has become our "crisis of Western civilization." For it implies that humans are nothing more or less than consumers. The thinkers of Central Europe, affirming the reality of truth, are living out an answer to that crisis. Could that prove to be the beat of the different drummer, the distinctive vision that could keep Central Europe from dissolving into the consumer civilization of the Atlantic basin?

As a Czech philosopher, I see the task of articulating and preserving that vision as my calling. But, as for many years a New Hampshire man who witnessed America's journey from Eisenhower's "peace and prosperity" through the turmoil of the "me generation" to the age of Reagan affluence, I am all too conscious of the immense momentum of a civilization predicated on an ever-increasing rate of individual consumption. Will my compatriots even want to resist it?

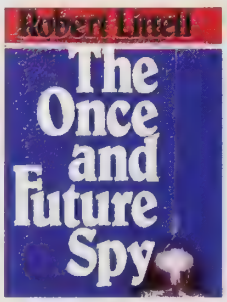
As long as they were locked in a struggle with oppression, they fixed their eyes on a distant star, on a moral ideal—and in the Czech context that does not mean the shallow "return to family values" that haunts American politics; for the Czechs, it has a Kantian ring. "In principle," Václav Havel writes, moral motivation means "that what we do, we do not for so-called



NOTES TO EACH OTHER BY HUGH AND GAYLE PRATHER
List Price: ~~$17.95~~ Our Price: $14.36
Insightful reading and counseling for any couple striving to build love and improve their relationship. **#NR 1036**

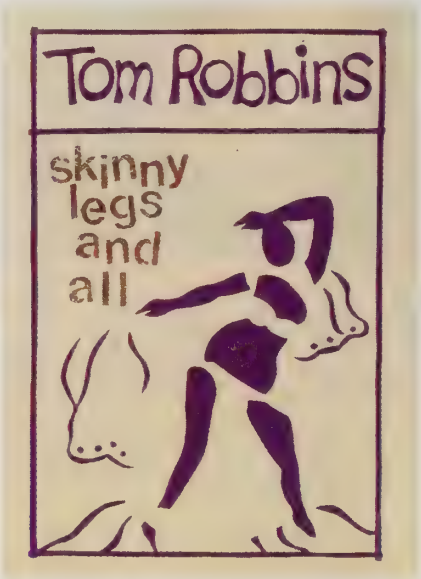


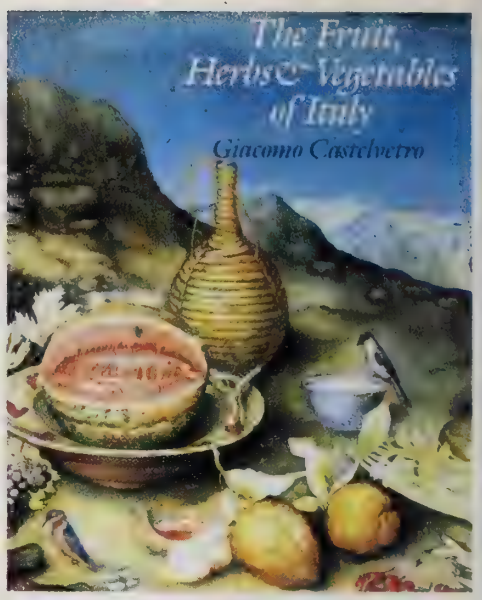
THE CALLAWAY DIET BY C. WAYNE CALLAWAY, M.D., WITH CATHERINE WHITNEY
List Price: ~~$18.95~~ Our Price: $15.16
Learn how to determine your optimum weight and how to reduce fat, increase energy and achieve long-term weight control. **#NR 1038**



THE ONCE AND FUTURE SPY
BY ROBERT LITTELL
List Price: ~~$18.95~~ Our Price: $15.16
Past and present interweave to create a web of suspense when the CIA investigates itself to find the source of a vital information leak. **#NR 1039**

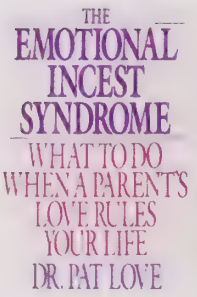
SKINNY LEGS AND ALL
BY TOM ROBBINS
List Price: ~~$19.95~~ Our Price: $15.96
An inventive story about an Arab and a Jew opening a restaurant proves to be Tom Robbins' most political and comic novel to date. **ORDER #NR 1037**





THE FRUIT, HERBS, AND VEGETABLES OF ITALY
BY GIACOMO CASTELVETRO, TRANSLATED BY GILLIAN RILEY, FOREWORD BY JANE GRIGSON
List Price: ~~$29.95~~ Our Price: $23.96
Castelvetro describes many aspects of gardening and cooking in Italy, including how to grow and use various herbs and fruits. **ORDER #NR 1055**

GET 'EM BEFORE THEY'RE



THE EMOTIONAL INCEST SYNDROME BY DR. PAT LOVE WITH JO ROBINSON
List Price: ~~$18.95~~ Our Price: $15.16
A guide to the damaging effects that emotionally and psychologically invasive parents have on their children. **#NR 1040**



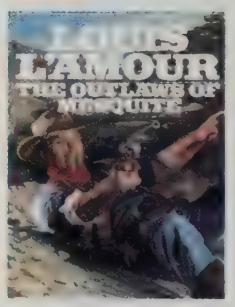
INVASIONS
BY EUGENE IZZI
List Price: ~~$17.95~~ Our Price: $14.36
The Iceman, Chicago's leading burglar, and his brother, an ex-con, struggle against The Mob, corrupt cops and each other **#NR 1041**



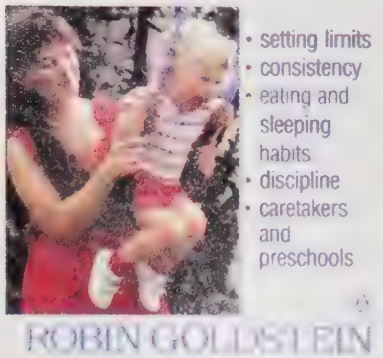
REBUILDING THE HOUSE
BY LAURIE GRAHAM
List Price: ~~$17.95~~ Our Price: $14.36
After her husband's death, Laurie Graham leaves New York to reconstruct her life as she rebuilds an old New Jersey farmhouse. **#NR 1042**



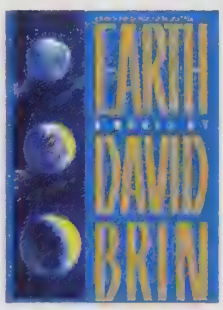
HERBS AND HEALTH
BY NICOLA PETERSON, ILLUSTRATED BY ROSAMUND GENDLE
List Price: ~~$15.95~~ Our Price: $12.76
A qualified medical herbalist explores the use of herbs and details many particular remedies including warts, acne and colds. **#NR 1043**



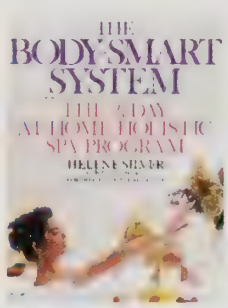
THE OUTLAWS OF MESQUITE
BY LOUIS L'AMOUR
List Price: ~~$16.95~~ Our Price: $13.56
Eight frontier stories. Each one alive with classic battles of good against evil. **#NR 1045**



EVERYDAY PARENTING
BY ROBIN GOLDSTEIN
List Price: ~~$6.95~~ Our Price: $5.56
A practical sourcebook for parents searching for a better understanding of their children's social, intellectual, and emotional needs during the first five years. **ORDER # NR 1046**



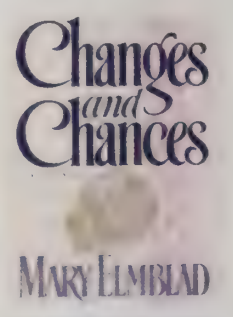
EARTH
BY DAVID BRIN
List Price: ~~$19.95~~ Our Price: $15.95
Filled with extraordinary characters, this fast-paced scientific thriller carefully describes the fate of our world fifty years in the future
#NR 1047



THE BODY-SMART SYSTEM
BY HELENE SILVER WITH KATHLEEN GOSS; FOREWARD BY GARY S ROSS, M D
List Price: ~~$18.95~~ Our Price: $15.16
A 21-day health regimen designed to turn your own home into a personal health spa **#NR 1048**

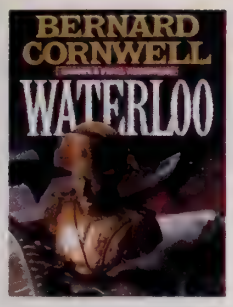


TENDER DEATH
BY ANNETTE MEYERS
List Price: ~~$17.95~~ Our Price: $14.36
A pair of the hottest headhunters on Wall Street discover an "accidental death" in their pursuit of fast deals and excitement **#NR 1050**



CHANGES AND CHANCES
BY MARY ELMBLAD
List Price: ~~$19.95~~ Our Price: $15.96
Cassandra Taylor helps lead a Civil Rights movement in Washington that was started by her murdered husband
#NR 1051

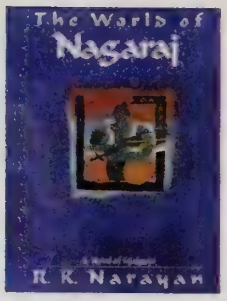
HARDCOVER



WATERLOO
BY BERNARD CORNWELL
List Price: ~~$17.95~~ Our Price: $14.36
The most famous of all British battles, brilliantly recounted from the perspective of a seasoned soldier – Lieutenant Richard Sharpe. **#NR 1052**



HOT SHOTS
BY LAURENCE GOUGH
List Price: ~~$16.95~~ Our Price: $13.56
A narcotics king will do anything to reclaim a lost heroin shipment-unless detectives Jack Willows and Claire Parker can stop him. **#NR 1053**

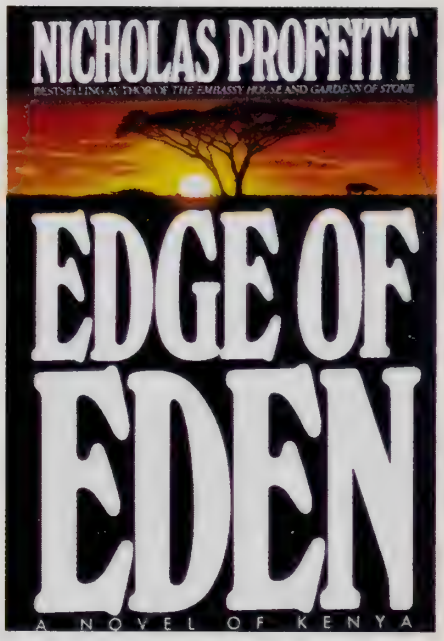


THE WORLD OF NAGARAJ
BY R.K. NARAYAN
List Price: ~~$18.95~~ Our Price: $15.16
Nagaraj, a contentedly aimless man, is disturbed when his nephew Tim runs away from home to live with him and his wife Sita. **#NR 1054**



WAR LIKE A WASP
BY ANDREW SINCLAIR
List Price: ~~$24.95~~ Our Price: $1996
Sinclair examines the history of Great Britain during its war years through works by T.S. Eliot, Henry Moore and George Orwell. **#NR 1056**

EDGE OF EDEN
BY NICHOLAS PROFFITT
List Price: ~~$18.95~~ Our Price: $15.16
Kenya's precious wildlife is prey to official corruption and a brutal poacher known only as *Fisi* – the Hyena. **ORDER #NR 1049**





HERBS AND AROMATHERAPY
BY JONNAH METCALFE
List Price: ~~$15.95~~ Our Price: $12.76
Written by a trained aromatherapist, this is a guide for those wishing to practice this therapy, or for those embarking on their own treatment. **#NR 1057**

NEW RELEASES, INC.
A Subsidiary of Business International Group Corp.

HOT.

Read the hottest summer books before anyone else gets their hands on them, now at 'Super Summer Special' savings of 20% to 30% off. Best of all, there's absolutely no obligation. You don't have to join a club or pay postage fees. But hurry. This offer is only good 'til the end of the month! To order by credit card, call 1-800-628-8229.



WONDERMONGER
BY MICHAEL ROTHSCHILD
List Price: ~~$17.95~~ Our Price: $14.36
Haunting, fierce, and beautiful, these tales herald the reappearance of a unique and stunningly gifted writer. **#NR 1058**



THE NEW TAROT
BY RACHEL POLLACK
List Price: ~~$22.50~~ Our Price: $18.00
A fascinating guide to the art, use, and meaning of over seventy traditional and modern Tarot decks. **#NR 1059**



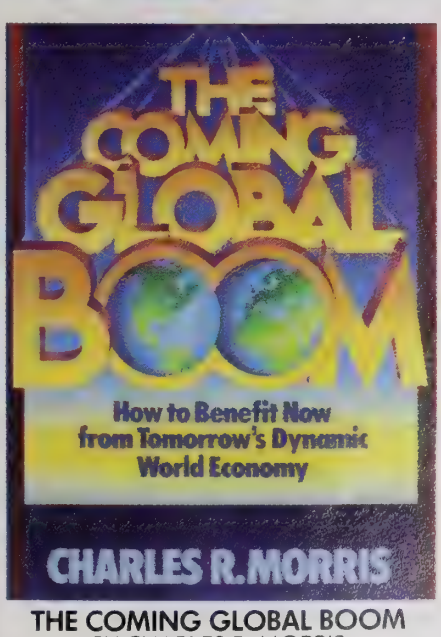
TO ALL APPEARANCES A LADY BY MARILYN BOWERING
List Price: ~~$18.95~~ Our Price: $15.16
A dissatisfied, middle-aged man travels from 19th Century China to Vancouver's smoke filled opium dens in search of answers to his past. **#NR 1060**



COSMETIC EFFECTS
BY CLIVE SINCLAIR
List Price: ~~$18.95~~ Our Price: $15.16
Hilarious, apocalyptic, and erotic – a novel about terrorism and infidelity that reads like a cross between Milan Kundera and Philip Roth **#NR 1061**



BUFO & SPALLANZANI BY RUBEM FONSECA, TRANSLATED BY CLIFFORD LANDERS
List Price: ~~$18.95~~ Our Price: $15.16
An epic novel about doomed lovers and a medieval alchemist, interwoven with the story of a murder investigation. **#NR 1062**



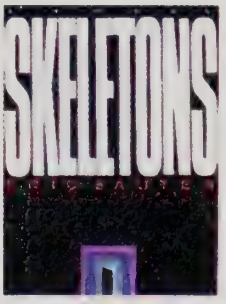
THE COMING GLOBAL BOOM
BY CHARLES R. MORRIS
List Price: ~~$19.95~~ Our Price: $15.96
An enlightening look into our economic future for businessmen and investors who want to capitalize on the "globalization" of the world's marketplace. **ORDER #NR 1044**



COLD SOUPS, WARM SALADS BY IRENE ROTHSCHILD
List Price: ~~$9.95~~ Our Price: $7.96
A varied, sophisticated selection of recipes featuring the summer's bounty of fruits and vegetables in delicious, easily prepared dishes **#NR 1063**



PARENTING PLUS
BY PEGGY FINSTON, M.D.
List Price: ~~$18.95~~ Our Price: $15.16
An inspiring and sensitive guide to translating the emotional strain of raising chronically ill children into a positive, fulfilling experience. **#NR 1064**

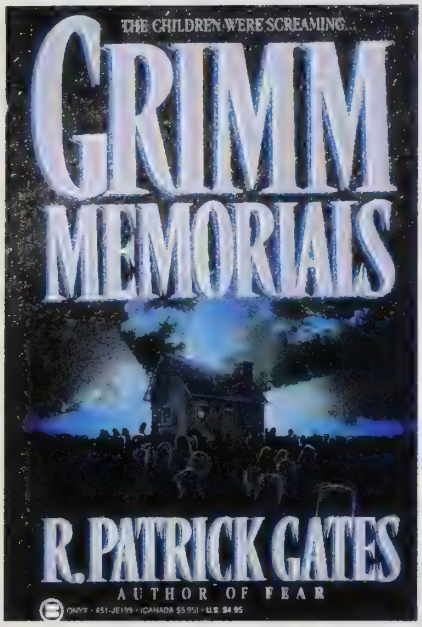


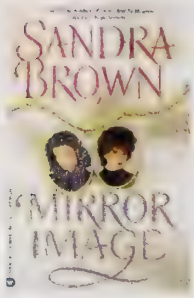
SKELETONS
BY ERIC SAUTER
List Price: ~~$18.95~~ Our Price: $15.16
A Philadelphia cop pursues his lover's psychopathic killer in this edge-of-the-seat suspense thriller **#NR 1065**



THE CURSE OF THE BAMBINO BY DAN SHAUGHNESSY
List Price: ~~$18.95~~ Our Price: $15.16
This is not only a tribute to the losingest heroes of baseball, those Scarlet Sox, it is also an inside look at the the curse phenomenon. **#NR 1066**

GRIMM MEMORIALS
BY R. PATRICK GATES
List Price: ~~$4.95~~ Our Price: $3.96
Eleanor Grimm wants to live forever and the recipe for immortality includes about thirty virgin souls for a Halloween feast. **ORDER #NR 1098**





MIRROR IMAGE
BY SANDRA BROWN
List Price ~~$4.95~~ Our Price $3.96
A plane crash leaves a beautiful television reporter disfigured, and a case of mistaken identity finds her living another woman's life.
#NR 1068



ROUGH CUT
BY NANCY HOLDER
List Price: ~~$4.95~~ Our Price: $3.96
A beautiful film maker struggles to maintain her career in a world of deceit, drugs, kinky desires, and million dollar deals.
#NR 1069



BRIGHT DESTINY BY ELIZABETH EVELYN ALLEN
List Price: ~~$4.95~~ Our Price: $3.96
A young nun finds a kindred spirit in a Scottish doctor, and together they nurse wounded Huguenots . . . and discover a magnificent love. **#NR 1070**



THE DARK CITY BY MAX ALLAN COLLINS
List Price: ~~$2.25~~ Our Price: $1.80
An action packed Eliot Ness suspense novel, in which the Cleveland law officer continues his search for good guys gone bad.
#NR 1092

BATMAN: YEAR TWO BY MIKE W. BARR, ALAN DAVIS, AND TODD MCFARLANE
List Price ~~$9.95~~ Our Price $7.96
The Batman story continues, bringing all the classic characters into the fold and exploring the relationship between Batman and Commissioner Gordon.
#NR 1072





STINGER
BY DOUG HORNING
List Price: ~~$4.95~~ Our Price: $3.96
The President's hands are tied when terrorists seize two dozen Stinger Missles and hide them all over the United States.
#NR 1073

THE HOTTEST SUMMER BOOKS AT THE COOLEST PRICES.



FACE FORTUNES
BY PETER SHEN AND JOYCE WILSON
List Price ~~$4.95~~ Our Price: $3.96
Readers learn what special aptitudes, personality traits, and potential successes are hidden in their faces and those of their friends. **#NR 1074**



THE TRAILSMAN #102
THE CORONADO KILLERS
BY JON SHARPE
List Price: ~~$3.50~~ Our Price: $2.80
Skye Fargo is after the most savage killer in the Southwest, trailing him south of the border to a no-man's-land of murder and mayhem. **#NR 1075**



THE WICKED CORINTHIAN
BY EILEEN JACKSON
List Price: ~~$3.50~~ Our Price: $2.80
Lovely Emma Kendrick could not sit by while her beautiful younger sister was forced to wed the notorious Earl of Somerville. **#NR 1077**



MRS. MCVINNIE'S LONDON SEASON
BY CARLA KELLY
List Price: ~~$3.95~~ Our Price: $3.16
Jeannie McVinnie was a young widow with no intention of ever marrying again, especially not the hot-tempered Captain William Summers. **#NR 1078**



CANNES
BY CHRISTINE HEGGAN
List Price: ~~$4.95~~ Our Price: $3.96
Karen Meyerson, a single mother and Hollywood's most dazzling star, struggles to maintain her career, raise her child, and search for love. **ORDER #NR 1096**



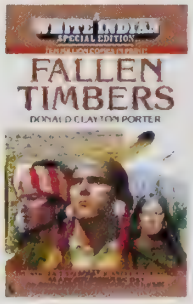
500 GREAT JEWISH JOKES
BY JAY ALLEN
List Price: ~~$3.50~~ Our Price: $2.80
Here are 500 [illegible] never-told – a feast of irreverent, irresistible, simply hilarious Jewish [illegible] every occasion. **#NR 1079**



MOMENTS OF DESIRE
BY SUSAN HAWTHORNE AND JENNY PAUSACKER
List Price: ~~$3.95~~ Our Price: $3.16
A feminist anthology, in fiction, poetry, and experimental forms, that portrays women's sexual experiences as children, adolescents, and adults
#NR 1080



MAXIMILIAN'S GARDEN
BY NINA VIDA
List Price ~~$4.95~~ Our Price: $3.96
A lush, historical romance focusing on two Chicana sisters who find their heritage, adventure, and love during a trip to Mexico. **#NR 1081**

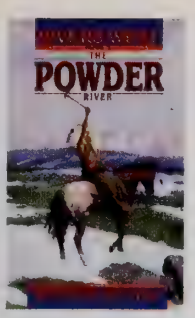


FALLEN TIMBERS
BY DONALD CLAYTON PORTER
List Price ~~$4.50~~ Our Price: $3.60
The fate of a nation is threatened when an evil Indian leader disturbs a peace-keeping mission between settlers and Indians. **#NR 1082**



PRESCRIPTIONS FOR PARENTING
BY CAROLYNN ANN MEEKS, M.D.
List Price ~~$8.95~~
Our Price $7.16
A guide for parents on how to deal with the most common parent-child problem: power struggles **#NR 1071**

PAPERBACK



THE POWDER RIVER
BY WINFRED BLEVINS
List Price: ~~$3.95~~ Our Price: $3.16
The story of the Cheyenne's journey back to their native land with the U.S. army in close pursuit. **#NR 1083**



CRYSTAL DAYS
BY CAROLE NELSON DOUGLAS
List Price: ~~$4.50~~ Our Price: $3.60
As the unofficial house detective at the Crystal Phoenix Hotel, a big stray tomcat makes a home in different characters' lives and acts as an uninvited Cupid. **#NR 1084**



THE MARCH TO GLORY
BY ROBERT LECKIE
List Price: ~~$3.95~~ Our Price: $3.16
This Korean War story shows in vivid detail how it was on the road from Chosin to Hungnam – a seventy-five mile stretch of pure hell. **#NR 1085**



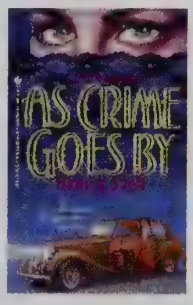
RING OF FIRE
BY DAN SCHMIDT
List Price: ~~$2.95~~ Our Price: $2.36
Vic Gabriel jets to France to free his men who are being systematically tortured. **#NR 1086**



DOC SAVAGE OMNIBUS
#12 BY KENNETH ROBESON
List Price: ~~$4.95~~ Our Price: $3.96
Doc Savage was raised from the cradle for his mission in life: righting wrongs, helping the oppressed, destroying the guilty. **#NR 1087**



LADY WITH A GUN
BY J.A. SHEARS
List Price: ~~$2.95~~ Our Price: $2.36
When a stunning blonde and her sweet six-shooter become the new schoolteacher, the toughest town in the West gets even tougher. **#NR 1088**



AS CRIME GOES BY
BY DIANE SHAH
List Price: ~~$3.95~~ Our Price: $3.16
As Hollywood reaches its zenith after World War Two, the "Snipper" is attacking women on the streets of Los Angeles. **#NR 1089**



MADE IN DETROIT
BY ROB KANTNER
List Price: ~~$3.95~~ Our Price: $3.16
Detroit detective Ben Perkins discovers he's a prime suspect in the murder of his best friend. **#NR 1090**



THE BLUE ROOM
BY MONROE THOMPSON
List Price: ~~$3.95~~ Our Price: $3.16
A smashing debut crime novel featuring a savvy Mississippi dispatcher who doubles as a clench-fisted, fast-mouthed PI. **#NR 1091**

You can comb the beaches, but you won't find these books anywhere. Only New Releases has them now, at 'Super Summer Special' savings of 20% to 30% off. To order by credit card, call 1-800-628-8229.



SWORD AND SORCERESS VI BY MARION ZIMMER BRADLEY
List Price: ~~$4.50~~ Our Price: $3.60
Swordswomen and sorceresses roam the magic lands defending those who cannot defend themselves against the dark forces of evil. **#NR 1094**



THE GREAT SF STORIES: 21 (1959) BY ISAAC ASIMOV AND MARTIN H. GREENBERG
List Price: ~~$4.95~~ Our Price: $3.96
A series of science fiction thrillers set during the height of the Cold War. **#NR 1095**



WEST COAST TURNAROUND
BY E.W. RUKUZA
List Price: ~~$4.50~~ Our Price: $3.60
Eddie Cruz is picked by a millionaire to take a top-secret load to California for forty grand, even though a mob boss wants him dead. **#NR 1102**



ROYAL CHAOS
BY DAN MCGIRT
List Price: ~~$3.95~~ Our Price: $3.16
Dan McGirt's haphazard hero battles the Dark Magic society once again . . . in the fast, furiously funny sequel to Jason Cosmo. **#NR 1099**



OREGON BRIDE
BY F. ROSANNE BITTNER
List Price: ~~$4.95~~ Our Price: $3.96
Young widow Marybeth MacKinder makes the hard ride westward with her husband's family and memories of a loveless marriage. **#NR 1100**



NIGHT FLIGHT
BY EILEEN NAUMAN
List Price: ~~$4.95~~ Our Price: $3.96
For Meg Roberts, coming home to Edwards Air Force Base means finding her own path in a world of handsome test pilots, Officer Groupies, and Air Force wives. **#NR 1101**

Make check or money order payable to: New Releases, Inc.; Dept. #J8, 1020 Park Avenue; Cranston, RI 02910 For more information, call toll-free, 1-800-628-8229. In R.I., call 401-943-2833.

Yes, I'd like to save on the newest titles without obligation! If I pick 3 or more books, I'll take an additional 10% off!

NEW RELEASES, INC.
A Subsidiary of Business International Group Corp

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____ STATE _____ ZIP _____

TELEPHONE _____

Pay by check, money order, or charge it to MasterCard or VISA.
RI residents: Please be sure to add 6% Rhode Island Sales Tax.
If paying by check allow 3-4 weeks for delivery.

(Circle One)
MasterCard VISA

CHARGE CARD # _____ EXPIRATION DATE _____

SIGNATURE _____ DATE _____

ORDER #	PRICE
#_____	$_____
#_____	$_____
#_____	$_____
#_____	$_____
#_____	$_____
#_____	$_____
#_____	$_____
Sub Total	$_____
Subtract 10% if 3 or more	-_____
TOTAL	$_____
Add 6% if RI resident	_____



"Nine Faces," by Yasumasa Morimura. In this computer-generated re-creation of Rembrandt's Anatomy Lesson of Dr. Tulp, *Morimura has substituted his face for that of the doctor, the corpse, and the seven students. Morimura also has superimposed his face on a Van Gogh self-portrait and a Cézanne apple. His work will appear in* Against Nature: Japanese Art in the Eighties, *a show at the Contemporary Arts Center in Cincinnati, through August 10.*

'utilitarian' motives . . . but because we believe it to be good. Moral motivation leads us to do the good as such, for its own sake and in principle. It is based on a very different confidence than a 'utilitarian' one—on a fundamental conviction that the good is always worth doing."

But will my compatriots retain that vision when they are no longer oppressed and must address the mundane needs of rebuilding their economy, with the Austrian and German examples ever reminding them of the shabbiness of their lives and of the glitter of affluence? It will be so tempting for Central Europe to give up the vision of the true, the good, the beautiful, and to sink into the consumerism just to the west of us. We are, after all, Westerners. In Czech journals published abroad there are already voices presenting the fashionable cultural relativism as one of the achievements of the advanced West. Full shop windows seem so much more crucial than ecological concerns or social justice. The very idea of seeking to preserve a distinctive identity seems to have little utilitarian justification or hope of success. Why even try?

I know of only one answer, that of Comenius, Masaryk, Havel: That the good is worth striving for simply because it is good.

[Letter]

ZAIRE: "NOW I WAIT FOR DEATH"

From a letter sent by François Lusanga Ngiele, a founder of Zaire's outlawed Union for Democracy and Social Progress (UDPS), to General Singa Boyembe Mosambaye, the Zairian minister of security. This month Congress is scheduled to debate a Bush administration proposal to send $56 million in aid to Zaire, which has been ruled by President Mobutu Sese Seko since 1965. Translated from the French by Peter Rosenblum.

Citizen Minister:

This morning, March 15, at 2:30 A.M., while my family and I slept, members of the Zaire Armed Forces' Special Intervention Force burst into my home and stole and destroyed my belongings. This is the fourth time this has happened, and it occurred in accordance with orders the men received from their superiors at the National Documentation Agency, one of the many security forces under your command.

Twelve men, armed with revolvers and weap-

ons of war, masked in military helmets, and dressed half in uniform and half in civilian clothes, surrounded my house with their vehicles. While four of the men remained in the cars, the rest climbed over my fence and ordered my children, my mother-in-law, my daughter-in-law, and my grandchildren to lie on the ground and remain silent while they conducted their operation of pillage and destruction. Two men pointed revolvers at us while the others moved our belongings to the cars.

They took nearly everything: the hi-fi, suitcases that they filled with clothes, my wife's jewelry, my briefcases with personal documents, money, a round-trip airplane ticket, a sewing machine, a cassette recorder, a video player, not to mention half a bag of dried and salted fish (which only shows their own need). They even took my children's clothes, including their school uniforms.

They destroyed everything else: They smashed a large Sony television set with an iron bar because it was too heavy for them to carry off; they broke all the dishes, shredded the living room furniture with bayonets, and smashed and overturned cabinets, armoires, and the vehicles on our property. In brief, an act of indescribable savagery.

Citizen Minister, your forces accomplished their mission well, and as they left they bid us good-bye with the words "You of the UDPS have played around with Mobutu long enough." Their diabolical operation lasted only twenty-five minutes.

My children and young grandchildren are traumatized. Two require special care as a result of the actions of your men—whom I forgive because they were just carrying out orders, for reasons that every Zairian understands. Everyone would like to know the real meaning of that famous campaign of "popular consultation." [Not long before this letter was written, President Mobutu held a series of open meetings at which, for the first time, he allowed limited public criticism of his regime.]

Citizen Minister, your men did not descend only upon my home. That same night they performed their work at the homes of my colleagues. Strange that all the victims are opponents of the current regime.

Citizen Minister, having lost everything during my ten years of struggle—my trucks, my property, my money, and my many belongings—and having been imprisoned, banished, and tortured by modern methods that have left me hard of hearing and scarred, all because of my political beliefs, I am ready to offer you my family of twenty members and bid you send your forces one more time to finish me off for good, rather than leave me in this state of perpetual poverty. Now I wait for death.

You have my address. I have no weapons or defense of any kind. I simply cannot allow you to treat me this way in my own country, where I am forced to say yes when one must say no. Meanwhile, the country wallows in the darkest misery. Here in our land our soldiers, who suffer like the rest of us, are used against their own compatriots, despite the existence of a Ministry of Rights and Liberties, created specifically to distract international attention.

While the popular consultations take their normal course, another campaign, one of intimidation, pillage, and oppression—of true state terrorism—is being conducted quietly in the shadows. This is the reality of life in Zaire, where there is "security for all."

This situation demands your response.

Your compatriot,
François Lusanga Ngiele

[Memorandum]

HOW I LEARNED TO STOP WORRYING

From the confidential "Daily Operations Brief" prepared on March 12 by Department of Energy officials for Energy Secretary James D. Watkins. Each day Watkins receives a memorandum that lists all recent developments at nuclear-energy and nuclear-weapons plants under DOE supervision. This memorandum came to light after a DOE employee, who was trying to fax the memo to DOE regional offices, accidentally sent it to the offices of the nation's fifty governors. (The employee was later fired.) The DOE requested that all copies be destroyed.

- Routine radiation survey in the control room of the High Flux Isotope Reactor [in Oak Ridge, Tennessee] uncovered four chairs and a stool contaminated with cobalt 60. Two chairs were disposed of; other two and stool were decontaminated.

- A. L. Management Support Division and Sandia Lab Management agreed to suspend operations at the Particle Beam Fusion Accelerator [in Albuquerque, New Mexico] on March 9, after Tiger Team training members identified numerous safety concerns.

- Waste Isolation Pilot Plant [in Carlsbad, New Mexico] reported underground alarm activated March 8, at 3:30, during filter change. False alarm, but evacuation procedures implemented. Alarm caused by recent computer-program modification.

• Transportation Safeguards Division reported that a DOE convoy was followed and photographed [by antinuclear activists] in Texas and Oklahoma on March 8. Vehicles following convoy displayed signs that read NUCLEAR BOMB ON BOARD. No warrants out on vehicles.

• Management Support Division's annual safeguards and security survey indicate a shortage of classified parts at the Albuquerque Microelectronics Operation. Custodian aware of problem since July 1989.

• Westinghouse Savannah River Company [in Aiken, South Carolina] issued a nonconformance report when it discovered that seismic support U-bolts were missing from supplementary safety system injection lines at L-Reactor.

• DOE/OSHA inspectors found three energized bare wires in Building 105 at P-Reactor [at Westinghouse Savannah]. Classified as imminent danger and wires made safe. Investigation ongoing.

• A subcontractor employee, while being escorted to [top security] Building 332 at Lawrence Livermore National Laboratory to repair transfer switches, was denied admission when routine survey by explosives-trained sniffer dog detected Speed Loader with six live rounds of ammunition for .357 magnum (no gun) and traces of marijuana in vehicle.

• Fire in weapons-cleaning trailer at Hanford Patrol Training Facilities [in Hanford, Washington] reported March 9. Caused by faulty fluorescent light ballast. No injuries; trailer a complete loss; remediation under way.



From Punch.

• Rocky Flats security inspector was arrested March 11 in Aurora, Colorado, on suspicion of burglary, assault, and rape. Employee suspended; badge to be confiscated.

[Tips]

MOTIVATING TOOLS

From a set of pamphlets that are inserted in employees' biweekly paychecks at more than 4,000 companies in the United States. The inserts are published by The Economics Press in Fairfield, New Jersey.

Be a Fast Starter

If something has to be done, WHY NOT NOW?

If something can be improved, THE SOONER THE BETTER!

If something should be corrected, LET'S TACKLE IT TODAY!

No matter how intelligent or able you may be, if you don't have a sense of urgency, *now* is the time to start developing it. The world is full of very competent people who honestly intend to do things tomorrow, or as soon as they get around to them. Their accomplishments, however, seldom match those of less talented people who are blessed with a sense of the importance of getting started *now.* Learn to be a fast starter. You'll get a lot more done.

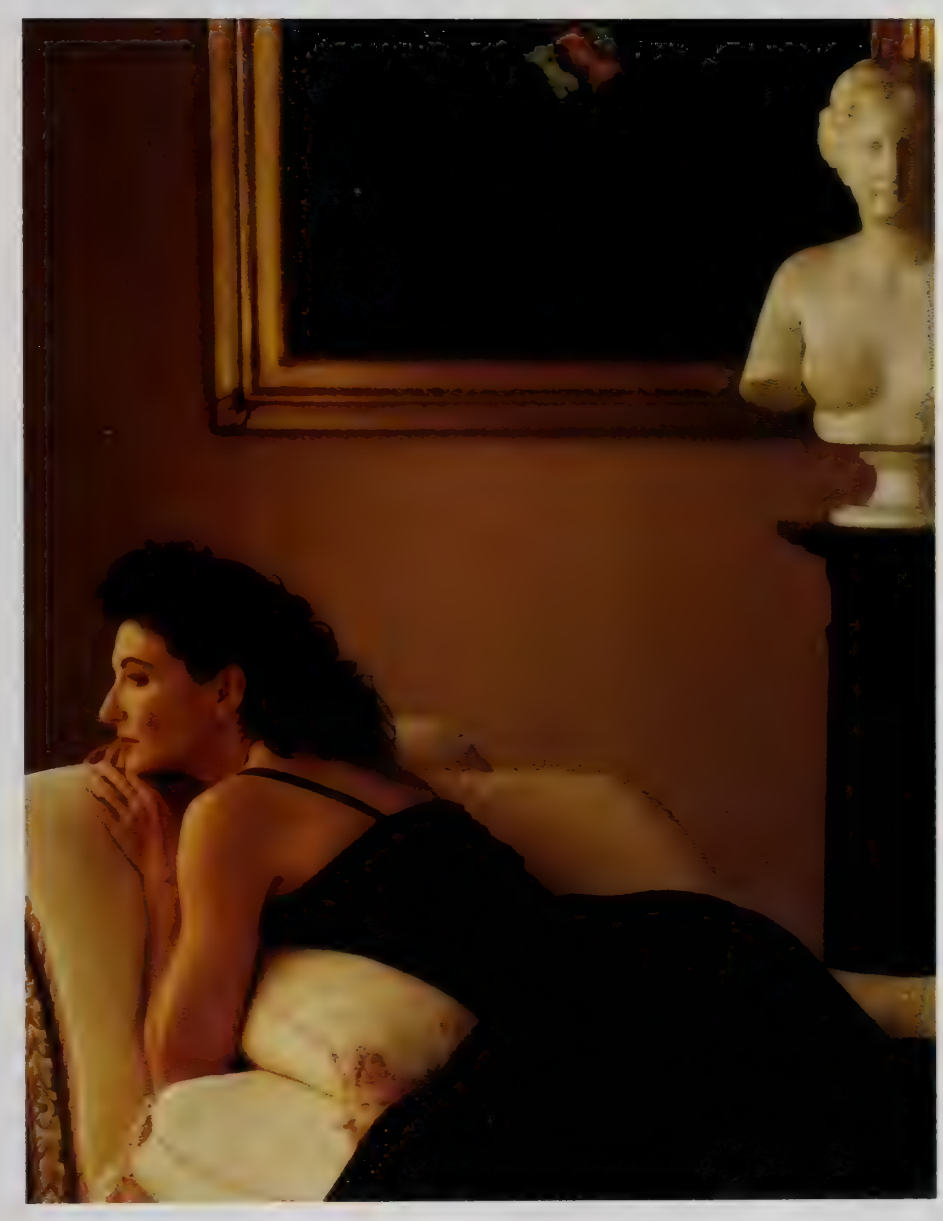
Your Work Affects Profits

Many job-holders don't see how their everyday work affects profits. At times you may even feel that way yourself. Your job may seem far removed, or it may seem that profit is something handled by people in the accounting department.

That isn't so. The plain fact is that everybody's work affects profits. For example, are you careful and economical in your use of materials, tools, equipment? It's essential to have what you need to do your job; it's equally essential that you don't waste things just because they happen to be easily available. Imagine the drain on profit if everyone decided to build up his or her own personal stockroom. Even pencils and paper clips cost something. All of us have to do our share. No company can grow money on trees.

Play to Win Every Day

Does it occasionally irritate you that your employer keeps insisting on better work, greater efficiency, and better service to the customer? Actually, it isn't your employer who demands



Mary Steenburgen. Cardmember since 1975.

Membership
Has Its Privileges.[SM]



Don't leave home without it.[SM]

Call 1-800-THE CARD to apply.

© 1990 American Express Travel Related Services Company, Inc.

these things. It's your customers, people just like you who want to get the most for their money. And if you don't give it to them, they'll get it from somebody else.

One of the most helpful things you can do as an employee is to understand this problem and try to make your company a winner. Your job depends on it, these days more than ever.

The Power of Good Habits

Good habits work for us, even when we're not at our best. Salesclerks who have formed the habit of friendliness will automatically smile when they approach a customer. They don't have to think about smiling. They do it unconsciously, even if they're tired or their feet hurt.

If switchboard operators *always* write messages down immediately, they will soon find themselves doing it like clockwork, without relying on memory.

But how do we go about forming good habits? The same way we form bad ones—by repeating the same action in the same situation, over and over again, without fail.

Each of us can be a master of good habits or a slave to bad ones. The wise choice is obvious.

Problems Are Really Opportunities

No matter what their line of work, successful people don't begrudge having problems; they welcome them as a chance to show what they can do. Soft, comfortable, trouble-free jobs don't pay very well or last very long.

It's amazing how some people secretly look forward to the day when they'll be promoted to a better job with fewer problems. They forget that solving problems is what most of us get paid for. The higher paying the job, the tougher the problems you have to handle. Smart people welcome problems. They take as a personal challenge every deadline, every difficult or unpleasant person they have to work with, every hard or demanding job they have to do.

One of the hardest things about coping with the problems of any job is simply that you must keep on coping with them day after day. No matter how much you get done, there's always an unfinished pile. But is that really bad? If it weren't for those problems, what would we do for a living?

Error-free Work

Have you ever been involved in an automobile accident? Sickening, isn't it? In the space of a few seconds people are injured, costly damage done—and for what? It might have been prevented so easily if someone had been just a little bit more careful.

Needless errors and accidents at work are just as regrettable, just as preventable. Have you ever stopped to consider how much they cost a company? Work that has to be done twice, materials wasted, defective products that have to be scrapped, people hurt, machinery damaged, disappointed and outraged customers.

What a waste! And who pays for it? You and I. We all pay for it in higher prices, poorer service, and inferior merchandise. Nobody's perfect—everybody makes mistakes. But we don't *have* to make so many.

Here are some practical suggestions:

1. Don't just work—try to do *perfect* work. That's what your customers expect and pay for.

2. Don't accept yourself as just an "average" person. When you try to do perfect work, you'll be amazed at how good you can be.

3. Approach each job as you would a dangerous minefield or a booby trap. Anticipate where you might hurt yourself or make a mistake—then don't let it happen!

4. When you do have an accident, *don't make excuses!* Take full responsibility. Then figure out what *you* can do to prevent it next time, no matter how many others are involved.

[How-to]

TEACHING AIDS

From "Proper Handwashing," a memo distributed last fall to New York City public-school teachers to allay their fears of contracting AIDS from students. The memo, issued by the city's Board of Education along with pairs of plastic gloves, appeared in the February 18 New York Daily News.

Step 1: Remove rings and bracelets; place them in a safe area.
Step 2: Wet hands with warm running water. Running water is necessary to carry away dirt and debris.
Step 3: Apply soap; lather well.
Step 4: Wash hands, using a circular motion and friction, for fifteen to thirty seconds. Include front and back surfaces of hands, between fingers and knuckles, around and under fingernails, and the entire wrist area.
Step 5: Rinse hands well under warm running water. Point fingers down so that the water drains from the wrist area to the fingertips.
Step 6: Dry hands well with paper towels. Turn off the water, using paper towel instead of bare hands.
Step 7: Discard paper towels in receptacle.

"ROCK THE BOAT."



Dan Daly
Chemist
Texaco Research Center

"At Texaco, we're free to rock the boat. To go with an unconventional idea when only a few can see the potential. One of those ideas resulted in a major development in gasoline technology."

Dan Daly is a research chemist at the Texaco Research Center in Beacon, N.Y. He's a member of the special team that developed Texaco's System^3 gasoline.

The challenge: To clean up deposits in the intake systems of today's high-tech engines.

"We could have used a pre-existing additive package. That would have kept us at par with the current technology in the industry. But we chose to go beyond that. To be innovative, even if it did mean taking a risk."

The result: A remarkable system of gasolines that keep new cars running like new and can help restore performance to older cars. In fact, in the BMW test run on each of the six leading national gasolines, only System^3 removed deposits on dirty intake valves.

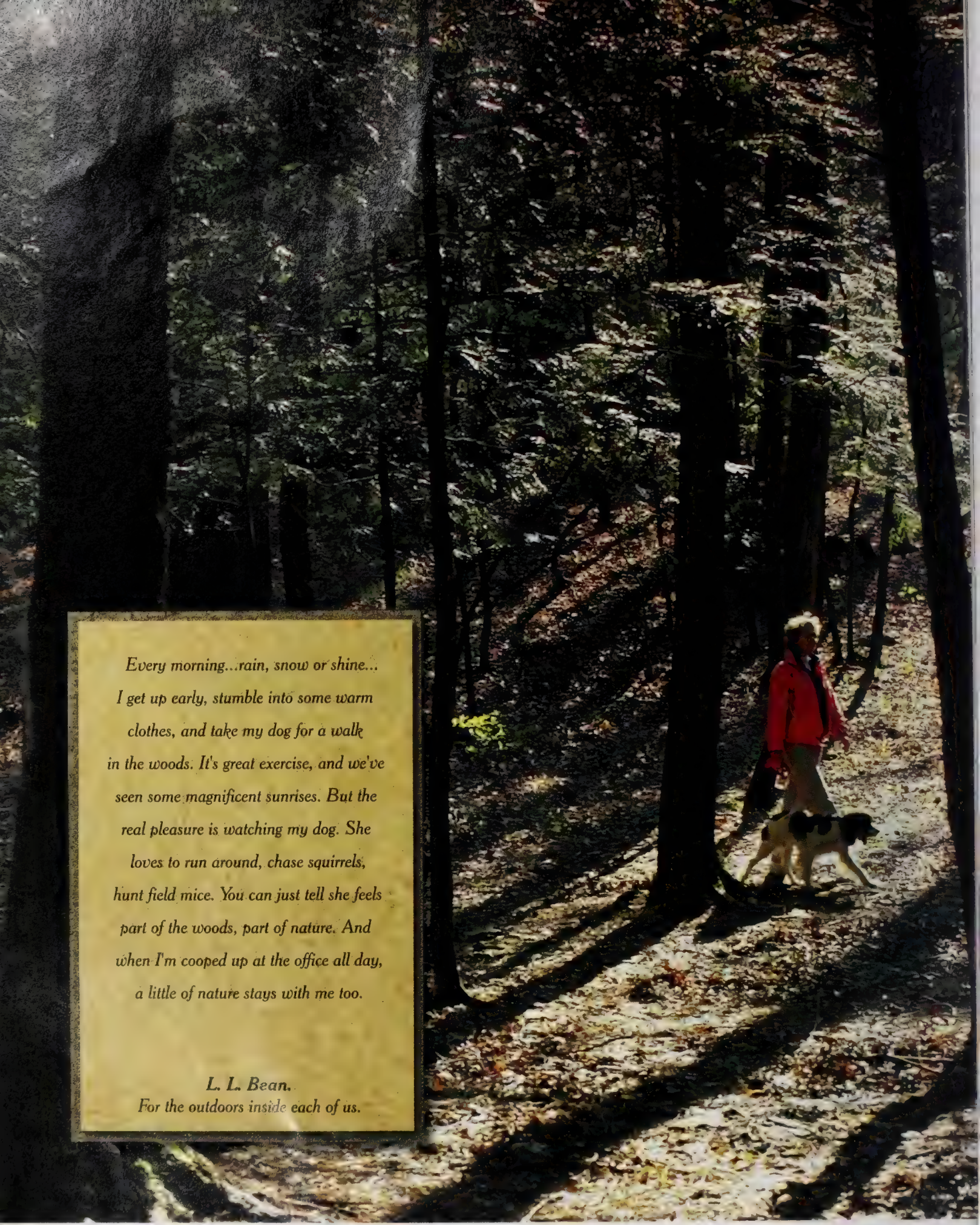
This new generation of fuels has met with strong consumer acceptance.

"It's exhilarating to know you've developed something that can improve car performance."

Right, Dan. Because your team made waves, we made a better product for our customers.

Star of the American Road

TEXACO – WE'VE GOT THE ENERGY.



Every morning...rain, snow or shine...
I get up early, stumble into some warm clothes, and take my dog for a walk in the woods. It's great exercise, and we've seen some magnificent sunrises. But the real pleasure is watching my dog. She loves to run around, chase squirrels, hunt field mice. You can just tell she feels part of the woods, part of nature. And when I'm cooped up at the office all day, a little of nature stays with me too.

L. L. Bean.
For the outdoors inside each of us.

For 78 years, L. L. Bean has offered durable, practical products for men and women who love the outdoors.
Our catalog includes active and casual apparel, footwear, equipment and accessories.
All fully guaranteed and honestly priced. If you'd like a copy, please call 1-800-548-4306 anytime.

L.L.Bean®
FREEPORT, MAINE

[Essay]

AIDS, MOURNING, AND ACTION

By Michael Feingold. Adapted from his introduction to The Way We Live Now: American Plays and the AIDS Crisis, *an anthology of plays about AIDS, to be published this month by Theatre Communications Group in New York City. Feingold is the lead drama critic for* The Village Voice *as well as a translator, director, and playwright.*

Imagine a play with no protagonist. The action proceeds, some characters suffer unimaginably and die, others in their wake are left bereft, crazed, numb with shock. The performance goes on, lasting days, months, years. Uncounted numbers participate. The torment continues without explanation and without letup; alleviations are found, but no solutions. The end of the performance is not yet in sight. The main character is still invisible.

Acquired immune deficiency syndrome—the ponderous name we give to the leading figure in this terrifying and interminable spectacle—has been giving a grand-scale performance on the world's stage for a full decade now. As science has learned more about AIDS and discovered more ways of temporarily restraining it, its character has changed; so have the statistics of those it strikes. But it is still unpredictable, a congeries of symptoms for which there is neither a cure nor a vaccine, nor even a workable estimate of the incubation period. We have barely glimpsed its face, much less found a way to stop it.

The theater—the world-scale medieval *Totentanz*—over which this unpredictable actor-manager-playwright-director presides is a tragic theater in the largest and most metaphysical sense, one in which human beings are forced to confront—there really is no other word for it—Destiny. Though no citizen of fifth century B.C. Athens would have had trouble with this concept, it shocks and confuses us; for centuries we have been getting used to the notion that human science and human ingenuity could solve any problem. We can create life in the test tube; we can put it on the moon; we can freeze-dry it in the event we discover a return from death. But we can't, apparently, stop AIDS. At least not yet.

To confront the unknowable in a generalized, abstract way is easy enough: Everybody has to die sooner or later. "Thou know'st 'tis common," as Gertrude said to Hamlet. When you arrive there individually (after, one hopes, a good fulfilling threescore and ten) it becomes a personal drama, involving self, family, a few intimate friends, humanly possible to play out, with guidance from tradition, religion, and the hospital scenes of daytime soaps.

But AIDS deprives us of our roles in the customary death scene, intervenes in any comfortable transaction we might have negotiated with Death. It is epidemic, and so can never be quite individual. It comes unjustly before its time, sparing or striking arbitrarily, and so can never be wholly inevitable. Because of its arbitrary choices, too, one can never quite call it a consequence of one's own actions, never entirely take responsibility for it, as the hero of a tragic drama ought to be able to do. It simply is *there*, scattering fates this way and that, truncating some lives and leaving others mysteriously carefree, prolonging some torments hideously and cutting off others with the gentle snap of a leaf falling in autumn. Its combination of caprice and control, carried out on so large a scale, undercuts almost any response we can summon. We react to it with a puzzled, inhibited caution, fearing simultaneously for our lives and the appearance we create—a set of nervous supporting players in a show whose volatile star has unexpectedly come onstage drunk, with a loaded gun.

As it steals the lives of our friends and loved ones, AIDS steals our dialogue, or poisons it with this inhibited self-consciousness. What can you say, for instance, to a casual acquaintance you haven't seen for several years whom you meet on the street, on a sunny summer afternoon, in a shrunken and twisted condition? Dying lowers the inhibitions: His opening words to you are, "I have locomotor ataxia from creeping paralysis of the spine. I can't wait till it travels all the way up to my brain and I'm finally dead. You don't know how I long for that." I'm sorry to say I did not invent this speech and even sorrier that I could not think of any decent response to it at the time. The unforgivable things AIDS does to the dying are made worse by its ability to turn the rest of us into living statues, abashed dumb animals in the presence of some unseen herdsman.

The strange, dispiriting etiquette that we have built up out of our initial numb shock and terror is indicative of the consternation into which AIDS throws us. Unlike Albany at the end of *King Lear*, we seem to think we can obey the weight of this sad time by saying what we ought to say rather than what we feel. The question "How are you?" when addressed by heterosexuals to their gay friends in a certain tone, has become an impertinence. (One straight woman I know made a practice of phoning each of her gay friends once a week, inquiring after their health, until they came to her as a group and begged her to stop.) We are asked to regard

AIDS patients—mustn't call them victims—as a unified and hopeful group; we are encouraged, at the informal memorial services that have become a prevailing theatrical form in our time, to dwell on the humor and bravery of the deceased, and only peripherally to contemplate their achievements, their suffering, the way the conduct of their lives did or did not encourage the onset of infection.

Most disturbing of all, we are urged, subtly, to view each death as the equivalent of every other, each lost individual as equally irreplaceable. This is no doubt true in the largest philosophical and democratic sense ("thou know'st 'tis common," etc.), but in other senses it is deeply and outrageously untrue. As every death is individual, so each death from AIDS is distinctively unjust: "Why should a dog, a horse, a rat, have life/And thou no breath at all?" And it is the survivors who are left to cope with the injustice.

During the 1980s my own grief, as a member of the arts community, at the loss of so many artists made me uncomfortably proficient in the writing of obituaries; it was a way, for me, of moving out of the numbness. I began to give it up—I haven't wholly cured myself of the habit—when an actress, gifted and much loved in New York theatrical circles, was killed in a car crash, the victim (yes, here it's the right word) of a drunken teenager at a dangerous intersection in a remote part of the Southwest. I wrote her obituary, and I was profoundly upset by the number of people who told me it was a relief to read, for a change, a memorial tribute to someone who had not died of AIDS. I didn't know what to say to these people, but their attempt to efface a widespread grief with a more local one—to restore a fragment of their stolen dialogue—made me realize that my articulation of sorrow had become a way, perhaps unhealthy, of distancing myself from it; since then I have written less on the subject and mourned more.

Mourning, privately or collectively, is a beginning of action. If I have seemed to say, so far, that the burgeoning of AIDS froze us into a state of inaction, I have meant to say something else as well: That artists, whose community has been notably devastated by the epidemic, not only were among the first to feel the numbness descend but have been among the first to search for ways out of it. Not a medical solution—there are limits to what art can do, though no artist likes to think so—but a solution to the paralyzing psychological terror that AIDS carries in its wake.

Figurative or not, art is first of all a series of models of behavior, imitations of life that reflect back onto it, giving us patterns to follow or reject, motives and meanings for action, consequences to hope for or avoid, stimuli for passion or inspiration. In its ambiguities it offers alternatives. Being a product of the imagination, it can't assuage our grief at the many real losses we've suffered. What it can do, perhaps, is teach us the processes we are likely to endure: Not make us cry but make us see the how and why of crying. Not make us grieve but display the changing nature of grief. Not preach anger or love or despair but dramatize the way we experience these feelings. And when art does this, something else happens: We unfreeze. Our ex-

[Poem]

PERSONALS AD

By Allen Ginsberg. From Volume 9 of Long Shot, *a literary journal published twice a year in Hoboken, New Jersey. An interview with Ginsberg appeared in the January issue of* Harper's Magazine.

I will send a picture too
if you will send me one of you.
—*Robert Creeley*

Poet professor in autumn years
seeks helpmeet companion protector friend
young lover w/empty compassionate soul
exuberant spirit, straightforward handsome
athletic physique & boundless mind, courageous
warrior who may also like women & girls, no problem,
to share bed meditation apartment Lower East Side,
help inspire mankind conquer world anger & guilt,
empowered by Whitman Blake Rimbaud Ma Rainey & Vivaldi,
familiar respecting Art's primordial majesty, priapic carefree
playful harmless slave or master, mortally tender
passing swift time,
photographer, musician, painter, poet, yuppie or scholar—
Find me here in New York alone with the Alone
going to lady psychiatrist who says make time in your life
for someone you can call darling, honey, who holds you dear
can get excited & lay his head on your heart in peace.
Post Office Box 582 Stuyvesant Station, New York 10009, N.Y.



Hemingway, Fitzgerald, Faulkner, Steinbeck
The original editions, available again.

A Farewell to Arms, The Great Gatsby, The Grapes of Wrath, The Sound and The Fury, For Whom the Bell Tolls...

These are the great American novels of the 20th century. The foundation of any home library. But their original hardcover editions have been out of circulation for decades, unavailable to all but the rare book trade where their value has long been recognized.

The First Edition Library announces the first printing of the originals in a generation.

The striking design of each volume is unique to its own era: the dust jacket artwork, hardcover bindings, illustrations, dedications: even the minor errors which collectors look for to identify genuine first editions.

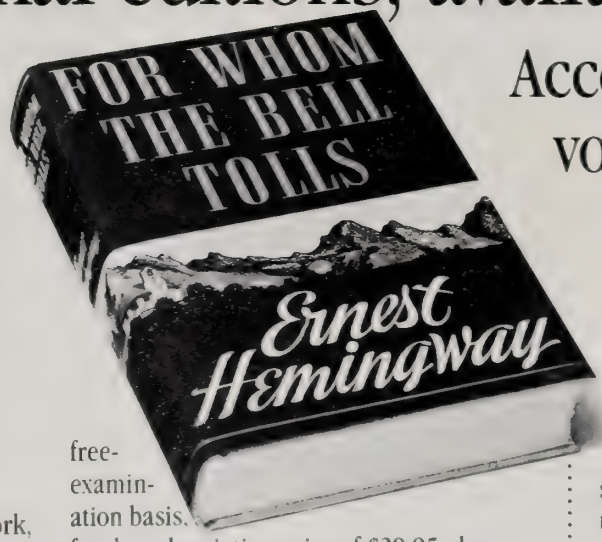
Yet these books have been produced to today's highest physical standards — acid-free paper, full-cloth covers, durable sewn bindings.

Free 10-day examination

Enjoy your introductory volume, For Whom the Bell Tolls, at home for 10 days, free.

You may return it and be under no further obligation or add it to your library for only $2.75 plus shipping and handling.

Then, about every six weeks, you'll receive another classic volume on the same 10-day, free-examination basis, for the subscription price of $29.95 plus $2.95 shipping, handling and applicable sales tax. There's never an obligation to buy and you may cancel any time.



These editions are available exclusively from The First Edition Library. Secure your copy of For Whom the Bell Tolls by mailing the coupon or calling today.

CALL TOLL FREE 1-800 345-8112

"A triumph of book production."
Charles Scribner III

"In 100 years, these books will be the only survivors."
Roger E. Stoddard, Curator of Rare Books
The Houghton Library, Harvard University

© GRI 1990

Accept your first volume at the 1940 price, $2.75

☐ Yes, send For Whom the Bell Tolls for 10-day examination and enter my subscription to The First Edition Library under the terms described in the ad.

I understand there's never an obligation to buy and I may cancel at any time.

Signature

Name (please print)

Address Apt

City State Zip

( ) GP 23

Daytime phone no. (We'll call only if there's a question about your order.)

Offer limited to new subscribers, one per address. All orders subject to approval. Outside U.S., prices slightly higher.

THE FIRST EDITION LIBRARY, Box 654, Holmes, PA 19043





COURTESY JAMES DANZIGER GALLERY, NEW YORK CITY

"Sunset Clouds, New Mexico" (left) and "Chiricahua Mountains, Arizona" (right), by Eliot Porter. These photographs, which he took from the roof of his house in Santa Fe, New Mexico, and during his travels in the Southwest, were shown earlier this spring at the James Danziger Gallery in New York City.

perience of ourselves awakens. Our sense of shared feelings, shared events, overcomes the numbness. We rewrite the play so that the balance of the behavioral drama shifts. Humanity, and not the syndrome, becomes the protagonist. If we can do that in art, then it can be done in life. Sharing our losses creatively, we can begin to share our hope.

[Memoir]

COME AND GONE

By Verlyn Klinkenborg. From Summer, *an anthology of essays to be published this month by Addison-Wesley in Reading, Massachusetts. Klinkenborg, who teaches writing at Harvard University, is the author of* Making Hay *and* The Last Fine Time, *which Knopf will publish in the fall.*

There is a photograph taken of me in the summer I learned to shuffle cards. I practiced at a collapsible table in a square-sided aluminum trailer. At first, each card felt as unresponsive as a slice of fresh bread. By the end of vacation, I could riffle the entire deck backward and forward between my hands. It seems an odd thing to have done, to have spent hours introducing randomness to a finite set. But I come from people, mainly on my father's side, for whom card games are human translations of a divine colloquy, a colloquy that always starts at random.

In the photograph, I am standing in front of the trailer, which looks more like lead than aluminum. Behind our pink Buick you can see the lake where my family is vacationing. This is Iowa or Minnesota. Though trees border the lake, it does not look like a very amusing body of water. It looks like a spot where farmland was incontinent. Still, we had fun there. I learned to shuffle cards. And in the photograph, I am holding up a long stringer of fish whose species are lost to my memory. They could be bullheads, walleye, crappies, bluegill, perch, bass, or pike. I caught them all. I have a big smile and my arm is tired from holding them up.

I fished assiduously as a child. I fished in a creek that ran through the town cemetery, in a creek that gave me creosote burns from climbing around a country bridge, in a creek where I cut open my foot on a rusty can just—I recall—as one of those famous bottle-green storms was bearing down on our midwestern town. I fished in puddles left by summer flooding where there could not possibly have been any fish. But mostly I fished with my dad on bountiful northern lakes. He is an excellent angler and he taught me well. Despite assiduity—and despite many photographs like the one I have mentioned—I can't remember a single fish I caught.

Sometimes instead of taking the trailer we rented a cabin—Cross Lake, Minnesota, was one such place—with room enough to invite my maternal grandparents. They were hymn-

playing, not card-playing, people; they conducted their colloquy directly with the Lord, though I don't want to exaggerate the strictures of their faith. At Cross Lake my grandmother, who was a very old-fashioned-looking woman, raised her dress knee-high to wade barefoot in the little fillip that that humble water gives the land, and my grandfather, who always wore overalls and would have repainted our rented cabin if we had let him, waded too. There is a photograph of the two of them, life-preservered to the ears, grinning into the breeze that a ten-horsepower outboard motor kicks up when attached to a stodgy rowboat. My mom took that picture. She too was heavily life-preservered, bundled in kapok because she didn't like to swim. In the shallows at the bathing beach on our home lake (a 200-acre affair), she perfected a walking dive that turned, halfway, into a graceless panic that kept her shoulders, neck, and head from getting wet.

I was first given an adult liberty on one of the lakes where we vacationed. I was told I could take the boat (and its motor, therein the liberty) out on my own to fish. The only restrictions concerned bottle-green storms and swimmers: I was to avoid both. Anyone who thinks that I intended to fish has forgotten the exhilaration of piloting a craft alone for the first time. I had two plans. The first was to run out to the center of the lake and drift over the deepest water, watching the curtaining shafts of sunlight pierce to the limits of clarity. There wasn't much in that plan because the lake wasn't very clear. The second plan was to run all the way across the lake, beach the boat, and walk up into the forest far enough to pretend that I was the first explorer to gain the shore of that inland sea. There wasn't much in that plan either. The other side of the lake was full of wading grandparents.

So I fished. And soon I was glad not to fish alone anymore. That is how fishing works. Your dad takes you. It requires no homework or chores. It can't affect your allowance. Laziness is the sport itself. You pee in the woods. You lunch in the boat. Luck is all. You get home late. Summer is perfect.

Dad and I took a round plaid cooler and a thermos of coffee with us. We sought weed beds and rocky points and mid-lake shoals. Once, we tossed our pop cans overboard, thinking they would sink. Instead they floated, and for the rest of the day we caught a fish every time we trolled between them. It became quite a joke with us. A floating pop can would heave into view, like a channel-marker on the Mississippi, and we would laugh. Sometimes my dad caught a fish. Sometimes I felt a shudder on my line and began to reel. After a minute or two the fish roiled the surface just off the bow. I reached down, lifted it up, and this is the part I can't remember.

How many hundreds of times must I have experienced that moment as a boy? I reached down and held in my hand a miracle of compression and elongation, as miraculous in its way as the roundness of the earth. It had scales or a black leathery skin. It had barbs or spines or teeth to avoid. It was copper green or cleverly striped or so brilliantly dappled in the unmoistened light of air that its eye became a reflective pool in a miniature landscape of incomprehensible beauty. This description is not constructed from memory. It is imagination, aided by photographs. Take me literally. I cannot remember the moment—repeated, as I say, many hundreds of times—in which I paused and looked down at the fish in my hand before returning it to the lake if it was too small to eat or adding it to our stringer, which hung from an oarlock.

I recall in ridiculous detail learning how to shuffle: the growing suppleness of the deck, how badly the feathering of one half-pack into another could go awry (causing a small explosion that hurled cards across the trailer), how I ranked the suits in perfect order just to watch them grow deranged over time. And yet those memorable moments, when the most important mystery in the lake came into view, have slipped away without a trace. A fish's colors fade rapidly when it's removed from water. You have one live instant in which to fix it with your gaze, to memorize the pattern and subtlety of its hues. In my experience, it cannot be done.

I think I know the reason. It comes from trying to stare the present in its unblinking, mirrored eye. The present is the object of peripheral vision, which allows us to go about the business of looking directly into the future without crashing into card tables. The instant in which you hold a fish in your hand is like the fish itself after it has been returned to the lake: It has come and gone, and you are left wondering what it was you held. I think that most of us cannot look at the present without going blind. That's what happened all those times I held a fish in my hand just above the undulating surface of its home. I thought, "I am really going to see this fish," and at that moment I went blind. It is amazing, once you get the hang of it, how easy it is to shuffle without ever really looking at the cards.

Do not think that I was some boy-phenomenologist who went fishing for the ineluctable mystery of it. My dad fished, so I fished, and what he taught me led slowly to astonishment. He did other things that astonished me. He could drive from our house to far-off lakes or to my grandparents' house, a distance of over one hundred miles, without consulting a map. I rec-

ognized many of the points we passed on the way, but I had no idea how to connect them, nor did I realize how few alternative routes there were in a state like Iowa. Perhaps when I grew up I would be able to remember long, complex routes without effort. Perhaps I would be able to play long, complex games like bridge. Perhaps I would be able to hold a fish in my hand without going blind.

Though I fished, I also swam, and it was swimming that gave fishing much of its appeal. I felt at home in the water, unlike the adults I knew, whose prominently veined, phosphorescent legs looked like leech bait. I could imagine the lair of the largemouth bass or the northern pike—a tiger in a bamboo forest—from having swum with my eyes open underwater. I could mimic the finning weightlessness of a sunfish and feel its neutral gravity in my limbs. And yet in almost any lake we visited, there were depths I couldn't plumb and weeds I couldn't penetrate because of fear. These are excellent places for fish to hide, but I didn't want to hide: I wanted to see. I wanted the water to be flooded with light. Even the smallest lake can seem infinite when you find yourself trapped in the weeds.

As a swimmer I needed less than infinity. I needed a concrete public pool with a chain-link fence around it, a fence that in our small town served as the outer limit of a Little League diamond. At the peak of summer, the water was clear, the concrete deck was vaporously hot, and the pool was filled with kids my age, including deeply tanned girls wearing modest, pale bikinis. I swam in the visual element. In early evening when the pool was quiet, its attractions grew. If, as often happened to me, you were playing right field and a ball was hit through your inaccurate hands, you might have to chase it all the way to the pool fence. Behind you lay humiliation, ridicule, and a two-run error. Before you lay the pool, its opals and turquoises deepening in the shadows where a particular friend might still be swimming, her long hair streaming behind her, a vision of innocent lubricity. It might occur to you to turn and heave the ball wildly in the direction of the white uniforms in the distance, to turn back and remove your own white uniform, to climb the fence and dive into the water. Then and only then might you wish that a pool were as infinite in concealment as a lake—that you might find a recess in the weeds where broken light would fall upon the two of you until your camouflage was perfect.

That is the sort of fantasy I used to have as I drifted over weed beds with my dad at the helm of our rowboat. From above, the weeds looked inoffensive, like Swiss chard or overgrown asparagus reaching upward from the lake bottom. My line could be seen nicking the water not far away. Dad and I could talk our talk and say our say without uttering a word about anything but the weather and the technicalities of our sport. If you were doing a certain kind of fishing at that particular time in history, it was probably okay to toss a couple of pop cans overboard. (You wouldn't do it now.) And if you happened to catch fish whenever you trolled between those cans, then that might be evidence of some kind of order—not order on a Miltonic level perhaps, but commensurate with the late Fifties in Iowa or Minnesota. Despite the frenzy in the minnow pail and the bits of sandwich lettuce floating in the bilge, by the end of the day a sense of harmony had filled the boat.

Running home, we watched the shoreline pivot slowly until it presented us with a familiar scene, a dock, a line of trees, a lantern hanging near the trailer door. My mom, who had put on a sundress and fixed her hair, could certainly be gracious to a couple of returning anglers like my dad and me. I held up the stringer of fish, and she carried on as if I had single-handedly herded a flock of wild turkeys out of the November woods to save our starving settlement. A snapshot was taken. You could see the fish when I put them on the cutting board. My little brothers and sister gathered around to do just that. One of them always touched a fish's eye just to find out how it felt.

The death of fish I caught never bothered me. In the late Fifties in Iowa or Minnesota, boy was put on earth to catch and eat fish, to play a rotten right field, and to swim like a tadpole in trunks. It was the fish's eye that got to me, that aqueous bulb on the end of an internalized nerve stalk. Underwater it was focused; in air and in death, who knows? It was an eye designed to see only the present—I noticed it could not close—and the present had been my lure wobbling past on the end of a nearly invisible line. I, who could lay such calculated plans to catch a fish, weighing means and ends, buying lures, tying knots, making casts, looking into the future, could never really see the fish I caught while color still flushed its scales. The fish—whose only future was its present—no doubt saw me perfectly, and the image was etched on its brain forever.

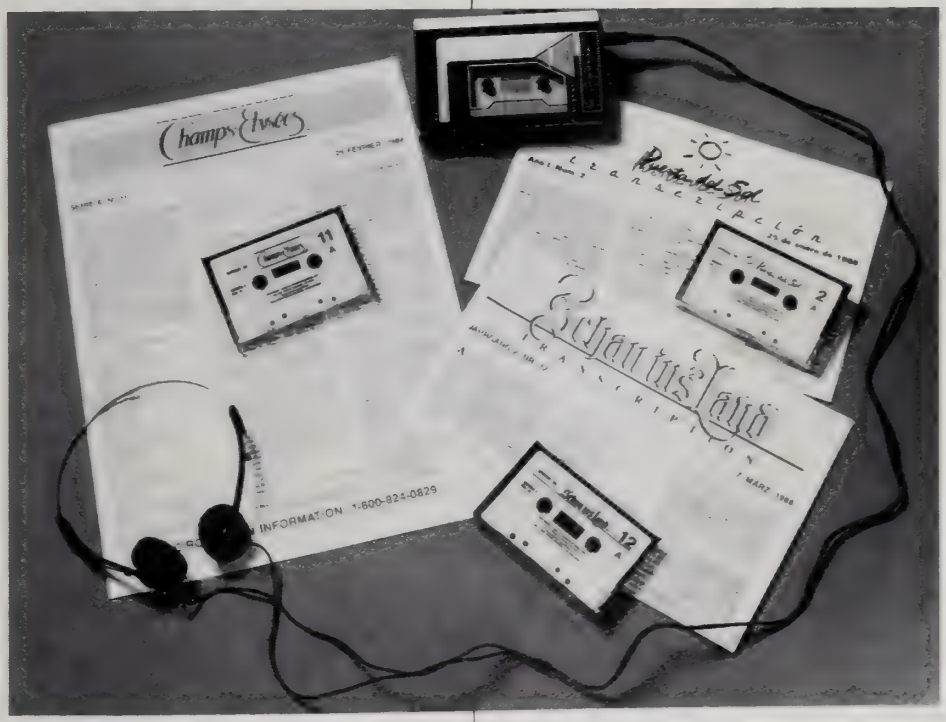
After a short grace, the fillets, dredged in flour and quickly fried, always tasted buttery. There was egg salad or fresh peas or sweet corn or potato chips on the side. We ate outdoors on a picnic table covered with a plastic checkered cloth. When we kids had dried the supper dishes, my dad got out the cards. The game began by shuffling them into randomness, and as it progressed the order of the deck increased. You're never too young to play cards.

Jacques Chirac, Boris Becker, and Placido Domingo would like to have a word with you.

In French. In German. And in Spanish.

Now that you know the basics of a foreign language, join the thousands of business leaders, educators, professionals, and diplomats who are improving their language fluency and having fun with *Champs-Elysées®*, *Schau ins Land®*, and *Puerta del Sol®*.

In lively monthly editions, you'll meet famous chefs, fashion designers, Nobel laureates, actors and entertainers, even heads of state and royalty. You'll join in the fun at traditional festivals and celebrations, visit interesting towns and out-of-the-way places, and get a European perspective on the news.



You'll even hear some of today's best European music—pop, jazz, and old favorites.

Each 60-minute edition comes on an audio-cassette, accompanied by a word-for-word transcription of all the spoken segments and song lyrics. To help you learn as you listen, difficult words and phrases are highlighted in bold in the text and explained in a vocabulary section prepared by expert linguists.

Listen at home, while jogging, or on the way to work. You'll be amazed how quickly your language skills improve.

Champs-Elysées® FRANCE

La France en cassettes!

Whether it's counting the returns in this year's European Community elections or counting calories with pastry chef Gaston Lenôtre, top-rated French radio and television personality Georges Lang serves up programs that are upbeat and endlessly fascinating.

—I've subscribed as a means of brushing up on my French prior to travel, and I've found Champs-Elysées to be absolutely invaluable—I only wish I'd had something like this while I was in school!

A.M., Reno, Nevada

GERMANY

Schau ins Land®

Deutsch aktuell aus erster Hand!

From the freedom trains and dismantling of the Wall to updates on the progress toward German reunification, Axel Fitzke and his team of correspondents provide continuing, first-hand accounts of the events shaping German-speaking Europe.

—[Schau ins Land] *is proving to be the perfect way to maintain and improve my German skills. The way you choose different contributors is excellent. Some of the dialect is really challenging but that's great.*

R.L., Evergreen, Colorado

Puerta del Sol® SPAIN

Su puerta al mundo hispánico.

Host Iñaki Gabilondo is undoubtedly Spain's most popular radio and television journalist. In programs that feature numerous interviews with policymakers and trendsetters, he explores the rich traditions and new directions in Spain and Latin America.

—I expected [Puerta del Sol] *to be good; it is far better than I had hoped. Your materials, both tape-recorded and written, are a magnificent accomplishment... They combine entertainment with instruction on a world-class level of quality. Iñaki Gabilondo is the epitome of perfect pronunciation and style.*

K.P., Albuquerque, New Mexico

MONEY BACK GUARANTEE

Subscribe now and receive 11 monthly editions, including a combined June–July issue, for just $118. Or, try 5 editions for $69. If you're not completely satisfied with your first program, call for a full refund.

Send check or money order to Champs-Elysées, Inc
Dept. HR4 • Box 158067 • Nashville, TN 37215
PLEASE RUSH ME MY FIRST EDITION OF
☐ *Champs-Elysées* (French) ☐ *Puerta del Sol* (Spanish)
Schau ins Land (German)
☐ 5 editions ($69) ☐ 11 editions ($118)
☐ Study supplement ($20) ☐ Study supplement ($44)
Tennessee residents add 7.75% sales tax

Name _____

Address _____

City State Zip _____

Ask about our new Italian program!

FOR FASTER SERVICE, ORDER BY CREDIT CARD
1-800-824-0829
(VISA AND MASTERCARD ACCEPTED)

© Champs-Elysées, Inc. • 2000 Glen Echo Road, Suite 205 • Nashville, TN 37215

[Reflection]

NICK'S BARBER SHOP

By Bernard Cooper. From Maps to Anywhere, *a collection of memoirs and essays published by the University of Georgia Press in Athens. Cooper's essay "Train of Thought" appeared in the January issue of* Harper's Magazine.

How did the barber pole originate? When did its characteristic stripes become kinetic, turning hypnotically, driven by a hidden motor, giving the impression of red and blue forever twining, never slowing? No matter. No icon or emblem, no symbol or sign, still or revolving, lit from within or without, could in any way have prepared me for that haircut at Nick's Barber Shop, or for Nick himself. His thick Filipino accent obscured meaning, though the sound was mellifluous, and the sense, translated in the late afternoon light, was expressed in the movements of Nick's hands. He flourished a comb he never dropped, a soundless scissors, a razor that revealed, gently, gently, the nape of my neck, now so smooth, attuned to the wind and the wool of my collar.

After our initial exchange of misunderstood courtesies, Nick nudged me toward a wall, museum-bright, on which hung a poster depicting the "Official Haircuts for Men and Boys" from 1955. I understood immediately that I was to choose from among the Brush Cut, the Ivy League, the Flat Top With Fenders. To insure sanctity and a sense of privacy, Nick turned off the fan for a moment, lowered his head, and even the dust stopped drifting, in abeyance. Above me, in every phase from profile to full front, were heads of hair, luxuriant, graphic, lacquer-black: outmoded curls like scrolls on an entablature, sideburns rooted in the past, strands and locks in arrested motion, cresting waves styled into hard edges, like Japanese prints of typhoons.

None of the heads contained a face. One simply interjected one's own. These oval vessels waited to be filled again and again by men's imaginations. For decades they absorbed the eyes and noses and lips of customers who stood on the checkerboard of old linoleum, or sat in salmon-pink chairs next to wobbling tables stacked with magazines featuring bikinis and ball games.

The haircut was over in no time. (Nick did a stint in the army, where expedience is everything.) I kept my eyes closed. But aware of strange and lovely afterimages—ghostly pay phone, glowing push broom—I seemed to be submerged in the rapture of the deep. The drone of the fan, the minty and intoxicating scent of Barbasol pressed upon me; phosphine shimmered like minnows in the dark corners of my vision, and I found that this world, cigar stained, sergeant striped, basso profundo, was the lost world of my father, who could not love me. So when Nick kneaded my shoulders and pressed my temples (free scalp manipulation with every visit), I unconsciously grazed him like a cat in Atlantis. His fingers flowed over my forehead like water. I began to smile imperceptibly and see barber poles aslant like sunken columns and voluptuous mermaids in salmon-pink bikinis and bubbles the size of baseballs rising to the surface and bursting with snippets of Filipino small talk.

I can't tell you how odd it was when, restored by a splash of astringent tonic, I finally opened my eyes and saw a clump of my own hair, blown by the fan, skitter across the floor like a cat. For a moment the mirrors were unbearably silver, and the hand-lettered signs, reflected in reverse, seemed inscriptions in a long-forgotten language.

Indeed I looked better, contented. Older, too, in the ruddy light of sunset. And all of this, this seminal descent to the floor of the sea, this inundation of two paternal hands, this sudden maturation in the mirror, for only $4.50. But my debt of gratitude, beyond the $1.50 tip, will be paid here, in the form of Nick's actual telephone number, area code (213) 660-4876. Even his business card, adorned with a faceless haircut holding a phone, says, "Call anytime!" Nick means anytime. He means day or night. I've



COPYRIGHT © 1989, CARTOONISTS & WRITERS SYNDICATE

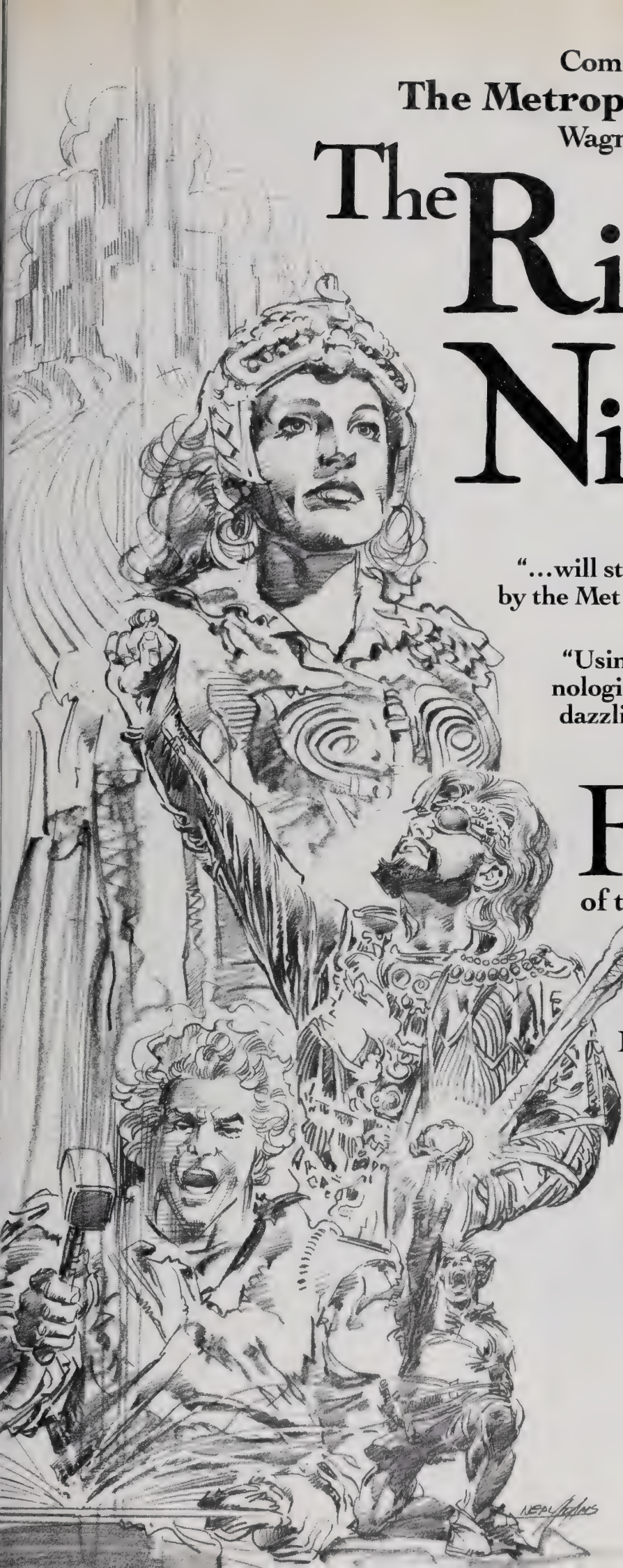
From the Toronto Sun.

Coming to PBS television

The Metropolitan Opera Presents

Wagner's epic masterpiece

The Ring of the Nibelung



"...will stand as the decade's finest achievement by the Met and its artistic director."

Donal Henahan, THE NEW YORK TIMES.

"Using every weapon in its formidable technological arsenal, the Met has produced a dazzling version of the tetralogy."

Katrine Ames, NEWSWEEK

For 50 seasons with the Met, Texaco has been proud to bring you broadcasts of some of the greatest music ever composed. But we feel a heightened sense of pride in bringing you this important television premiere. Now, for the first time, you can experience Wagner's masterpiece on four consecutive evenings —just as the composer intended.

DAS RHEINGOLD	Monday, June 18
DIE WALKÜRE	Tuesday, June 19
SIEGFRIED	Wednesday, June 20
GÖTTERDÄMMERUNG	Thursday, June 21

Presented with English subtitles.
Check local listings for time and channel.

TEXACO

driven by and glimpsed him asleep in the barber chair, his face turned toward the street, his combs soaking in blue medicinal liquid, the barber pole softly aglow like a night-light, the stripes cascading endlessly down, rivulets running toward a home in the ocean.

[Guidelines]

MUTTONCHOPS NEED NOT APPLY

From "The Disney Look," a set of guidelines on personal appearance distributed to all new employees of Walt Disney World Company. The AFL-CIO filed grievances on behalf of three employees at a Disney-owned hotel who were fired for refusing to shave their beards and mustaches. One shaved and was reinstated. The other two reached settlements with Disney.

THE "DISNEY LOOK"

Costumes: In keeping with the Disney traditions, very careful attention has been given to every aspect of every part of the Show at Walt Disney Attractions.

We are all aware of how human nature works and realize that it's normal to look at clothing in a very personal manner. But our costumes must satisfy the needs of all conditions, situations, and cast members, and it is important that all of our people reflect the "Disney look" to our guests through their appearance.

Personal Appearance: Many of you may not even remember amusement parks prior to the Disneyland concept of themed experiences. In fact, most amusement parks had bad reputations and were not considered suitable for the entire family. Walt Disney changed all that when he opened Disneyland.

Each individual's appearance should add to the Show and not detract from it. For this reason, anything that could be considered offensive, distracting, or not in the best interest of our Disney Show will not be permitted.

THE "DISNEY LOOK" FOR HOSTS

Costumes: As a condition of employment with Walt Disney Attractions, you are responsible for maintaining an appropriate weight and size.

Hair: A neat, natural haircut and a clean shave are essential. Hair should be neatly cut and tapered so it does not cover any part of your ears. (Putting your hair behind your ears is not acceptable.) Hairstyles termed "natural" or "Afro" are acceptable, provided they are neatly packed.

Sideburns: Sideburns should be neatly trimmed and may be permitted to extend to the bottom of the earlobes, following their natural contour. Flares or muttonchops are not permitted.

Mustaches and Beards: Mustaches and beards are not permitted, except for individuals hired before the establishment of this standard.

Wigs and Hairpieces: Wigs and hairpieces for men are not permitted except for medical purposes. Medical verification from a doctor is needed if a wig or hairpiece is to be worn.

After-shave Cologne and Deodorant: Due to close contact with guests and fellow cast members, the use of deodorant or antiperspirant is required. The use of heavy after-shave cologne should be discouraged. A light cologne, however, is acceptable.

THE "DISNEY LOOK" FOR HOSTESSES

Hair Coloring: The "Disney look" does not permit extremes in dyeing, bleaching, or tinting. Frosting or streaking is not permitted. If hair is dyed, it must be all one natural color.

Hair Confinement and Accessories: Hair below shoulder length may require some confinement. In keeping with the "Disney look," the following hair accessories are acceptable: a plain barrette, comb, or headband without ornamentation of any kind, including bows. No more than two barrettes or combs.

If a hair ribbon is worn, it should complement the costume and be no wider than one-half inch or longer than four inches when tied. Hair ribbons are for the express purpose of holding the hair away from the face, not as a decorative addition to the costume.

Eye Makeup: Mascara may be applied lightly in shades of brown or black to accentuate eyelashes. No eyeliner, false eyelashes, or eye shadow in any color is considered part of the "Disney look." Eyebrow pencil may be used to highlight the eyebrows in shades as close as possible to the natural color.

Fingernails: Dark red, frosted, gold, or silver-toned polishes are not considered part of the "Disney look." Fingernails should not extend more than one-fourth of an inch beyond the fingertips.

Jewelry: Small rings, class rings, wedding bands, and wristwatches are permitted.

A "small ring" is defined as the same size or smaller than a female class ring. A ring may be worn on any finger, one per hand with the exception of a wedding set.

A single earring in each ear is acceptable. The earrings must be a simple, matched pair in gold, silver, or a color that blends with the cos-

All of GM, going all out for you.



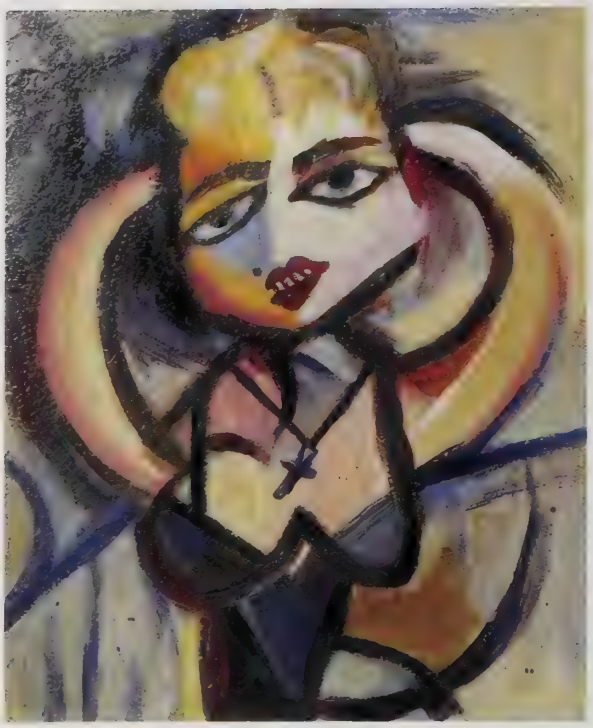
"We've got lots of long hours and hard days wrapped up in this one... taking it all the way from the design studio to reality. You factor it all in... safety, comfort, performance. Make changes, improvements... and make sure it ends up beautiful.
You know, I think we did it."

Fact: GM has been recognized for design excellence by the Industrial Designers Society of America more than any other U.S. company.

GM
MARK OF EXCELLENCE

1990 Pontiac Trans Sport SE at a GM vehicle development center

Chevrolet, Pontiac, Oldsmobile, Buick, Cadillac, GMC Truck





From "When I Paint My Masterpiece," a series of paintings by David Cowles in the March issue of Musician *magazine. At left is Madonna in the style of De Kooning; at right, Michael Jackson after Rousseau.*

tume. The shape of the earring must be in good taste and complement the costume. Dangle or loop earrings are not acceptable. Earrings cannot exceed three-fourths of an inch in size.

[Column]

IN THE LAND OF THE DREAM CATCHERS

From Summer Solstice, a column by Jan Holland in In Beverly Hills, *a tourist and shopping guide published last June. Holland is the former publisher of the guide, which is now a monthly magazine called* Beverly Hills.

The thing that sets Beverly Hills apart from other cities, large or small, is its sense of values, its sense of pride. For instance, you never hear it called Bev Hills, or the Hills, like the Springs instead of Palm Springs, or Vegas or Frisco or L.A. No one hacks "Beverly Hills" to pieces. It simply isn't done, can't be done, and no one even tries to do it. Beverly Hills won't let you. It insists upon and lives by its own standards and values, which people feel instantly upon visiting this magical place. Visitors immediately feel the difference. Like ether, it lifts you higher.

There is a decorum here, a behavior, a transforming quality, a tangible sense of magic. Those who would abrogate or minimize the name Beverly Hills are out of place here, not wanted here, wouldn't feel comfortable here, and would probably leave on their own anyway. No roaming motorcycle gangs here, no sleazebags. This is the magical kingdom of ease and beauty and consumer thrills. It's like a shot of 14-karat vitamins.

In June, when school is out and vacations take us to various Camelots, Beverly Hills is crowded with dream catchers. The air is charged and excitement ripples through the most ordinary occasion. Summer solstice is a mild form of madness here.

Transformation begins with the desire to look like you actually live here. The enjoyment of a day spent shopping in Beverly Hills cannot be measured. This may be the only place in the world where spending money is expected of you. Consumerism is encouraged, and the look of Beverly Hills can be bought on every street, in each nook and cranny. The fun is to bargain-hunt for value. That's the pleasure of Beverly Hills. Fabulous values for bargain prices.

Sure, you can throw money around buying the most gorgeous and unusual goodies ever invented by man or beast. And, sure, you'll belong instantly and feel like royalty. But there's nothing like getting the same thrill by finding that unexpected treasure at half-price. When you look like you live in Beverly Hills, you *feel*

like you live in Beverly Hills. And when you go home to Des Moines or Cleveland, you take with you not just the shoes, the beaded jackets, and precious gifts; you take with you the sense of place, the sense of belonging, the permeation of chic and haute couture, of sun-swept streets and hustle-bustle. You'll experience a state of mind that creeps into your soul and makes you feel special. The summer will splash by while the valuables you found in Beverly Hills continue to transform you. Winter won't seem so drab.

[Story]

LONG DISTANCE

By Edna O'Brien. From Lantern Slides, *a collection of her short stories to be published this month by Farrar Straus Giroux. O'Brien was born in County Clare, Ireland, and now lives in London.*

Ah, the snug little hideaway with its cushions and its inscrutable Buddha, dim lights like scalloped stars in various niches, and the gleam of the fire on the red-brown leather upholstery. So warm, so mischievous. Winter was almost upon them. Yet the glow of the fire and that boyish smile on his newly shaven face, smiling the smile of infancy and boyhood and puberty and manhood, eating the nuts, the salt occasionally on his lips like a bit of frost that he licked as he would have licked her hands gladly. How long was it? He probably had forgotten. A party, a chance thing had brought them together again. Ah, that first time. Vertigo at the top of the staircase in a ponderous London club with portraits everywhere of gouty faces, faces bespeaking lust and disgust, and how they whispered though they were strangers. "Swift as the lightning in the collied night," she had said to him. Such a peculiar thing to say, but he saw it as an anthem. Now he was telling her that he had learned a proverb; it was this, that the eyes are in the fingertips. He had learned it in the Far East; he often went. He worked all over the world designing hotels and airports and helicopter launches, and he employed God knows how many, but he still had a boyish quality and was saying, "Is that dress new?" as if they had met just yesterday or at most last week. There wasn't a trace of bitterness in his voice or in his eyes, the gray eyes with the tenderest flinch. He had probably quite forgotten how it had ended, forgotten the late-night calls, the mad curses she had visited on him, the cold rodent glances he gave her when they met once at a summer party. He was conscious again, as if for the first time, of her radiance, this woman in a black dress, composed and at the same time reeking wildness.

Of course much was concealed. There was behind that composed face of hers, with its high patch of blush, another being, in some ways more beautiful, in some ways more ugly, and certainly more hungry, sucking him in, drawing him in, in, in, if only for the moment, if only for that hour while they were together. He would have whisked her away anywhere, given her anything; he was her slave through and through.

What was he telling her? Yes, how he had learned to ski and how exhilarating it was, a new thing, and now he had two hobbies instead of one: his boats and the ski slopes. Oh yes, and he had named his boat after a saint. He did not say if she had crossed his mind in the intervening years, but she must have, an image now and then: a thread of vexation about the bitter bilious letter she'd sent to his home and that was read, oh yes read; and the nicer moment too, at a house party, at dusk in a grand house, all the ladies weighted with jewels, and catching sight of someone just like her with a flower in her hair, a bit of bougainvillea picked off a tree; or being alone in a strange city and looking out onto a harbor with its necklace of lights, lights glinting—so many eyes stuck into the mountain of night—and wishing she would appear by his side. Oh yes, he would have thought of her, not often, but at those tenderest of moments when he forgot work and forgot ambition and put aside the little gnawing dream he had to run the world and listened to his truer self.

She too had, of course, remembered him, but gradually stamped upon it, foot upon foot, grinding it zealously into any piece of earth or street she stood upon, burying it, burying him, clothes, shoes, braces, wallet, and all. He had come in dreams, always retransported to her original terrain, always alone, on a wall or a headland or standing on a pathway under a tree, a priestly figure waiting to chastise her, not quite welcoming her, but not dismissing her either.

"Did you ever dream of me?" she asked lightly, in a bantering way.

"All the time," he said in the softest of voices. Now, what did that mean? What was he saying? Were they good dreams, bad dreams, crowded dreams? In those dreams were they united, or were they apart, like those Japanese figures on a plate in which the lovers are perpetually divided by cruel waters? She also wanted to ask if, when he dreamed of her, he saw her in her happy guise, all aglow, or with a pulpy, tear-stained, supplicant face. It meant so much to her to know that little thing, the consistency of the image of her that roamed his mind. She

didn't ask. How had she spent the summer? In every question and every remark tossed back and forth between lovers who have not played out the last fugue, there is one question and it is this: "Is there someone new?" The old entanglements of course remain like milestones and can be countenanced, but someone new can make an upheaval. That someone new might be the one to put a sledgehammer to those milestones, reduce them to rubble.

She was telling about her holiday, the grandeur of it, a bay of course, yachts, canny people who talked always of hobbies and resorts, things they could share out in the open, never talking about the things they had in their vaults, their jewelry, or their money, or their savage secrets. She was describing it: her own little bungalow, a personal maid called Lupa, who became so devoted to her that when she scrubbed the floors and made the bed and stacked it with a compilation of pillows and sausage-shaped chenille cushions, she lingered. Then what did Lupa do next? She took to washing the faces of the flowers outside, washing each as if it were a baby's face, first with a damp cloth and then with a less damp cloth and then with a dry cloth, pulling off dead leaves, putting them into a pile, and then getting a dustpan to shovel up the dead leaves, sweeping slowly, slowly, reluctant to go.

What she did not tell him was that on one of those days, during one of those several sweepings, she had shed tears, many tears. They had simply gushed out of her in a huge flow, like blood. Were they for him? Partly. But they were also for life, its heartlessness and her qualms about losing something incarnate in herself. Lupa, who was hovering, saw these tears, crossed, and stood in front of her, pulling down the lower lid of one of her own eyes to emphasize that she understood. Maybe she was saying that it was no joke to be a maid, irking to be fated to work for people who spoke only three or four words and these three or four words were *Breakfast, Immediately, Iron, Wash.* The moment had etched itself. There were three urns with plumbago flowers, water making fretful shadows on a bit of white wall, a lizard clinging to it, inanimate as a piece of jade. The maid was disappointed in her, yes, truly; tears were for the starving, not for ladies who had bowls of fruit to gorge from and a four-poster ornamented with porcupine quills.

He did not have to order the next drink. They came quietly, surreptitiously, the previous undrained glasses carried away. What a lovely time she was having, almost as enchanting as the first time, except that she was a little braver now and a little warier and much more assured and determined to tell him those lighthearted tales about her travels, about seeing men one night chase a butterfly because it was not lucky, and stamp on it, and then a drive home through lonely countryside with all the houses shuttered up, the jalousies closed to give the appearance of dollhouses, the occupants asleep, and the mountain itself girdled in white mist; like a presence it was, so that one thought of a Santa Claus roaming about. Then she found herself describing the beautiful painting, red and gold, the colors still seeming moist, seeming to seep, though it was centuries old. It was the Last Supper, the faces at the table grave, shrewd, and austere, and not necessarily devout, and then a distance away—the supper table was outdoors—a woman with half-torn garb, also red but muddied; a prostitute on the ground with a baby in her arms. Had someone thrown her out there, or had she come back to supplicate, or

[Letter to the Editor]

TAMA'S MAMA

From a letter to the editor published in the December 1989 newsletter of PEN, the writers' association. The letter was written in response to an article in a previous newsletter, in which the critic James Wolcott was quoted as saying, "[Celebrity] can be taken too far: If you turn into Tama Janowitz and begin to believe your own act, you're in trouble."

Dear Editors:

As a mother, I am tired of the rude, personal remarks made about my daughter Tama, whose name these days appears to be an easy cliché, a synonym for "celebrity." "Celebrity" is an abstraction; I believe in this case it is meant to connote something unattractive. In any event, it is not anything that my daughter has ever courted. She has always tried to write well—just that.

I don't know why she and I, both PEN members who have given time and money to the organization, need to continue supporting unfounded and deleterious statements about ourselves. We would do better to put our money and time entirely into Amnesty International, which is concerned with the needs of the underprivileged and misrepresented, rather than the envious and misanthropic. Perhaps others will follow our lead.

Sincerely,
Phyllis Janowitz



From Water Towers, *a collection of photographs by Bernd and Hilla Becher, published by the MIT Press. The photographs, taken throughout Europe and the United States, are also on display at the Dia Art Foundation in New York City, through June 4.*

had she chosen that position for herself in order to debase herself in front of those grave, shrewd, austere faces? Or was it that at last she had given up because disease had struck her?

It was not what he and she were saying that mattered, it was what they were thinking. They were merely skimming the surfaces of the years, hiding all the urgent parts of themselves, she hiding the vengeances that indeed she had conceived because she had been jilted, and he believing that she had betrayed him with that bilious letter. She would insist that her betrayal was because of his betrayal, and so on. Tit for tat. Maybe that was why she thought of that painting, that above any other, a woman cast aside by judicious men. Luckily he was not able to read her thoughts, because he had begun to describe a hotel in Thailand where he had recently stayed. He went on about the beauty, the harmony, the uncanny way in which people served without seeming servile.

"You can get anything . . . anything," he said, conveying his own amazement.

"Even love?" she said, picking up the cue. He smiled. He had wanted to get her to that word and had achieved it so easily, so insouciantly had he steered her to it.

"Love . . . you have to bring yourself," he said in a teasing way. It only took a minute, or was it five minutes, to tell her that he was going back there soon and he was going alone and nothing would please him more than to take her and to show her the city. For one who was not overly lyrical, he went on about the flowers, flowers in the trees, flowers in the drinks, and then the flower-colored floating dresses that the women wore. The streets she could picture too, narrow and with little vehicles, little tut-tuts, that people traveled around in, and of course the vivid colors and the all-prevailing courtesy. Yes, it would be charming and she knew it. He would be at his best. They would meet there. He would meet her plane, he in a light suit, a different suit, and help her into a car, or maybe one of those little tut-tut machines, but probably a car, and point out things as they drove along, then take her to the hotel and up to a suite that was spacious, and they would stand in that big room, timid, timid as flowers, virgin lovers in that land of flowers, everything ordained.

Every bit of her wanted to say yes. Her eyes said it and the eyes at the tips of her fingertips said it and the flesh at the back of her throat ached at the thought of these new sensations. It was a place she had always wanted to visit, as if self-discovery awaited her there. The women, she believed, had something to teach her. A vein of patience perhaps. It beckoned. She was awakening. The image that floated into her head was a field of grass overwhelmed by wind, each blade veering in the same direction, powerless. He was taking out his diary. It was an invitation to take her own out, because after all she was a busy woman too. His touch on her knee was like a little electric shock, but pleasant. If only they could go, there and then. If only he stood up and carried her off.

Yet her answer was firm. She knew what she must say. The little beads of ecstasy in her throat were turning to tears, salt tears. It came back in a blinding guttural flash, the pain when he had left, the savagery of it, his deafness to her pleas, his refusal even at Christmas to answer a telephone call, his forgetting her address, the address at which he had called in daylight and in dark and had once flung clay up at her window; he had forgotten that address, simple as it was. How she hated these thoughts rearing up in her, but she had no control over them; they consumed her. It was not that she hated him; she did not hate him, but that old grudge, like a bit of flint in the ground, had come up to confront her. His eyes were so soft, his face so pale and gentle, his manner so suppliant that she longed to say yes, yes.

"It's not possible," she said, but in a tone of voice so suggestive and so laden with innuendo that it really was saying, "There is another whom I cannot leave."

"Even if you tried?" he said, his eyes smarting now because he couldn't abide the merest rejection. Also, he was taken aback.

"Even if I tried, it wouldn't be possible," she said, and a whole landscape of flowers and silk saris and tut-tut machines passed before her like dizzying images seen from a speeding train. He leaned over to the table beside them and took the plate of nuts and began to eat ravenously. She wanted to take his hand and tell him why. It would have saved everything. She put her hand on the sofa and at that moment he drew back his, his white fingers curling away from hers like the tail of a white mouse receding into wainscoting. He had come with this gift, this offering, these days wrenched from his life, and she had spat on it. He looked around as he always did when he became irate and said they hadn't done a damn thing to the room in years, they hadn't even given it a lick of paint.

"Let's have another drink," she said.

"You can have one," he said as he rose, adding that he did not see why he should sit around and have her tell him why she did not want to go away with him. She must redeem it, she must. She jumped up and saw that he was cold now, disapproving, like those disciples in the painting.

"But you see why I can't go," she said openly.

"No, I don't see," he said, even more irritable.

"Because I would have to come back . . . . *We* would have to come back," she said, no longer afraid of her emotions, no longer raving about bays and bougainvillea, but reaching right down to the root of the love or the lingering love that was there, hauling him out of himself, shedding the lies and the little pretenses, forsaking the wobbly balustrade that had been theirs.

"We're getting carried away again," she said, and shook her head soberly to make him understand. He felt it. His hand on hers now so gentle, like condensation, a hand that he longed to hold on to forever, a keepsake. Never were they so near while also being on the brink of parting. But they were parting properly, decently, as they should have done years ago, and now she loved him in a way that she had not loved him before.

Outside, the light was unsettling insofar as it was still bright, but all the streetlights had come on. People in cars, people walking hand in hand, posters on the facings of cable boxes, torn faces, torn half-faces, the red glow of the traffic signals in the distance like heated moons, drivers with set jaws taking issue with God, a white-shirted waiter listlessly hailing a cab, and in the park now—because she had gone in there—the treetops all close together, snuggling, whispering, the hexagonals of light beneath them, haloed by both leaf and drizzle. There was a drizzle that pattered onto the leaves and onto her face, and the fallen leaves rustled like taffeta as she stepped over them.

"What now, what now?" she asked, and walked with pointless vigor, unable to exorcise the sight of him in his old tweed overcoat, moving away from her, somewhat downcast, somewhat melancholy, but not showing the full hurt. That overcoat must be ten or fifteen years old. She was touched by the thought that he had not bought another, something more plush. Only love makes one notice a thing like that, love, that bulwark between life and death. Love, she thought, is like nature, but in reverse; first it fruits, then it flowers, then it seems to wither, then it goes deep, deep down into its burrow, where no one sees it, where it is lost from sight, and ultimately people die with that secret buried inside their souls. ■

NEITHER MORONS NOR IMBECILES NOR IDIOTS

In the company of the mentally retarded

By Sallie Tisdale

I went dancing one night last September with a glad crowd of nearly a thousand merrymakers at one of the Red Lion hotels in Portland, Oregon. The dance was the climactic event of a Labor Day weekend convention, following a formal dinner and a day of workshops and lost hotel registrations. The conventioneers were members of an organization called People First, and almost all of them were mentally retarded.

The band wore Hawaiian shirts and played loud Sixties music, and I stood to one side, clutching a glass but already punch-drunk with the day's events. Excited people in their best holiday clothes paced in and out of the huge room, and the rest of them danced, alone and cheek-to-cheek, in groups and in wheelchairs and balanced on one foot, waggling their heads and shaking with palsied fervor. And after a while I danced, too: the twist, the frug, and new dances never done before.

When I was a child there were few words more insulting than *retard* (*ree*-tard). At lunch hour each school day a certain group of children appeared. Tall and splayed, or fat, given to hand twiddling and rocking in place, they had mussed hair and bottle-bottom glasses and dangling lower lips. And even now I remember them as being much older than me but, even so, lost in an eternal babyhood, stirring the peas into the mashed potatoes and drooling in the soup. They were gawked at; and if they showed their faces at any other time, they were jeered at—"Hey, *ree*-tard!"

The difference between *them* and *us* was a gulf that could not be bridged.

In recent years that gulf has shrunk. My fears about the retarded—inarticulate fears of derangement, impulsiveness, the uncivilized id—almost disappeared. I found myself wanting the company of the retarded without knowing who, exactly, the retarded were. The People First convention was the beginning of a trip I made around the country, a search for some understanding of the fit between *them* and *me*.

The Red Lion–Lloyd Center is a showy complex filled with brass, mirrors, and flocked wallpaper in shades of rust and maroon. Two glass elevators reflect the hundreds of tiny light bulbs in the lobby; they rise and fall slowly like drifting leaves. I had parked that morning in the hotel's lot and passed a bright, white room lined with shining sports cars guarded by stout young men in red blazers; young people were just beginning to arrive for another event, something called an All-British Field Car Rally.

Crossing the lot, where vans with wheelchair lifts were parked beside BMWs, I'd joined the People First crowd in the lobby. It took my breath away, that crowd: I leaned against a wall, washed in a wave of people, hundreds of people, as varied and multiple as the blooms of a wild field. There was a pretty, plump, dark woman in a tight purple swimsuit and neon green stretch shorts; a few nattily dressed men with briefcases,

Sallie Tisdale writes frequently for Harper's Magazine. *Her most recent book is* Lot's Wife: Salt and the Human Condition.

I saw lip diddling, face stroking, tongue chewing, crossed eyes, misshapen hands, and more

talking earnestly among themselves; a man who looked just like Peter Boyle; a fat woman in a short blue skirt and white snow boots, taking pictures with a pink Instamatic. Wheelchairs filled with plump and lumpy bodies—some twitching, others with bent, bowed heads and shut eyes—slid gently past people in helmets with bite guards. I saw the familiar hand twiddling and more: drooling, scratching, finger wiggling, lip diddling, rhythmic rocking, head nodding, hair twirling, face stroking, head holding, tongue chewing, ear poking, all taking place in a jumble of round, wide-eyed faces, low



shelving brows, receding chins, crooked noses, misaligned teeth, short legs, bowed legs, amputated legs, misshapen hands, crossed eyes. I saw a wide variety of hats.

People wandered in and out all day; every now and then someone spotted a friend and shouted out a name or a sound—a holler of guttural, inarticulate voice. There was a schedule: a slide show, a panel discussion, a sing-along down one wing. But hardly anyone stuck to it. The halls were difficult to negotiate; I'd had to slip past people limping, running, stumbling, greeting each other with rude noises made against the back of their hands. From time to time a great fat man in overalls asked the room at large when dinner would be served. Men my age with bad haircuts sprawled on big red couches, smoking luxuriously. Later, men in tuxedos and women in evening dresses passed through, giggling loudly and staring, looking for the Field Car Rally formal.

Not long before the dance began I had stopped for a few moments in an open-air bar, to make notes and take a breath. The man on the stool next to me—a short, grizzled fellow in an ill-fitting suit—said something nonsensical; a few minutes later, distracted, I responded with an appropriate nonsense answer, only to turn and see a different man, a "regular" patron; he looked at me and looked at my People First name tag and picked up his beer and left.

A few weeks after the dance I flew east and visited a dim and cluttered group home in Brooklyn, one of twelve run by the Association for Children with Retarded Mental Development (ACRMD), one of the oldest and biggest New York–area agencies serving retarded adults. The house in Brooklyn is longer than it is wide, with many square rooms; it faces a wea-

Photograph by Barbara F. Gundle

ry strip of grass, a wide avenue, and a store called Brain Damage Comics. The rooms are outfitted with rummage-sale furniture. The few people in them strayed from armchair to couch to armchair again, looking out windows, watching television. In the kitchen, under a single fluorescent light, a gray-haired woman rocked from foot to foot, growling; she paid no attention to me.

"That's Maggie," Arthur Palevsky said after we'd walked by. "She does that."

Palevsky was my guide in Brooklyn; he is a young, fast-talking man who runs the residential programs for the ACRMD. Besides the group homes, the ACRMD runs three apartment houses and five day-treatment centers. The waiting list for group homes, Palevsky told me, is more than a thousand names long. Getting neighborhoods to accept the ACRMD group homes and apartment houses is the main problem. Palevsky says he hears the same thing whenever he holds a neighborhood hearing on a new site. People fear, he said, everything: crime, molestation, indecent exposure, drunkenness, plummeting property values.

We walked upstairs, through big bedrooms and small, past posters of sports cars and rock stars and shelves upon which many stuffed animals were neatly displayed. Palevsky had to make a phone call, and I waited in the cramped upstairs hallway, in shadow.

A man came to the doorway of his room near the stairs; he was short and middle-aged, with a big square head and jowly unshaven cheeks. When I turned my face toward him he came up to me fast and silent on big flat feet and grabbed my hand, looking at me with wide watery eyes. He held his face close to mine, my hand in both of his. His mouth was full of crooked yellow teeth.

An aide, sitting at a nearby desk, said, "That's Donald."

Donald nodded several times, still holding my hand in both of his; he was so much shorter than me that I found myself bending over.

"Ee teep dah," he said. "Ee teep dah!"

Again the aide spoke up. "He sleeps there. That's his bed."

And Donald was pulling me into the room and pointing at the nearer of twin beds covered with a crooked pink chenille bedspread, at a white dresser with the drawers slightly awry, at a cheap poster of a snow-covered mountain. I nodded, he nodded. I nodded and smiled, he nodded and smiled. Palevsky had disappeared, and I stood in Donald's silent room, in the milky light of an early fall day filtered through white curtains, waiting until it seemed possible to go. And then I moved toward the steep, dark stairway—and Donald moved with me in shuffling concert, as though we were chained at the ankle.

He looked up at me hopefully and said, "Teeeee?"

"You go ask Anna. She'll make you a cup of tea," the aide said, without looking up from his paperwork, and Donald and I descended the stairs together, hand in hand, one narrow step at a time. I didn't know how to say good-bye to someone like Donald, who is almost unbearably used to hearing it. Later in my travels I heard a story of a man, somewhat like Donald, who couldn't say good-bye; he would stand in a doorway or on a sidewalk talking about whatever came to mind, as though afraid to stop. All he needed, in the end, was to be taught to wave: to make meaningful the experience of farewell.

At the base of the stairs we turned a corner and found the common area, a worn-looking room with a television playing quietly in the corner. Several people sat on tired chairs, and Arthur Palevsky chatted softly with a young woman I took to be Anna. The scene was terribly mundane. Donald made no sound at all but at once dropped my hand and moved to a seat beside the wall, his chin tucked in against his chest. He didn't look up again, as though he'd known all along I wasn't going to stay.

The subject of mental retardation is encumbered with conventional wisdom, small beliefs we cling to from childhood and large ideas that fuel the social machine. The main piece of fiction under which we labor, I think, is that we know what mental retardation is. We know that it exists: permanent, irreversible, tragic. Thousands of pages, dozens of definitions, have been written about retardation, but nothing comes close to defining it. And I can't write my own definition, either; when I try, I find myself relying on nothing more lucid than *difference from myself.* This is what drives the desire to define in the first place: These people are so unlike me, behave so unlike me, they must be something else altogether.

Less than a hundred years ago people we now call mentally retarded were labeled by researchers as morons, imbeciles, and idiots—each term referring to a different degree of defect—and were thought to be all of a type. They were considered incomplete humans, unable to feel pain, perhaps mad or possessed, and certainly dangerous. People called them the feebleminded, cretins, simpletons, dullards. Now we are to call them people-with-mental-retardation. I sometimes wonder what, left alone, the retarded would call themselves. And what would they call me? The word *retardation* only means delay, and in that sense it may be perfectly descriptive.

Less than a hundred years ago people we now call retarded were considered incomplete humans, unable to feel pain, perhaps mad or possessed

The field is full of stories about retarded people who have gotten lost in the regular world and never been found again, so successfully did they pretend to be normal

It means the slowing down of something's course: A car's timing is retarded, and so is a flow of liquid, a tumor's growth. It is a vague and almost poetic word. And the rest—"mental"—is indefinable, a foggy reference to the life behind the eyes, impossible to measure and dangerous to judge.

The official definition of mental retardation today is one formulated by the American Association on Mental Retardation (AAMR). The AAMR carries out research, studies the results, asks for expert opinions. In its current form the definition of mental retardation has three parts: subnormal intellectual function, defined as an intelligence quotient (IQ) at least two standard deviations below the mean; poor adaptive behavior; and symptoms of retardation that appear during the developmental period. Based on the AAMR definition, between 2 and 3 percent of the population are retarded—five and a half to seven million people. This statistic remains fairly steady for reasons unclear. According to the AAMR, about 89 percent of this group are "mildly retarded." But here the plot begins to thicken.

There are two widely accepted categories of retardation: organic and nonorganic. Organic retardation has more than 250 known causes, among them Down syndrome and other chromosomal disorders, metabolic imbalances, tumors, brain malformations, and trauma. But researchers in the field commonly hold that only about 20 percent of all the people called retarded have an organic problem.

The remaining 80 percent are affected by nonorganic retardation—retardation caused by, say, parental neglect or abuse, or by a baby's having eaten lead paint—and there is nothing physiologically wrong with them. Almost all of the people classified as mildly retarded are considered to be nonorganically retarded. One of the more controversial questions in the field of mental retardation right now is whether the nonorganically retarded are—or should be labeled—retarded at all.

For years the measurement of one's IQ figured most significantly in our description of who is and who is not mentally retarded. IQ is a measurement of mental age divided by chronological age; a child of six who has the mental abilities of a six-year-old has an IQ of 100, the American mean. (About 50 percent of Americans are thought to have an IQ between 90 and 110.) An IQ of 70 is two standard deviations below the mean and is, therefore, the cutoff for defining retardation.

Because IQ tests are woefully inadequate—measuring a person's fund of information with little regard for the quality of one's mind or one's ability to learn—IQ as the primary measure of retardation has been slowly but surely disappearing. This has had a very real impact on a particular population—the enormous number of people called borderline, whose IQ scores hover between 70 and 85. In 1959 the two-standard-deviations qualification was changed by the AAMR to one standard deviation. The number of retarded increased fivefold in one fell swoop; millions of people who until that moment had enjoyed official normality were reclassified as retarded. In 1973 the definition returned to two standard deviations, and all those people, in one stroke, became normal again.

I was skimming back issues of *The American Journal of Mental Deficiency* not long ago when I found a story written in 1961 titled "A Provocative Case of Over-Achievement by a Mongoloid." The brief, scholarly article described a thirty-six-year-old man who had been diagnosed mongoloid at an early age and had lived his whole life with his mother. For the last years of her life the woman was an invalid, and her son was responsible for the household—he took care of housework, shopping, errands, finances, laundry, his own and her personal care. He also played the piano, read books and kept a journal, and made money by selling small homemade items in the neighborhood. The neighbors knew he was retarded, but no one seemed to care.

When his mother died he was committed to a "training school," where the author of the story found him. The man, called only E., was tested on entry and found to have an IQ of barely 28. The author seemed unwilling to admit that there might be something wrong with the test. "If there is a lesson to be learned," he wrote, it is not to rely solely on IQ scores to predict outcomes. *If* there is a lesson. In other words, the test is not wrong in labeling the man profoundly retarded; it is E. who has been mistaken, who has "overachieved," as though he had gorged himself on skills. With the arid lack of narrative so common in these journals, the writer never reveals E.'s fate. I can't help but fear the obvious: that he never escaped the system he had until then so successfully confounded. He was, after all, profoundly retarded; his IQ made him so, and I imagine he was kept in the institution until he died.

The mental-retardation field is full of stories about retarded people who have gotten lost in the regular world for one reason or another and never been found again, so successfully did they *pretend* to be normal. The psychologist Robert Edgerton has followed a group of mentally retarded men who left an institution and entered the community as normal people more than twenty years ago; he finds them unusually optimistic in the face of adversity and no less able

than their neighbors to get by. They are, he writes, hidden in "a cloak of competence," and he suggests that their unwillingness to be called retarded has kept them normal.

Most researchers in the field don't talk much at all about intelligence. Educators, for their part, talk about "delays." (One of the more consistent observations about the population called retarded is that they learn more slowly and tend to forget information more quickly than the rest of us.) A lot of people, especially those concerned with housing and employment, talk about "function." Experts refer to the mentally retarded who are able to care for themselves personally and socially as being "high function." Retarded people complimented by the accolade "high function" move in the world and take care of business in the same sorts of ways that you and I do. They are said to exhibit "adaptive behavior" as opposed to "adaptive failure."

One afternoon in San Francisco I was introduced to a middle-aged man named Gary. Gary looks an awful lot like Humphrey Bogart, with a stubborn pugilist's face and a capacity for long, full silences. He will say nothing at all, then he will say much that isn't relevant, until he feels prepared to answer the question at hand. Gary was kept at home for many years, unused to the world, unskilled, a kind of Kaspar Hauser.

"I used to give Gary Coca-Colas, and he always put them in his bag with his other possessions," a recreational therapist who works with Gary told me. "And one day it dawned on me that maybe he can't open a Coca-Cola can. So I introduced him to the idea of prying open the cap, and he said, 'Oh!' and that world opened up, that problem was solved."

This therapist was going to drive me to where I was staying, and Gary home, after our talk, and Gary and I had to wait in a cold parking lot, after dark, for him to come and unlock the car doors. While we stood in the drizzle under the streetlights, Gary began to talk to himself. He wondered out loud where he would sit, where he *should* sit, whether he should put on his seat belt.

He shifted his weight from foot to foot, murmuring over and over, "I'll just ask him to repeat it." When we all got in the car Gary ran through his questions several times, until the therapist's patient, repetitive answers relieved him, and he settled back for the ride. So Gary—actually, by definition, an adaptive failure of magnificent proportions—makes his way in the world with constant, unshakable dignity.

On the same gray fall day that Arthur Palevsky showed me around the group home where I met Donald, he took me to the Lubin Center, occupying two attached brownstones in Carroll Gardens, a mostly Italian neighborhood in Brooklyn. At the Lubin Center there are twenty-four apartments for retarded adults living on their own. Among the residents, there was one recently married couple—both the husband and wife in wheelchairs—and two single parents, one of whom had just given birth to her second child. All Lubin Center residents work, some in "real world" jobs, others in workshops. All pay 30 percent of their income for rent.

"This is our first venture where we don't know where people are all the time," said Palevsky. "They can go out at three in the morning and get a hooker, and we don't know."

Palevsky took me through the empty foyer and the neat common room up to the fourth floor. He wanted me to meet Debbie, and I could tell by his manner that he felt an almost paternal pride in her. Debbie, thirty-one, is a slim, gracious black woman. As she opened the door, I could see a dark bathroom and a long white hall leading to a single, large white room, where an older man with white hair sat at a small kitchen table. He rose in silent alarm and slipped past us, like a ghost.

"That's Alan," Palevsky told me in a stage whisper loud enough for Debbie to hear. "He and Debbie are romantically involved. He's afraid we're going to kick him out of the building if we find out they're sleeping together. I've told him we won't, but he doesn't believe me."

Debbie, dressed in slacks and a flannel shirt, with a bandanna on her head, smiled at his remark and invited me to sit down at the table. "I like it here," she then said. "The rent is feasible." And her use of that word startled me.

"Debbie is very modest," Palevsky said. "She's a very capable woman, who not only cooks, cleans, and cares for herself but probably handles her personal affairs better than most people ever hope to do." Debbie grinned, clearly pleased, and got up from the table to turn off the radio near her double bed. She moved around the apartment in a waddle, limping from side to side, the result of a recent hip replacement.

"Oh, Aww-thuh," she said. Her pronunciation of his name was curious and pleasing. "I'm going to be calling the Holiday Inn about their new hotel, which is on Forty-eighth Street in Manhattan, to work in the kitchen, the cafeteria there. I used to do that, you know, learn how to do things in the kitchen." She turned back toward me. "I take the train."

"One of the things we liked when we bought this building is that it's a one-fare commute," said Palevsky. "It's the second subway stop from lower Manhattan."

"No, Arthur, it's the third stop." She wagged

One of the more consistent observations about the population called retarded is that they learn more slowly than the rest of us

In the nineteenth century it was generally held that entire family lines were tainted by retardation

her finger and beckoned me down the hall, where she showed me her elaborate subway maps. She opened a closet to show Palevsky her Great Adventure amusement park T-shirt, boasting about her bravery in riding the giant roller coaster there.

Listening to Debbie, not wanting to leave her affable, gentle company, I thought how odd it is that people tend to think of retardation as a kind of disease, having in mind "victims" of retardation who are "suffering." (People uneasy with his programs have told Palevsky they thought you could *catch* retardation from being near it, the way you catch a cold.) When we say Debbie is retarded—she of the subway maps and clean apartment and roller-coaster rides—we mean it as a wrongness in Debbie. We say it with a hint of pity. I want to say that Debbie is not the same as the retarded kids I remember from school; I want to point out the many and essential differences. But to a large extent the world throws them all together, pea-stirrers and Debbie alike. What humbles me now, in the moment of writing this, is believing that Debbie is kinder than me: She wouldn't be ashamed to be thrown in with the pea-stirrers.

Debbie walked us to the elevator and then headed down the hall, banging on the door at the far end. As we began to descend, I could hear her shout: "It's all right, Alan! You can come out now!"

Beginning in the late nineteenth century and continuing for about sixty years, it was generally held that entire family lines were tainted by retardation and that it would be best—for society, for these families themselves—if family members were prevented from procreating. In 1927 Supreme Court Justice Oliver Wendell Holmes wrote the majority opinion in the case *Buck* v. *Bell,* a ruling in which the Court let stand a Virginia court decision ordering an institutionalized mentally retarded young woman to be sterilized. "She is the daughter of a feebleminded mother in the same institution, and the mother of an illegitimate feebleminded child," Holmes wrote. "We have seen more than once that the public welfare may call upon the best citizens for their lives. It would be strange if it could not call upon those who already sap the strength of the State for these lesser sacrifices. . . . Three generations of imbeciles are enough." Twenty years before, Indiana had passed a law permitting authorities to order compulsory sterilization (vasectomy, tubal ligation) for, among others, "idiots" and "imbeciles." Nor has such thinking disappeared altogether. In 1985 Canada allowed the hysterectomy of a mentally retarded ten-year-old girl, at her parents' request; the couple felt their daughter simply could not cope with the demands of menstruation. And in England as many as ninety sterilizations a year are performed on retarded teenagers.

No one knows how many retarded parents there are, but there are quite a few, and experts believe that the number is growing. To meet with retarded parents, I traveled to Los Angeles to learn about the SHARE/UCLA Parenting Program, one of the original intensive education programs aimed specifically at retarded parents. The Parenting Program was designed by Dr. Alexander Tymchuk, a psychologist who teaches in the clinical psychiatry department at UCLA and who remains appalled at the lack of knowledge nationwide about retarded parents. Last year he wrote to dozens of private and governmental agencies in each state, trying to get a sense of how much the population of retarded parents has grown; the result, he said, was remarkable. Alaska reported one retarded parent; and Louisiana, Mississippi, and Alabama reported none at all.

The Parenting Program has several combination support-education groups in various neighborhoods of Los Angeles; I went to a Thursday morning class on a chilly October day at a community center in the mid-Wilshire area. I was early, but Wilma and Rashida were already at the center when I arrived. Wilma is a large black woman with a short, flattened head; her face is slightly squashed, like a bulldog's, and her voice is slow and lazy and soft. She stayed very near her daughter, a small girl wearing a very short cotton smock, with her kinky hair twisted into plastic barrettes. Rashida is Wilma's second child; neither Rashida nor her older sister is retarded. Wilma followed Rashida on an aimless toddler's path around the small, cement-floored room, with its small tables and chairs, its blackboard, its many posters of puppies and kittens.

Before long Delores, a Hispanic woman in her forties, arrived with her son Jesse. Delores also has an older, normal child. But Jesse is at least moderately retarded; he is a short, curly-haired boy, almost completely silent, with the characteristic features of Down syndrome: epicanthal folds, a protruding tongue, short fingers. He is four years old and still in diapers.

Two other mothers arrived, both quiet, well-dressed black women. (The Parenting Program is mostly a project for retarded mothers.) Cynthia has two daughters, six and eight, both diagnosed as mildly retarded, and Sue has an eight-month-old infant who is normal. Last to arrive was Linda Andron, a social worker who administers the Parenting Program. A fast-talking, gregarious woman of middle age, she carried with her a giant plastic tub filled with

puppets, dolls, toys, and art supplies. As Andron spread out paper and glue and precut eddy-bear silhouettes, she spoke to each child n turn, patting one on the head, chucking another's chin.

There is a weariness in Andron's voice. The nothers she works with are dogged by predictions of failure, by their own lack of education nd training. (Education for the mentally retarded wasn't required by federal law until the arly 1970s.) It is especially difficult for Andron vhen one of the mothers in the program becomes pregnant: A maze of regulations restricts he advice she can give in such a situation, particularly the suggestion of an abortion. How, I vonder, would such a thing be put to a retarded woman, obvious as its advantages might at first ppear? How does one dvise her to consider n abortion—by pointng out how ill-prepared he is, how, well, *retarded* she is? Does one nention the possibility hat the infant could be ust like her?

I asked Andron if it vas possible these nothers might be better arents because of their etardation.

"In some ways Deores is probably a better nother for Jesse than omeone who has high xpectations," she said. He's just Jesse, that's er kid. She makes the ther one do the homevork, and she has peole all through the uilding who help her. But Jesse's not any less vorthwhile to her."

Part of the Thursday morning ritual is a walk o the grocery store. While Andron returned to he children, helping them with an art project, Vilma, Sue, Delores, Cynthia, and I walked to he nearby 7-Eleven, where we bought cheese uffs, doughnuts, soft drinks, nachos with quirts of processed cheese and chili, and little ags of Fritos for the children. It was a desulory, languid hour, our conversation the same imple chat of any group of women with little in ommon but their children. On the walk back o the center I asked Delores about Jesse; she decribed the day and night of his birth at length, ut she never mentioned the fact that he is rearded. A while later, when I sat on a bench utside with Linda Andron, Delores walked by on the way to catch a taxi. Jesse gave Linda a hug, a vague smile, his eyes not quite meeting hers. Then he said his first words of the morning, "Bye-bye," and marched off to school.

That afternoon I drove to another neighborhood of Los Angeles, the industrial area called Culver City, to tour what is known as a sheltered workshop. Run by PAR (Production and Rehabilitation) Services, a division of the Exceptional Children's Foundation, the biggest agency for the retarded in Los Angeles, this particular workshop—PAR Westside—produces folding accordion files on a contract with the General Services Administration. It's a good contract, and the 100 employees start at minimum wage and can make up to six dollars per hour; the operation, though, is still running at a loss after three years of production.

How does one advise a retarded woman to consider having an abortion? By pointing out how, well, retarded she is?



Photograph by Don Ryan

In the front office of PAR Westside there is a series of neat cubicles for the secretarial staff, employee counselors, and supervisors. This is only a small part of a rambling building leading far back from the street, most of which is actual warehouse: cement floors, high open ceilings, fluorescent lights. Moving toward the rear, I saw several long counters, and along each counter were a dozen people on stools. Each person was sorting pencils into groups according to the shape and color of the erasers. At the front counter were the people who could count to two and sorted pairs; at the rear counter people could count to six, and they sorted by the half-dozen. I passed between counters, and in passing I crossed through uplifted faces and out-



Reserve Your Seat Now For 52 Weeks Of The Saint Louis Symphony Orchestra.

As long as you have a radio, you have a ticket to one of the most dynamic seasons of the Saint Louis Symphony. Not to mention one of the longest.

Right now, National Public Radio is bringing you a full year's worth of weekly performances from Powell Hall. The world's greatest music, from Beethoven to Bernstein. From the classics you know, to some of the innovative new composers you'd expect from the Saint Louis Symphony.

So check with your local NPR station. Reserve your seat. And make it a comfortable one.

You could be there 52 weeks.

Southwestern Bell Corporation

Southwestern Bell is proud to support this series from the Saint Louis Symphony Orchestra. Leonard Slatkin, Music Director and Conductor.

stretched hands and greetings and queries of every kind. "Hello." "Halloo." "Name?" "Good day."

I chatted with a supervisor, a stout, radiant blond woman who became teary all at once when she mentioned a worker who had been promoted to the back room, out of her area. She missed him, she said, though he was only fifty yards away. A short bald man, leaning on a four-footed walker near the candy machines, planted himself in front of me and closed his eyes and held out one pale hand until I took it for a moment.

The file folders are made in the last room, a huge space thick with the smell of hot glue and the huffing of hydraulics. Each step in the making of an accordion folder is done separately: The pieces of cardboard are scored in one place, folded in another, then labeled, glued, sorted, and so on. The center of the room is given over to four conveyor belts run at different speeds. Cardboard dividers labeled with different letters of the alphabet slide on the belts past the workers, who must find the correct letter and slip each divider into the correct slot of the folder. These employees are given a commission by the piece on top of their basic wage; they are trained on the slow belt and eventually graduate to faster speeds. The inspectors and supervisors are not retarded, but I was surprised to learn that a few of the line employees aren't either; because of another handicap or, in some cases, the inability to speak English, this is the best job they can find.

The trend in work for the retarded is toward something called supported employment, which takes place not in workshops but in the general sector. A job coach—paid by an agency like the Exceptional Children's Foundation, not the employer—first learns the necessary skill, then teaches it to the retarded employee on the job, staying beside the recruit as long as necessary. Employers who have tried it like supported employment, because the costs are low and the responsibility for training lies with the agency. The retarded are considered good workers, capable of productivity approaching 100 percent of their nonretarded counterparts, with lower absentee rates. The foundation is moving into supported employment slowly, unwilling, at present, to close the sheltered workshops run by PAR Services, which employ hundreds of people who are unlikely to be successful in other jobs. And all of these considerations pale next to the desire of the retarded to have work—to act in the world and be rewarded for the effort.

The Recreation Center for the Handicapped is a maze of buildings connected by corridors on a hill above the San Francisco Zoo. Ron Jones, forty-eight, with pale hair and a florid face, has been a specialist at the Rec Center for twelve years, teaching physical recreation and coaching a basketball team sanctioned by the Special Olympics. Jones says the Special Olympics officials aren't very fond of his team, because they aren't strong competitors in any conventional sense. With what he calls a "political attitude," he decided long ago that on *his* basketball team anyone could play and everyone could win. Every game, he fields between fifty and sixty players, divided into different squads by the color of their jerseys. There are almost as many women as men playing, and everyone is retarded; a few use crutches or wheelchairs, and a few are blind or deaf.

The Wildcats play a full and lusty season against a stunning array of opponents, including the San Francisco Police Department, the Salvation Army, a team made up of prisoners, and, once, the Chinese Consulate team. Ron Jones and the Wildcats are a cult legend of sorts in San Francisco, and I'd been wanting to play a game with them ever since I read *B-Ball,* Jones's memoir about the team. This was my chance, and I had recruited about a dozen people to be the Wildcats' first opponents of the season.

I arrived early for a pregame dinner in the cafeteria of the Rec Center and followed a step or two behind Jones as he entered the crowded room. A half-dozen people leapt from their seats to grasp his shoulder or slap him high-fives; almost everyone was wearing a headband labeled Wildcats.

At my table sat a man named Michael Rice, one of the main characters I knew from *B-Ball.* Michael is in his forties, a bear of a man with a lumpy, crooked face, shaggy hair, and a huge, deep laugh. He is one of the veteran players, a bit of a star. He seems to keep his mouth perpetually half-open, set to holler his agreement—or his derisive disagreement—with whatever you're about to say. Rice can't tell time. Clocks, watches, the analog concept—these mean nothing to him. But Michael Rice is never late; he runs his life and his days by the passage of buses along certain routes, by radio shows, by the regular schedules of people who do use watches. When Michael's aging parents die, Ron Jones and his wife will become his guardians.

After dinner I lay on the wooden stage at one end of the room and watched the crowd. They cleared their dishes, scraped their plates, carried milk cartons and bowls of leftover mashed potatoes back to the kitchen. There were no straight lines, no efficiency; people were grinning and stumbling into each other for hugs, to slap backs, and, again and again, to slap hands in

The trend in work for the retarded is toward jobs not in workshops but in the general sector

There is little etiquette among the retarded. One only needs not to be mean

the high-five. The room was full of people acting like they'd just won a grand prize, and I thought about how little etiquette there is among the retarded. One only needs not to be mean. Watching them, I was watching myself released.

The game was preceded by a rally and warm-up. One corner of the gym had been given over to a disc jockey, spinning and scratching at rap records while a full complement of cheerleaders —male and female staff in rally skirts, with pom-poms—practiced their routines. Squad after squad of players, in purple or red jerseys, took their places under the baskets, tripping through the time-honored routines of shoot and run, catch and pass.

I stood in the doorway, mentally reviewing the little I knew about basketball. Ron Jones, a few yards away, was suddenly accosted by a pudgy-faced Chinese man wearing a red jersey. "Wha' team?" the man asked with urgency, pointing at the practice.

"*Our* team? We're the Wildcats."

"Wildcats?" the man asked again.

"Wildcats." Jones was definitive this time.

"Wildcats?"

"*Wildcats.*"

"Wildcats? Aww *right!*" And he threw up his hand for a high-five.

A short while later a man named Vincent joined me. We'd met at dinner. Vincent has a long, narrow face under a shock of brown hair. He shook my hand enthusiastically and for a long time.

"Can I be on your team?" he asked, and I couldn't imagine why not. So Vincent defected from the Wildcats, with predictions of astonishing prowess, and in a moment of abandon he was joined by his friend Michelle. Michelle is a woman in her late twenties, short and heavy-chested, with a mouthful of crazy white teeth.

The half-dozen cheerleaders formed a tunnel of arms and pom-poms beneath one basket, and with a roar the Wildcats ran (stumbled, limped, rolled) through the tunnel and past their opponents, slapping hands. Midway through the line came a small pale man with almond eyes and a few brief strings of hair combed sideways. My hands were open for another high-five slap, but instead he grabbed my hand, turned it over, and delicately pressed his dry lips to it in a kiss.

The buzzer sounded and the game began. I was careful of the half-court line, careful to avoid the dreaded double dribble. A few minutes into the game, Jones, acting as referee and final authority, called time-out and required us to substitute players. Our starting five took seats, and we dispatched our other squad. A few moments later Jones called time again, and everyone stood there, waiting for an explanation. A young man with bent legs, in a purple jerse wobbled slowly onto the court, dropped l crutches, and shot twice. Only when the b fell short the second time did Jones whist again and allow the players to move.

One of the fans on our side of the gy brushed the lint off his suit and joined t cheerleaders; another onlooker quietly opene little suitcase and took out a trumpet. Jones w in and out of everything, dashing to and fr whistling madly and switching players apparer ly at random. He's been known to bring a rin ing phone onto the court, and a ladder; h played with dogs, handcuffs, and bicycles. La year Art Agnos, the mayor of San Francisc played on a team fielded by State Assemb Speaker Willie Brown, and Jones gave Agnos technical foul for the color of his shorts.

When a man in a wheelchair, pushed up ar down the court by a staff member, final reached the basket with a ball in his hands, stopped and stared at that high, high basket; b then a woman from the sidelines ran out ar made a circle of her arms near his lap. He sho and he hit. It wasn't competition anymore b play. It felt reckless, almost naughty; I was hi cuping with laughter. Then I was fouled with bear hug from Michael Rice, and I had to tu around and shoot backward, over my head, wit the whole room upside down and chanting.

Later, from nowhere, Michelle, sidling aw from the other players, threw the ball with wild two-handed shove. It fell through the n with a swish. Her jaw dropped and she clappe her hands to her cheeks, mouth wide with st pefied amazement, and the crowd of players su rounded her a moment to slap her back; then a the players on both teams ran in a stumblir ballet to the other end. All the players, that i but Michelle; she stood transfixed b her own astonishing feat.

Just before the basketball game I was sittir with Jones in his little office, hearing the distar splash of swimmers in the therapy pool. young man about to play his first game with th Wildcats stood just outside the door, looking i mournfully, waiting for the coach to tell hi when to change his clothes. We had been tall ing about the qualities of retardation, and wh it was, and what it meant to the rest of us: to th nonretarded.

"I think they offer something different fro what I offer to the world," he said after a m ment. "What do they give back to us? If the give back a sense of trust, and joy, and cou age—well, these are things I'd think the worl would be hungry for. Do you want miracles i your life? Are you going to get them anywhe else?"

(Advertisement)

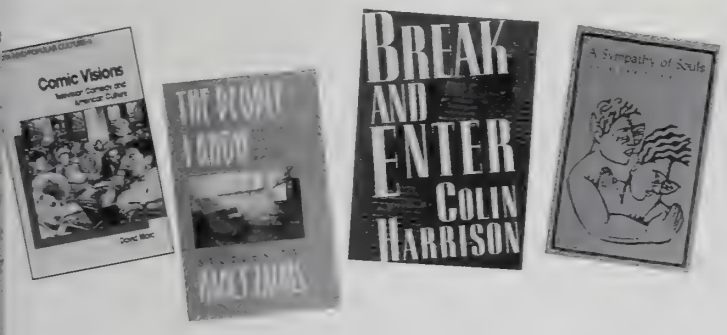
FURTHER **READINGS**

BOOKS OF SPECIAL INTEREST TO *HARPER'S* READERS

Blue Taxis: Stories About Africa. "Eileen Drew is a talented writer who has found a subject that matters.... To know Africa we need to read African writers, but to know ourselves we can read Eileen Drew."—*The New York Times Book Review,* Editors' Choice. Winner of the Milkweed National Fiction Prize. Milkweed Editions, P.O. Box 3226, Minneapolis, MN 55403. $9.95, illustrated.

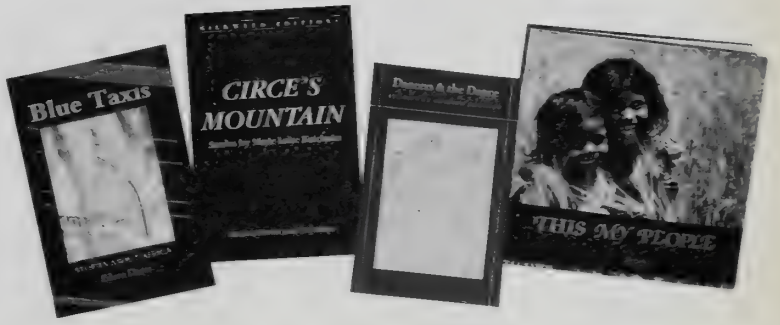
The People I Know, by Nancy Zafris. A collection of nine stories told by characters who hover at the edge of life. Whether it's Lorne, perched on a sofa as a wedding party swirls around him, or the elderly Mrs. R of "Morning at the Beach," imagining a career in crime as she sits in front of a Miami hotel, these are people oddly accustomed to the sidelines of their worlds. "Zafris transforms ordinary encounters into extraordinary, revelatory moments."—Robin Becker. Winner of the Flannery O'Connor Award for Short Fiction. $16.95. University of Georgia Press.

Comic Visions, Television Comedy and American Culture, by David Marc. "David Marc watches *Beverly Hillbillies* and hears America singing. Marc's analysis... is brilliantly original and laugh-out-loud funny."—J. Hoberman, *The Village Voice.* 272 pages. Cloth, $34.95. Paper, $10.95. 1989. Media and Popular Culture: 4.



A Sympathy of Souls, a collection of essays by Albert Goldbarth, splices together Jewish history, physics, mythology, art history, and anthropology, orchestrating an exciting discourse over barriers of time, place, and genre. Incorporating elements of the literary memoir, the research essay, and the prose poem, Goldbarth creates "lively, brilliant, vivid, witty, and informed pieces about the real world."—Annie Dillard. Paper, $9.95. Coffee House Press.

Dancers & the Dance, twelve intimate stories by Summer Brenner, evokes the complexity of the dance world. Those dancing for pleasure, politics, or religion, those dancing in dreams, those refusing to dance, and those no longer dancing come to light in a "work full of authenticities, sensitivities, and wonderful insights into the world of dance."—Edward Villella, Miami City Ballet. Paper, $9.95. Coffee House Press.



Circe's Mountains, by Marie Luise Kaschnitz, translated by Lisel Mueller. Haunting, luminous stories from Germany examine both the unlived life—the life of fantasy and possibility—and the heavier weight of the past. "Kaschnitz had the good luck or the character to like the universe very much."—Carol Bly. Milkweed Editions, P.O. Box 3226, Minneapolis, MN 55403. $9.95.

Break and Enter, by Colin Harrison, is the story of Peter Scattergood, a young Philadelphia assistant D.A. handed the case of his career—the double murder of the mayor's nephew and the nephew's girlfriend—just as his marriage falls apart. Harrison is an associate editor of *Harper's Magazine. Publisher's Weekly* calls his novel an "exceptionally solid debut thriller... intelligent, absorbing, and satisfying." Cloth, $17.95. Crown.

This My People, photographs and text by Madanjeet Singh. Preface by Jawaharlal Nehru. Foreword by Rajiv Gandhi. Published for the first time outside of India, these outstanding photographs, taken in the 1940s by the former Indian ambassador to the UN, reveal the suffering and courage of the common people as the country struggled toward independence. "Evocative, carefully executed portraits of India's citizenry—seen through Singh's respectful, sensitive lens."—*Publishers Weekly.* 160 pages. 12" X 12". 96 duotone photographs. $50. Rizzoli Publications.

Copies of all books advertised in "Further Readings" may be found at the following bookstores: **Albuquerque, NM:** Salt of the Earth Books, 2128 Central S.E. 87106, (505) 842-1220. **Ann Arbor, MI:** Borders Book Shop, 303 South State St. 48104, (313) 668-7652 **Atlanta, GA:** Borders Book Shop, 3655 Roswell Rd. 30342, (404) 237-0707 **Berkeley, CA:** Cody's Books, 2454 Telegraph Ave. 94704, (415) 845-7852. **Buffalo, NY:** Talking Leaves, 3144 Main St. 14214, (716) 837-8554. **Cambridge, MA:** Harvard Book Store, 1256 Massachusetts Ave. 02138, (617) 661-0494. **Chicago, IL:** Barbara's Bookstore, 1350 N. Wells St. 60610, (312) 642-5044 **Flint, MI:** Young & Welshans, Somerset Towne Center, 4720 Miller Rd. 48507, (313) 732-0620. **Knoxville, TN:** Davis-Kidd Booksellers, 2104 Cumberland Ave. 37916, (615) 524-3184. **Lexington, KY:** Joseph-Beth Booksellers, Mall at Lexington Green, 3199 Nicholasville Rd. 40503, (606) 273-2911. **Louisville, KY:** Hawley-Cooke Booksellers, 3024 Bardstown Rd. 40205, (502) 456-6660 **Memphis, TN:** Davis-Kidd Booksellers, 397 Perkins Extended 38117, (901) 683-9801. **Nashville, TN:** Davis-Kidd Booksellers, 4007 Hillsboro Rd. 37215, (615) 385-2645. **New York, NY:** Endicott Booksellers, 450 Columbus Ave. 10024, (212) 787-6300. **Portage, MI:** John W. Rollins Bookseller, 6414 South Westnedge 49002, (616) 323-3800. **St. Paul, MN:** Odegard Books St. Paul, 857 Grand Ave. 55105, (612) 222-2711. **Seattle, WA:** Elliott Bay Book Company, 101 S. Main St. 98104 (206) 624-6600 **Toledo, OH:** Thackeray's Books, Westgate Village Shopping Center, 3301 W. Central Ave. 43606, (419) 537-9259. **Washington, DC:** Chapters, A Literary Bookstore, 1613 Eye St. N.W. 20006, (202) 861-1333.

TAKE PRIDE









With pride in yourself, you can appreciate the differences in others.





Christopher Street West

Los Angeles Gay and Lesbian Pride Celebration

June 23 and 24, 1990
213/656-6553

LOOK TO THE FUTURE

WEST HOLLYWOOD
THE CREATIVE CITY

© 1990 Christopher Street West

ART SAVES LIVES

ARTISTS FOR AMNESTY

Art Exhibition & Sale for Amnesty International. June 5-16. Works donated by over 100 major living artists. BlumHelman Gallery, 80 Greene Street & Germans van Eck Gallery, 420 West Broadway, NYC. 212-807-8400. Art sets people free.

Amnesty International is an independent worldwide movement working impartially for the release of all prisoners of conscience, fair and prompt trials for political prisoners and an end to torture and executions

WOOD, THA

Getting a grip on the Loui

While an epidemic of greed kept the baseball season at bay this spring, back in Louisville, Kentucky, Hillerich & Bradsby, purveyor to the national pastime, was stockpiling supplies for the millionaires of summer. A ballplayer's most precious instrument—other than his paycheck—is his bat, and roughly 70 percent of the pros take a Louisville Slugger to the plate. (The rest of the pro market is split between the Rawlings, Cooper, and Worth brands.) Long part of the baseball iconography, the Louisville Slugger trade name is recognized by nine out of ten Americans. The Slugger originated more than a century ago when Pete Browning, star of the Louisville Eclipse, broke his bat and seventeen-year-old John "Bud" Hillerich turned a replacement on the lathe in his father's woodworking shop. Browning used Hillerich's bat in his next game and went three for three. The bat's mystique established, orders from Browning's teammates and other ballplayers soon followed. The sentimental aura of the Slugger, however, like virtually every other aspect of the game, serves a $1.15 billion engine of commerce.



Unlike the rest of the bat, the handle is not dipped in lacquer, so it retains a coarser finish. To enhance the grip, players may use cork, tape, rosin, pine tar, or dirt on the handle. All other substances are banned. Only amateur bats have their length stamped on the knob. Only pros can dictate their handle dimensions and what kind of knob they want at the end of the bat. A few opt for a "cone-knobbed" bat, which tapers off without a knob at the end. The lack of a knob enables the batter—primarily one who likes to bunt—to dump the bat quickly on the way to first base. It's a slight edge. Even a few extra hits here and there over a season make a difference and count for thousands of dollars come time for contract negotiations.

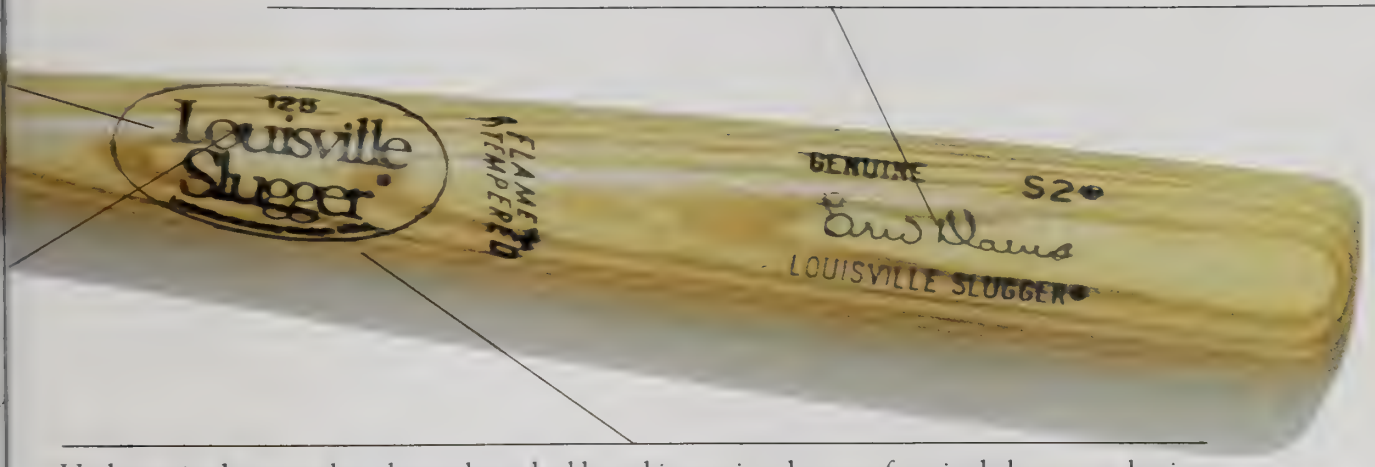
Six different grades of timber are used in the Louisville Slugger, of which "125" is the highest professional grade. Almost all of the bats are turned from northern white ash from New York and Pennsylvania, though a small percentage are made of maple or hackberry. The trees must be at least sixty years old before they are cut, and their wood must be seasoned for up to six months before being turned on the Louisville lathes. Each tree trunk provides roughly sixty bats. In an average season, major and minor league teams purchase about seven dozen bats per player—a total of about 180,000—for from fifteen to eighteen dollars each, slightly below cost. H&B, still controlled by the Hillerich family of Louisville, sells the bats at a loss because the Slugger name boosts sales of the company's other products—aluminum bats, golf clubs, assorted baseball equipment—which, with the pro bats, total $70 million per year.

Francis Wilkinson is a writer living in New York City.

T BE TRUE

igger, *by Francis Wilkinson*

In 1905 Honus Wagner became the first big leaguer to have his signature on a bat, thus blazing the product-endorsement trail that has enriched athletes from Johnny Unitas to Michael Jordan. Since then, H&B has entered into signature contracts with 6,000 players; during any one season, nine out of ten major league players have a signature contract with a bat manufacturer. H&B markets a dozen signature bats each year, balancing the choice of names according to race, geography, and league. Of course, only the signatures of star players make it to the sporting-goods store. Signature bats sold to the public have the same dimensions as bats used by their respective signatories, but the weight may vary. (Pro bats are meticulously selected and weighed to ensure uniformity for each player.) H&B contracts, which sometimes outlast a player's career, are positively quaint by the norms of a game in which the average salary is $557,000 a year. When a player signs with H&B he chooses a payment of $300 or a set of golf clubs. Just as big-league scouts look for talent, H&B watches for tomorrow's stars, signing promising minor league players while they're still green enough to succumb to flattery and a set of golf clubs. H&B spotted Pete Rose when he was in the minors and wisely offered him a contract. Toward the end of Rose's career, however, perhaps as his gambling debts accrued, he ended his agreement with H&B and signed a lucrative, exclusive contract to use the baseball products of the giant Japanese sporting goods firm Mizuno. In hindsight, H&B seems to have been the victim of good timing. It got an out-of-court settlement. And it got rid of Rose before he fell from grace.



Under major league rules, the trademarked brand is restricted to one four-inch-long zone beginning eighteen inches from the end of the bat. In the 1989 World Series, while millions watched on television, Rickey Henderson used a black bat with LOUISVILLE spelled out in large white letters. Major League Baseball promises a crackdown. The brand is burned onto the bat at a 90-degree angle to the grain, the strongest part of the timber. That's why batters are told to keep the brand facing up when at the plate. But bats inevitably break. Babe Ruth once hit twenty-one home runs with a single bat before it splintered launching the twenty-first. When bats don't break, they sometimes plumb wear out. George Brett used the same bat through a thirty-game hitting streak in 1981. When the streak ended he returned the bat, explaining, "This bat has no more hits in it." Aluminum bats, on the other hand, never break and seem to have endless hits in them. Major League Baseball, mindful of the aesthetics of the grand old game, has so far rejected the powerful allure of the lighter aluminum, which dominates the amateur bat market. Aluminum bats, permitted in college play, result in higher scores and some team batting averages over .300. Baseball experts calculate that many stadiums are not large enough to contain the blasts that would ensue from an aluminum bat in the hands of, say, Eric Davis. But it's far from certain that wood will remain a protected species in the majors. Fans, played for suckers for years, may come to demand more home-plate fireworks for their billions.

REHEARSING "THE FIREBIRD"

By Jane Hamilton

The story of *The Firebird* was not clear to me at first. My grandmother had taken me to see the ballet long before I knew that Mr. Smedley was among the living. I knew I loved the girl-bird—she was dressed in red and gold, trailing tail feathers across the floor, endangering the other dancers. She was so many things it was confusing: In a way she was both the lover and the beloved, but she had power too, the power of the storyteller. She was the one who made the story take its course; it was she who arranged for true love to prevail. After the prince let her out of the cage she said in her bird-dance language, "Smash the egg basket and you'll get what you want." I couldn't say in words what it was about even though my grandmother whispered at me all through the performance. "Love," she said, right off the bat, and then "evil," and "fear," and at last "happiness."

So when Mr. Smedley passed out the scores of *The Firebird Suite,* by Igor Stravinsky, on the first day of All-Village Orchestra, I reached to my stand for a piece of Teaberry gum and chewed with reckless abandon. I closed my eyes and saw a red bird fluttering at the bolted wire cage. I was in sixth grade and played fifth-chair violin. Mr. Smedley was the conductor. I learned a lot from Mr. Smedley, but personal hygiene and comeliness were not among th gifts he bestowed. He looked as if he had bee put on a medieval stretching rack and stretche beyond what his poor sunken frame could sup port. His skin was red and sore and pockmarkec His one suit was always wrinkled and too shor in the sleeves. There his hands were hangin limp like dead chickens at his side; even whe he brought them up, his baton between hi chapped thumb and first finger, those hanc were lifeless, something to throw in a pot wit an onion and cook, and endure for Monday night supper.

Mr. Smedley was never far from my minc and after a year of observing his every mov from my fifth chair I understood a fair amount but there was one thing I never completely fig ured out. He quietly, but extravagantly, praise me when my mother came to pick me up. stood holding my violin by its neck after re hearsal while he told my mother I had great tal ent and that if I kept practicing I would go far He looked straight at my mother and lied with all the authority of a parish priest. I had no tal ent. I had never practiced except under duress. was never going to go anywhere in the musica world beyond lip-syncing "Climb Ev'ry Moun tain." We both knew how deep his lie went and I grinned at him with some fear and a grea deal of shame, and he smiled a lame smile at m and shrugged his shoulders. He seemed to b saying, "What the hell, let's humor your mothe a little—I'm heading home for some of my ma

Jane Hamilton is the author of a novel, The Book of Ruth. *Her story "When I Began to Understand Quantum Mechanics" appeared in the August 1989 issue of* Harper's Magazine.

am-bone soup, so why not live a little right ow?"

In fact, he lived with his mother. It was com- on knowledge. Sometimes she came to the re- earsals. She sat in the back of the auditorium nd watched him. She kept her worn coat on nd her short black boots, as well as a clear plas- c rain hat over her dingy hair. She sat watch- g, clutching her scuffed black handbag.

The first day of rehearsal, and every subse- uent Thursday afternoon, my friend Tiffany nd I ran down the street to the drugstore after nch so that I could buy my five packs of Tea- erry gum. She turned up her nose at the muted ink packs that she said nelled like toilet-bowl leaner. "Not to me," I id, stuffing a piece nto my mouth with the rgency of a heroin ddict. I absolutely had o have something in ny mouth for the ordeal f orchestra. I was too ld to suck my thumb nd too young to smoke, o as far as I could see um was the only lternative.



We were dismissed arly in the afternoon, erded onto the bus, nd then taken to the igh school at the far nd of town. On the bus iffany sat like a lady, ith her reeds in her outh, and I continued y gum orgy. When we ot to the high school uditorium I preopened ll the packs and acked them on the and so that they'd be eady when I needed hem. My stand partner ad thick glasses and a nus condition. We were qually nauseated by each other, so we left well nough alone. He snorted and dripped and lew, and I stuffed and chewed, cracked the wad n my own expert way, and swallowed hunk fter hunk. My intestinal tract was probably nore beautiful than anyone else's, all my gray od laced with indestructible pink ribbon. I lew bubbles with gum that was not designed o be blown. And I watched Mr. Smedley.

That first day Mr. Smedley handed out scores f *The Firebird* under the glare of Mother Smed- ey's beady eyes in the back row. Then he cleared his throat and started to talk. He was addressing 150 junior high students, each with their own noisemaker. He tapped his stand with his wand. Nothing doing. He tried to bring his arms up, in conductorly fashion, but his suit restrained him and he could only get them so far. He undid his cuff links, which released him only another two inches.

His words "Quiet, please" fell from his mouth and landed right by his dusty brown vinyl shoes. I looked into the thick lenses of my virtually blind stand partner and couldn't find his eyes. Then I put another piece of gum in my mouth and waited. Mr. Smedley tapped his stand again. It was clear that his suit was not going to bear the strain of the year. He started to pace back and forth, he bashed a music stand against the podium, and then he all out shouted and stomped his feet. He was practically in tears, and Mother Smedley just sat there watching. It was when he started waving his hands that the musicians quieted in spite of themselves. Our mouths hung open: The plucked chickens were coming to life and fluttering over Mr. Smedley's head—they were flapping and clucking, just about to fly south. When the quiet came they

Illustration by Gwyn Stramler

hung motionless in the air and then dropped to his sides as if they'd been shot dead. I knew in that moment, and after, when he wearily lifted his long arms over his stand and leaned toward the violas, that he did not want to be the conductor of the All-Village Orchestra. I noticed a sensation in my stomach that I'd never felt before, and in order to register it I took my gum out of my mouth and held the pink wad on my index finger. He was explaining in his reedy voice how to behave. Poor Mr. Smedley was so very tired. What he wanted, I realized in a flash, was to play his violin at Carnegie Hall; he might even have settled for the St. Louis Symphony, but something, maybe the holes in his socks, kept him from that dream. I made my hand like a visor at my brow and squinted out into the dark of the auditorium. His mother looked like the sort who would be only too glad to darn her boy's socks. I put my head down and imagined mother and son in their small unpainted house on the other side of the tracks, the rain dripping through the ceiling onto the Victrola they played their 78 records on. Even though Mr. Smedley wouldn't have been listening to "Tara" from *Gone With the Wind,* that's what I heard in my mind. He was not handy, couldn't change a tire or boil an egg or climb a ladder without tripping on his shoelaces. His power was in his hands after all, in the pads under his bitten nails. He was a violinist, first and foremost. When his mother was basting the rump roast he drank a shot of whiskey and played "The Orange Blossom Special." All the leaks in the roof instantly sealed themselves. "Mother," he then called into the kitchen as the strains of "Tara" resumed, "you can't darn for me anymore. I've got to make it on my own." And so she watched him walk to school the next day in his battered vinyl shoes, with each step the hole in his sock rising above the heel of the shoe to show itself. I opened my eyes and saw his still hands poised for the upbeat. I jammed the violin under my chin, my jaw quit, and then we played the opening of *The Firebird,* which is about as cheerful as the road to hell. We played the tremolo parts and sounded as we looked, like spastic electric toothbrushes.

We muddled through the entire pabulumized junior high version of the suite, the strings lost in the murk of all the tremolo, until Mary Clare Rankin from R. W. Emerson School blew everyone away with the final French horn solo. We had all year to practice, and there she was in the first read-through soaring through all the muck, the spitty air from her embouchure turning to gold in the dark hollow of her horn. Mary Clare had short black hair that was cut in a square around her face, a nose that turned up like a hog's, and blue eyes fringed by long dark lashes. She looked straight over her horn to Mr. Smedley's hands measuring time. Her horn sang above and beyond us, the notes floating out into the auditorium, away from the mire. We should have stopped, and certainly we wanted to, but we felt we had to follow the notes on the page, not to mention our conductor, and make the mad dash to the end. The violins made the sort of noise that must surely fill your ears when you are being suffocated in the dark by a strange man. With a flick of his wrists, Mr. Smedley cut us off. He looked past everyone as if we hadn't been playing at all and said, "Thank you, Mary Clare. Thank you." Then he stared up into the dangling lights. "Break," was all he said. He went down the steps to the middle of the auditorium and just sat there with his fingers in his mouth.

It occurred to me sometime during the first weeks of orchestra that if a bird has the power of love—the power to enchant, the power to destroy—what magic ought a young girl like myself, GeorgeAnne Mealy, have within her beating heart? As it stood, my life was filled with the drama of farce. My violin teacher, Mr. Kuscowski, had no patience for the likes of me but I was what fed his hungry mouths, four of them in his kitchen waiting for their chow. He had eyes that brought to mind jumbo black olives. How did he sleep? It was surely a tight stretch for his lids over the bulge of those Grecian fruits. He made me sing scales, and since I had a range of a minor third I couldn't get to the other end of the octave. He thought I was faking, couldn't believe that any human had been created with a range as limited as mine. He thought my tap-dancing lessons were ridiculous a waste of time, just plain idiotic. I was terrified of him but thought nothing of him from week to week, until he was actually in front of me, sawing his bow through his glassy rosin, waiting for me to wrench my arm under my violin and play.

My parents were parents. They believed in manners, cleanliness, education, virtue, and kindness. My best friend, Tiffany, was thinking about giving up her oboe and becoming a cheerleader; in other words, going over to the other side. She would have no problem; she was graceful and had light brown hair with a lot of silver in it. She wore fishnet stockings and immodest skirts. My homeroom and French teacher, Mrs. Vogel, had recently become a widow. Her husband, who had been second-chair violin in the Chicago Symphony Orchestra, had been murdered on the el train late one Saturday night on his way home from a concert. Mrs. Vogel was short and round, with sleek chestnut hair that she tied in a ponytail and adorned with red grosgrain ribbon. She wore silk dresses that hugged her bulging middle and highlighted her

perspiration problem. There was always a damp silky sheen under both of her armpits. Her life had been laid bare and yet she was standing at the blackboard, day after day, perspiring to the amusement of eleven- and twelve-year-olds.

My father was often demanding to know what I had learned at school. How could I explain that school didn't have anything to do with numbers, places, dates, or the subjunctive? I watched the circles of sweat enlarge in the silk of Mrs. Vogel's dress as she conjugated *mourir,* and saw into the endless dark pit of loss.

Other revelations came to me spasmodically. I had a vision in December, when the All-Village Orchestra drove way out of town to play Christmas concert at a retirement home in the country. I was sitting behind Mr. Smedley. He was talking to the choral director, Mr. Rice. I sat perfectly still and straight, listening to his every word. He was telling Mr. Rice about his tenth summer, when his mother sent him to work on a farm. We were passing fields and barns and silos, and he kept polishing the steamy window with his glove so that he could see out.

"My uncle," Mr. Smedley explained, "treated me like his own boys, who had grown up on the farm. He expected me to drive the tractor even though my feet didn't reach the clutch." I imagine Mr. Smedley shrunk to the size of a ten-year-old. I squeezed my eyes shut and tried my best. "He made me mow the hayfield one day. I couldn't reach the clutch, and I was heading toward the end of the row. I knew I wasn't going to be able to stop the tractor. I was getting closer and closer and closer to the end, and I couldn't turn the tractor around because there just wasn't room, and I couldn't stop. I didn't know what to do, so I, ah, just put my head down on the steering wheel and cried until I crashed into a cedar tree at the fence line. The mower cut up the tree and the fence, but that tractor stopped." He took off his navy blue stocking hat and smoothed his greasy hair and then laughed into his chest. "I swore I was never going to be a farmer—that much I knew."

He went on to tell other tales of farm horror, but I was stuck with Mr. Smedley back on the tractor before the end of the row. I imagined him in his tight suit, his raw skin, tears coming down his face, his mother far away in the city. His cruel uncle would take him into the henhouse and beat him with a green willow twig. I knew then that the feelings I had were strong enough to have a name. What were they called? What was the unrelenting ache all through my chest each time I looked at Mr. Smedley's vinyl shoes?

Whatever the feeling, it seemed logical to imagine poor bereaved Mrs. Vogel running through the field to him, stooping in her blue silk parent-teacher conference dress, wiping the tears from his eyes while he murmured, "Patricia, Patricia," and then lying down next to him in the soft, freshly mowed hay, and lying there into the night, renaming all the constellations in French.

I whispered something of the sort to Tiffany, and she spit out her reeds and popped her hand to her mouth. We both put our heads down and laughed until we got to the outskirts of Aurora. That's all that happened after my vision, nothing more. But I noticed that I felt different as I watched Mr. Smedley from my fifth chair: It was both as if I were a vulture clutching my perch and staring down at him without blinking and as if I were a sponge, soaking up the water, brine and all, without even trying. I guess you could say I was watching, and even when I wasn't watching I was watching. I also kept my eye on Mary Clare way in the back, up on high. She was in a different orbit. She was out of reach, not only because she was in the eighth grade but also, of course, because of the power in her lips. I waited for the blast of horn to come down to the swamp waters of the strings. We sounded no better after four months of rehearsal; we were still wallowing around and there was nothing Mr. Smedley could do. We had sectional after sectional; he threatened, he begged, he stormed. He even resorted to bribery. Everyone loved playing *The Sound of Music* medley, but he didn't let us very often, unless we got that tremolo to be clear and together. To the best of my knowledge so far, precision and clarity were things that came to adults. Mr. Smedley might just as well have been teaching hyenas to sing the *Messiah.* He always adjourned to his seat in the middle of the auditorium to bite his nails.

In the end all we could do was wait for the relief of Mary Clare. I watched her licking her lips again and again before her entrance and then lifting her golden horn to her mouth. I watched Mr. Smedley actually close his eyes while he conducted her solo.

Occasionally, when we walked into the high school from the bus, Mr. Smedley was there to greet us. Every now and then he winked at me. I came, my green headband holding my long, curly red hair off my pale face, my long feet in sensible brown oxfords, my violet anklets, the cold purple knobs of my knees, my navy sailor dress, my imitation-crocodile violin case slapping against my side. He winked, not in a jeering, lecherous way but in a way that said its usual "I know you can't play a tune on that instrument." I always grinned breathlessly at him while I scrutinized his face: There were more wrinkles under his eyes than last week—he was so terribly weary. His hair was in grave danger of

turning entirely into oil and spilling off his head onto the floor. That unidentified feeling rushed into my chest cavity and then up my throat, where it just sat. I had to chew my gum and swallow hard to push past the lump.

Every Thursday after lunch I sensed Mrs. Vogel watching me mournfully as I took my violin from my locker; she was thinking of the bullet holes in her dead husband's shattered heart and his forever stilled viola. In truth, I hadn't stopped thinking about what had hit me over the head on the bus to Aurora. It was perfectly natural for them to develop an interest in each other. I already knew what the lavender napkins would say at their wedding luncheon: "Bruce and Pat." There was so much to do before that day! They both had demanding careers, and so there wasn't a lot of time to meet, not to mention the nuisance of Mr. Smedley's mother always lurking around the corner. They would have to write letters. She would write on beige scented stationery, he on spiral notebook paper that had thin staff lines and was intended for composers. When Patricia received his letters she would rub the perforated edges against her cheek to simulate his pockmarked skin.

Who would write first? Mr. Smedley was not your typical man, knowing how to take the lead, but under the circumstances, the murder of Mrs. Vogel's husband, etc., it seemed unlikely that she, vulnerable and moody, would initiate the correspondence. Up in my room one cold January night I wrote the first letter.

> Dear Patricia,
>
> When I see you I am reminded of the grove of poplars near my uncle's farm. It was a refuge for me when I was a boy, a place of shimmering wetness. So it is hard for me not to think of you as Patricia of the Poplars—for when I see you in the halls, when I pass by your door and look through the slim window and hear your French and wonder if you are gagging, so true is your accent, I have the indecent (yes! I admit it) but raging urge to fling open the door and come to you at your desk, kiss your chalky hand, and then put my weary head on your shoulder. There, I have said it. With you near me I would feel just as I had in the poplars: that here was finally rest from the terrors of the world, from the violins in the All-Village Orchestra, to name one horror, in particular. I would remain there at your shoulder all through class, as you explained the *vous* and the *tu,* the formal and the familiar. And that, my dear, sweet Patricia of the Poplars, is what I would like, to go from the formal to the familiar.

He didn't even sign the first letter. We had been studying the deciduous trees in Earth Science: Poplars had leaves that fluttered nervously in the wind and soft pulpy wood that clogged sewer systems. The next day on the playground I showed the letter to Tiffany, and she grabbed my arm and took me to the corner of th ing. "Oh, my God," was all she could sa first five minutes, pulling at her cheeks her eyes nearly popped out. I sat her d the cold asphalt and handed her my no She looked up at me, and I began to c the response:

> Dear Bruce, if I may be so bold,
>
> Do you think that I have not noticed y face in my window? After you disappear I my door and press my head against the ver imagine that I smell the rosin on your suit faintest hint of your aftershave, which yo sparingly. I almost feel the door close it arms around me and rock me gently until in my heart trickles down to my feet and d more than aggravate my ingrown toenail. relief you bring, to ease my every inch o simply by looking in on me. Someday, dea you and I will meet freely, in a grove of perhaps—someday, in a heavenly sphere.
>
> Until then, I am, Mrs. Vogel

She loved him, she really did, but s still in mourning. It had been only two since the shooting, and she knew that w her feeling, it wasn't proper to go from violin in the wink of an eye. She would be wooed.

For the next several weeks Tiffany and transported. We had been sucked into a of feeling and couldn't keep ourselves fro ing. I found myself moved in the oddest Sitting at supper, I would feel a letter c my throat and sit on my tongue. I could get out the words "May I be excused?" the urgent message pushed from behi teeth. I'd have to rush to my room breathless while my mouth formed the and my hand moved across the page. I wa aware that I was hooked into something f er than myself. I didn't really feel as if the were coming from me, is about all I can explain the mystery of it. They spilled o per sometimes three, four, five times a had a special notebook that I carried w everywhere, which held the up-to-date spondence. As the weeks went on composed less and became the wardrob dinator. She sketched the different out and P. were to wear on their various dat filed them in her fashion notebook.

I hardly noticed my mother's eye on me knew she was wondering. She'd say thing as, "What's the matter with you, George I've asked you to empty the dishwasher times." Or, "GeorgeAnne, you've been out that window for ten minutes. What's on in that head of yours?"

If only I could tell her that in my mind coming down the aisle, the maid of hono

under dress and a crown of daisies.
or he came to the window and looked into my
s; she tried to see through to me, but she
nie up against a black curtain, a NO ADMIT-
olCE sign. "GeorgeAnne!" she cried, shaking
p "I don't know what I'm going to do with
." I shrugged my shoulders and went to my
m to dream of love. There was nothing I
ited to do more than crawl into bed and lie
re and look at my ceiling, watching the two
hem running toward each other from the op-
ite ends of the school baseball diamond.
en they met and kissed I had to turn over.
nething on the order of molasses was rush-
in from the dark into my body, starting
at my head and swirling down and
down.

One February morning Mrs. Vogel was
ring a particular favorite of mine, her green
ss; it was impossible not to be moved by the
ctacle, and I found Mr. Smedley taking pen
nand during French class, against his better
gment:

Dear Patricia from the Grove of Poplars,

I see you are wearing your green silk today. It is the exact color of Ma's pea soup. You have your underarm sweat shields on, and you are dry, my love. I imagine your sad face in the palm of my hands, and I think of our leaky roof at home, and I want to cry. But then I remember that we arranged to meet in the alley after school and that, if it will not make you too sad, I will play you the favorite song of your dead husband on my violin. I will play "Embraceable You." I will kiss the soles of your pink feet and dally at your knees. I sometimes wonder at the mysterious ways of God, that he would have taken your dark-haired husband and then given you to me. I am so much damper than the ever handsome violist, my hair is falling out, and my joints are loose, and yet I adore you with a passion that is as dry as fire. Is it my love, I wonder, the strength of my yearning, that caused the sniper to flatten your husband on the corrugated doormat of the el train? We will not talk of these things; I will merely play. I am your true one,

Brucie

I was writing this in my notebook, writing it
Bruce's impetuous scrawl, hurrying to finish
that I could pass it on to Tiffany. I ripped out
e note while Tiffany coughed, and then I fold-
it into the size of a large pea. It was when my
nd was directly over the aisle for a fleeting
ond that I heard Mrs. Vogel's voice: "George-
nne, FREEZE." In retrospect it all seemed so
evitable; we should have had a getaway car or
me plan for spontaneous combustion. My arm
is suspended in midair with the paper flutter-
g in my closed fist. Tiffany had her head down
her desk. Our future was clear. I saw us from
e back, our hands cuffed behind us as we walked through the iron door of the federal penitentiary.

Mrs. Vogel came to my desk and held out her hand. I squeezed the note harder.

"Give me the note."

"No," I said. I coughed. "Non, s'il vous plaît."

"GIVE ME THE NOTE." Someone who has a perspiration problem owes it to herself not to get overly agitated.

"This will not make you happy," I said to her.

"I'm sure it will not," she said in plain English.

What was I to do? I looked left and right, I tried to pulverize the paper in my already tight fist. When I handed it over she just stood at my desk and read, and when she was done she stared at me and then turned to Tiffany and then back at me again. "Come out in the hall," she choked.

When she had closed the door behind her classroom she looked at both of us, standing against the lockers like we were about to be shot. She clenched her teeth and hissed into our faces, "Who is Brucie?" And then she burst into tears, something in and of itself so astonishing I forgot, for a moment, to be scared.

When neither of us answered she shrieked in a whisper, "Tell me. I demand to know who this Bruce is."

"He is, ah, Mr. Smedley. Mr. Bruce Smedley." I spoke staring straight ahead.

She looked at the paper in horror. "Mr. Smedley? Oh," she said, ripping at it, shaking her head, the tears running into her mouth, her nose dripping. "You girls go too far, too far."

As a result of this one single intercepted note she marched back to her room, screamed at the class to do all the exercises in the entire book, and then she flung open my desk, throwing out papers and books. Her infallible teacher radar led her straight to the bottom. She seized the perfectly plain blue spiral notebook. Tiffany and I were bound and gagged and then prodded down to Mr. Flannigan's office. Mrs. Vogel slammed the notebook on his desk and then put her hands to her mouth. The remarkable thing was that even as it was happening, I was writing to her in my mind, to tell her to calm down, to acknowledge to herself that she was behaving like a lunatic.

We had to stand there in the office while Mr. Flannigan read every letter to himself. I knew them all, could say them by heart to myself as he read.

Dear Brucie,

What I would give to stroke your cheek, you darling toad you. I dream of sneaking past your mother's bedroom to the small room at the end of the hall, where I know you lay your lonesome head

down on its white pillow. You, who do not hang pennants on the wall from the football teams of your youth but rather have busts of Beethoven on your night table. I have been married before and know the secrets of your chamber. I will come to you in the night and sing in your ear, and you will dream of the Des Plaines River and not know why. I have been robbed and made richer, stranger than fiction, as deep as truth.

I am your most dear,

Patricia of the Poplars

I put the Des Plaines River in there only because it was a local French name and I liked the sound of it.

Mr. Flannigan turned the page and read the response.

My Darling P of the P,

I dreamt of the river. I knocked down the door of my room in my sleep; I was like a horned moose bashing through the woods on his way to his velvet coated she-moose. How I desperately need to feel the blue silk of your dress on my hands; how I long to finger the flesh around your clavicle and beyond. I yanked off my red union suit and was determined to come to you, but Ma heard me, warmed me a cup of Ovaltine, and sent me back to my room. Know, my dearest, that I will not be stopped, that the day will come when we will share our roll-on antiperspirant in our very own white tiled bathroom. You will learn all of Ma's secrets, just how to boil the chicken gizzards in bacon grease, and then we will tousle on the sofa during the Boston Pops. I will wash my hair whenever you say, my love, my P of the P. You will wash your shields at the sink and turn to watch me splash in the tub—you will—

Mr. Flannigan's freckled skin underwent a color change as he read. His temples were pulsing, as if only now he was coming to life. There was something so unreal and horrifying about the proceedings I had the urge to laugh, but Tiffany was not in any way, or in any part of her self, amused. She stood with her head bowed and her hands clenched.

Mr. Flannigan was frowning and rubbing his fingers over his bristly chin when Mr. Smedley appeared at the clouded glass door, fresh from his third-grade violin class he taught every Monday at our school. He smiled at me before he remembered that he'd been told there was trouble. Mr. Flannigan pushed the letters to the edge of the desk, and Mr. Smedley began to read. Mrs. Vogel, Mr. Flannigan, and Tiffany looked at their laps and the walls while Mr. Smedley read. I watched *him*. I knew it couldn't be true, but all the same I had the distinct impression that he wanted to chuckle. Mrs. Vogel blew her nose and Mr. Flannigan swiveled around in his chair so that he could stare at the venetian blinds. Mr. Smedley looked up from the paper finally and then straight into my eyes for an instant. Just that long. Then he cleared his throat and shifted from side to side and said "Ah well." He puckered his lips and swished some saliva around in his mouth. "If these girls were as good at their music as they are at writing there'd be some hope for the concert halls of America." All of a sudden there was noise and movement; it was Mrs. Vogel remonstrating with a pure kind of noise that had no actual meaning—she was like a little dog yapping and yapping at an imaginary postman. I remember the swirl of her pea green dress, and next I knew I was out in the waiting room. Tiffany went directly to the opposite wall and sat on the sofa there with her arms folded across her chest. I stood by the drinking fountain and thought that it was probably time to decide what order I would like to enter as a novitiate. It seemed like hours before we were both handed sealed envelopes and told to go home.

"I'm never going to speak to you again," Tiffany said.

I looked past her and saw her blue and gold pom-poms of the future flashing in my face. I nodded and walked the long way home.

My mother was on the phone when I came in. She reached out, and I put the envelope in her hand. I knew instinctively that this was not going to be taken lightly. My parents, pure American now with only faint traces of Anglo-Saxon blood in their veins, had always behaved as if they were first-generation immigrants, and education was the ticket to commerce. The institution of school was so sacred I had to be delirious before I could stay home sick.

I sat at the kitchen table and waited. When she hung up she sat down and began to cry. Her tears came from so many different wellsprings—they were tears of anger and disappointment, and, worst of all, humiliation and failure. Sometime during the ensuing discussion she was going to point out to me the number of new gray hairs that had sprouted since she had received the phone call from Mr. Flannigan.

She put her puffy face in her hands and then smacked her palms on the table. "GeorgeAnne Mealy!" she shouted. "How could you have done such a thing to Mrs. Vogel?"

There was no point in trying to explain that I was hoping to heal the wound and to kill two birds with one stone, so to speak. Turn two miseries into one resplendent joy. "Bruce and Pat"—it had sounded so right. I looked at the table and cried, not because I was ashamed but because of injustice the world over, and in particular in this newly remodeled kitchen that now had a garbage disposal and an ice crusher.

My father was brought into it, and the scolding went on at length. My mother cried again, and my father paddled me on the sofa with a

wooden spatula. I was sent to my room, fetched or more talk, cried at, and then sent back. Mrs. Vogel's tragedy was described to me repeatedly; the letters, my parents explained, hurt her deeply, shamed her in ways a twelve-year-old could never understand. I had caused someone to suffer, to SUFFER, DID I UNDERSTAND?

I was no better than a felon. I was suspended for two days and had to do hard labor for a month for Mr. Smedley. Tiffany had obviously been led to bad behavior by me and had done very little actual writing. She had left the fashion notebook at home by accident on the day of the inquisition, so the sketches of Pat in her surf-and-sand getup, her horseback-riding habit, her after-school negligee were not in the public domain. For punishment Tiffany had to wash the blackboards in Mrs. Vogel's room for two weeks.

During my suspension I stayed in my room and practiced *The Firebird*. I worked up calluses on my fingers. I tried to hear the story in the music, and when that didn't work I tried to tell the story with the music. I really listened to the sound of my violin. It was such a terrible noise, little better than the screech of a cat when you step on its tail and wait. I suspected, like so many things, that when I got older it would come clear; at sixteen, no doubt, I would tuck the violin under my chin and hear the melody.

When I went back to school I was welcomed with the measured warmth a leper receives at the village square. Mrs. Vogel refused to meet my eye, and not once, for the rest of the school year, did she call on me.

For my labor I stayed after All-Village Orchestra and helped to fold up the stands and chairs and put them on a cart. Mother Smedley waited in the back with her rain hat on. Mostly Mr. Smedley and I didn't speak. Occasionally, I ventured a thing or two. Coming toward him with my metal chairs clanging, I'd say, "Mary Clare is a pro." And he'd say, "Uh huh, terrific." And then we'd move away from each other, both of us filled with the same haunting strain.

Once, when he was having trouble collapsing a chair, I asked him what it meant.

"What what means?" he said, banging at the legs.

"The music. The horn solo."

He stopped and looked at me. "Uh"—he took a pass over his thin wet hair with his hand—"I think it's about resolution, and"—he looked out into the dark theater—"it's something you feel, here." He pounded with his fist on his sunken chest. "I guess I can't say it in words; I'm not very good at that sort of thing." He looked at me in a way that made me think a sparkler had been lit at my throat and then sizzled all the way down to my toes. He went back to wrestling with the chair, trying to get it to fold. Then he paused and leaned on a stand. "I leave it to you to describe it sometime, GeorgeAnne." I nodded and stared at the floor and then I walked straight over to him and kicked the chair. It smacked against itself and went flat.

I stayed and helped beyond my month's requirement. Now it was what I looked forward to each week: dragging the metal chairs back to the rack, mostly in silence, and Mr. Smedley's three words at the end, "Thank you, GeorgeAnne." Sometimes he gave me one pat on the shoulder with his long chapped hand.

I was virtually grounded for the rest of the year. When I cried at dinner one rainy night in April because I couldn't go to Tiffany's roller-skating party and I knew she'd invited me only because she knew I wouldn't be allowed to come, my mother said her usual line, "There's so much more to life than a skating party." She had used that tack with me so many times: There's more to life than Halloween, more to life than a new dress, more than shopping, Christmas, the school play. Each time I had to ask myself, What then? What more is there?

I went up to my room after dinner and undressed for bed in the dark. I stood at the dresser in my undershirt and underpants, snapping my barrette open and closed for the longest time. It came to me bit by bit, as my eyes slowly adjusted to the gauze texture of the dark, and I began to see. For Mrs. Vogel there was the kindness of her students; any absence of cruelty was a blessing. For Tiffany there was the relief of checking the attic and finding in the farthest corner her fashion statements still shredded to bits in a shoebox. There was the temporary glory of being on the top of the pyramid in a short pleated skirt. I looked out to the streetlight, blurred and standing alone in the drizzle, and suddenly I knew what there was for me. For GeorgeAnne Mealy there were two things: There was the lurking power of words, words to tell any dream in the world; but most of all there was the feeling in the back of my throat, at the roots of my hair, in the goose bumps on my knees, the knot in my stomach, of pity. I had finally found its name. Pity ran so deep in my blood I had to kneel on the wood floor and cry into my wastebasket.

When I quieted I put my nightie on and went to the window. I stood pressing my hot forehead against the cold glass. I looked out, trying to think what sorts of gifts there were for poor Mr. Smedley. I stared at the wet shining sidewalk, and it didn't take long to come to me after all. For Mr. Bruce Smedley there was Mary Clare's horn, bursting forth at his direction, shaking the podium with a love song. For Mr. Bruce Smedley there was maybe even me. ■

FEELING SOMETHING

When a father dies

By Bruce Duffy



In the fall of 1962 I was eleven, still submerged in that murk, or sump, between childhood and puberty. The mind at eleven is raw and mistrustful, forever explaining life to itself, ruthlessly scrutinizing it like something wriggling on the end of a stick. I can still hear that boy's summoning, inward voice crackling like a police radio, trying to unscramble knotted feelings and worries about so many things that to him seemed either unreal or phony, like brownnosing or closing your eyes real tight when you prayed after receiving Communion. Descending from age thirty-eight to the silty deeps of eleven, I can still hear him say, *Come on, how can I cry in front of everybody in public like that? That really stinks!*

How could I cry? I had just lost my mother, and now my father, my relatives, and the neighbors—everybody was watching me like I was supposed to sob or act some kind of way. But how was I supposed to act—even, say, if I almost *felt* like crying—without also "playacting"? I was stuck. For me, it was the scourged feeling of standing exposed before a wall of urinals in a packed men's room, a feeling of wanting to go real bad but being plugged and powerless to pee. *So everybody quit staring, huh!*

Bruce Duffy is the author of the novel The World As I Found It. *His last piece for* Harper's Magazine, *"Catching a Westbound Freight," appeared in the June 1989 issue. He is currently working on a new novel.*

Even now, the intense self-scrutiny and impotence of those days seem like something dreamed. But no, I didn't imagine it. Several years ago, after meeting one of my favorite aunts, my wife playfully asked her what I was like as a boy. "Well, honey," said Aunt Rose coyly, with a darting smile at me. "Wellll, you might say he was one strange kid! One thing I remember. Nobody knew what in the dickens he felt when his poor mom died. He didn't seem to feel a thing."

Felt nothing!? Hearing this old slander, I wanted to fly back, *Christ, Rose, how could you presume that? Are you really that blind or naive?*

But I couldn't fight with my old aunt now. I didn't want to dredge up that old mess. So the matter of what I felt or didn't feel lay undisturbed until last summer, when a young man in a dark suit ushered me into the parlor where my father lay in an open coffin, looking smaller than his six feet three inches and clutching in his hairy, withered hands a black rosary.

His death had been sudden—a massive coronary—and I was his only child. His second wife, my stepmother, was on her way to the viewing, but mercifully for me, I had beaten her there, wanting a few minutes alone so that I might get used, like very deep, cold water, to the feeling of looking down on my father's shellacked face and the buzzing, black whorl inside his ear where the makeup so abruptly ended.

So odd, how we talk to the dead, trailing off, then resuming miles later in the bending force field of memory. Patting my father's immobile shoulder, I was saying squeakily, "Oh Christ, Pop, why'd this have to happen, huh? Man, you didn't even have a chance to see your first grandchild."

Man. Suddenly, I'm calling him "man": Death forces us to take queer liberties, two minds suddenly thrust together, memory to memory. For five minutes I stood there, muttering or half praying in my head, when out of a kind of desperation to bring him closer, I did something impulsive, something inappropriate, perhaps but to me intensely natural. This was an old impulse, something I used to do to him as a kid, whether to love or annoy him or both. Lightly, like a wing, I skipped my open palm like a Hellcat fighter plane over his bushy gray flattop, humming *NYYYYeeeerrroowwwWWW*—

That's what got me. That dumb kid's love prank was what finally

Illustration by Greg Voth

oke loose those jammed feelings—
ck to when his hair was bristly dark
d tipped with light, back to 1958
d the summer in Maine, when, both
earing white bucks, really snazzy, we
anged two sprunged-out tennis
ckets and wiggle-waggled our knees
ging Elvis's "Hound Dog" and
om got the hiccups, and it was such
riot—back when life was a given,
d happiness ever youthful, the
odness surging in like a cold Maine
le.

NYYYYeeeerrroowwwWWW, and I
as too much feeling something.
rching off to the men's room, I
rned on the spigots, washing my
ce of this blackness because peo-
e were coming and I still didn't understand a goddamned thing.

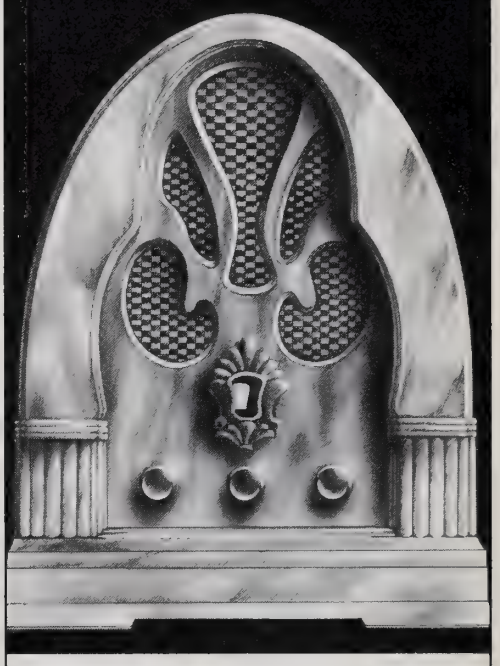
The odd thing was, for months be-
re this I'd had this peculiar, gather-
g sense of my life as something
ted. Slowly, my past seemed to be
lling toward me, heaving down
rd, then rushing back with the
avy, dark purgings of ocean waves.
But why this prickly, fated feeling?
wondered. Maybe it was the immi-
nt birth of our first child after two
iscarriages that made me feel so dan-
rously lucky. On the other hand,
aybe it was the two good friends who
d just lost parents that made me feel
is dark breath on my neck. Then
ain, if I was seeing the emergence of
certain curious shape to my life, that
as also because I was actively *seeking*
I was nearing thirty-eight, the age
y mother was when she died. I guess
had always imagined that at thirty-
ght we would converge, my mother
d I. Catching her in age after twen-
-seven years of pursuit, I thought at
st I might better understand her life
d what she felt when she left: I
aited that day when we would be
t just mother and son but simply
an and Bruce, as if we'd met at some
ucous party of the memory.

But all the while my mother had
en changing. After dying once, she
d been slowly dying out of me as I
ew into adulthood, dying twice and
dozen times, never leaving for good
remaining what she was but reced-
g ever further, growing ever more
e mocking dream. When I look back through my youth, I see my mother vanish repeatedly, only to return like a comet, here darker and more obscure, there more brilliant, and yet always returning in the bending bow of memory. And me always struggling, either to evade or deny her, like a man confronting an old lover, insisting that I'm strong and independent, hardened and now immune to her sting. We don't know our own hearts. After a time, once the spell of grief is broken, the truth is, we don't *want* the dead to return, that's our dark secret and the bitter root of our confusion. Oh, Mother, so many years I've spent running and never catching up, cursing you because I could neither catch you nor kill you as a memory, powerless ever to get free. Or so it has been until now, when the light shifts and suddenly I see I've surpassed you—when I must endure the cruel irony of growing older, perhaps even wiser, while remaining forever a captive child, ever subject to your fickle will.

But I wasn't just struggling with my mother all that time. For years after her death my father and I also fought, and fought bitterly. From my teens through my late twenties, my father and I were sucked through the undertow of a bitterness so progressive and consuming that I don't think either of us understood it, in either its unholy force or its prolonged and insidious effects. My chief consolation now is that when he died our days of warring were miraculously over—so resoundingly over that at times I still found it stunning that we could actually be friends, at times almost buddies. But this doesn't account for our former estrangement, those jumbled, tormented feelings of love, awe, contempt, and even hatred that I had for him when I was younger.

A premature death is never quite forgiven: After someone dies too messily, early, or pointlessly, someone else always gets blamed. I had, and still have, my mother's long nose and dark eyes, her small, insistent chin and bratty mouth. Maybe I was too much like her for him then, too flamboyant and playful, too cunning and desirous to put on airs and live, as she had, beyond our class and modest means. He was such a straight arrow,

EXPERIENCE RADIO AS IT SHOULD BE.





Brought to you on National Public Radio by the Chrysler Corporation Fund.

Distinguished artists. Great performances. Enlightening critiques by top reviewers. Every Monday through Friday, "Performance Today" showcases the most exciting new directions in classical music. Enjoy the best of America's performing arts and classical musicians on "Performance Today".

CHRYSLER FUND

Make a life or death decision.

Support the right of the terminally ill to die with dignity. Call for information.

Good Life Good Death
THE HEMLOCK SOCIETY

1-800-247-7421



LIBIDO

The Journal of Sex and Sensibility

Intelligent Erotica for People Who Think

Quarterly $20 Sample $6
Canada/USA $30

Chicago, IL 60614 P.O. Box 146721

really. Maybe that's what he had found so alluring about her, the way she had so blithely lived the risky life he couldn't quite allow himself and certainly couldn't afford then—not when his business partner, taking advantage of his distraction, had screwed him and her hospital bills had all but wiped us out.

But what most irked him then was my "unfeelingness," as he put it. He hated the fact that her death seemed to have passed clean through me, leaving precious little grief that he could see and only my wild, obnoxious propensity to laugh at inappropriate times. I saw his pain. Yet why couldn't I give in, if only to ease his distress at watching our life unravel? I see his red and silent face at supper, a glowering, slapped face that my hot ears could hear sneering, *Eat your food, you miserable little prick. Feel something.* And me in my willfulness, just staring him down in a so-go-cut-my-tongue-out way, hiding my true feelings while feeling such perverse contempt for him, that he shouldn't somehow have divined my obviously profound and courageous grief. And anyway, who was *he,* forcing me, like a criminal, to express remorse for a crime I didn't commit? He didn't know what I felt . . . *that was the point!*

Then, in a way, I guess, I irrationally blamed him for his failure to save her after the progressive botchings of a supposedly routine appendectomy. He always said he could have sued the hospital for malpractice, but as a matter of honor he said he wouldn't use the damaging information the doctors had given him against them in court. "Well, come on," he said, with that dour, numps look he would take on when he felt beaten and intimidated by life. "Whatever else, the doctors acted in good faith." But hearing this intended note of reassurance, I only felt more frantic, outraged by his complacency and cowardice. "What do you mean, '*Good faith*'?" I stood there goggling at him. "They *killed* her, for Christ's sake!"

I thought he was a chump for swallowing that shit, for resolutely playing the gentleman while his partner bilked him and the doctors lost his wife. As a culprit, I craved culprits, yet even so the kid partly knew it was just a plain humiliation, to see hi proud father crippled with grief an the bills so punctiliously submitted b the very idiots he said had killed her

My father was a complex mixture o power and passivity, a tall, command ing presence, with his bushy dark flat top. A former Eagle Scout and Nav lieutenant, he was an intense, com pulsively active man, a mechanica engineer by profession and a man o intimidating prowess in the physica world—able to build a house or tea down an engine. In contrast to thi powerful builder was the defeatec man who emotionally would retreat like a crab, into the ritual order of hi workshop when life got too upsetting This was the irascible man, the hope less gumhand who, it seemed to me could fix anything in the world bu our life, the man who periodicall would lash out at me as he did onc about a year after she died: "What' wrong with you, you stupid kid! Yo never cried. Not one miserable tea for your mother. You faced me like a snowman—still do! Oh, sure, go on Just gape at me with that sneaking idiot grin smeared all acros your face!"

Eight years later—a century lat er, the chasm between 1962 and 197(—things between us were only worse He couldn't stand me growing my hai and wasting his money studying En glish in college—this to him wa "basket weaving," as deluded and im practical as my grandiose, gigolo plan of becoming a writer. ("Oh, sure! A big shot! Another way to run you mouth!") At nineteen, the day after got my draft number (351, no chanc of being drafted), I drove home fron college and told him I wouldn't cu my hair, which was tantamount t saying I was leaving. But this familia struggle wasn't merely about hair o values. For me, I think, it was abou freedom from the past, one final ex pectoration of that swillish death taste tinged with vileness and failure

Yet was I really so ready to leave? remember gently stopping him at th precipice, as he pulled the screen doo shut, hopelessly asking if we might si outside on the stoop and maybe *tal* for a while.

But it was way too late to talk

Mostly through sick silences we alked, the words sticking like fish ones in our throats, until I climbed nto my faded blue VW and left. God, hat a waste that was, the young, aw, pissed-off one driving away in ubbornness and the older one stand-ng in stubbornness as if his feet were ast in cement.

For more than a year there was total lence, a contest, mano a mano, to e who could hold his breath longer. hen came years of brief, awkward re-nions and holiday thaws engineered y my stepmother. In his stiff, resent-l way he tried during these truces. In y sullen, arrogant way I suppose I ied, too, but it was still terrible. One ay or another we always parted gored nd heartbroken. After a curt, embar-ssed hug I would walk into the cool arkness, feeling absolutely scalded efore his all-too-evident bitterness bout the waste and folly of my life, bout the women who inevitably left e, and about my pigheaded delu-ons of eventually being published.

By the time I was twenty-six—a romising unpublished writer–securi-guard—there was still too much itterness and mistrust between us to stain much more than a punishing vice-yearly visit. Pride dies slowly. nly years later, when I was well past irty and happily married, could he dmit how during our warring years he ould sit out back on the patio under e big maple. "Yeah," he said, grit-ng his teeth in that way he did when bout to hook a fish. "On Friday ights I'd sit out here, half bombed, st crying my damned eyes out, ask-g myself what I'd ever done to de-rve you dumping me like that."

We both had tears in our eyes. queezing his shoulder, I said, "So hy couldn't you ever pick up the hone? Do you think I ever would ave wanted to put you through that? o you, even for a second? I can't and to think of you in pain, I can't. ut how was I to know? With me you ways acted like you were made of cking stone."

Nothing is sadder for me than to ink of him under that smothering ee, with the tears streaming down s stiff, red face. And, of course, he as deeply emotional. You can see is clearly in one unforgettable pic-ture of him in our wedding album. There he is, sitting in the front row of the pine grove where my wife and I were married, his eyes wet, staring off into the trees, utterly oblivious to the camera and the people around him. It was my party-crashing mother, so long absent, who had visited him that day. Closing an ellipse of nineteen years, she returned to him as the ceremony was about to begin, intensely visible in the way that dust is illuminated by the spokes of noon, no ghost but rather a memory summoned by a power of memory. Later that evening, by the bar, he told my friend Steve, "You know, it's strange—I mean, to be with one wife while thinking about the old one. It's like getting stuck in a revolving door."

According to Steve, my father said only a few words more before he took his drink and drifted outside, out into the evening wind, under the rushing locust trees. Between two wives he stood: two selves and two pasts at the great white confluence where rivers marry the drowned to the living. So trapped he must have felt, so swamped between times, to have one wife inside, in that flushed warmth where everyone was dancing, while this other, younger one still abided in his mind, ageless and impervious in those rushing branches where the wind still stirred.

I think it's fair to say that three years ago, when I published my first novel, he was deeply shocked. Truly, he was strangely tickled that at last my thrashings and confusions had panned out. By then he had semi-retired from his heating and air-conditioning business. He'd had a mild heart attack, a good whiff of mortality, but he was still going hard, working part-time, testing an invention he was patenting, bicycling for miles, and traveling, first to the Mideast, then to Australia, then the next summer to Ireland.

I remember him as being more relaxed then, happier than he'd been in years, actually. I could say, with a child's condescension, that he had mellowed, but the truth is, we both had. Over the last two summers, my wife and I had an annual weekend with him down at the beach. My dad and I also talked regularly and—unusual for us—had several long lunches together. Unmistakable resemblance, the tall, graying older man with the perennial flattop and the tall, short-haired ex-hippie in the suit, the two of them grabbing and laughing, then rather fastidiously eating dribbling bay oysters, two platters, followed by gamy shad roe and bacon washed down with schooners of beer.

In his quiet way he was especially excited about becoming a grandfather. Just two days before he died, he and my stepmother came to our house with gifts—baby clothes, bedding, and a new stroller. What hurts now is remembering him sitting in the freshly painted baby's room, rocking in the maple glider chair, peering around the room, just smiling and luxuriating in the sheer, uncanny idea of it, a granddaughter.

Two days later I was up in New York, deciding on a new publisher. For three hours that day I'd talked with editors in two different publishing houses about a new novel—one about, among other things, the queer, continuing relationship between a child and a dead parent. But, God, the timing was rotten. Why dig all this up now, especially when my father was still alive? For months I fought it like a seasickness, feeling guilty yet mindful that the book couldn't be deferred or avoided.

But at last I'd made my decision to publish, and as I boarded the train for Washington, I was excited by a suggestion my new editor had just made. No sooner did I find my seat on the train home than I began to write the scene of the father picking up his son at school, then evasively explaining, in those fumbling conditional tenses we use for death, how the boy's mother might possibly die. Ordinarily, I never write on trains, yet now I wrote steadily, propulsively. Over the next two hours I covered nearly six pages in my notebook, describing that mysterious feeling of coincidence that accompanies death—that whammy feeling that out of millions of possible targets death should strike you. Describing the boy's inner thoughts, I wrote: *But still it could happen. It could happen like a ball whizzing straight for your head.*

CD NEWS
for the Collector

Our unique compact disc **"Newsletter/Catalog"** is your *shopping alternative* to the "Top-40" mind-set of record stores and clubs.

Each issue is filled with reviews of the **best new releases** – from popular to unusual and hard-to-find – in classical, jazz, folk, blues, and rock. ***Over 300 new titles in each issue. We cover over 260 labels.***

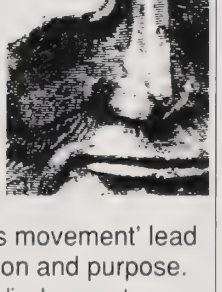
THE KEY NOTE MUSIC • GROUP

Order from our catalog at **below list prices.** And, contact us about *any* CD – if it's out there we'll get it for you.
1 year subscription (6 issues) ***$5.00*** *(refund with first CD purchase.)*
Phone in credit card orders. Or, send Ck., M.O., MC/Visa (card name, number, exp. date) to:

10 Front Street, Dept. 208 • Collinsville, CT 06022
203 • 693 • 1723, ext. 208

WILD MEN

WITH ROBERT BLY AND JAMES HILLMAN



Two giants of the 'men's movement' lead an initiation into passion and purpose.
A celebrated public radio documentary
by **Tim Wilson**
60 min. audio cassette $12.95 ppd.
From: The Studio, Nobleton, Ontario Canada L0G 1N0

Want to locate a MISSING SPOUSE, PARENT, FRIEND, or DEBTOR? The "HOW TO FIND MISSING PERSONS MANUAL" will let you do it FAST, from within the privacy of your home. Earn money locating for others. Free consultation for one (1) year. Send $79.95 to:
FINANCIAL TRAINING INSTITUTE, INC.
5100 WEST 164th STREET SUITE 21
CLEVELAND, OH 44142

SOLUTION TO THE MAY PUZZLE

P	A	R	S	I	F	A	L	L	I	N	G	O
R	A	N	K	L	E	T	I	N	A	M	O	U
A	S	P	I	R	A	T	E	S	K	I	R	T
E	Y	E	S	I	G	H	T	I	N	L	A	W
P	A	C	E	C	A	R	D	A	K	O	T	A
S	W	A	N	S	K	I	N	M	E	T	A	L
D	E	N	I	E	D	■	S	P	R	O	U	T
E	L	E	C	T	O	R	C	H	I	N	T	Z
R	U	M	M	Y	B	A	R	O	N	E	T	S
E	M	B	A	R	G	O	S	I	G	N	E	T
G	Y	R	O	S	B	A	L	L	A	D	R	Y
G	A	R	G	L	E	S	M	A	D	D	E	R
I	N	S	T	E	P	P	I	S	C	I	N	E

NOTES FOR "SQUARE-RIGGED"

ROWS: 1.a. L-IN-GO; b. P(ARSI-F)AL, anagram of AIRS; 2.a. RAN-K-LL; b. TINAMOU, anagram; 3.a. TRI(c)KS reversed; b. ASPIRATE, anagram; 4.a. IN(L)-AW(e); b. E(YES)IGHT; 5.a. DA(KO)TA; b. RACE-CA-P reversed; 6.a. LATE-M reversed; b. S-WANSKIN (anagram); 7.a. DENIED, anagram; b. SP(R)OUT; 8.a. C(HINT)Z; b. ELECTOR, anagram; 9.a. RUM-MY; b. BA(R-ONE)TS; 10.a. TEN GIS reversed; b. O-GRAB-ME reversed; 11.a. G-YR(r)OS (reversal); b. BALL-A-DRY; 12.a. MADDER, two meanings; b. GAR- (reversal)-GLES (anagram); 13.a. IN(ch)-STEP (reversal); b. P(IS-O)INE. SQUARE CIRCUITS: A.a. WAL (reversal)-T (abri)Z; b. PAR'S-I; c. SP-EAR; d. SIP-PET; e. STYRENIC, anagram; f. SNIG(G)ERED, anagram; g. FAL(LI)NG OUT, anagram; B.a. G(e)R(m)A(n)Y; b. WA(Y)S; c. MULE (ta); d. DA(MS)EL, anagram; e. A-N(K)LET (anagram); f. (p)UTTERED; g. INAMORATA, hidden in reverse; C.a. MEN-ACE; b. BROS-BA reversed; c. END-ALL, hidden; d. PIRATES, anagram; e. K-I-LOT-ON; D.a. SI(G)H, reversal; b. CINE, hidden; c. MARGO'S-I reversed; d. TI(NKE)RING, anagram of KEN; E.a. CARD (a-mom); b. BY-TES (reversal); c. A-MPH-OR-A; F.a. KIN(d); b. S-C-ROD.

SOLUTION TO MAY DOUBLE ACROSTIC (NO. 89). ANNE RIVERS SIDDONS: HOMEPLACE. There had been a fierce, brief thunderstorm . . . , and the heat and humidity had retreated momentarily. . . . Leaves sparkled, and the sweet, grassy earth . . . sucked loudly as it drank in wetness and deliverance. Birds shouted and the wisteria and mimosa were near to heartbreaking.

CONTEST RULES: Send the quotation, the name of the author, and the title of the work, together with your name and address, to Double Acrostic No. 90, *Harper's Magazine*, 666 Broadway, New York, N.Y. 10012. If you already subscribe to *Harper's*, please include a copy of your latest mailing label. Entries must be received by June 8. Senders of the first three correct solutions opened at random will receive one-year subscriptions to *Harper's Magazine*. The solution will be printed in the July issue. Winners of Double Acrostic No. 88 are Gary Hardaway, Hillsboro, Kansas; William S. Flory, Dallas, Texas; and Alexander Shea, New York, New York.

For more than two weeks the kid's mother has been in the hospital worsening to the point that for days the boy hasn't seen her. Shunted from family to family, the boy has hardly seen his father either, what with him being all the time at the hospital mixed up in some kind of conspiracy with the doctors. But then one morning the boy is called up to the principal's office. Singled out! All the other kids aghast, watching him as he rushes out, his head engulfed in flames. But, hey, what's his dad doing at the principal's? "I thought we'd go home for a while," he says evasively, quickly ushering the boy out. Yet once outside, as they're getting into the car, the father says, "You know we've gotta be prepared. I hope I'm wrong, but your mother could die, she really might. It's real close and, to tell the truth—well, things don't look too good."

The boy nods, but he can't fathom this any more than he can understand why, when they have such a short way to go, his father should keep fiddling with the radio dial like he can't find the proper, slithery frequency or words for this. But then, as his father fumbles, the boy hears his decoding head explain:

Even so, it could happen for real, you know. It could happen like a ball whizzing straight for your head.

Suddenly, the boy can see it. He's thinking of how he once watched a walloping line drive—*kapow*, right off the bat, screwing straight for his forehead. *Woof.* Powerless to move, he stupidly watches that widening white ball, knowing no matter which way he ducks it's gonna bean him for sure. And then as he and his dad open the door to the house—the phone rings and his dad looks at him scared, because, of course, now he sees it, too. That ball's burning for them both and the kid just stands there, stunned in the doorway, wondering how he should act. Act surprised? Act upset and run wailing into his dad's arms? Act no way because his ears are ringing and he doesn't know how to act yet? But it's too late, because he knows, sure as sin, that whatever he does he'll be wrong—he'll be impure and phony because he wondered. He'll be wrong because he though

nd didn't just act.

But, in truth, that ball was heading raight for me as I scribbled down this cene. After twenty-seven years, it as burning in again as my train arved in Washington and my wife ulled up in our red Toyota.

"Boy, what a marathon day—" I vung my briefcase into the backseat. Well, how are you?"

There were tears in her eyes. "I feel bad," she wheezed. "Honey, your ather died this afternoon. A heart atack. Your stepmother came home nd found him dead on the bathroom oor."

I didn't cry then. I couldn't move. or the next hour, as I spoke to my tepmother on the phone, I fell into hat same old ear-buzzing stupor, aiting for the pain to bloom and urn through—waiting in the transxed way the boy used to hold a slowurning match in his fingers, seeing ow long he could stand it before icking it away with a teary wince.

But this gray, dumbstruck phase assed soon enough. Once my wife nd I got into bed, I cried all right. his time I felt none of the shame and rudishness the boy had felt before is father's red, exposed grief. Up in ed then, in my wife's arms, pressed gainst her pregnant belly, I learned gain how to cry. Like an old song I earned it, with that same witless, ye-burning helplessness the kid had elt late at night, blurting into his pilow with the ends wrapped around his ars so his old man would never know.

In my memory the man asleep in he next room was no longer just affale old "Pop," not the "old man," Dad," or that more forbidding word, Father"; in my regressive state of hind he was not even remotely so ell formed or sophisticated a conept. Rather, my mind reverted to the ore primitive squall of "Daddy," ack to the point where you remember only the least and deepest, most ost and buried childish things: back o the "once" of that little creek by our house and him squatting beside ou, when his hair was dark and life as still a wondrous, sunny, after-rain hing. Once his upturned shoes in the quishy, and once the echoes you two ade in the darkness under the loud

Continued on page 78

You deserve a factual look at. . .

Mid-East Refugees

Who are they, what is the story?

You have read about hundreds of thousands of "Palestinian refugees" crowding camps in the Middle East, more than 40 years after leaving what is now Israel. Have you ever wondered why they are still homeless wanderers and why they have never been settled? Are you aware that they are not the only "refugees" in the Middle East?

What are the facts?

■ In 1948, on the day of the proclamation of the State of Israel, five Arab armies invaded the new country from all sides. In frightful radio broadcasts, they urged the Arabs living there to leave, so that the invading armies could operate without interference. They could return after the expected quick victory in that "holy war", get their property back—*and* that of the Jews. Things turned out differently. The invading armies were defeated. Those who had left became refugees—people without a country. Those who stayed, and their children, are full-fledged citizens of the State of Israel.

■ These so-called "Palestinian refugees" have not been allowed to settle in the "indivisible Arab nation". They have been supported in camps since 1948. So far, close to $1.8 billion has been spent on their maintenance. No end is in sight. Who pays for that? You guessed it: through UNWRA Relief, the United States contributes more than 60% of the total cost.

■ But there is another side to the "refugee" story. Little is heard of the 800,000 Jewish refugees from Arab countries, who fled those countries to settle in the newly formed Jewish state of Israel. Every one of these refugees was immediately accepted, resettled, taken care of, and given full citizenship by the fledgling, impoverished, and embattled Jewish State. There never has been, and there certainly is not now, a Jewish "refugee camp" in Israel or anywhere else.

■ The Arab refugees who fled Israel left little wealth and little history, since most of them had not come to "Palestine" until Jewish settlers opened economic opportunities in what had been a desolate country for centuries. But the Jews of Arab lands have a history going back thousands of years. When forced to flee, they left behind land, wealth, and a long history. They arrived in Israel, quite literally, only "with their shirts on their backs". They now make up 55% of the vibrant and productive population of Israel. What have the Arabs, the richest people in the world, done with "their" refugees in more than 40 years? They have kept them in misery, on the dole of the world, have taught their hopeless youth the "skills" of suicide missions and of slaughtering defenseless and unarmed men, women, and children.

■ Population transfers have been widely practiced throughout history. In 1923, Greece and Turkey agreed to the resettlement of 2 million Greeks and 800,000 Turks; in 1945, the resettlement of 3 million Germans from Poland and Czechoslovakia was arranged. Following the collapse of its North African empire, France accepted close to 1.5 million people. More than 12 million(!) Muslims and Hindus were exchanged between India and Pakistan. Israel has recognized this historical necessity. The "Arab Nation", with its enormous wealth and vast, underpopulated lands, has stubbornly refused to face facts.

It is clear that the "Palestinian refugee problem" is a red herring, a phony issue, kept alive by the Arab nations for their political purposes, and with cynical disregard for the almost 600,000 impoverished people who still lead a sub-human existence in these camps. If the "Palestinian refugee problem" were to be solved—and it could disappear virtually overnight—the legitimacy of the State of Israel could no longer be questioned. But that is not acceptable to the Arabs. They are firmly committed not to allow any "non-believers" to be in control of any part of the Middle East. It is that, and that alone, which is the real cause of the "Palestinian refugee problem".

This ad has been published and paid for by

FLAME

Facts and Logic About the Middle East

P.O. Box 590359 ■ San Francisco, CA 94159

FLAME is a tax-deductible, non-profit educational 501(c)(3) organization. Its purpose is to combat media inaccuracies, through public education and publicity. Your tax-deductible contributions are welcome. They enable us to pursue these goals and to publish these messages in newspapers and magazines. Our overhead is minimal. Almost all of our revenue pays for our educational work and for these clarifying messages.

Yes, I want to help in the publication of these ads and in clarifying the situation in the Middle East. I include my tax-deductible contribution in the amount of

$_____. H/3

My name is _____

I live at _____

In _____ State _____ Zip _____

Mail to: FLAME, P.O. Box 590359, San Francisco, CA 94159

CLASSIFIED

BOOKS

Eureka Bookfinder. Send wants: 2024-H Harris Street, Eureka, Calif. 95501.

Locating out-of-print books our specialty. Avonlea Books, Box 74E, White Plains, N.Y. 10602. (914) 946-5923.

Old-book scout locates out-of-print books. Write: Greenmantle, P.O. Box 1178HP, Culpeper, Va. 22701.

Booklover's smorgasbord. Free catalogue. Iron Kettle Books, Hancock Road, Williamstown, Mass. 01267.

Anarchist Cookbook available again: $22, postpaid. Barricade Books, Box 140-E, Secaucus, N.J. 07096.

Obtain your books (new or in-print) easily, pleasantly, reliably—with one soothing call to Minnesota. Tell us what you need; we ship immediately or will special-order. Gringolet Bookstore, Minneapolis, Minn. (800) 468-4347.

Canadian Books: Used, out-of-print, paperbacks, hardbacks. Any Canadiana, Arctic, or sea books. Wells Group, 958 Page Avenue, Victoria, B.C. V9B 2M6, Canada.

Mysteries By Mail

A catalog for mystery and espionage readers and their friends. Over 400 books, audio cassettes, videos, games, and gifts. Classics, best sellers, new voices, old friends. Send $2.00 for 40 page catalog. Mysteries By Mail, P.O. Box 679-N, Boonville, CA 95415.

Copyright 1990, Mysteries By Mail

Old and rare books. Fine bindings, travel, fine and decorative arts, etc. Free catalogue. James Beattie Ltd., P.O. Box 882, Blue Bell, Pa. 19422.

Presidential Biographies. Send 25¢ stamp for monthly listing of available titles. New and out-of-print books. American Political Biography, H-39, Boogs Hill Road, Newtown, Conn. 06470.

Catholic Church and the sex problem. Joseph McCabe's authoritative, compelling analysis. Paper: $5. Independent Publications, Box 102, Ridgefield, N.J. 07657.

PUBLICATIONS

The People. Marxist biweekly since 1891. Four months/$1, one year/$4. *The People* (H), Box 50218, Palo Alto, Calif. 94303.

Innisfree—one literary magazine you'll like: fresh, captivating stories and poems, lighthearted artwork, attractive, professional presentation. Subscriptions: $18 (six issues); introductory copy, $2. Box 277-H1, Manhattan Beach, Calif. 90266.

Proof Jesus fictional. Scholarly proof Flavius Josephus created fictional Jesus, gospels: $5. For details, send SASE to Abelard, Box 5652-H, Kent, Wash. 98064.

The Quayle Quarterly

Keep a watchful eye on The Man Who Could Be President. Don't underestimate Dan Quayle - he's being groomed for the No. 1 spot. News, commentary, cartoons, humor. Send $12 for 1 yr ($3.95 for sample).

Box 8593-H Brewster Sta., Bridgeport CT 06605

Successful creative writing: our best tips. Send $4, SASE to Highland Writers Group, Box 6014, Bloomington, Ind. 47407.

HOW TO PUBLISH YOUR BOOK

Join our successful authors in a complete and reliable publishing program: publicity, advertising, handsome books. Speedy, efficient service. Send for FREE manuscript report & copy of Publish Your Book.

CARLTON PRESS Dept. HZR
11 West 32 St., New York 10001

GOURMET

Quick, healthy vegan recipes. Three for $5, ten for $10. ARA, 3908½ Overbrook, Columbia S.C. 29205.

Grandma's pecan pie, cherry, apple, and more. Send $4. P.O. Box 3723, Houston, Tex. 77253.

Stuffings and sauces. Eight enticing recipes. Send $5 and SASE to Just In Co., P.O. Box 691147, Tulsa, Okla. 74169.

Nineteenth-century Texas recipes. Authentic border Mexican. Send $3 to Rocking D Ranch, P.O. Box 201367, Arlington, Tex. 76006.

Tired of peeling potatoes? Try five delicious, elegant ways to prepare them with their coats on. Send $4 to Robert, 710 Turcotte, Sherbrooke, Quebec J1L 1N4, Canada.

The Bread Box Cookbook: 100 recipes from twelve years of baking bread for the Sierra Madre Art Fair. From pineapple macadamia nut to Danish puff to sunflower raisin to pooris. Proceeds support Gooden School. Send $9 to Bread, Gooden School, 192 North Baldwin Avenue, Sierra Madre, Calif. 91024.

REAL ESTATE

Repossessed VA and HUD homes available from government for $1 without credit check. You repair. Also, tax-delinquent foreclosures. Call (805) 682-7555, ext. H-1716, for repo list in your area.

BUSINESS OPPORTUNITIES

Let the government finance your small business. Grants/loans to $500,000 yearly. Free recorded message: (707) 449-8600. KW6.

Read books for pay: $100 a title. Write: PASE–VT2, 161 Lincolnway, North Aurora, Ill. 60542.

Patents. Information. Scott Ramsey, 5253B Even Star, Columbia, Md. 21044.

Earn hundreds weekly stuffing envelopes. Proven successful. No experience necessary. Start immediately. New Era Enterprises. HP, 1589 Albion, Rexdale, Ontario M9V 1B6, Canada. Enclose a large SASE.

Guaranteed. Complete success plan to extra income working at home. Free details. MAF Books, 41 Short Hills Circle, Millburn, N.J. 07041.

Tired of high interest rates? Visa/MasterCard with no annual fees. For details send SASE to Opportunities, 4808 Fairmont Parkway, #125, Pasadena, Tex. 77505.

GENEALOGY

Irish genealogy. Write: Hibernian Research Ltd., 22 Windsor Road, Dublin 6, Ireland. Call (353) 1-966-522 (24 hours).

MERCHANDISE

Naturist videos. $2, SASE. HA, Box 9296, Newark, Del. 19714.

Free children's book/cassette. Smart Alec's, Box 446-HAR, Eagleville, Pa. 19408.

For free information on "how to get rich in the mail-order business" write to T.G., 2415 Augusta, Suite B, Flagstaff, Ariz. 86004.

Genuine one-dollar coin ring, $6.95. Fifty-cent key ring, $3.95. Add $1 S/H. Send check or money order to Never Be Broke, Box 614, Chardon, Ohio 44024.

GIFTS

Penis poster (23″×35″) depicts 12 animal penises (man to whale). Scientific novelty. $10 ppd. to Poster K, Box 673, Bloomington, Ind. 47402.

Dan Quayle quartz watch. Send $39 to JAR, Box 10707, Arlington, Va. 22210.

Cigars of incomparable taste/aroma and vintage. Distinguished super premiums. Caribbean and American origins. Call in Toronto: (416) 963-8255, for catalogue.

ASSOCIATIONS

Bertrand Russell Society. Information: HM, RD 1, Box 409, Coopersburg, Pa. 18036.

CLASSIFIED RATES: Minimum ten words. One time, $2.20 per word; three times, $2.10 per word; six times, $2.00 per word; twelve times, $1.85 per word. Telephone numbers count as two words, as do box numbers. ZIP codes count as one word. CLASSIFIED DISPLAY: Minimum one inch. One time, $130 per column inch; three times, $125 per column inch; six times, $120 per column inch; twelve times, $105 per column inch. The closing for classified copy is the first of the month two months prior to issue date. Prepayment is required. Make checks payable to *Harper's Magazine* and send to Harper's Classified, 666 Broadway, New York, N.Y. 10012. Include telephone number on all correspondence. Address inquiries to Andrew Walko, Classified Advertising Manager.

Knighthoods for gentlemen, honors for ladies. Brochure, $3. Nobilitat-H, 316 Edward Street, Victoria, B.C. V9A 3E6, Canada.

RANCH VACATIONS

Package vacations in Montana's Rocky Mountain wilderness. Trout fishing, horseback riding, river rafting, and much more for all ages. The Hawley Mountain Guest Ranch, Box 4-H, McLeod, Mont. 59025. (406) 932-5791.

VACATION RENTALS

Italy—Tuscany sixteenth-century farmhouse. Spacious quarters, three bedrooms; also three-room apartment. Close to ancient town. Panoramic views. Convenient Florence, Siena. Tansey: (719) 566-1354; commencing April: (39) 575-62512. CP4, Cortona AR/52044, Italy.

Hawaiian Islands—Molokai, Kaluakoi resort. Polynesian studio with kitchen. $50 per night. (800) 225-7978 or (800) 950-5541.

Maine—Port Clyde and Tenants Harbor, wonderful homes, fully furnished, immaculate, and comfortable. From $200 to $2,000 per week, year-round. C. Lang, P.O. Box 282, Tenants Harbor, Me. 04860. (207) 372-8906.

PERSONAL SPAIN

Deluxe tours of Spain for one or two couples (or family group), fully personalized to your requirements, and escorted throughout. See what you want to see: we are totally flexible. Stay as long as you wish (minimum 7 days). Set your own pace. 1992 will be Spain's year in the limelight. See it before it gets crowded!

Call for Free Brochure: 1-800-365-WISH

EMPLOYMENT OPPORTUNITIES

Teach abroad/here. Current openings list: U.S.A., $9; overseas, $9. Special opportunities: Australia, France, England, Japan, $8 each. EISL, Box 662, Newton, Mass. 02162-0002.

Get paid for reading books—$50–$100 per book. Write: Calco Publishing, Dept. C-36, 500 South Broad, Meriden, Conn. 06450.

VACATIONS

Linekin Bay Sailing Resort. Fleet of sailboats, two-masted schooner, sailing instruction, heated pool, tennis. Write for folder: Boothbay Harbor, Me. 04538.

Kiawah, Island Resort. Near historic Charleston. Ten-mile beach and more. Free vacation guide. Ravenel Associates. (800) 845-3911, ext. 375.

Wild Dunes Resort. Twelve miles from Charleston. Beautiful beach, exciting yacht harbor, top-ranked golf. Ravenel Associates. (800) 346-0606, ext. 375.

Seabrook Island Resort. Ultimate private resort. Beach, golf, tennis, equestrian center: free color brochure. Ravenel Associates. (800) 845-2233, ext. 375.

TRAVEL

"Roam the World by Freighter." Reference guide to unusual cruising. $3. TravLTips, Box 218B1A, Flushing, N.Y. 11358. (800) 872-8584; in New York State: (718) 939-2400.

Volunteer work abroad. Two- to three-week village projects in India, Tanzania, Guatemala, Western Samoa, Mexico, and Paraguay. Brochure: Global Volunteers, 2000 American National Bank Building, St. Paul, Minn. 55101.

Soviet homestays. Two weeks, two cities, two English-speaking families. Exotic home-cooked meals. Share ideas and issues. Travelling Shoes, Box 4410, Laguna Beach, Calif. 92652. (714) 752-9036.

GALAPAGOS

Come celebrate in December with 9 other adventurers and our naturalist, sailing on board a yacht, exploring more islands than any other Galapagos expedition.

FREE BROCHURE

Inca Floats 415-420-1550
1311-H 63rd St., Emeryville CA 94608

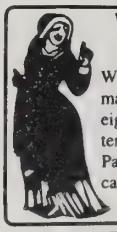
LITERARY SERVICES

Looking for a publisher? Learn how you can have your book published, promoted, and distributed. Send for free booklet: HP-2, Vantage Press, 516 W. 34th Street, New York, N.Y. 10001.

EDUCATION

Bachelor's, Master's, Doctorate. Guide to colleges offering nonresidential degree programs through independent home study. Accredited, economical, accelerated programs. Credit given for prior accomplishments and work experience. Free detailed brochure. Write: Doctor John Bear, P.O. Box 826-H1, Benicia, Calif. 94510.

Study Spanish in Guatemala. Family living. CASA, Box 11264, Milwaukee, Wis. 53211. (414) 372-5570.



Want to brush up on a foreign language?

With AUDIO-FORUM's intermediate and advanced materials, it's easy to maintain and sharpen your foreign language skills. We offer foreign-language mystery dramas, music, games, dialogues recorded in Paris and more. Call 1-800-243-1234 for FREE 32-p. catalog, or write: **AUDIO-FORUM®**
Dept. 641, Guilford, CT 06437

Fully approved university degrees. Economical home study for bachelor's, master's, and Ph.D. degrees, fully approved by California State Dept. of Education. Prestigious faculty counsels for independent-study and life-experience credits (5,100 enrolled students, 500 faculty). Free information: Richard Crews, M.D. (Harvard), President, Columbia Pacific University, Dept. 2F96, 1415 Third Street, San Rafael, Calif. 94901. (800) 227-0119; in Calif., (800) 552-5522 or (415) 459-1650.

Study Chinese at home. Free brochure. Write: AICS, Box 453, Charles Town, W. Va. 25414.

Speak French or any of 32 languages. Free information. Write: Foreign Language Institute, P.O. Box 1535-H, Santa Rosa, Calif. 95402.

SPEAK FRENCH OR ANY LANGUAGE AS U.S. DIPLOMATS DO!

Self-study audiocassette courses developed for U.S. State Dept. now at **savings up to 60%!** Call or write for FREE catalog **1-800-722-6394.**

AUDIO-LANGUAGE INSTITUTE®
516 Fifth Avenue, Dept.H11Suite 507, NY, NY 10036

Off-campus individualized programs for professionals at Somerset lead to American doctoral degrees. For a prospectus send $8 to the International Administrative Center, Somerset University, Illminster, Somerset TA 19 OBQ, England. (44) 0460-57255.

Research papers: 18,278 papers available—all academic subjects. Rush $2 for 306-page catalogue. Custom writing also available. Research, 11322 Idaho, No. 306HB, Los Angeles, Calif. 90025. Toll-free hotline: (800) 351-0222; in Calif., (213) 477-8226.

CHALLENGE THEM
Kindergarten through 8th Grade

You can bring a classic, comprehensive home instruction program to your child. Your home is your classroom; you are the teacher. Developed by certified teachers at our outstanding independent school with detailed, step-by-step instructions. No teaching experience required. All materials are included and you may begin at any time. Coursework readily accepted by other schools; transcripts provided. Assistance from our certified Advisory Teachers is optional. Ideal for enrichment. Join over 350,000 student users since 1906. Fully accredited. Non-profit. Write, call, or FAX for free information.

CALVERT SCHOOL
(301)243-6030 FAX(301)366-0674
Dept. HPS6, Tuscany Road, Baltimore, MD 21210

LIE DETECTION

The art and certainty of discerning honesty and deception. Successful "mind reading" for the layperson. Learn noncoercive, effective, nonmechanical, powerful, covert techniques used to replace polygraph, etc., in governmental and civilian applications. Send $14.95 to LIE-CUES, Box 2313-H, Chapel Hill, N.C. 27514.

MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS

Panpipes/flutes, over 250 varieties, many ages/cultures. Catalogues, $2. Lew Price, Box 1558 (R), Fair Oaks, Calif. 95628.

ART

Unique item of art. Handwoven bookmarker from quality papers: $3.95 each. Dawn Graphics, 2124 Kittredge, Suite 181, Berkeley, Calif. 94704.

Preserve your memories. Have your portrait hand-painted in oil on canvas. Highly skilled artist will work from photograph. Also, Old Masters reproductions in oil and designs according to your specifications. Free catalogue: International Fine Arts Gallery, P.O. Box 2575, Postal Station P, Thunder Bay, Ontario P7B 5G1, Canada; or fax (807) 344-4840.

CLASSIFIED

HEALTH

BLOCK NOISE



E-A-R® plugs made of a patented compressible foam expand to seal off ear canals. Blocks irritating or dangerous noises far more effectively and comfortably than wax plugs. Certified by NASA for all space flights. Washable and reusable. **money back guarantee** **5 pr $4.95 ppd**

Send For Free Catalogue—natural products to promote sleep and relaxation

THE DEEPER SLEEPER, 450 Broome St. #H141, N.Y., N.Y. 10013

PERSONALS

Single Booklovers gets cultured singles of all ages acquainted. Established 1970. Nationwide. Write: Box 117, Gradyville, Pa. 19039; or call (215) 358-5049.

Extraordinary psychic counselor, problem solver. Phone readings. Visa/MC/AmEx. Randal Clayton Bradford. (213) 820-5281 or (213) REA-LITY.

Attractive Oriental ladies seeking correspondence, marriage. Presentations by American/Asian couple. Asian Experience, Box 1214JA, Novato, Calif. 94948.

Beautiful Asian ladies seek lifemates. Free videos, free photos. Devotion, Box 549-H, Dublin, Va. 24084-0549. (703) 674-GIRL.

Cultured singles, nationwide. Older women/younger men; younger women/older men. Send LSASE to Anachron, Box H-326, New York, N.Y. 11367.

Scandinavia, Poland, USSR, South America: Worldwide correspondence for sincere, unattached, educated members. Scanna, P.O. Box 4-HP, Pittsford, N.Y. 14534. Call (716) 586-3170.

Beautiful Latin, Asian ladies seek friendship, marriage. Free photo brochure. Latins, Box 1716-HR, Chula Vista, Calif. 92012. (619) 425-1867.

Beautiful Asian women seek friendship, marriage. Send age, interests. GRE, Box 555, Elmont, N.Y. 11003.

Classical Music Lovers' Exchange. Nationwide link between unattached music lovers. Box 31, Pelham, N.Y. 10803. (800) 233-CMLS.

Meet Christian singles. Nationwide. Phone or mail introductions. No fee, donations only. Write: Box 90-20-WE, Van Nuys, Calif. 91409.

Japanese women seek friendship/marriage. Other Orientals too. Pacific Century Correspondence, 110 Pacific 208K, San Francisco, Calif. 94111. (816) 924-1668.

Share your popcorn. Join The MovieLovers' Club, a nationwide network of unattached moviegoers. Box 2035H, Bala, Pa. 19004.

Asian women desire romance. Overseas, sincere, attractive. World's no. 1 service. Free details, photos. Sunshine International Correspondence, Box 5500-NA, Kailua-Kona, Hawaii 96745. (808) 325-7707.

Nice singles with traditional values wish to meet others. Free magazine. Send age, interests. Dept. HM, P.O. Box 454, Crossville, Tenn. 38557.

At The Gate. Meet singles sharing values on peace, ecology, personal growth, and human rights. Free details. Box 09506-HP, Columbus, Ohio 43209.

Advice. Degreed, Zen-oriented philosopher: $5, long; $10, longer. ARA, 3908½ Overbrook, Columbia, S.C. 29205.

Idealistic SWM, 44, responsible/fun, bookish/fit, physician/unaffected, nice-looking/modest, seeks best-friend/wife. Box 14481, Atlanta, Ga. 30324.

Meet beautiful women. We supply photos, names, and addresses. Send for free details. Merit, Box 74758-H, Los Angeles, Calif. 90004.

Confidential. Meet lovely ladies, gentlemen worldwide. Angels Express, Box 2418-H3, Falls Church, Va. 22042. (703) 641-0015.

MISCELLANEOUS



The Country Club
MURDER

Be your own Producer/Director / Actor and invite your friends over as fellow suspects to enjoy solving this mystery which is both intriguing and hilarious!
$19.95 + $3.00 p.&h. Send personal check or call 1-800-462-7147 and use either Mastercharge or Visa.
C.C.M., Inc. / Suite 480 / 730 West Main Street / Louisville, KY 40202

Handwriting-analysis consultant. Professionally trained, $45. Mary L. Orloff, 1540 York Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10028.

THE NATIONAL
HEMLOCK SOCIETY
P. O. Box 11830
Eugene, OR 97440-3900
Telephone: 503/342-5748

Voluntary Euthanasia for the Terminally Ill

Fear of flying? Tips that work. Send $2, SASE to Henderson, Box 6014, Bloomington, Ind. 47407.

Four Reminders For Classified Advertisers

1 ***Harper's Magazine*** is growing. Your ad in the Classified pages will reach a paid circulation of 190,000 and a total estimated audience of half a million. ***2*** ***Harper's*** readers are involved, responsive customers. They spend an average of three hours reading each issue. 88% shopped by mail or phone in the past year. ***3*** Classified rates are affordable. Less than $2 per word and $115 per column inch. ***4*** Our phone number is (212) 614-6500.

Continued from page 75

bridge, both bombing the water with rocks and whanging your little cap gun because, as you both knew, this was absolutely the wildest, most funnest thing ever.

That sublime coincidence of life was once him and you—actually, it was the both of you, and your mother, once. It was all of you, but the truly astounding thing is to lapse into that deep amnesia of childhood, that glimmering primordial lake when to you "Daddy," like "Mama," meant all in the world that was good. With that, it doesn't matter that you once fought with your father, or that once there were times when you seriously imagined hating him. You see, none of that matters now, because for some time you can't rationally speak of any of this, just as you can't, for the life of you, remember even a single thing bad about him. ■

June Index Sources

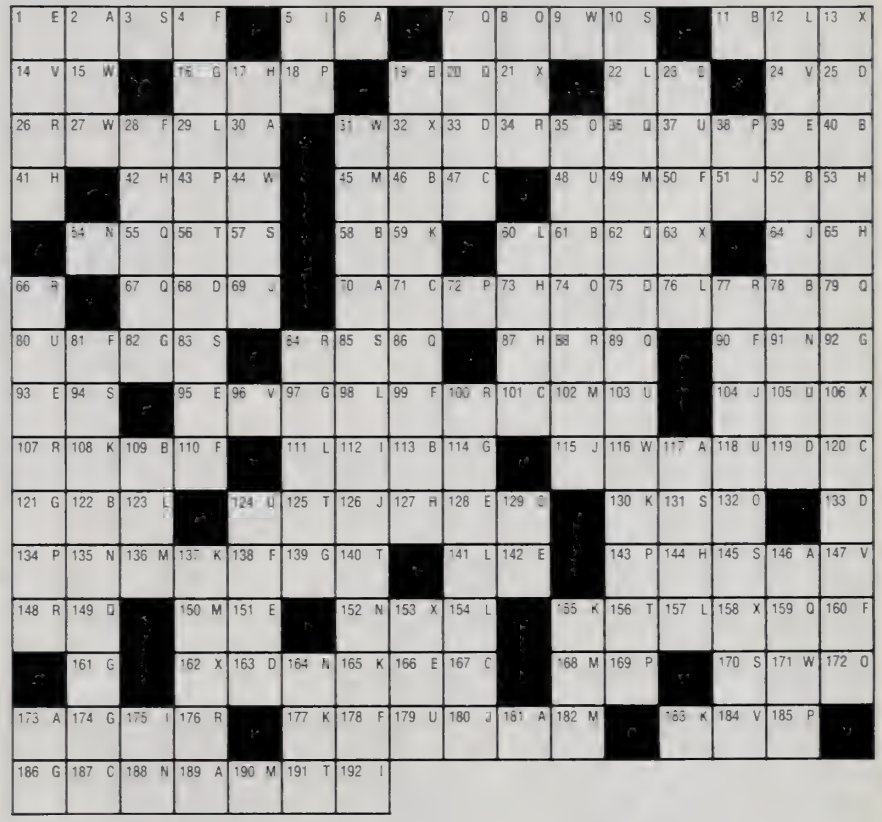
1 U.S. General Accounting Office/U.S. Congressional Budget Office; **2** K. H. Thomas Associates (Miami); **3** Administrative Office of U.S. Courts; **4,5** Chrysler (Highland Park, Mich.); **6** Brazilian Government Trade Bureau (N.Y.C.), **7** *Jornal do Brasil* (Rio de Janeiro); **8** *Time* (N.Y.C.); **9** International Committee of the Red Cross (Geneva); **10,11** U.S. Committee for Refugees (Washington); **12,13** B'TSELEM Israeli Information Center for Human Rights in the Occupied Territories (Jerusalem); **14** *New York Times*; **15** American Civil Liberties Union (Washington); **16** Council on Hemispheric Affairs (Washington); **17** Jonathan Marshall, *Oakland Tribune* (California); **18** White House Ethics Office/Common Cause (Washington); **19** Teresa Riordan, *Common Cause*; **20** *Barbarians at the Gate: The Fall of RJR Nabisco*, by Bryan Burrough and John Helyar (Harper & Row, N.Y.C.); **21** Peat "T" (Edmonton, Canada); **22** *Harper's* research; **23** Harper & Row (San Francisco); **24** N.Y.C. Transit Authority; **25** U.S. Environmental Protection Agency; **26** World Environment Center (N.Y.C.); **27** United Nations Environment Programme (N.Y.C.); **28** Worldwatch Institute (Washington); **29** Polish Interpress Agency (Warsaw); **30** Richard Crane, Geo. A. Hormel & Co. (Austin, Minn.); **31,32** Southland Corp. (Dallas); **33** Flossmoor Police Dept. (Illinois); **34** *Los Angeles Times* poll; **35** Where's the ART!! A Gallery of Art for the Smart (Portland, Ore.); **36** *What Are the Chances?* by Bernard Siskin and Jerome Staller, with David Rorvik (Crown, N.Y.C.); **37** Milton Kramer, Sleep Disorders Center, Bethesda Oak Hospital (Cincinnati); **38** Frank Dumont (Atlantic City); **39** Taj Mahal (Atlantic City).

DOUBLE ACROSTIC NO. 90

by Thomas H. Middleton

The diagram, when filled in, will contain a quotation from a published work. The numbered squares in the diagram correspond to the numbered blanks under the WORDS. The WORDS form an acrostic: the first letter of each spells the name of the author and the title of the work from which the quotation is taken.

The letter in the upper right-hand corner of each square indicates the WORD containing the letter to be entered in that square. Contest rules and the solution to last month's puzzle appear on page 74.



CLUES WORDS

A. Watchfulness, mindfulness, heed
70 30 181 117 173
6 189 2 146

B. "There wasn't a breath in that ___" (3 wds.; Service, "Cremation of Sam McGee")
46 113 40 122 58 11 19 52
61 78 109

C. Native
101 71 120 167 187 47

D. Grievous affliction
33 75 68 163 133 25 23 119

E. Furnishes with grounds for laying claim
166 93 151 39 142 1 128 95

F. 1939 Christopher Morley novel (2 wds.)
4 81 99 138 110 90 28 160
50 178

G. Temperate in diet
161 186 82 114 139 97 174 121
92 16

H. "Young Harry, with his beaver on, / His cushes on ___" (2 wds.; *Henry IV*, Part 1)
65 73 53 127 42 144 41 17
87

I. Am. writer of humorous verse (1902–71, "The Sea-Gull," "The Turtle")
175 5 192 112

J. Loud, resounding noise
64 104 51 126 69 115 180

K. Promontory on a North Carolina island
177 183 108 165 137 59 130 155

L. Rashness
141 157 76 95 111 29 12 154
60 123

M. Fine, soft-finished cotton fabric
190 49 150 102 182 45 168 136

N. Expansion; excrescence
54 135 91 152 164 188

O. Frank, ingenuous, sincere
74 8 172 129 35 132

P. Unnatural, feigned
134 143 169 43 38 72 18 185

Q. "___ that's just begun," sings Pitti-Sing (4 wds.; Gilbert, *The Mikado*)
159 55 36 89 20 149 79 7
67 62 86

R. Epithet for Robert E. Lee's father (hyph.)
107 77 176 100 26 88 84 34
148 66

S. Grant, bequest
57 131 94 3 170 83 10 85
145

T. Fr. painter (1748–1825; *Death of Socrates*)
191 125 56 156 140

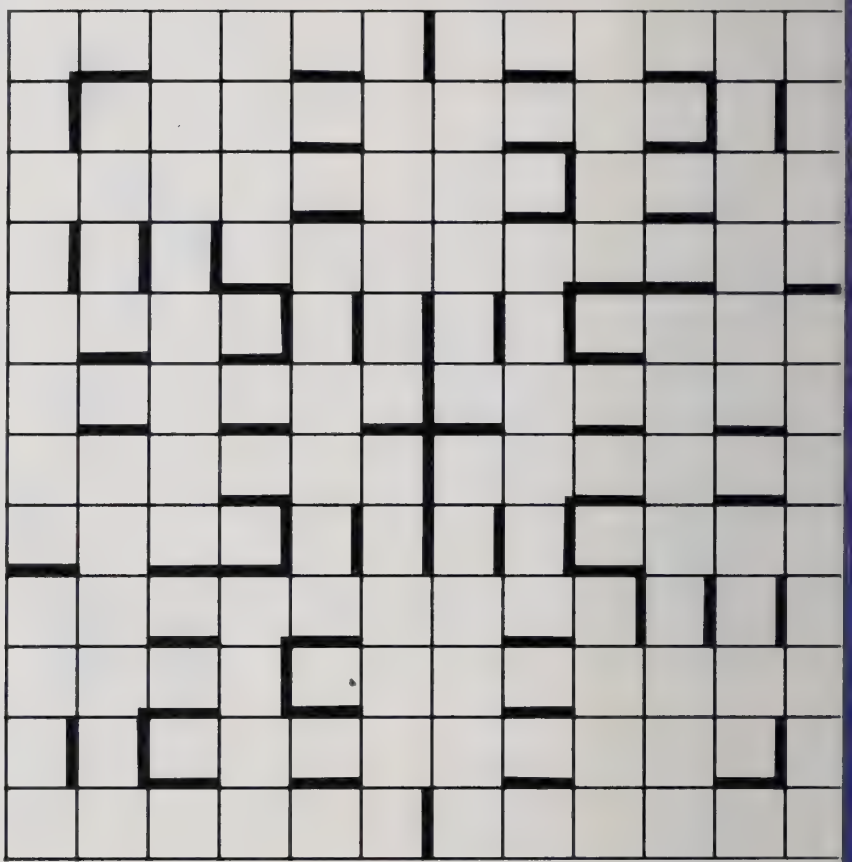
U. In "Ode to Duty," Wordsworth calls Duty "Stern daughter" and "Stern ___"
80 179 124 103 37 48 105 118

V. Acknowledged, admitted
96 24 184 147 14

W. Gloss, superficial polish
116 15 44 9 171 31 27

X. Pastry mold filled with ground meat, vegetables, etc. (Lat. Am. cookery)
63 162 158 32 13 106 21 153

PUZZLE



Abecedarian

by E.R. Galli and Richard Maltby Jr.

The clues are listed in the alphabetical order of their answers; each letter of the alphabet begins at least one answer. The solver must determine the placement of the answers.

Clue answers include three proper names and an uncommon word at 22. The solution to last month's puzzle appears on page 74.

1. Fancy carpet from Air Force hang-out (6)
2. Where billions are ending in an inability to speak (4)
3. Kind of grass that's dishonest (4)
4. Churchmen around—the French head off wild party (6)
5. Republican in pitch for wimp (4)
6. Get pine topped off (4)
7. Licks taken by Castro endlessly—it's an often overlooked part of the record (8, *two words*)
8. A girl's varied sizes (6)
9. Attractiveness in Italian capital (lira) backed by $1,000 (6)
10. Taxi circles one road with time—old sailor's fare (8)
11. Full of integrity, but no saint to give an edge (4)
12. Half of people—alternatively, small babies (6)
13. Hollow part of psyche, hollow love (4)
14. Southern dish preserves bachelor—one left (yes, one) (9)
15. Bad luck, pranks being so pronounced (4)
16. Saw cut in locker fees (4)
17. Director returns some film without notice (6)
18. A gremlin disturbed goldbrick (8)
19. What was done is undone—it's a predicament (4)
20. Renews, without rest, natural resources (4)
21. Where nobleman in relaxed state is said to take a European vacation? (8)
22. Extinct animal found in marsh next to Georgia (6)
23. Big stink's cause, one hears (4)
24. Yielded and let the Spanish (or the French!) inside (8)
25. Odd gasket making noise (8)
26. Roman orgies honored him as recidivistic convert (6)
27. Bum asks about almost-new footwear (6)
28. Spray powder marginally used in treatment of zits (6)
29. Woman who married brave ruler is raising beef (9)
30. Engineer set gas stations (6)
31. Stickily sentimental and soupy, but needing year for love (6)
32. Smack the little bug back (4)
33. With a fine grain, furrow turned over for vegetable (6)
34. Sap can be found scattered among ruined men (9)
35. Licenses to alter the rules (save in car crashes) (9)
36. Star that could make some food appear when on table (4)
37. Surprise deviation from course back to place (6)
38. Cross trade winds—this is not for children (6, *hyph.*)
39. Cried out, bleary-eyed, about two Latins (6)
40. Very cold, releasing free energy (4)

Contest Rules: Send completed diagram with name and address to "Abecedarian," *Harper's Magazine*, 666 Broadway, New York, N.Y. 10012. If you already subscribe to *Harper's*, please include a copy of your latest mailing label. Senders of the first three correct solutions opened at random will receive one-year subscriptions to *Harper's Magazine*. Winners' names will be printed in the August issue. Winners of the April puzzle, "Marginal Observation," are Eleanor E. Boyle, Flushing, New York; Muriel Holland, Sunrise, Florida; and Susan Kiley, Cliffside Park, New Jersey.

Nobody has the Carlton Combination.

1.
Lowest tar. Lowest nicotine.



2.
"The taste that's right."



1 mg. tar
0.1 mg. nic.

U.S. Gov't. Test Method confirms of all king soft packs:

Carlton is lowest.

King Size Soft Pack: 1 mg. "tar", 0.1 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC method.

SURGEON GENERAL'S WARNING: Cigarette Smoke Contains Carbon Monoxide.

© The American Tobacco Co. 1990.


"White Label"
DEWAR'S
BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY
100% SCOTCH
PRODUCT OF
John Dewar
750 ml
Latest reports indicate
that high fashion has made
little progress in Scotland. Happily, it still
reaches only as far as the knee.
The good things in life stay that way.
Dewar's never varies.
DEWAR'S SCOTLAND

July

Barry Lopez: *The Animals We Kill*

3 9042 02350847 3

JULY 1990
$2.50

HARPER'S



WHATEVER BECAME OF THE PUBLIC SQUARE?
New Designs for a Great Good Place
Richard Sennett *Elizabeth Plater-Zyberk* *James Wines*
Ronald Lee Fleming *Elyn Zimmerman*

HOW NEOCONSERVATIVES PERISH
Good-bye to "Totalitarianism" and All That
By Christopher Hitchens

BURLINGAME
JUN 20 1990
LIBRARY

IT'S A LONG STORY
Maximal Appreciation of the Big Novel
By John Barth

NEVER IN THIS WORLD
A story by Mark Richard

01#33
HARPER
00540004
94010
BURLINGAME CA
480 PRIMROSE RD
BURLINGAME PUBL LIB
HP BRL7P1480P099
#125E ********** CAR-RT SORT**CR30

rendorf,
od in pain



Rob Reiner. Cardmember since 1979.

Membership
Has Its Privileges.®



Don't leave home without it.®

Call 1-800-THE CARD to apply.

"KEEP IT CLEAN."



Madeleine Marchese
General Manager, Marketing
Texaco Syngas Inc.

"For five years, Texaco's gasification technology lighted 100,000 homes with clean energy from coal. We keep it clean with a gasification process that we invented and perfected. It's a very workable solution to a difficult environmental problem."

Madeleine Marchese is General Manager, Marketing for Texaco Syngas Inc.

"Our coal gasification process has produced over 2.5 billion kilowatt hours of electricity for California residents. That's a record no other coal gasification process has even come close to.

"The Texaco process has not only been proven economically, it exceeds the clean air standards proposed by the Bush Administration. That proposal is for the year 2000. Texaco is ready *now.*

"As a technology, coal gasification is a powerful tool in the fight against acid rain. As an alternate energy source, it makes us more energy self-sufficient. We have a 300 year supply of coal at current consumption rates.

"Texaco people have even devised ingenious methods to expand the technology for the gasification of municipal sludge. Our process is designed not only to get rid of sludge but to *transform* it into usable energy."

Clearly, there is enormous potential for America and its environment. And for the future.

Star of the American Road

TEXACO–WE'VE GOT THE ENERGY.

HARPER'S

FOUNDED IN 1850 / VOL. 281, NO. 1682
JULY 1990

Letters 4 *Kirkpatrick Sale, Ted Nugent*

Notebook 11
Numbers Game *Lewis H. Lapham*

Harper's Index 15

Readings 19
Who Are These Animals We Kill? *Barry Lopez*
Global Squirming *White House staff*
Threats to Civil Society, East and West *Ralf Dahrendorf*
Notes of a Word-Watcher *Lewis Thomas*
Getting to Know Me *Mark Leyner*
The Battle for My Body *Richard Rhodes*
And . . . *Padgett Powell, Chéri Samba, Laboratory Animal Research Center*

Forum 49
WHATEVER BECAME OF THE PUBLIC SQUARE? *Ronald Lee Fleming, Elizabeth Plater-Zyberk, Richard Sennett, James Wines, Elyn Zimmerman, Jack Hitt*
New designs for a great good place

Story 62
NEVER IN THIS WORLD *Mark Richard*

Capital Letter 65
HOW NEOCONSERVATIVES PERISH *Christopher Hitchens*
Good-bye to "totalitarianism" and all that

Criticism 71
IT'S A LONG STORY *John Barth*
Maximal appreciation of the big novel

Acrostic 79 *Thomas H. Middleton*

Puzzle 80 *E. R. Galli and Richard Maltby Jr.*

Cover: Detail of Cleveland Public Square, *by Sebastian Heine. Courtesy of the Western Reserve Historical Society*

Harper's Magazine is owned and published monthly by Harper's Magazine Foundation, 666 Broadway, New York, New York 10012. Allen Austill, Chairman.

Copyright ©1990 by the Harper's Magazine Foundation. All rights reserved. The trademark *Harper's* is used by Harper's Magazine Foundation under license and is a registered trademark owned by Harper & Row Publishers, Inc. The trademark *Harper's Index* is a registered trademark owned by the Harper's Magazine Foundation.

Printed in the U.S. Second-class postage paid at New York, New York. In Canada, second-class postage paid at Mississauga, Ontario. POSTMASTER: Send all address changes to *Harper's Magazine*, Post Office Box 1937, Marion, OH 43305. ISSN0017-789X. CHANGE OF ADDRESS: Please provide both address from last issue and new address. Allow six weeks advance notice. SUBSCRIPTIONS: $18 one year. Canada and U.S. possessions, add $2; other foreign, add $3 per year. Send orders to *Harper's Magazine*, P.O. Box 1937, Marion, OH 43305. SUBSCRIPTION PROBLEMS: Write *Harper's Magazine*, P.O. Box 1937, Marion, OH 43305, or call (800) 347-6969; Canada (614) 382-3322, M-F, 8 A.M.–4:30 P.M., Eastern time. All requests for PERMISSIONS and REPRINTS must be made in writing to *Harper's Magazine*, 666 Broadway, New York, NY 10012. *Harper's Magazine* will not consider or return unsolicited nonfiction manuscripts that have not been preceded by a written query. *Harper's* will consider unsolicited fiction. Unsolicited poetry will not be considered or returned. No queries or manuscripts will be considered unless they are accompanied by a self-addressed, stamped envelope.

HARPER'S

Editor
Lewis H. Lapham
Executive Editor
Michael Pollan
Senior Editors
Gerald Marzorati, Jack Hitt,
Darcy Frey *(acting)*
Managing Editor
Ellen Rosenbush
Art Director
Deborah Rust
Associate Editors
Charis W. Conn, Ilena Silverman,
Colin Harrison
Assistant Editors
Elliott Rabin, Paul Tough
Assistant to the Editor
Ann K. Stern
Interns
Jeffrey Davis, Richard Hicks,
Julie Sriro

Contributing Editors
L. J. Davis, Mark Edmundson,
Francisco Goldman, Vicki Hearne,
Craig S. Karpel, Barry Lopez, Peter Marin,
George Plimpton, Bob Shacochis,
Earl Shorris, Jacqueline Simon,
Eric Treisman, Philip Weiss, Tom Wolfe
Washington Editor
Christopher Hitchens

John R. MacArthur, *President and Publisher*

Vice President and General Manager
Douglas E. Ellis
Vice President, Corporate and Public Affairs
Ellen Ryder
Vice President, Circulation
Lynn Carlson
Circulation Assistant
Judith Brienza
Assistant to the Publisher
Diane Kraft
Receptionist/Advertising Assistant
Noreen Assing
Staff
Joseph Malits

ADVERTISING SALES
666 Broadway, New York, New York 10012
(212) 614-6500

Vice President, Advertising Director
Mary Anne Malley
Assistant Representatives
Evan Green, *West Coast Manager*
Debra Goldberg, Lisa Kay Greissinger,
Kenneth Nova
Advertising Coordinator Andrew Walko

LETTERS

Man and Nature

The April forum, "Only Man's Presence Can Save Nature," laid out the range of present environmental thought: Nature is dead; nature is almost dead; nature is a garden that man must tend; man is nature; everything is natural, including Las Vegas; man must be destroyed to save nature. Unfortunately, the forum also showed that some of the best thinkers on environmental matters don't have a clue as to what to do.

Ed Marston
Paonia, Colo.

It is sophomorically provocative, but nonetheless pernicious nonsense, to say, as Frederick Turner did, that "humankind is what nature has been trying, all these millennia, 'to be.'" First, it betrays a rather naive understanding of evolution. I wonder whether the cockroaches have champions among them who argue that evolution was designed for their species, which is longer lasting and far more adaptive and successful than the human; or perhaps there are champions among the phytoplanktons who argue that nature rewards simplicity rather than complexity, smallness rather than largeness, numbers in zillions rather than in billions.

Second, Turner's statement is woefully ignorant of what is truly complex in nature. A temperate hardwood forest—with an estimated 124 million animals (including 50,000 vertebrates) in a single acre, not to mention 5,000 pounds of biomass—is infinitely more complex than any mass of humans. In fact, any intact ecosystem—rainforest or desert or marshland—exhibits a complexity far beyond any supermachine, any metropolis, any whole civilization of human devising. This, if one were to adopt Turner's reckoning, is what nature is really trying to be.

Kirkpatrick Sale
New York City

How appropriate that your April forum concluded with an exchange between the academic, Frederick Turner, and the activist, Dave Foreman. No two voices better exemplify the erroneous assumptions that bedevil the environmental movement.

Turner, on the one hand, reinvents the Great Chain of Being, at the top of which he places man himself. Foreman, on the other, wields the clever but utterly useless metaphor of man as global cancer.

Both points of view—and these sentiments are pervasive among grassroots environmental activists—are predicated on the faulty notion that man and nature are separate and antagonistic, because one or the other is fallen.

George G. Hruby
Atlanta

Turner's view of organisms "trying" to become human is straight from Aristotle and the *scala naturae* and is a concept that was dropped from serious scientific discussion more than a hundred years ago. Whether Turner realizes it or not, his worldview has gotten

Harper's Magazine welcomes Letters to the Editor. Short letters are more likely to be published, and all letters are subject to editing. Letters must be typed double-spaced; volume precludes individual acknowledgment.

s into precisely the mess many of us
ow seek to get out of.

mes T. Costa III
epartment of Entomology
niversity of Georgia
thens, Ga.

Turner seems to speak from an ob-
rver's booth a significant distance
ove the earth's surface. Overlook-
g the battlefield, he proclaims that
mans and nature are essentially
ne, while the intellectual equivalent
Plexiglas keeps any brickbats from
aching him.

Had the editors of *Harper's Maga-*
ne held the forum in Richland,
Vashington, near the heavily con-
minated Hanford Nuclear Reserva-
on, Turner's notion of humanity as
e benign steering mechanism of na-
re would appear decidedly different:
would be clearly wrong.

tricia Nelson Limerick
epartment of History
niversity of Colorado
oulder, Colo.

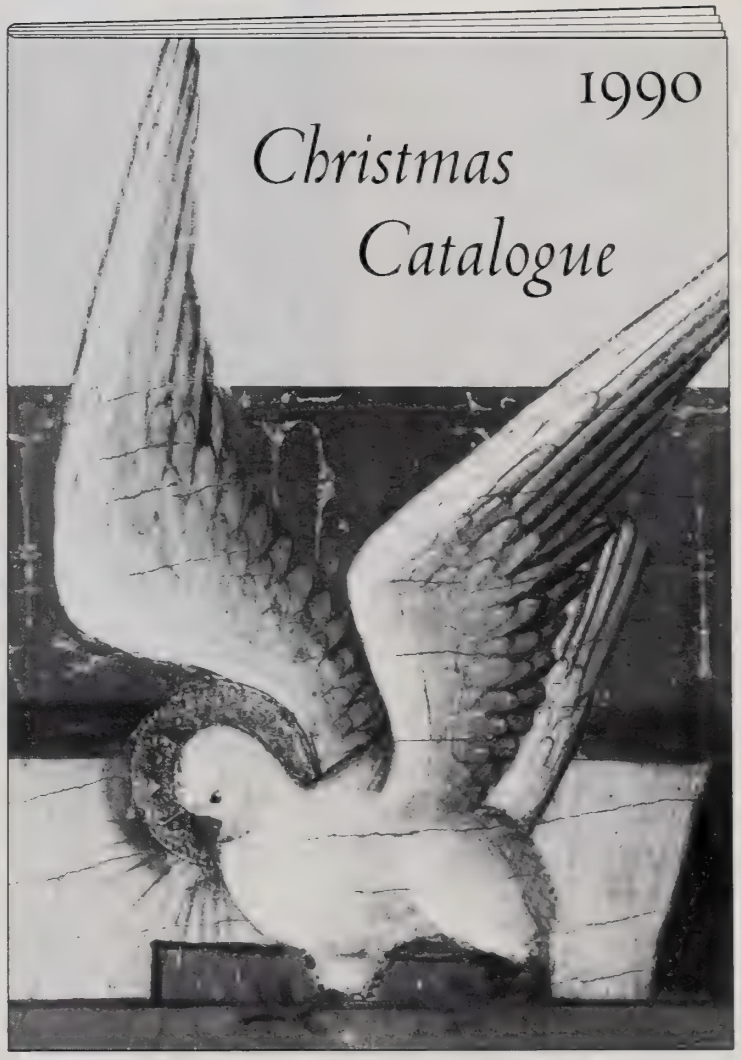
Turner hits the mark when he says,
Humankind is more *what nature is*
an anything else." Thus, as he says,
would be unnatural for human be-
gs not to be a part of the process of
hoosing the earth's fate.

It is obvious that we must manage
r land and resources (or garden, if
u prefer) in order to safeguard some
osystems and provide for human
eeds—food, clean water, housing,
othing, and other essentials. We
so must provide for the mental and
cial well-being of humankind. This
eans ensuring that we have places in
hich to recreate and relax. To some,
is means pristine wilderness areas
here we try to preserve nature in its
urity." To others, it means fishing
a quiet stream or lake, driving a
hicle on an off road, hiking a moun-
in trail, or simply enjoying the
enery.

We must also provide for other
eeds important to society, ranging
m the protection of endangered
ecies to the production of hydro-
rbons, the mining of minerals, and
staining the yield of forests and
ngelands.

THE

METROPOLITAN MUSEUM OF ART



Do your Christmas shopping at home with our new 144-page full-color catalogue of unusual and distinguished presents, *the majority of which are available only from the Museum*. The many wonderful gifts include jewelry, decorative works of art, sculpture, Christmas cards and Christmas ornaments, note cards, posters, and prize-winning art books priced from less than $10 to more than $100. There is also a special selection of presents for children.

The new Christmas catalogue will be mailed to you. Please send $1.00 to cover postage.

THE METROPOLITAN MUSEUM OF ART
255 Gracie Station, New York, NY 10028

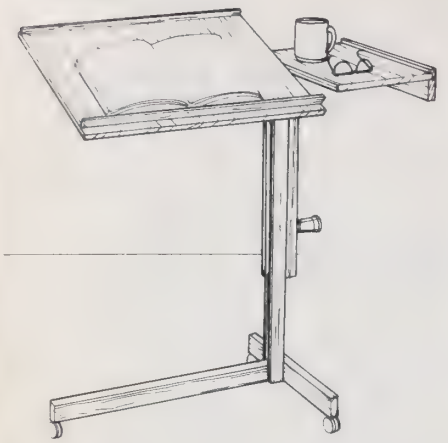
1201

Name _____

Address _____ Apt. # _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

Lay Down Your Arms

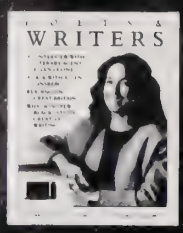


Ah, to read without aching arms and dented elbows. Now you can with our Reader's Table from Denmark. It adjusts easily to hold your book at just the right height and angle. Reading becomes surprisingly comfortable in a chair, in bed, or beside a desk. An intelligent design, and a handsome piece of furniture in mahogany, teak, cherry, or black ash.

$184 includes shipping via UPS ground. Assembly required.

MC/VISA/AMEX/Check • Florida add 6%
Money-Back Guarantee • Catalog on Request
800-544-0880 or 407-276-4141

LEVENGER™
Tools for Serious Readers
975 S. Congress Ave., Code HRT 2, Delray, FL 33445



OF WRITERS BY WRITERS FOR WRITERS

Subscribe to *Poets & Writers Magazine*, and six times a year get news of publishing opportunities and upcoming grants and awards, essays by and interviews with poets and fiction writers, reports of literary activities around the country, announcements of literary prize winners, and classifieds that list everything from jobs to house rentals. 1 year $18 (writers listed in our Directory: $16) 2 years $32 (writers listed in our Directory: $28) Please send check or money order in U.S. dollars. For foreign subscriptions add (per year): Canada/Mexico $8.40; Europe/N. Africa $17.75; all others $22.50. Please allow 8 weeks to fill subscriptions or change addresses. Poets & Writers, Inc., Dept. R, 72 Spring Street, New York, NY 10012, (212) 226-3586.

A vivid, timeless vision. An authoritative new text.

To read William Faulkner is to visit an American place where past and present, comedy and tragedy are as intertwined as the lives of the vivid characters who live there. The latest volume in The Library of America includes four of his greatest works in new, corrected texts, based on his original typescripts—the first time Faulkner's haunting power and dazzling style are presented exactly as he intended.



Faulkner *Novels 1936–1940*

Absalom, Absalom! *The Unvanquished*
If I Forget Thee, Jerusalem [The Wild Palms]
The Hamlet

Also available...
Novels 1930–1935
As I Lay Dying, Sanctuary,
Light in August, Pylon

THE LIBRARY OF AMERICA
America's best writers deserve America's best editions.
The Library of America, 14 East 60th Street, New York 10022

The issue of whether human management is positive or, as Dave Foreman implies, is a "cancer" is dependent on our individual perspectives on what nature should be and the states of nature we wish to maintain.

Cy Jamison
Director, Bureau of Land Management
Washington, D.C.

This is a beautiful planet and not at all fragile. Earth can withstand significant volcanic eruptions, tectonic cataclysms, and ice ages. But this canny, intelligent, prolific, and extremely self-centered human creature has proven himself capable of more destruction of life than Mother Nature herself. I am with Dave Foreman. We've got to be stopped.

Michael L. Fischer
Executive Director, Sierra Club
San Francisco

I turned to the April forum with great interest and, upon first reading its title, took the phrase "only man's" to be a literary device not intentionally exclusive of women. Why, then, were no women included in the discussion? Even ignoring the contribution of ecofeminism to the environmental debate, it is clear that if a new ecological ethic and a new way of interacting with the environment are to be found, both halves of the human population will have to be involved.

Michael E. Falk
Waukesha, Wis.

Foreman tells of an Oneida legend in which one man was appointed to "speak for wolf." Here and elsewhere, he takes it upon himself to speak freely for the Indians.

Native Americans maintained a careful balance with their environment, not because of technological primitivism but because of complex social laws that regulated greed, wealth, and power. Material equality was the cornerstone of most tribes' social philosophy. They recognized that preserving their environment derived

from social control rooted in social justice.

Indians also understood that man kills to survive. The challenge of living in nature without destroying the environment depends on taking responsibility for what one kills and wasting nothing. Preserving forests as parkland here in the United States while exploiting resources and peoples abroad is exactly the dynamic that brought Europeans to despoil North America in the first place.

Carl Gawboy
Department of Indian Studies
College of St. Scholastica
Duluth, Minn.

Only man's presence can save nature, unless nature decides otherwise. Nature can stroll right in any old time she pleases and kick our wimpy little asses, like she does now and then. The planet is a piece of ground, producing life support for all living things. It will support just so much and take just so much abuse. We are very close to that limit, and, in fact, we are pushing that limit in certain regions, primarily urban zones. Future plans for ourselves and our environment had better be cognizant of these limitations; we must adapt to changes caused by our historical abuse and fix things fast.

I kill all my own meat in the wild. Any waste from this is biodegradable for sure, but could everybody do this? No. I have the answers but not the power to enforce. Ban Styrofoam. Insist on triple-hull supertankers. Enforce strict emissions standards. Clean up toxic sites. Cease nuclear-waste generation. A major pain in the ass for all of us? Consider the alternative.

Ted Nugent
Grand Haven, Mich.

Feminism and Sex

Camille Paglia's essay "Feminism and the Forgotten Power of Sex" [Readings, March] purports to argue for the innate aggressive behavior of men as the basis for all sex crimes and for the failure of the women's movement to realize the differences between the sexes. But what starts out as

You deserve a factual look at ...

The "Bashing" of Israel

Who does it? What is behind it?

The Administration, the media, and spokespersons of all kinds are increasingly careful not to offend any minority, ethnic community or lifestyle groups. But there is high season and ever-increasing volume and stridency in the "bashing" of Israel–in the print and broadcast media.

What are the facts?

■ Israel is a very small country, less than half the size of San Bernardino County, California. Its Jewish population is approximately 3.5 million, just about the population of Iowa. Compare that to the 22 Arab states, armed to the teeth, and virtually all of them in a state of war with Israel. They have over 140 million inhabitants and a land area larger than that of the United States. From its founding, Israel had to fight every day for its survival.

■ Israel is constantly being hectored and admonished by sanctimonious visitors, who lament Israel's "abuse" of its Arab population. Bishop Tutu made the false analogy between the condition of the blacks in South Africa and the status of Arabs in Israel. That is totally unfair.The blacks in South Africa are disenfranchised and politically impotent. The Arabs in Israel have the vote, have every civil right, are members of the Knesset(parliament), and members of Israel's diplomatic service. Nelson Mandela physically embraced that arch-terrorist Yassir Arafat and made the gratuitous statement that Zionism is a "unique form of colonialism". What a colossal lie! Zionism is the national liberation movement whose purpose has been for 2,000 years to restore Zion, the ancient land of Israel, to the Jewish people. One must marvel at the love affair of the South African black leadership with the Arabs. It is the Arabs who, even today, keep black slaves; it is the Arabs who continue to engage in genocide against blacks in such countries as Chad, the Sudan and Mauritania; it is the Arabs who for years have fueled apartheid by selling millions of barrels of oil to South Africa: It is the Arabs who by their extortionist pricing of oil have brought ruin and famine to many countries of black Africa.

■ Ex-president Carter, in his recent swing through the Middle East, visited Syria, but did not have one word of unfavorable comment about that aggressor country and its regime. How strange! It is a country whose record of executions, torture, imprisonment, and utter abuse of even the most fundamental human rights is almost unsurpassed. President Carter did not talk about any of that. He talked about "human rights violations" by the Israelis against the stone throwers and Molotov cocktails hurlers in the administered territories. He did not mention that it is only because of Israel's abiding respect for human rights that the "intifada" has been allowed to go on for so long. Any of the Arab rulers would have known how to handle such an uprising "efficiently" had it occurred in his own country.

■ Disconcertingly, our own Administration is beginning noticeably to "tilt" to the Arab cause. Israel is the *only* country in the Middle East where Western concepts of law, decency and human rights prevail. It is the only country that has free elections, a free press, unrestricted right of movement of its citizens and, of course, unlimited right of dissent. Besides, Israel is the staunchest ally of the United States—not just in the Middle East, but in the entire world. It is a priceless defensive asset of our country—where, in contrast to NATO or Japan/Korea, not a single American soldier needs to be stationed. How strange that our Adminstration would be so grimly fixed on imposing a PLO state on Israel and that it questions thelegitimacy of Israel's possession of Jerusalem. And how strange that the Administration would constantly wish to strong-arm Israel, oblivious to Israel's constant struggle for survival in a sea of implacable hostility, but at the same time remaining silent about the Arab tyrannies in Syria, Iraq, Libya, Jordan, Saudi Arabia and all the others.

Why is so much Israel bashing going on? Why do such obviously decent people as our President, Secretary of State, former president Carter and so many columnists, commentators, pundits, television personalities and "liberals" of all stripes identify with the tyrannical Arab regimes, with governments that have terror, kidnapping, torture, attacks on innocent civilians and assaults on commercial aircraft as their official policy? And why do they oppose and criticize Israel, a country that started from scratch, little more than 40 years ago, and which, despite being under constant attack, has built a prosperous nation and a thriving society that surely could be a model for all developing countries? Could the sad answer be that it is a reincarnation of good old-fashioned anti-Semitism, which for almost twenty centuries has been the curse of Western society? No longer tolerated in its cruder manifestations, it now seems to be acceptably sublimated in the bashing of the state of Israel which, deep down inside, so many do not really wish to survive.

This ad had been published and paid for by

FLAME

Facts and Logic About the Middle East
P.O. Box 590359 ■ San Francisco. CA 94159

FLAME is a tax-deductible, non-profit educational 501(c)(3) organization.Its purpose is to combat media inaccuracies, through public education and publicity. Your tax-deductible contributions are welcome. They enable us to pursue these goals and to publish these messages in national newspapers and magazines. We have virtually no overhead. Almost all of our revenue pays for our educational work, for these clarifying messages and for related direct mail.

Yes, I want to help in the publication of these ads and in clarifying the situation in the Middle East. I include my tax- deductible contribution in the amount of

$_____. H /27

My name is _____

I live at _____

In _____ State _____ Zip _____

Mail to :FLAME, P.O. Box 590359, San Francisco, CA 94159

an interesting topic of discussion becomes an outlet for the expression of Paglia's absurd and disturbing viewpoints.

That, as a society and as humans, "we have an evolutionary revulsion to slime, our site of biological origins," is just one of the many overly descriptive and under-supported assertions of the essay. Paglia would have us turn back the clock to a time when phenomena feared—such as a woman's menstrual cycle—were phenomena repressed. It is sad and antisocial to believe that the fruitful union of a man and a woman should be reviled or feared. I doubt that cognizant parents—those who choose to bring life into the world—would be repulsed by their biological origins.

As for foreplay, "a notorious area of miscommunication between the sexes," Paglia would have us believe that we are still in Victorian days. The male of today prides himself on the understanding of female sexuality. Perhaps some interviews with sexually satisfied couples would shed some light and open Paglia's eyes to the twentieth century.

The argument for the "cumbersome, solipsistic character of female physiology" in regard to lines of women standing in their places in the "sequestered cells of the toilet" is absolutely ridiculous. This is an argument not for the characterization of the female but for better planning of public bathrooms. As for the cells of the toilet, Paglia would do well to speak to some men about their feelings on the lack of privacy of a urinal or, even worse, a trough, to which men often are subjected.

But one of the most astonishing statements Paglia presents is that "man's cultural achievements . . . result from his singular anatomy." Along the same lines, she presents an analogy between men's ability to urinate and their ability for concentration and projection.

These theories would be comical except that Paglia is serious. Yes, perhaps men can make a statement with their urine if they choose to, but I hardly think the primary bodily function of urinary waste elimination has much to do with cultural commentary. Why does Paglia not expound on the significance of the other form of waste elimination? Because it doesn't fit the penis-culture theory, because it is something both men and women must squat to do—earthbound, like female dogs. Furthermore, if a man owes his creativity and cultural projection to his penis, then why does he have a brain?

Maureen Perednia
New York City

I haven't yet decided which Paglia holds in least esteem: nature, sex, or women. Sex is a "dark power," aggression is innate in nature, and women who "do not need to conceptualiz

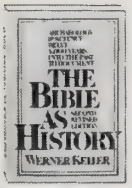
За 3 доллара 3 книжки—ваши. Без обмана. И никаких обязательств.



Vladimir Nabokov



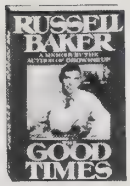
***482.** This latest edition of the famous dictionary has 40,000 memorable quotations.
Hardcover: $45
QPB: $18.95



349. This classic of biblical investigation will transport readers back in time with its fascinating information.
QPB: $9.95



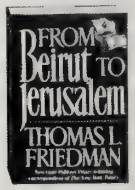
***440.** Together, eight immortal people change the course of our earthly existence.
Hardcover: $19.95
QPB: $9.95



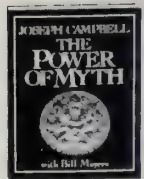
***448.** A funny, moving memoir of *The NY Times* "Observer" columnist.
Hardcover: $19.95
QPB: $9.95



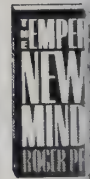
***489.** Follow the lives of four Chinese immigrant women and their American-born daughters.
Hardcover: $18.95
QPB: $9.50



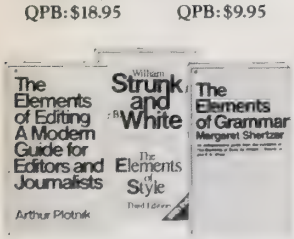
***315.** The National Book Award winner brings to life the Middle Eastern world.
Hardcover: $22.95
QPB: $10.95



423. A scholar on mythology tells how myths have shaped our lives.
Hardcover: $27.50
QPB: $15.95



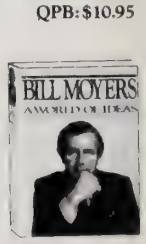
***469.** This best seller ex the question: computers th
Hardcover:
QPB: $1



109. A special QPB trio: *The Elements of Style, The Elements of Grammar, The Elements of Editing*
3-volume set
QPB: $10.95



***350.** Turn love-making into a sensual and transformative experience using this explicit guide
Hardcover $24.95
QPB: $14.95



182. Moyers talks about everything from morality to science.
Hardcover: $29.95
QPB: $15.95



211. Take a trip down Larson's memory lane with over 300 color and black-and-white cartoons.
QPB: $10.95



***101.** A m historical ap of the most cant events battles of W
Hardcover
QPB: $

(Translation: 3 books, 3 bucks. No commitment. No kidding.)

order to exist," are "like female ...gs . . . earthbound squatters," lack-...g "projection beyond the bound-...ies of self," and responsible for their ...vn oppression under patriarchy "to ...hich man was forced by his terrible ...nse of woman's power."

An inventory of Paglia's use of ad-...ctives is illuminating. First we see ...oman yoked "into the brute inflexi-...e rhythm of procreative law," as ...monstrated by the "alarming clock" ... menstruation, another natural ...enomenon abhorred by the author, ...ho takes pains to remind us of the ...ncleanliness" of that "devastating ...d unstanchable . . . red flood."

The author's view of sex is equally ...eculiar. "Men are in a constant state ... sexual anxiety" and are "driven to-...ard sex" as women are not. Further-...ore, "women have no problem to ...lve through sex" and are presum-...ly nonpromiscuous since in Paglia's ...ew promiscuity is lumped with dis-...se as one end of the "dark side" of the "compartmentalization of male genitality." So much for the joy of sex.

This joyless view that "sex *is* power and all power is inherently aggressive" calls to mind more than anything else that line of feminist analysis that explores patriarchy's use of sex as a tool of oppression. Far from being simplistic, this analysis is quite complex and attempts not merely to describe a condition but to search out its origins with the laudable aim of promoting human liberation.

It is Paglia who is simplistic. Sex is power, power is aggressive, and that's that, she declares. One can be thankful, however, that such grim pronouncements are not made without humor, however unintentionally. Parts of the essay dissolve me to giggles, most notably the declaration that "male urination really *is* a kind of accomplishment, an arc of transcendence."

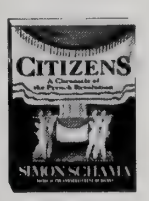
Finally, to Paglia's assertion that "society is woman's protection against rape, not . . . the cause," I must continue to insist—along with my sister feminists—that a society in which one out of three women can expect to be sexually assaulted at some point in her life is a society in desperate need of fundamental transformation.

Alice Knapp
Richmond, Maine

If Paglia believes that women naturally "have no problem to solve through sex" and "are serenely self-contained," and that men are "out of balance . . . ," then perhaps could she explain why women in our society are compelled to wear makeup and to wear elaborate hairdos, high heels, tight skirts, etc.? Something is amiss in her identification of nature as the primary cause of sexual behavior in human beings, for in nature it is the male of the species that "dresses up"; the female is rendered quite plain.

Lorraine LaFemina
Hicksville, N.Y.

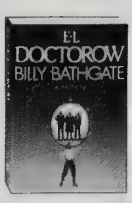

...ghum's
...s that we
...e important
...y age 5:
..., Flush...."
...ver: $15.95
...: $7.95



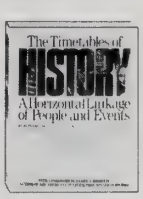
529. This epic history argues that the French Revolution liberated no one.
Hardcover: $29.95
QPB: $14.95



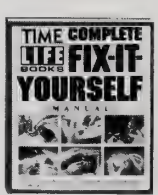
551. This newly revised edition tells you how to find thousands of available maps.
QPB: $14.95



464. A teenage con man comes of age under the tutelage of gangster Dutch Schultz.
Hardcover: $19.95
QPB: $9.95



267. The story of civilization in a unique chart format.
Hardcover: $29.95
QPB: $15.95



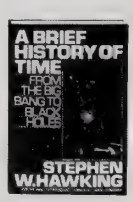
***117.** Over 1600 problem-solving drawings with explanations on every aspect of home repair.
Hardcover: $24.95
QPB: $12.95



516. This revised and updated guide tells you where to buy almost everything at major discounts.
QPB: $10.95



***224.** The biggest and best collection, with stories by Isaac Asimov, J.G. Ballard and more.
Hardcover: $29.95
QPB: $12.95



***321.** Stephen Hawking offers a convincing big picture of the origins of the cosmos.
Hardcover: $18.95
QPB: $9.50



***363.** A former Moscow detective investigates a fishy death in this sequel to *Gorky Park*.
Hardcover: $19.75
QPB: $9.95


...ROWAVE
...RMET
...rni Kafka
...n award-
...food writer
...re than 600
...r your
...e oven.
...ver: $19.95
...: $9.95


...UP
...ALL
...ET
...e superstar
...who man-
...lity Magel-
...is the
...his success.
...ver: $19.95
...: $7.95

How QPB Membership Works.

Selection: You'll receive the *QPB Review* 15 times a year (about every 3½ weeks). Each *Review* lists a new Selection. If you want it, do nothing—it will be shipped automatically. If you want another book or no book at all, complete the Reply Form always enclosed and return it by the specified date. (A shipping and handling charge is added to each shipment.)

Return Privilege: If the *QPB Review* is delayed and you receive the Selection without having had 10 days to notify us, you may return it for credit.

Cancellations: You may cancel membership at any time by notifying QPB. We may cancel your membership if you elect not to buy at least one book in any six-month period.

Bonus Books for Bonus Points: For each softcover book or set you take (except for the books in this offer), you earn Bonus Points that entitle you to choose any of our softcover books. You pay only shipping and handling charges.

*QPB Exclusive: The only softcover edition now available.

OK. Send me 3 books for 3 bucks. Nyet commitment. Nyet kidding.

Quality Paperback Book Club,® P.O. Box 8804, Camp Hill, PA 17011-8804

Please enroll me in QPB and send me the 3 choices I've listed below, billing me only $1 each, plus shipping and handling charges. I understand that I am not required to buy another book. You will send me the *QPB Review* (if my account is in good standing) for at least six months. If I have not bought at least one book in any six-month period, you may cancel my membership.

Indicate by number your 3 choices: 0-16

QPB® Quality Paperback Book Club

Name *(Please print clearly.)* QB067-7-0

Address Apt.

City State Zip

Prices generally higher in Canada. ©1990 Quality Paperback Book Club. All orders subject to approval.

Brighter kids for under $2.00 a month



Reading CRICKET magazine helps children have more adventurous minds and active imaginations. CRICKET is for very special children. Children who are curious about their world. Children who love to read. *Children just like yours!*

$14.95 for an EIGHT-ISSUE TRIAL subscription. Send no money. We will bill you later. *Save over $15.00 off the regular twelve-issue price!* Order now by calling toll free or by sending us the coupon below.

Name_____

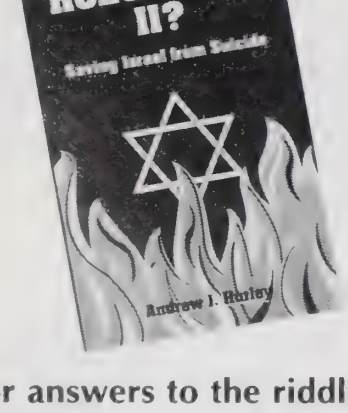
Address_____

City, State, Zip_____

1-800-BUG PALS (1-800-284-7257, Ext. 5C)
CRICKET, Box 52933, Boulder, CO 80322

Cricket 5HMJ2

Israeli-Palestinian Conflict ...a solution



For answers to the riddle of the Mid-East, *this is a book of revelations.*

Hardcover, 325 pages.
$22.95 plus $2.50 shipping=$25.45.
Send check or MC/Visa number and exp. date to **Mission Publishing, Box 1440, Santa Barbara, CA 93102**

Paglia chides feminists—whom she lumps into one convenient group—for adopting a Rousseau-like solution to the problems of patriarchy, yet falls into that trap herself when she rationalizes the brutality of rape as a "natural" outlet for aggression. The definition of human nature has always been a political minefield, particularly since the Enlightenment, with each definition justifying a different system of authority. I know of no social contract that has been able to prevent what is obviously a built-in societal view of women as citadels who must be conquered. Such institutional misogyny can only foster and condone the behavior of the rapist and the society that produced him.

Most of the feminists whom Paglia repeatedly attacks for their obstinacy have a quite different agenda. Paglia is the one positing a "natural" order; modern feminist theory rejects such constructs and instead asks questions about why they exist and whom they benefit. These hard questions don't produce the laughable pseudo-Freudianism and mystical stereotypes of Camille Paglia; instead they make us wonder why it is easier to buy into the prevailing patriarchal myth than it is to see the oppression and brutality behind it.

Maureen Ryan
Chicago

Development in Africa

Richard J. Barnet is correct ["But What About Africa?" May] when he describes the potential of small, local projects funded by international development agencies to enable Africans to take control of their own lives.

Many development organizations, especially nongovernmental agencies, are placing increasing emphasis on process-oriented community development. These projects encourage communities to learn planning and organizational skills, and thus gain confidence in achieving change, rather than to meet preset objectives. Typically implemented on the village level, these projects often do not produce dramatic short-term results. Since the people are in control of such projects from start to end, however, small successes gradually transform the fatalistic attitude that ma Africans hold regarding th development.

Because these skills are transfera to the political arena, it's hoped t Africans will take a more asserti self-help approach to national velopment. This includes, of cour being able to rid themselves of au cratic and repressive governments well as removing the self-serving patriate "lords of poverty" and "a tocrats of mercy" Barnet righ identifies.

Peter H. Clancy
Sewickley, Pa.

I was disappointed with Barne essay. The flaw in the article can found in the definition of su Saharan Africa—"black Africa min South Africa and Namibia." This totally irrational. Why is South Afr ca excluded? Because it is run whites? South Africa is the one ar only economically developed count in sub-Saharan Africa. Its econom permits blacks to enjoy their highe standard of living on the continen The wages remitted by more tha 100,000 foreign black workers pr vide substantial economic support f the faltering economies of Mozan bique, Lesotho, and Botswana. Th products—agricultural, mineral, ar manufactured—of the South Africa economy find their way, openly clandestinely, into almost every Afr can country.

I think the exclusion of South Afr ca from Barnet's article is ideolog cally motivated. The fact that Sout Africa has developed its econom steadily, even dramatically, sinc World War II is an embarrassment t liberals, particularly since the rest the continent has all but collapse economically, socially, and politica ly in the postcolonial era. Is the pro perity of South Africa due to i mineral riches, its honest governmen tal bureaucracy, its capitalist econ omy, and—this is the truth that dare not speak its name—the fact tha whites run and manage its govern ment and economy?

James S. Thayer
Oklahoma State University
Stillwater, Okla.

NOTEBOOK

Numbers game

By Lewis H. Lapham

ou can fool too many of the people too uch of the time.

—James Thurber

On April 26 the secretary of efense, Richard Cheney, presented ongress with the sublime sophism of ext year's defense budget, and the embers of the House Armed Ser- ices Committee gladly awarded him e willing suspensions of disbelief. obody laughed. Nobody mocked e secretary for his effrontery. No- ody offered a motion for his arrest. ll present knew that Mr. Cheney as talking about substantial sums of rious money: money for friends and nstituents, money for favors owed nd favors received, money for reelec- on. When introduced to that kind f money, the politicians behaved as eir mothers and ethical advisers had ained them to behave—smile at the ice man, believe whatever he says, at his dog, admire his watch or his ew Panama hat, embrace (if neces- ry or if asked) his politics, his twin rother, or his foot.

Mr. Cheney proposed spending 292.7 billion for the 1991 fiscal year $1.3 billion more than the expendi- re for 1990), but he brought with m many pages of government prose rporting to show that the Defense epartment had kept up with the ws from Eastern Europe. Yes, he id, it was true that the Warsaw Pact ad all but ceased to exist, which eant, of course, that somebody at e Pentagon would have to revise the argeting requirements" east of Nu- mberg, and yes, it was also true that cause the Soviet Union had with- awn so many of its forces from last ar's perimeters, "we can anticipate at warning time now will be a mat- ter of months, not a matter of days or a couple of weeks." Although Mr. Cheney didn't say so in as many words, he again left the impression that somebody else at the Pentagon (presumably somebody on a different side of the building with a different set of maps) was busily revising the strategic requirements.

These two seemingly minor points of doctrine effectively junked the NATO alliance and consigned to scrap a fair percentage of the American arsenal in Europe (most of the jeeps and rocket launchers as well as entire tank brigades), but Mr. Cheney didn't allow himself to become entangled in the tiresome details of military logistics. He was intent upon preserving the illusion of World War III—the grand geopolitical canvas on which two generations of American statesmen had painted the dark and melodramatic scenery of the Cold War. The illusion had been placed at no small risk by events in Germany, Czechoslovakia, and Poland (not to mention events in Romania, Lithuania, Hungary, Yugoslavia, and the Soviet Union), and Mr. Cheney was troubled by the agitation in the press (a.k.a. the notoriously liberal media) for the immediate dismantling of the American military establishment. The agitation had become so loud and so insistent that the secretary felt obliged to offer some concessions to the wimpishness loose in the nation's editorial pages.

Mr. Cheney quite plainly wished that he didn't have to take anything away from anybody, but he was careful not to utter a word of blame or reproach. Under more congenial circumstances (at dinner with the editors of the *Reader's Digest*, say, or while touring an Air Force base in the company of Oliver North), I'm sure that Mr. Cheney still can be counted upon to say something splendid about the abiding villainy of the Russians, about doe-eyed university professors who know nothing of Realpolitik and never learn the lessons of history, about the fecklessness of Western democracies that go chasing after the butterflies of pacifist fashion.

But on Capitol Hill in the spring of 1990, Mr. Cheney couldn't give voice to the old hunting cries. His audience well understood the subtexts of his inhibition and alarm. His dilemma was their own. What was at issue before the Armed Services Committee was nothing less than the protection of the national economy, which, as every member of Congress knew, was a far grimmer and more dangerous business than the defense of the Danube or the Rhine. The targeting and strategic requirements always resembled the catalogue notes for an otherwise incomprehensible exhibition of postmodern art. They belonged to the realm of fanciful theory. What was real was the government contract: the assembly lines at Raytheon, McDonnell Douglas, and Hughes Aircraft; the federal spending that amounts to roughly 45 percent of the national income. For forty years the United States had founded its well-being on the militarization of its economy, and the prosperity of the 1980s had been sustained by additions of as much as $1 trillion to the Pentagon's once and future budgets.

Thus the question for Mr. Cheney. In the absence of the familiar trolls (Soviet armies sacking Stuttgart or Paris; Soviet missiles arriving off the coast of Maryland, etc.), how could

he preserve the defense industries and with them the corollary quotient of votes, patronage, and graft?

It can be safely assumed that the members of the Armed Services Committee were as well disposed to Mr. Cheney's answer as parents at a nursery school crafts show. In 1989 various political action committees in alliance with the defense industries distributed $2 million in campaign contributions among the politicians assigned to the four congressional committees charged with the supervision of the nation's military affairs. As early as January of the current year the Defense Department took the further precaution of naming the thirty-five military bases or commands (all on American soil, all within American congressional districts) that had been placed on the list of likely casualties in the event of a budgetary crisis.

Knowing what his country expected of him, Mr. Cheney performed hi duty in the best tradition of field com manders under assault by a superio enemy force. He retreated in good or der, falling back on tactical account ing procedures. The maneuver wa notable both for its boldness an its simplicity. Mr. Cheney simply changed the numbers painted o the sides of the vehicles. From th program for building B-2 Stealth bombers, which six months ago ha been expected to cost $75.4 billion Mr. Cheney deleted $14 billion with out incurring severe losses. He did s by reconfiguring the money. Las year's program assumed the produc tion of 132 planes at the rate o twenty-four per year and at a cost o $530 million per plane. The revise program assumes the production o seventy-five planes at the rate o twelve per year and at a cost of $81 million per plane. In the near ter the annual cash subsidy is almost a rich (twelve planes times $813 mil lion as opposed to twenty-four plane times $530 million); in the long ter somebody else will be president, an the Russians maybe will have assassi nated Mikhail Gorbachev and re sumed the dialectic of the Cold War.

The questions of cost-effectiveness remained, as always, irrelevant. None of the ornate postmodernist weapons meet the specifications of cost or ef fect, because nobody expects them to serve anything other than an ornamental or symbolic purpose. A Stealth bomber, properly understood is a work of religious art, like the pyra mids at Giza or the megaliths a Stonehenge. Just as it would be fool ish to expect a pyramid or a megalith to conform to the rules of the free market, so also it would be foolish t make similarly impious demands of a Stealth bomber. The lead contractors for the B-2 program (the Boeing, LTV, and Northrop corporations) ac knowledge the ceremonial nature o the task by thoughtfully dividing the work among 4,000 subcontractors in forty-six states.

Mr. Cheney's triumphant defense of the B-2 program proved equally ap posite to the funding of the program for the C-17 transport plane and the A-12 Advanced Tactical Aircraft. The money that he subtracted with

Simple Instructions for Changing Your Spare Tire.



1 Get on Track.

As you get older, it becomes difficult to get rid of that trouble spot around your middle—the "spare tire." The solution: NordicTrack.

NordicTracking is as easy as walking and swinging your arms. As you ski and "pole" against independent upper- and lower-body resistance, your body begins to reduce fat and stimulate your metabolism to get you in shape

2 Eat Sensibly.

Eat nutritious meals. Don't starve. When you eat less, your metabolism slows down and adjusts to a lower level, making it harder to lose weight. NordicTrack can raise your metabolism and burn more calories in less time than any other exercise machine—up to 1,100 calories per hour.

3 Stick With It.

Just 20 minutes a day on a NordicTrack and you'll discover how easy it is to replace that stubborn spare tire with muscle tissue.

What makes NordicTrack the world's best aerobic exerciser?

- *Upper-Body Exerciser*
- *Electronic Feedback*
- *Stand-up Position*
- *Lower-Body Exerciser*
- *Smooth, Non-Jarring Motion*
- *Patented Flywheel*
- *Adjustable Elevation*

NordicTrack A CML Company

World's Best Aerobic Exerciser

Send For **FREE VIDEO** & Brochure!

Call Toll Free (in U.S. & Canada)

1-800-328-5888

❑ Please send me a free brochure.
❑ Also a free video tape ❑ VHS ❑ BETA

Name _____

Street _____

City _____ State ____ Zip ____

Phone ( ) _____

141 Jonathan Blvd. N. • Chaska, MN 55318

200G0

is left hand from the major weapons stems he added with his right hand the minor weapons systems, and by ne time he had come to the end of his stimony he had managed to escape ne siege of reason with almost all of ne king's horses and most of the ng's men.

Not having been present, I don't now whether the politicians awarded Mr. Cheney a standing ovation. he newspapers remained silent on ne point, but Representative Robert . Davis (R., Mich.), expressing hat I assume to be the gratitude of ne majority, was quoted as saying: "A ery defensible position, something e can sell to the House and the merican people."

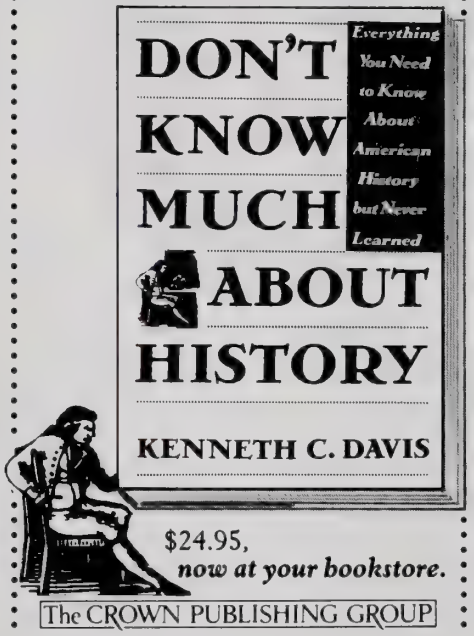
A week later, on May 1, the whole the House of Representatives confirmed Congressman Davis's favorble opinion. Given the chance to pose an alternative military budget e., a set of priorities substantially fferent both in degree and in kind), e House, by a vote of 218 to 208, duced Mr. Cheney's sum total by no ore than $10 billion—i.e., by the ifling fraction of less than 5 percent. n the assumption that the Senate ll come forward with an equally odest subtraction, then, by the narw arc of its cupidity, the American ongress will have defined the range d compass of its effort to imagine a w world.

But $10 billion is still a lot of mon, and between now and October hen the budget passes into law) e quarrels about who gets what ndoubtedly will turn desperate and ean. Over the summer I look forrd to reading a good many newspaer stories about the rich markets r American weapons in the Third orld, about terrorism and "the moent of maximum danger" (in which e sly Russians will cheat the Pentan of its strength), about enhanced eapons requirements for the war on ugs, about nuclear proliferation, out the shadow of the apocalypse lling across the Balkans or looming hind the Horn of Africa. By Septmber I expect that the rival contracrs and subcontractors will offer one nother as little quarter as the crusadg knights of twelfth-century Chrisndom offered the heathen Turk. ■

DON'T KNOW MUCH ABOUT HISTORY?

You're not alone.

Ever wonder who Jim Crow was? Or what really happened at Yalta? You'll find the often surprising answers right here, in this lively, informed rediscovery of America's history from Columbus to Colonel North.



$24.95, *now at your bookstore.*

The CROWN PUBLISHING GROUP

A Brave, Bold, Daring, Fresh Alternative.

The Naropa Institute

A Contemplative College of the Arts and Humanities

MA • MFA • BA • Certificate Degrees

Accredited • Financial Aid

Summer '90 Program
Pan American Writers Conference • Jazz • Visual Arts • Music • Contemplative Arts • Dance • Poetics • Deep Ecology

For information write:
Admissions Office-H7
The Naropa Institute
2130 Arapahoe Ave.
Boulder, CO 80302
(303) 444 - 0202

Put the whole world at your fingertips, with . . .

Venturer MultiBand Receiver

Only $99.95*

But read the ad for an even better deal!



•We have a small monthly allotment of the Venturer 2, same as the standard Venturer, but it also plays cassette tapes. It costs $30 more—$129.95. The "special deal"—3 for the price of 2—is also available for this model.

The *Venturer* Receiver gives you crisp reception over the full ten bands of the radio spectrum, including, of course, the entire AM/FM range. But you can also roam the international shortwave and ham radio bands (4 to 12 mHz) for information from all over the world. And you can pick up the TV-audio from channels 2 to 13, a great way to keep up with your favorite programs. But there is more: Listen to 24-hr. reports of the U.S. Weather Bureau, and get news of all support services—police, fire, ships, and civil defense. Then there is the aircraft band, and all 40 channels of the CB band. The *Venturer* works off your 110-volt house current, off batteries, or off any external 12-V. DC source.

We import *Venturers* in container loads and can offer them for just $99.95. But we have an even better deal: ***Buy two for $199.90, and we'll send you a third one, with our compliments—absolutely FREE!*** Take advantage of this special offer and order your *Venturer MultiBand Receiver(s)* today!

FOR FASTEST SERVICE, ORDER
TOLL FREE (800) 882-3050
24 hours a day, 7 days a week

Please give order **#1195**A390 or for the cassette version, give order **#1196**A390. If you prefer, mail check or card authorization and expiration. We need daytime phone # for all orders and issuing bank for charge orders. Add ship./insur.: $6.95 for one; $8.95 for three. Add sales tax for CA delivery.

You have 30-day return and one-year warranty. We do not refund shipping charges.

since 1967
haverhills®
131 Townsend Street, San Francisco, CA 94107

THE 1990 ROLEX AWARDS FOR ENTERPRISE



Tree nursery for planned reforestation



The Rolex Awards for Enterprise were founded in 1976 to recognize the achievements of individuals whose ventures are aimed at improving our world. The awards were granted in the fields of Applied Science and Invention; Exploration and Discovery; and the Environment. For their unswerving dedication to a cause and contribution toward the common good, the five 1990 laureates each received 50,000 Swiss francs and an inscribed Rolex Chronometer. The awards, presented for the sixth time, are designed to help bring to fruition the projects of these worthy individuals.

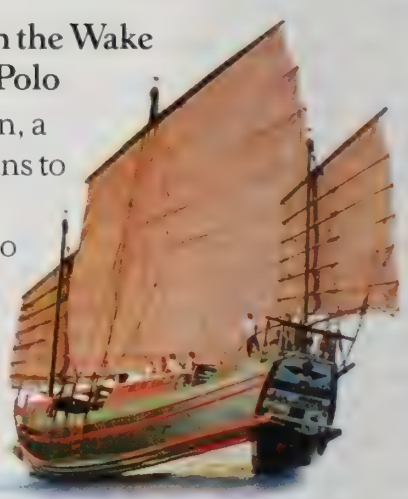
The Spirit of Enterprise, The 1990 Rolex Awards is an illustrated book outlining the winning projects and over 250 other proposals submitted for consideration.

The Arco Iris Project: Saving the Pedra Talhada Forest in Brazil

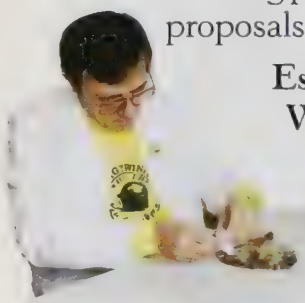
Anita Studer of Switzerland founded the Arco Iris (Rainbow) project to reforest the largely decimated Pedra Talhada woodlands in Brazil by enlisting the support and labor of young people, officials and even former poachers.

Setting Sail in the Wake of Marco Polo

Dr. Wayne Moran, a British physician, plans to retrace Marco Polo's journey from China to Italy in a replica of a 13th-century junk. Moran will conduct studies at each port of call to compare Polo's era with today's.



The "Cocachin" under sail



Bandaging a hedgehog

Establishing Europe's First Wildlife Teaching Hospital

Englishman Les Stocker founded the Wildlife Hospital Trust to care for injured wild birds and animals. He now wants to establish Europe's first teaching veterinary hospital to treat injured wildlife.

Laser Restoration of the Qin Dynasty Army

Dr. John Asmus, an American research physicist, pioneered the use of lasers in art restoration. He will use the technology to preserve the colors on some of the 6,000 warriors of the Qin Dynasty terra-cotta army, unearthed in China.



Life-size, terra-cotta warriors

The First Indonesian Environmental Education Center

Dr. Suryo Prawiroatmodjo is completing construction of Indonesia's first environmental education center, dedicated to conserving threatened animal and plant species and increasing awareness of the country's ecological problems.



Lecturing at the environmental center

For additional information, please write to The Secretariat, Rolex Awards for Enterprise, P.O. Box 178, 1211 Geneva 26, Switzerland.

ROLEX

© 1990 Rolex Watch U.S.A. Inc.

HARPER'S INDEX

Number of trees George Bush has pledged to plant in the United States in the next five years : 5,000,000,000
Amount he has proposed to cut from existing Forest Service tree-planting programs next year : $32,000,000
Amount of trash left in New York City's Central Park by people attending Earth Day festivities, in tons : 100
Amount of trash retrieved from Mount Everest since April, in tons : 2
Amount the West Berlin city government has paid East Germany to dump trash there since 1975 : $700,000,000
alue of the South African iron and steel the U.S. has imported since Congress imposed sanctions in 1986 : $350,000,000
nount the U.S. government has paid Romania since 1980 for Soviet-made weapons for intelligence purposes : $40,000,000
Estimated amount of the payment that went directly into the Ceauşescu family's private bank accounts : $8,000,000
Number of East German spies still operating in West Germany, according to West Germany : 5,000
Number of West Germans expected to file claims for property seized by East Germany since 1949 : 500,000
Number of foreclosures initiated by the Farmers Home Administration during the first three months of 1989 : 103
Number of foreclosures initiated during the first three months of 1990 : 559
Acres of solar panels it would take to fulfill all human energy needs : 83,000,000
Percentage of the earth's landmass this represents : 0.2
Chances that a piece of solar-energy equipment manufactured in the United States last year was exported : 1 in 2
Number of seconds added to 1989 to accommodate a decrease in the earth's rotational speed : 1
Number of animal species into which a human gene has been introduced : 16
Sales of Teenage Mutant Ninja Turtles merchandise since the film was released in April : $500,000,000
Sales of tickets to the film : $110,000,000
Percentage of American pet owners who keep a photograph of their pet in their wallet : 40
Percentage of parents who say they want the option of having their child's school photograph retouched : 30
Portion of all references to Dan Quayle in the *Washington Post* last year that were in the Style section : 1/2
Number of votes received by the Beer Drinkers Union in the East German elections held last March : 2,534
Number of votes received by the Unification Now party : 2,396
Number of the 15 republics in the Soviet Union in which there are independence movements : 15
Portion of all national constitutions that were written after 1965 : 3/4
Percentage increase, since 1988, in the number of publications seized or banned worldwide : 121
Percentage increase, since 1988, in the number of journalists killed worldwide : 104
Average number of Latin American countries the United States has invaded and occupied each decade since 1900 : 5
Ratio of Japan's investment in Latin America to its investment in Asia : 1:1
Total number of hours each schoolday the children of the president of Mexico spend learning Japanese : 3
Number of uninterrupted hours a Boston girl played Nintendo before having an epileptic seizure : 3
Percentage of American children under the age of 6 who say that the first U.S. flag was sewn by Betsy Ross : 15
Percentage who say it was sewn by Barbara Bush : 29
Number of times George Bush telephoned Gloria Estefan during her stay in the hospital in March : 3
Percentage of American women who said in 1970 that men were "basically kind, gentle, and thoughtful" : 67
Percentage who say this today : 51
Price of a full back-waxing for men at La Carezza in New York City : $30
Number of Census Bureau employees who have been bitten by people they were trying to count : 1
Percentage of Iowans who say it's not the heat, it's the humidity : 87

Figures cited are the latest available as of May 1990. Sources are listed on page 70.
"Harper's Index" is a registered trademark.

PARABOLA: *The Magazine of Myth and Tradition,* "a magazine devoted to the mythic underpinnings of contemporary life," —*The New York Times.* "A fascinating journal," — *Washington Post.* Recent themes: "Addiction," "Dreams and Seeing," "The Tree of Life," "Liberation." Peter Brook, Joseph Campbell, Helen Luke. Articles, interviews, book reviews, traditional stories. $19.50/yr (4 issues).

"Tantalizing, literate, discerningly passionate... a gem of a review." — *East West.* Discover a world of women's literature in **BELLES LETTRES:** *A REVIEW OF BOOKS BY WOMEN.* Each quarterly issue is packed with reviews, retrospectives, rediscoveries, and interviews. Southern Hemisphere section brings previously inaccessible literature forward in a non-academic format. $20/yr.

The Southern Review: "One of the last of the splendid near-certainties." -Reynolds Price. Recent contributors include Hayden Carruth, Susan Ludvigson, Marilyn Nelson Waniek, Albert Gelpi, M.L. Rosenthal, Jill McCorkle, Janet Lewis, Bertram Wyatt-Brown, Michael O'Brien, Clyde Edgerton, Louis Simpson, Kent Nelson, Moira Crone, Susan Morehouse, David Baker, Andrew Hudgins, Carl Djerassi, Theodore Weiss. $15/yr ind. $30/yr inst.

The Caribbean Writer, an international magazine with a regional focus, about half poetry and fiction, with book reviews and art. Special sections on poetry from Montserrat (vol. 3) and oral poetry (vol. 4). Work by Audre Lorde, Julia Alvarez, Opal Palmer Adisa. *Library Journal* said, "Anyone looking for a confrontation with originality and creative thought need go no further." Two year subscription $14.00.

The Literary Review brings you contemporary writing from throughout the world, often introducing the first English translations of important international authors. General issues also offer a range of new fiction, poetry, and essays. Future special issues will be devoted to current writing from the Soviet Union, Africa, and Blacks in Britain. $18/yr. domestic, $21/yr. foreign; $30/2 yrs domestic, $36/2 yrs foreign.

POETRY, founded by Harriet Monroe in 1912 is the oldest, most widely read monthly devoted entirely to verse. From Auden to Ashbery, Pound to Pinsky, Stevens to Soto—voices famous and new. Reviews of new poetry books, news notes, books received. $25/yr.; $27/yr. inst.

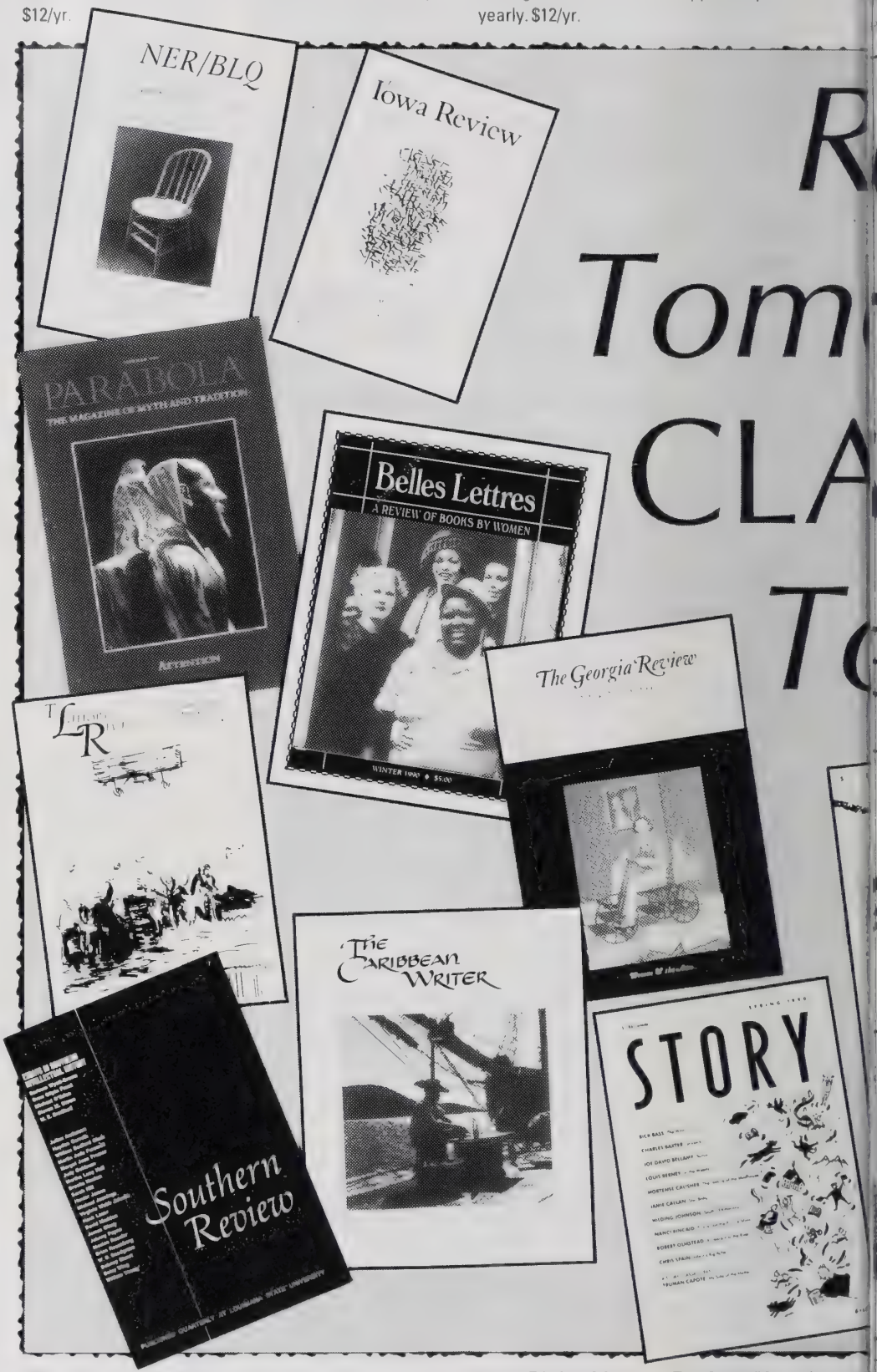
STORY, the magazine that first published Truman Capote, J.D. Salinger, Erskine Caldwell, Norman Mailer and many others, has returned after a 22-year hiatus. Named one of the 16 best new magazines by Library Journal, STORY features short fiction by the country's most promising new writers, as well as new work from well-known authors. $17/4 issues.

The Georgia Review, winner of the 1986 National Magazine Award in Fiction, offers a double issue focusing on "Women and the Arts" (just published): New work by Eudora Welty, Eavan Boland, Joyce Carol Oates, Maxine Kumin, Rita Dove, and fifty others. $9/single copies; $12/yr; $20/2 yrs

AVEC: Award-winning poetry, prose, and translations. Innovative, challenging work, "not for the easily impressed." Tristan Tzara, Lydia Davis, William S. Burroughs, Leslie Scalapino, Charles Bernstein, Fanny Howe. The current issue features a special 50 page section of French writers in translation. $12/2 issues

New England Review & Bread Loaf Quarterly: Anthony Hecht calls us "one of the liveliest, best and most readable of the literary quarterlies." See for yourself! A special issue on science, work from Ann Beattie, Eamon Grennan, Miroslav Holub, Edward Hirsch, and others—all for only $12/yr.

NEW AMERICAN WRITING, the award-winni literary magazine, focuses on censorship and the arts its fifth number: writing by Peter Schjeldahl, Gwendo Brooks, Larry Heinemann, Andrei Codrescu, A Lauterbach, and photography curator Joshua Smi among others. Robert Mapplethorpe cover. Tw yearly. $12/yr.



The American Poetry Review brings you, bimonthly, the finest poetry, translations, essays, columns, and interviews by writers such as Ashbery, Bly, Dubie, Forche, Ginsberg, Graham, Hall, Kinnell, Knight, Levertov, Merwin, Milosz, Rich, and Stern. With its accessible, newsprint/tabloid format and worldwide circulation of 24,000, APR is making literary history. $12/yr.; $21/2 yrs.; $29/3 yrs.

High Plains Literary Review: "A good source information, inspiration and entertainment. More alo the lines of Atlantic and Harper's than the liter quarterlies." — *Library Journal.* "A solid new jour with no noticeable regional bias. International a multi-ethnic in scope." — *Small Press Review.* Includ fiction, essays, poetry, interviews and criticism. $2 issues; $4/sample.
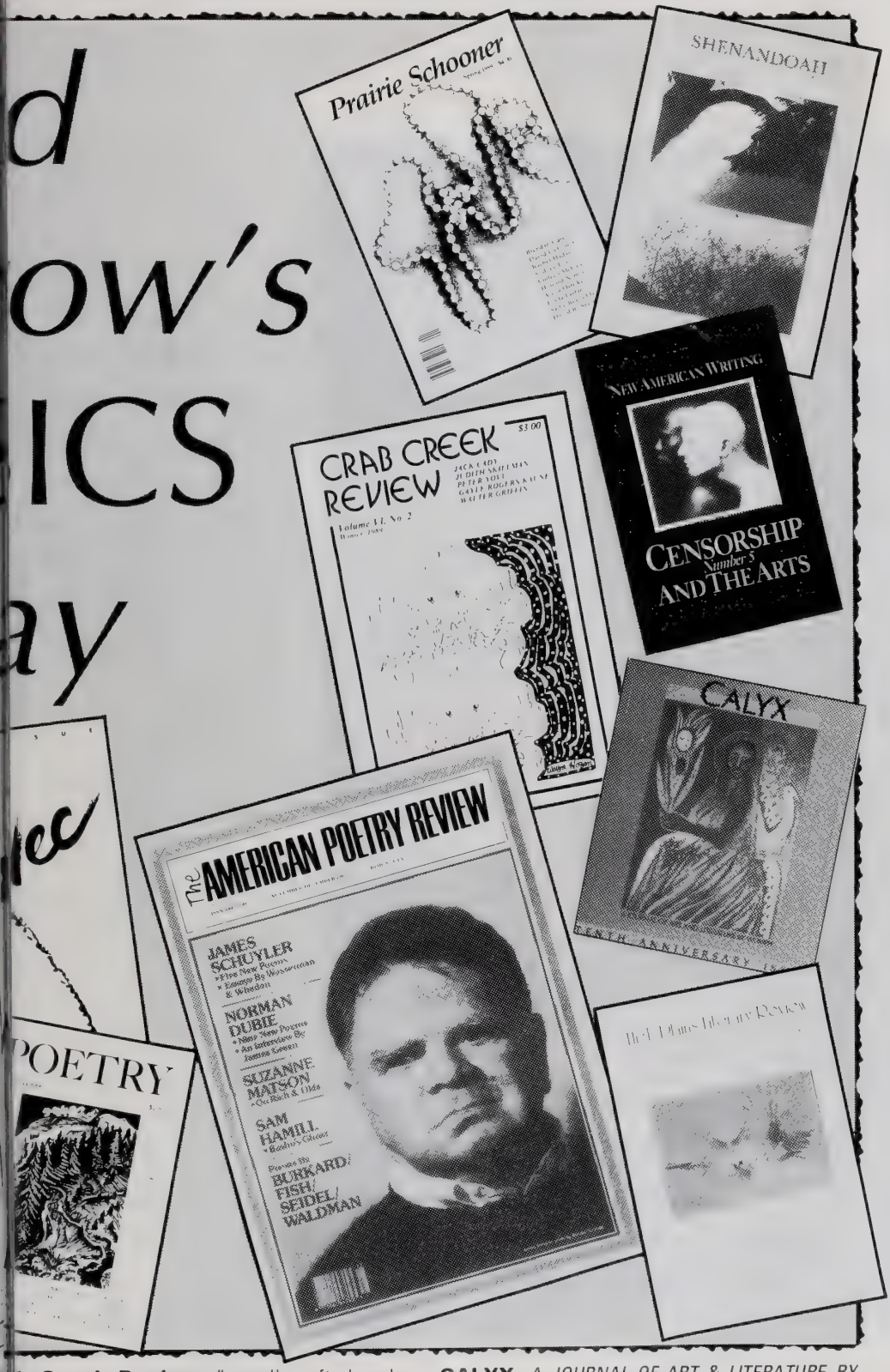
Special discount to Harper's readers: Order three or more magazin

The Council of Literary Magazines & Presses is a u

in a "graceful image of conversation" (*Literary azine Review*) with the twentieth anniversary ne of **THE IOWA REVIEW.** Featuring a forum on an Rushdie, essayists on the essay, and new work ary Swander, Marianne Boruch, Michael Carey, es Baxter, Chase Twichell, Marilyn Chin, and s Tate, among others. $15/yr (3 issues).

Prairie Schooner, now in its 64th year of publication, "shapes our fiction outlook" when readers, "editors, and agents take the pulse of our literary culture or search for new talent." — *Writer's Digest.* Coming: Sharon Sheehe Starke, Darrell Spencer, Josephine Jacobsen, Janet Burroway, Walter McDonald. Essays, poetry, fiction, and reviews. $15/yr.

SHENANDOAH's award-winning fiction, poetry, and essays are regularly chosen for the annual *Pushcart Prize, Best American Essays, Best American Short Stories, New Stories from the South* and the O. Henry Awards. Recent contributors: Northrop Frye, William Hoffman, Denise Levertov, Fred Chappell, Alice Adams. "The best literary magazines have always endeavored to discover, accomodate, and sustain good writing...*Shenandoah* does all three." — *Booklist* $11/yr (4 issues); $3.50/sample copy.



b Creek Review: "...well-crafted and eptive works...technically proficient and sensitive ns...powerfully expressed images...tightly olled narrative...diverse enough to appeal to a ty of tastes..."— *Literary Magazine Review.* ne Kumin, William Stafford. David Lee, Olga va, translations from Eastern Europe, Japan, Latin ica, classical Latin, and more. $8/yr.; $3/copy.

CALYX, *A JOURNAL OF ART & LITERATURE BY WOMEN* "is in the first rank of women's literature and art publications...one of the top notch, big little mags period." — *Contact II.* INNOVATIVE! PROVOCATIVE! Now in her 14th year! "...the very best art and literature of the contemporary woman." — *Literary Magazine Review.* Winner of a 1990 & 1985 CCLM Editor's Award. $8/sample; $18/3 issues; $22.50/inst.; +$5/foreign.

SUBSCRIPTION FORM Please indicate publications desired.

- ☐ **American Poetry Review** $12/yr; $21/2 yrs.
- ☐ **AVEC** $12/2 issues.
- ☐ **Belles Lettres** $20/yr; $3/single issue.
- ☐ **CALYX** $18/3 issues; $8/single issue.
- ☐ **The Caribbean Writer** $14/2 issues.
- ☐ **Crab Creek Review** $8/yr; $3/single issue.
- ☐ **The Georgia Review** $12/yr; 20/2 yrs.
- ☐ **High Plains Literary Review** $20/3 issues.
- ☐ **The Iowa Review** $15/3 issues.
- ☐ **The Literary Review** $18/yr; $30/2 yrs.
- ☐ **New American Writing** $12/2 issues.
- ☐ **New England Review & Bread Loaf Quarterly** $12/yr.
- ☐ **PARABOLA** $19.50/4 issues; $6/single issue.
- ☐ **POETRY** $25/yr.
- ☐ **Prairie Schooner** $15/yr.
- ☐ **SHENANDOAH** $11/yr; $3.50/single issue.
- ☐ **The Southern Review** $15/yr. $5/single issue.
- ☐ **Story** $17/4 issues.

☐ **The 1990 CLMP Directory of Literary Magazines.** Guide to over 400 literary magazines. $10.95 $6 with 3 or more subscriptions to any of the above magazines.

TOTAL _____

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State ___ Zip ___

Make check payable to CLMP and return with order form to: CLMP, 666 Broadway, NY, NY, 10012. Payment must be in US dollars drawn on a US bank.

his ad and get the CLMP ***1990 Directory of Literary Magazines*** for $6.
or these and over 400 other literary publications.

If We All Aged Half As Well, The World Would Be A Much More Civilized Place.

Some say the secret to the popularity of Ballantine's Finest Scotch is its artful blend of 42 single malt whiskies. Others proclaim the virtues of water, peat or heather, traces of which can be detected in every sip. But all discussions about Scotch must ultimately turn to the oak barrels in which it matures.

Newly distilled single malt Scotch enters the barrel naked, virtually clear, fiery in its potency, but somewhat lacking in manners. Over the years it acquires a golden hue, drawn from the wood itself. Air penetrates the porous surface, whispering hints of the outside world to the budding whisky inside. In turn, evaporation imparts a subtle sweetness to the surrounding air.



When the whisky emerges from its long metamorphosis, it has mellowed considerably. Tempered with soft Scottish water and merged into the Ballantine's Finest blend, each of the single malts confidently introduces itself to your glass, proud of its origin, asserting its flavor with the firm handshake of individual Scotch character.

Then a softer side to Ballantine's is revealed, a sentimental quality that blooms on the palate like a flower unveiling hidden color. The finish is gentle but firm, dignified and noble.

The true measure of civilization is simple qualities like these. Happily, they are available for the price of a bottle of Ballantine's Finest.

Please write. We welcome all correspondence.

Ballantine's

THE TRUE TASTE OF SCOTCH™

Ballantine's Blended Scotch Whisky, 43% Alc./Vol. (86 proof) © 1990 Maidstone Wine & Spirits Inc., Los Angeles, CA • Write to Ballantine's P.O. Box 8925 Universal City, CA 91608

READINGS

[Essay]

WHO ARE THESE ANIMALS WE KILL?

By Barry Lopez. From the Winter 1989 issue of Witness, *published in Farmington Hills, Michigan. Lopez's essay "Mapping the Real Geography" appeared in the November 1989 issue of* Harper's Magazine.

A few miles east of home in the Cascades I slow down and pull over for two raccoons, sprawled still as stones in the road. I carry them to the side and lay them in sun-shot, windblown grass in the barrow pit. In eastern Oregon, along U.S. 20, black-tailed jackrabbits lie like welts of sod—three, four, then a fifth. By the bridge over Jordan Creek, just shy of the Idaho border, in the drainage of the Owyhee River, a crumpled adolescent porcupine leers up almost maniacally over its blood-flecked teeth. I carry each one away from the tarmac into a cover of grass or brush out of decency, I think. And worry. Who are these animals, their lights gone out? What journeys have fallen apart here?

I do not stop to remove each dark blister from the road. I wince before the recently dead, feel my lips tighten, see something else, a fence post, in the spontaneous aversion of my eyes, and pull over. I imagine white silk threads of life still vibrating inside them, even if the body's husk is stretched out for yards, stuck like oiled muslin to the road. The energy that held them erect leaves like a bullet; but the memory of that energy fades slowly from the wrinkled cornea, the bloodless fur.

The raccoons and, later, a red fox carry like sacks of wet gravel and sand. Each animal is like a solitary child's shoe in the road.

Once a man asked, Why do you bother? You never know, I said. The ones you give some semblance of burial, to whom you offer an apology, may have been like seers in a parallel culture. It is an act of respect, a technique of awareness.

In Idaho I hit a young sage sparrow—*thwack* against the right fender in the very split second I see it. Its companion rises a foot higher from the same spot, slow as smoke, and sails off clean into the desert. I rest the walloped bird in my left hand, my right thumb pressed to its chest. I feel for the wail of the heart. Its eyes glisten like rain on crystal. Nothing but warmth. I shut the tiny eyelids and lay it beside a clump of bunchgrass. Beyond a barbed-wire fence the overgrazed range is littered with cow flops. The road curves away to the south. I nod before I go, a ridiculous gesture, out of simple grief.

I pass four spotted skunks. The swirling air is acrid with the rupture of each life.

Darkness rises in the valleys of Idaho. East of Grand View, south of the Snake River, nighthawks swoop the road for gnats, silent on the wing as owls. On a descending curve I see two of them lying soft as clouds in the road. I turn around and come back. The sudden slowing down and my K-turn at the bottom of the hill draw the attention of a man who steps away from a tractor, a dozen yards from where the birds lie. I can tell by his step, the suspicious tilt of his head, that he is wary, vaguely proprietary. Offended, or irritated, he may throw the birds back into the road when I leave. So I wait, subdued like a penitent, a body in each hand.

He speaks first, a low voice, a deep murmur weighted with awe. He has been watching these flocks feeding just above the road for several evenings. He calls them whippoorwills. He gestures for a carcass. How odd, yes, the way they concentrate their hunting right on the road, I say. He runs a finger down the smooth arc of the belly and remarks on the small whiskered bill. He pulls one long wing out straight, but not roughly. He marvels. He glances at my car, baffled by this out-of-state courtesy. Two dozen nighthawks career past, back and forth at arm's

length, feeding at our height and lower. He asks if I would mind—as though I owned it—if he took the bird up to the house to show his wife. "She's never seen anything like this." He's fascinated. "Not close."

I trust, later, he will put it in the fields, not throw the body in the trash, a whirligig.

North of Pinedale in western Wyoming on U.S. 189, below the Gros Ventre Range, I see a big doe from a great distance, the low rays of first light gleaming in her tawny reddish hair. She rests askew, like a crushed tree. I drag her to the shoulder, then down a long slope by the petals of her ears. A gunnysack of plaster mud, ears cold as rain gutters. All of her doesn't come. I climb back up for the missing leg. The stain of her is darker than the black asphalt. The stains go north and off to the south as far as I can see.

On an afternoon trafficless, quiet as a cloister, headed across South Pass in the Wind River Range, I swerve violently but hit an animal, and then try to wrestle the gravel-spewing skid in a straight line along the lip of an embankment. I know even as I struggle for control the irony of this: I could pitch off here to my own death, easily. The bird is dead somewhere in the road behind me. Only a few seconds and I am safely back on the road, nauseous, light-headed.

It is hard to distinguish among younger gulls. I turn this one around slowly in my hands. It could be a western gull, a mew gull, a California gull. I do not remember well enough the bill markings, the color of the legs. I have no doubt about the vertebrae shattered beneath the seamless white of its ropy neck.

East of Lusk, Wyoming, in Nebraska, I stop for a badger. I squat on the macadam to admire the long claws, the perfect set of its teeth in the broken jaw, the ramulose shading of its fur—how it differs slightly, as does every badger's, from the drawings and pictures in the field guides. A car drifts toward us over the prairie, coming on in the other lane, a white 1962 Chevrolet station wagon. The driver slows to pass. In the bright sunlight I can't see his face, only an arm and the gesture of his thick left hand. It opens in a kind of shrug, hangs briefly in limp sadness, then extends itself in supplication. Gone past, it curls into itself against the car door and is still.

Farther on in western Nebraska I pick up the small bodies of mice and birds. While I wait to retrieve these creatures I do not meet the eyes of passing drivers. Whoever they are, I feel anger toward them, in spite of the sparrow and the gull I myself have killed. We treat the attrition of lives on the road like the attrition of lives in war: horrifying, unavoidable, justified. Accepting the slaughter leaves people momentarily fractious, embarrassed. South of Broken Bow, at dawn, I cannot avoid an immature barn swallow. It hangs by its head, motionless in the slats of the grill.

I stop for a rabbit on Nebraska 806 and find, only a few feet away, a garter snake. What else have I missed, too small, too narrow? What has gone under or past me while I stared at mountains, hay meadows, fencerows, the beryl surface of rivers? In Wyoming I could not help but see pronghorn antelope swollen big as barrels by the side of the road, their legs splayed rigidly aloft. For animals that large people will stop. But how many have this habit of clearing the road of smaller creatures, people who would remove the ones I miss? I do not imagine I am alone. As much sorrow as the man's hand conveyed in Nebraska, it meant gratitude too for burying the dead.

Still, I do not wish to meet anyone's eyes.

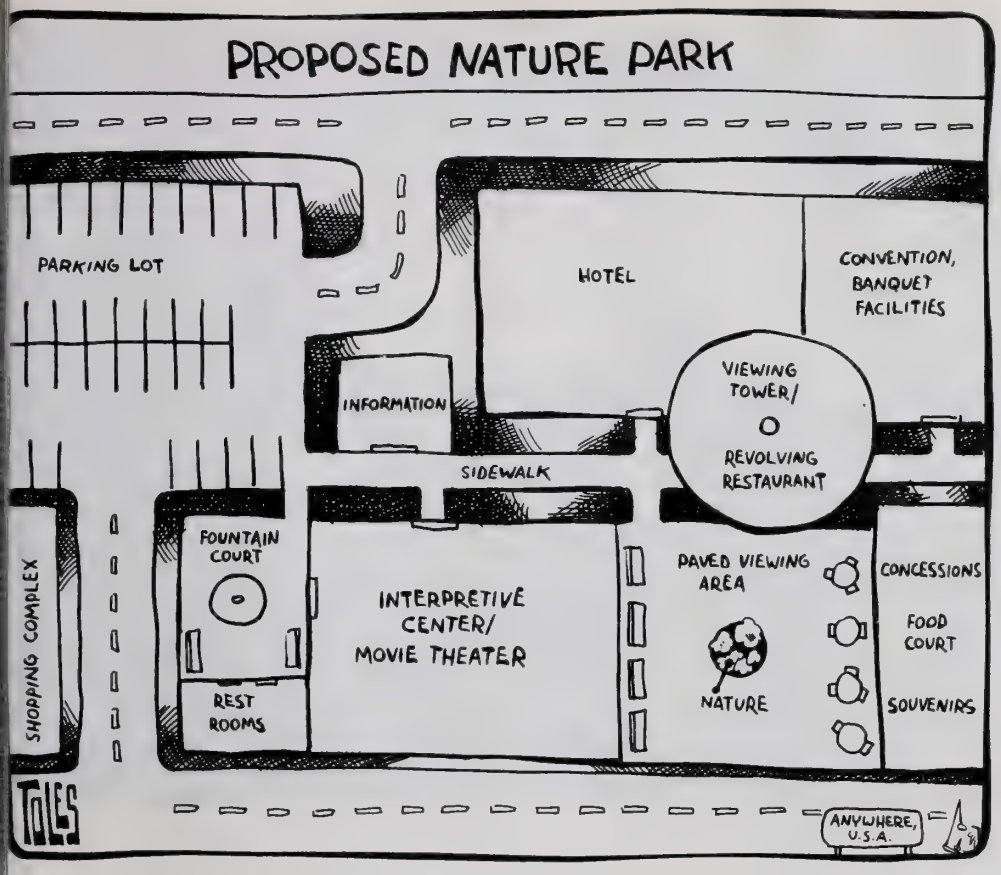
In southwestern Iowa, outside Clarinda, I haul a deer into high grass out of sight of the road and begin to examine it. It is still whole, but the destruction is breathtaking. The skull, I soon discover, is fractured in four places; the jaw, hanging by shreds of mandibular muscle, is broken at the symphysis, beneath the incisors. The pelvis is crushed, the left hind leg unsocketed. All but two ribs are dislocated along the vertebral column, which is complexly fractured.

[Price List]

THE TERMINAL MOTEL

From "Research Animal Use," a form given to research-grant applicants by the Laboratory Animal Research Center at Rockefeller University in New York City. The rates listed are the center's daily charges to researchers for storage and care of lab animals while the animals are being used in experiments.

Dog	$12.27	Guinea pig	1.27
Ungulate	12.11	Pigeon	.56
Cat	4.58	Rodent/hamster	.46
Monkey	3.88	Aquatic	.20
Duck	1.84	Mouse	.20
Rabbit	1.81	Songbird	.20



From the Buffalo News.

The intestines have been driven forward into the chest. The heart and lungs have ruptured the chest wall at the base of the neck. The signature of a tractor-trailer truck: 78,000 pounds at 65 mph.

In front of a motel room in Ottumwa I fingerscrape the dry stiff carcasses of bumblebees, wasps, and butterflies from the grill and headlight mountings, and I scrub with a wet cloth to soften and wipe away the nap of crumbles, the insects, the aerial plankton of spiders and mites. I am uneasy carrying so many of the dead. The carnage is so obvious.

In Illinois, west of Kankakee, two raccoons as young as the ones in Oregon. In Indiana another raccoon, a gray squirrel. When I make the left turn into the driveway at the house of a friend outside South Bend, it is evening, hot and muggy. I can hear cicadas in a lone elm. I'm glad to be here.

From the driveway entrance I look back down Indiana 23, toward Indiana 8, remembering the farm roads of Illinois and Iowa. I remember how beautiful it was in the limpid air to drive Nebraska 2 through the Sand Hills, to see how far at dusk the land was etched east and west of Wyoming 28. I remember the imposition of the Wind River Mountains in a hard, blue sky beneath white ranks of buttonhook clouds, windy hayfields on the Snake River Plain, the welcome of Russian olive trees and willows in creek bottoms. The transformation of the heart such beauty engenders is not enough tonight to let me shed the heavier memory, a catalogue too morbid to write out, too vivid to ignore.

I stand in the driveway now, listening to the cicadas whirring in the dark tree. My hands grip the sill of the open window at the driver's side, and I lean down as if to speak to someone still sitting there. The weight I wish to fall I cannot fathom, a sorrow over the world's dark hunger.

A light comes on over the porch. I hear a dead bolt thrown, the shiver of a door pulled free. The words of atonement I pronounce are too inept to offer me release. Or forgiveness. My friend is floating across the tree-shadowed lawn. What is to be done with the desire for exculpation?

"Later than we thought you'd be," he says.

I do not want the lavabo. I wish to make amends.

"I made more stops than I thought I would," I answer.

"Well, bring this in. And whatever I can take," he says.

I anticipate, in the powerful antidote of our conversation, the reassurance of a human enterprise, the forgiving embrace of the rational. It waits within, beyond the slow tail-wagging of two dogs standing at the screen door.



Maki Evimbi Te (The Eggs Are Not Fluffy), *a painting by Chéri Samba, a Zairian artist. Samba's paintings aim at increasing public awareness of issues such as AIDS, racism, education, and domestic strife, and include texts in French, patois, and his native Lingala. In this painting, a husband complains about his wife's cooking: "How do you expect a strong man like me to eat flat eggs?" Samba's work was shown last spring at the Annina Nosei Gallery in New York City.*

[Pamphlet]

VIRGINIA IS FOR VIRGINS

From "Dating and Your Right to Choose," a pamphlet distributed to ninth-grade students in their family-life education class in a Chesapeake, Virginia, public school. The American Civil Liberties Union claims that the brochure violates the constitutional separation of church and state and has warned the Chesapeake school superintendent that legal action may be taken if the brochure is not altered.

WHAT RIGHTS OF CHOICE DO YOU HAVE IN DATING?

• *You have the right to save yourself for your future wife or husband.* This is not merely a right—it's a responsibility. God condemns the sin of fornication. You have the responsibility to keep yourself from that sin and the right not to be pressured or ridiculed when you do resist temptation.

Suppose you are given a priceless gift—a unique, precious, one-of-a-kind possession, all your own. Sometime in your life you will give it away, but only once. For keeps. You have the responsibility of choosing what you will do with it.

Will you give that gift to the first person who admires it? To a casual friend? It is more likely that you'll wait, and then select a person who is worthy of what you give.

That's the way it is with your sexual self. God has given each person a priceless gift, but many people toss it carelessly away. You have the right to do what God wants you to—don't let anyone tell you otherwise!

• *You have the right to date those who will not tempt you but will treat you as the very special person God created you to be.* Popularity does not depend on sex. Being described as "the neatest date around, who never compromises his/her ideals," is far more important than being dated for the wrong reasons.

HOW CAN YOU MAKE SURE YOU RETAIN YOUR "RIGHT TO CHOOSE"?

In a sexually oriented society, all kinds of pressures exist. How can they be fought? By accepting responsibility for the following:

• *Be aware.* God created sex, and He made man's sex drive powerful. Sex is normal, but you

are responsible for controlling it. A high-powered automobile must be controlled or disaster can follow. So must strong feelings.

• *Be selective.* Dating the handsome football captain or head cheerleader may be exciting and flattering to your ego, but be careful. If he or she has a questionable reputation, you may be stepping into a lion's den under the delusion that you have the upper hand.

• *Remember your "somedays."* Someday you will meet one you want to share your life with. Don't let an early puppy love or infatuation lure you into an experience you'll later wish you had kept for that "happily-ever-after" person. Many young people don't realize that they are actually cheating that special person they haven't even met, yet that's exactly what they're doing. You wouldn't choose to bring a secondhand gift to him or her.

God has given you the right to choose. Use it wisely, and you will discover why it is so vitally important.

[Letter]

GO WITH THE FLOW

From a letter by James Carey, dean of St. John's College in Santa Fe, New Mexico, sent to all seniors in April.

The college has frequently been criticized by seniors and alumni for not providing much guidance in the transition from such a small academic community into what is called, incorrectly I think, "the real world." This matter was reintroduced at a faculty meeting a couple months ago and served as a topic for serious discussion there. Since that meeting I have been wondering what piece of worldly advice I, as a dean, might have to offer that could be of assistance to you in this transitional period in your lives. It occurred to me at the conclusion of one of our recent seminars that the following counsel might perhaps enhance your career prospects; at least it should prove helpful in getting you through the lengthy interviews that often precede employment offers.

When you are preparing to attend a meeting that might last for two hours or more, you should reserve a little bit of time right before the meeting to go to the bathroom. Otherwise your graduate-school professors, colleagues, prospective employers, clients, patients, or business associates will be dismayed by your sudden unexplained disappearances and reappearances in the course of the meeting. Their dismay may even give way to coarse expressions of ridicule in your absence, and you may discover your high hopes for success in "the real world" inexplicably plummeting.

I hope you will take this advice seriously and begin now to cultivate the recommended practice as a habit. I and others at the college will offer our support in what for many of you will prove to be a new and challenging undertaking.

[Guidelines]

GLOBAL SQUIRMING

From guidelines distributed by the White House in April to United States delegates at the U.S.-sponsored international conference on global warming. The guidelines advised the delegates how to convey the Bush administration's position on the issue. The conference grew out of a campaign pledge by President Bush to address the problem of global warming.

Talking Points

• The world community is making great strides toward understanding the science of global change, but many fundamental questions remain unanswered.

• The economic impacts of potential global changes and possible responses are not well understood. More work is needed.

Debates to Avoid

• It is not beneficial to discuss whether there is or is not warming, or how much or how little warming. In the eyes of the public we will lose this debate. A better approach is to raise the many uncertainties that need to be better understood on this issue.

• Don't get into an advocacy position on the merits of various policy proposals.

• Don't let reporters position this conference as an attempt to delay serious decisions on this issue.

• This conference is *accelerating* the international discussion and understanding of these issues. (Don't use specific numbers — degrees, dollars, rates, etc.)

[Interview]

THREATS TO CIVIL SOCIETY, EAST AND WEST

From an interview with Sir Ralf Dahrendorf in the Spring 1990 New Perspectives Quarterly. *Dahrendorf, rector of St. Anthony's College at Oxford, is the author of* Reflections on the Revolution in Europe, *to be published by Times Books. The interview was conducted by* NPQ *editor Nathan Gardels.*

NPQ: After the democratic revolutions in Eastern Europe late last year, and the Soviet Communist party's recent renunciation of its constitutional right to monopoly rule, would you say that East and West, long ideologically divided, now have a common civil society? In effect, has the East joined the West?

RALF DAHRENDORF: No. The whole approach, exemplified by Francis Fukuyama's "The End of History?" article, which implies that the Eastern European countries are leaving one system and joining another, completely misreads what is happening.

These countries have left a system and joined the open society. The open society is not a system; it is an opportunity. In fact, the major problem in the East is finding ways to sustain the open society by constructing a civil society, which is not something that can be done by rewriting articles of a constitution.

By civil society I mean, on the one hand, the established rule of law and, on the other, the broad development of autonomous institutions—that is, institutions that are not run by the state but that act as agents of the will of the people. Such institutions would include political parties, trade unions, independent industrial enterprises, social movements like local ecology groups, free churches, liberal professions, autonomous universities.

In an open society, these institutions are created on the assumption that no one group possesses the sole truth about how society should develop; instead, there is a multitude of active groups with competing projects and proposals, where no one is in a position to usurp power. That creative chaos is the only guarantee of an open society.

So, writing a nice constitution will not be enough to sustain an open society. You have to create, as James Madison argued in the *Federalist Papers*, the general social reality in which the constitution can live.

NPQ: And that intermediate world of civil society—that space between the individual and the state—is precisely what the communist regimes have destroyed.

DAHRENDORF: Yes. Which is why it will be no easy task to re-create it in Eastern Europe. Without doubt, Romania is the most extreme example of what I'm talking about. So much is missing. Merely overthrowing the incumbent powers of the state institutions does not make a free society.

Poland, of course, is at the other end of the spectrum in Eastern Europe. Even under communist rule, Solidarity and the Catholic Church were active, strong, autonomous institutions that commanded wide respect from the people. Yet even there much remains to be built in terms of a strong civil society.

NPQ: In Poland and elsewhere in Eastern Europe, didn't the civil society commit a coup against the state? Didn't the communist state wither away in the face of a unified opposition with a shared mind-set, sustained by the Church and Solidarity in Poland, or Havel's plays and underground jazz in Czechoslovakia?

DAHRENDORF: I don't think there was a shared worldview at all. There was a clear opposition, but the shared mind-set, to use your language, was simply an agreement that the current situation was entirely negative.

The moment the opposition was called to govern, it fell apart. In terms of a constructive project, the members of Romania's National Salvation Front and the so-called Roundtable in East Germany have nothing in common.

What we saw in these countries was a latent opposition, mostly carried out by intellectuals, not an alternative society in the making.

NPQ: With the reunification of the two German states and the increasing connections between the two Europes, do you see positive prospects for the construction of civil society in the East?

DAHRENDORF: The trouble is this: It takes six months to create new political institutions, to write a constitution and electoral laws. It may take six years to create a halfway viable economy. It will probably take sixty years to create a civil society. Autonomous institutions are the hardest thing to bring about.

I don't want to sound like Jeane Kirkpatrick, but when she says that only Britain and the United States have developed civil societies, she is not being unreasonable, only extreme.

So, while the prospects of creating civil society in the East are stronger than ever before, they remain precarious.

NPQ: Civil society is threatened in the West too, but in a different way. In the West the free mar-

Nobody has the Carlton Combination.

1.
Lowest tar. Lowest nicotine.



2.
"The taste that's right."



1 mg. tar
0.1 mg. nic.

U.S. Gov't. Test Method confirms of all king soft packs:

Carlton is lowest.

King Size Soft Pack: 1 mg. "tar", 0.1 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC method.

SURGEON GENERAL'S WARNING: Smoking Causes Lung Cancer, Heart Disease, Emphysema, And May Complicate Pregnancy.

© The American Tobacco Co. 1990.

ket creates the space for autonomous activity by decentralizing decision-making but then corrupts civil society by turning everything into commodities.

DAHRENDORF: In my view, the market, as it is defined by economists, is quite uncivil, because it assumes that the actors are only isolated individuals. When I say *market,* I mean a world of autonomous, active groups and institutions in competition with one another—trade unions, enterprises, and so on.

There are two kinds of assaults on this notion of civil society: There is the totalitarian assault, which sees civil institutions as obstacles to the exercise of total power. But there is also the assault of the likes of Margaret Thatcher, who says, "There is no such thing as society, only individuals and government." That attack on civil society proceeds from an economic theory of democracy.

If we allow an economic view of society to prevail, then the institutions that provide a buffer between the state and the individual will be left unprotected, leading to their disruption. In the end, universities will be places not of teaching and research but appendixes of economic growth; the arts will be mediums not of human expression and enjoyment but of commerce, entertainment, or advertising.

NPQ: In the East, the prospects for civil society are improving because of the retreat of an inclusive, totalitarian state. In the West, isn't the strength of civil society endangered by those who would exclude a significant minority from the market economy?

DAHRENDORF: The problem is not the market as such, but the growth obsession of the West in recent times. When the desire for growth prevails over redistributive concerns, we end up with a significant minority, even an underclass, that is excluded from full participation in society. Any society that follows this path will end up an unjust society.

NPQ: So your concern is to protect the autonomous institutions of civil society from both the state in the East and the economic growth obsession in the West.

In this context, the autonomy of the media, which sustain the civil society, is a central issue. Are the Western media under as much of a threat from the market—since they survive on advertising and fuel the growth obsession—as the Eastern media are from the state?

DAHRENDORF: As in the economic realm generally, I find concentration and monopoly a danger in the media because they threaten the autonomy only competition can guarantee.

Antitrust, anticartel thinking has been very important in the West, not so much for economic reasons as for political ones. Civil society is necessarily untidy. When someone says, "I have to have at least 40 percent of the market to be viable," it gets too close to the kind of tidiness that destroys civil society, and liberty with it.

We have seen such an erosion in the autonomy of our media institutions in the last several years that we are not terribly well placed to advise our Eastern European neighbors on how to run a free press.

NPQ: In the end, you don't sound very confident about the health of civil society in the East or the West.

DAHRENDORF: The risk to autonomy, in both the East and the West, is now the same: It comes from the political usurpers, on the one hand, and the market usurpers, the monopolies, on the other.

In the East the issue is construction of civil society; in the West the issue is defending civil society from destruction. In both cases, active minorities, while not a panacea, are the best protectors. We have to encourage each new journal or newspaper, each new environmental group; we need to applaud whenever a university or research institute obtains independence.

NPQ: In the West, though, isn't the issue one of defending civil society in the face of triumphant capitalism? The state is hardly a threat now.

[School Bulletin]

INVENTIVE INCENTIVE?

From the March 15 daily bulletin at Balboa High School in San Francisco. This item was submitted to the bulletin by the school's assistant principal.

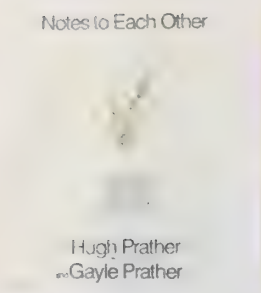
ESSAY CONTEST: African-American students who earned a D, F, or Incomplete on the final report for the fall semester or on the first report of the spring semester are eligible to enter an essay contest. The topic is "What I Would Do With a Million Dollars." The essays will be judged by a five-person panel. The first prize will be a $100 U.S. savings bond. There will be two other prizes for the second- and third-place winners.

What if Rembrandt had run out of funds?

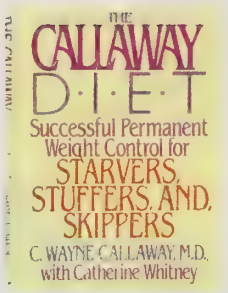


We could be missing out on a masterpiece. Support the arts.

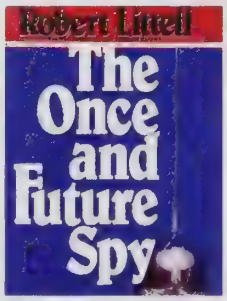
Bell Atlantic
We're More Than Just Talk.



NOTES TO EACH OTHER BY HUGH AND GAYLE PRATHER
List Price: ~~$17.95~~ Our Price: $14.36
Insightful reading and counseling for any couple striving to build love and improve their relationship. **#NR 1036**

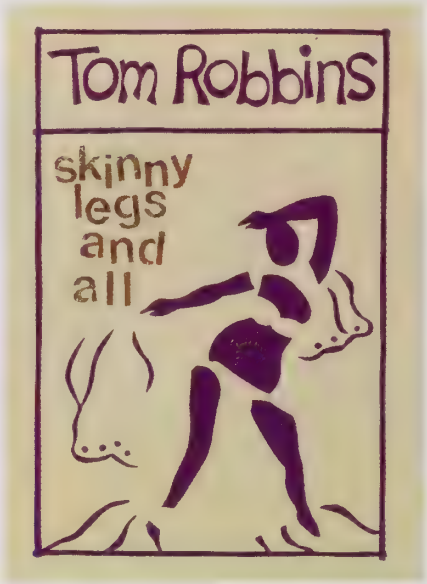


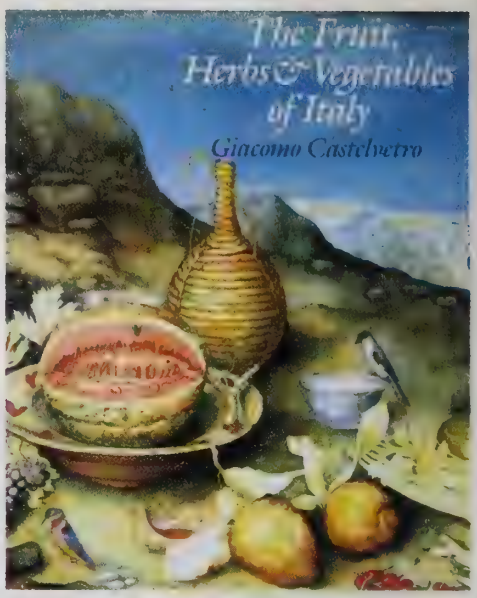
THE CALLAWAY DIET BY C WAYNE CALLAWAY, M.D., WITH CATHERINE WHITNEY
List Price: ~~$18.95~~ Our Price: $15.16
Learn how to determine your optimum weight and how to reduce fat, increase energy and achieve long-term weight control. **#NR 1038**



THE ONCE AND FUTURE SPY
BY ROBERT LITTELL
List Price: ~~$18.95~~ Our Price: $15.16
Past and present interweave to create a web of suspense when the CIA investigates itself to find the source of a vital information leak **#NR 1039**

SKINNY LEGS AND ALL
BY TOM ROBBINS
List Price: ~~$19.95~~ Our Price: $15.96
An inventive story about an Arab and a Jew opening a restaurant proves to be Tom Robbins' most political and comic novel to date. **ORDER #NR 1037**

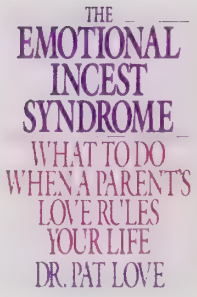




THE FRUIT, HERBS, AND VEGETABLES OF ITALY
BY GIACOMO CASTELVETRO, TRANSLATED BY GILLIAN RILEY, FOREWORD BY JANE GRIGSON
List Price: ~~$29.95~~ Our Price: $23.96
Castelvetro describes many aspects of gardening and cooking in Italy, including how to grow and use various herbs and fruits. **ORDER #NR 1055**

GET 'EM BEFORE THEY'RE

THE EMOTIONAL INCEST SYNDROME BY DR. PAT LOVE WITH JO ROBINSON
List Price: ~~$18.95~~ Our Price: $15.16
A guide to the damaging effects that emotionally and psychologically invasive parents have on their children. **#NR 1040**





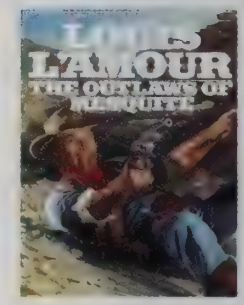
INVASIONS
BY EUGENE IZZI
List Price: ~~$17.95~~ Our Price: $14.36
The Iceman, Chicago's leading burglar, and his brother, an ex-con, struggle against The Mob, corrupt cops and each other **#NR 1041**



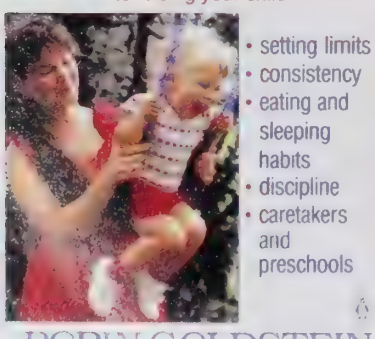
REBUILDING THE HOUSE
BY LAURIE GRAHAM
List Price: ~~$17.95~~ Our Price: $14.36
After her husband's death, Laurie Graham leaves New York to reconstruct her life as she rebuilds an old New Jersey farmhouse. **#NR 1042**



HERBS AND HEALTH
BY NICOLA PETERSON, ILLUSTRATED BY ROSAMUND GENDLE
List Price: ~~$15.95~~ Our Price: $12.76
A qualified medical herbalist explores the use of herbs and details many particular remedies including warts, acne and colds. **#NR 1043**



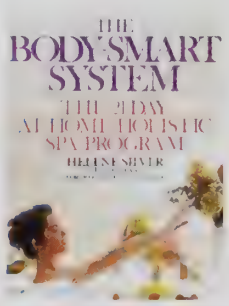
THE OUTLAWS OF MESQUITE
BY LOUIS L'AMOUR
List Price: ~~$16.95~~ Our Price: $13.56
Eight frontier stories. Each one alive with classic battles of good against evil. **#NR 1045**



EVERYDAY PARENTING
BY ROBIN GOLDSTEIN
List Price: ~~$6.95~~ Our Price: $5.56
A practical sourcebook for parents searching for a better understanding of their children's social, intellectual, and emotional needs during the first five years. **ORDER # NR 1046**



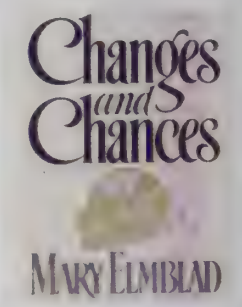
EARTH
BY DAVID BRIN
List Price: ~~$19.95~~ Our Price: $15.95
Filled with extraordinary characters, this fast-paced scientific thriller carefully describes the fate of our world fifty years in the future
#NR 1047



THE BODY-SMART SYSTEM
BY HELENE SILVER WITH KATHLEEN GOSS, FOREWARD BY GARY S ROSS, M D
List Price: ~~$18.95~~ Our Price: $15.16
A 21-day health regimen designed to turn your own home into a personal health spa **#NR 1048**

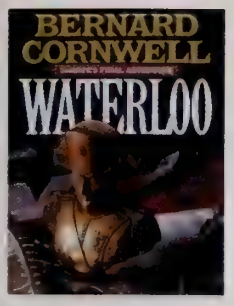


TENDER DEATH
BY ANNETTE MEYERS
List Price: ~~$17.95~~ Our Price: $14.36
A pair of the hottest headhunters on Wall Street discover an "accidental death" in their pursuit of fast deals and excitement **#NR 1050**

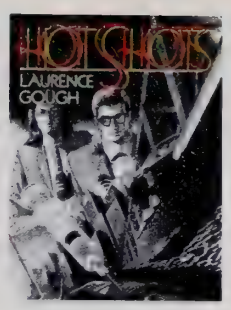


CHANGES AND CHANCES
BY MARY ELMBLAD
List Price: ~~$19.95~~ Our Price: $15.96
Cassandra Taylor helps lead a Civil Rights movement in Washington that was started by her murdered husband.
#NR 1051

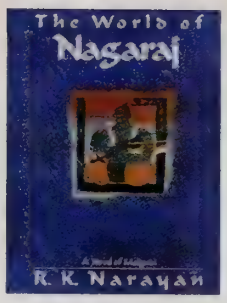
HARDCOVER



WATERLOO
BY BERNARD CORNWELL
List Price: ~~$17.95~~ Our Price: $14.36
The most famous of all British battles, brilliantly recounted from the perspective of a seasoned soldier – Lieutenant Richard Sharpe. **#NR 1052**



HOT SHOTS
BY LAURENCE GOUGH
List Price: ~~$16.95~~ Our Price: $13.56
A narcotics king will do anything to reclaim a lost heroin shipment-unless detectives Jack Willows and Claire Parker can stop him. **#NR 1053**

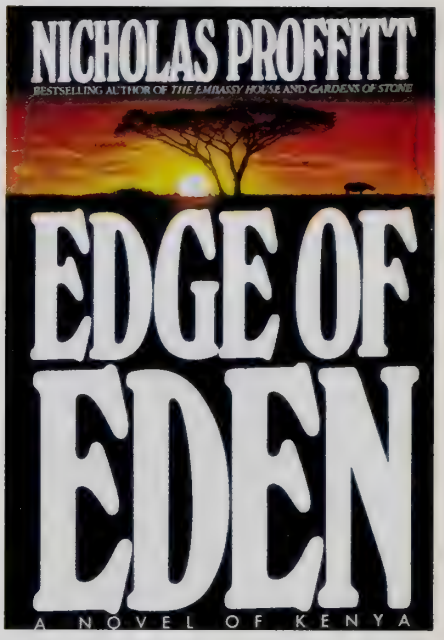


THE WORLD OF NAGARAJ
BY R.K. NARAYAN
List Price: ~~$18.95~~ Our Price: $15.16
Nagaraj, a contentedly aimless man, is disturbed when his nephew Tim runs away from home to live with him and his wife Sita. **#NR 1054**



WAR LIKE A WASP
BY ANDREW SINCLAIR
List Price: ~~$24.95~~ Our Price: $1996
Sinclair examines the history of Great Britain during its war years through works by T.S. Eliot, Henry Moore and George Orwell. **#NR 1056**

EDGE OF EDEN
BY NICHOLAS PROFFITT
List Price: ~~$18.95~~ Our Price: $15.16
Kenya's precious wildlife is prey to official corruption and a brutal poacher known only as *Fisi* – the Hyena. **ORDER #NR 1049**





HERBS AND AROMATHERAPY
BY JONNAH METCALFE
List Price: ~~$15.95~~ Our Price: $12.76
Written by a trained aromatherapist, this is a guide for those wishing to practice this therapy, or for those embarking on their own treatment. **#NR 1057**

NEW RELEASES, INC.
A Subsidiary of Business International Group Corp.

HOT.

Read the hottest summer books before anyone else gets their hands on them, now at 'Super Summer Special' savings of 20% to 30% off. Best of all, there's absolutely no obligation. You don't have to join a club or pay postage fees. But hurry. This offer is only good 'til the end of the month! To order by credit card, call 1-800-628-8229.



WONDERMONGER
BY MICHAEL ROTHSCHILD
List Price: ~~$17.95~~ Our Price: $14.36
Haunting, fierce, and beautiful, these tales herald the reappearance of a unique and stunningly gifted writer. **#NR 1058**



THE NEW TAROT
BY RACHEL POLLACK
List Price: ~~$22.50~~ Our Price: $18.00
A fascinating guide to the art, use, and meaning of over seventy traditional and modern Tarot decks. **#NR 1059**



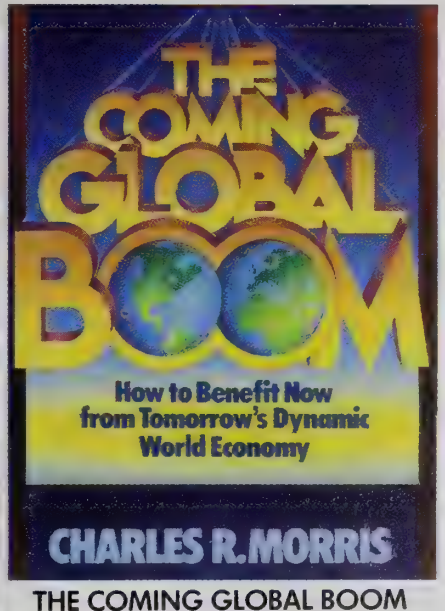
TO ALL APPEARANCES A LADY BY MARILYN BOWERING
List Price: ~~$18.95~~ Our Price: $15.16
A dissatisfied, middle-aged man travels from 19th Century China to Vancouver's smoke filled opium dens in search of answers to his past. **#NR 1060**



COSMETIC EFFECTS
BY CLIVE SINCLAIR
List Price: ~~$18.95~~ Our Price: $15.16
Hilarious, apocalyptic, and erotic – a novel about terrorism and infidelity that reads like a cross between Milan Kundera and Philip Roth. **#NR 1061**



BUFO & SPALLANZANI BY RUBEM FONSECA, TRANSLATED BY CLIFFORD LANDERS
List Price: ~~$18.95~~ Our Price: $15.16
An epic novel about doomed lovers and a medieval alchemist, interwoven with the story of a murder investigation. **#NR 1062**



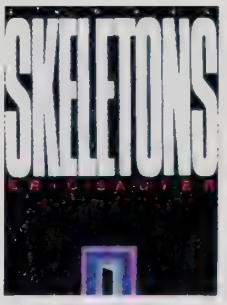
THE COMING GLOBAL BOOM
BY CHARLES R. MORRIS
List Price: ~~$19.95~~ Our Price: $15.96
An enlightening look into our economic future for businessmen and investors who want to capitalize on the "globalization" of the world's marketplace. **ORDER #NR 1044**



COLD SOUPS, WARM SALADS BY IRENE ROTHSCHILD
List Price: ~~$995~~ Our Price: $796
A varied, sophisticated selection of recipes featuring the summer's bounty of fruits and vegetables in delicious, easily prepared dishes. **#NR 1063**



PARENTING PLUS
BY PEGGY FINSTON, M.D
List Price: ~~$18.95~~ Our Price: $15.16
An inspiring and sensitive guide to translating the emotional strain of raising chronically ill children into a positive, fulfilling experience. **#NR 1064**

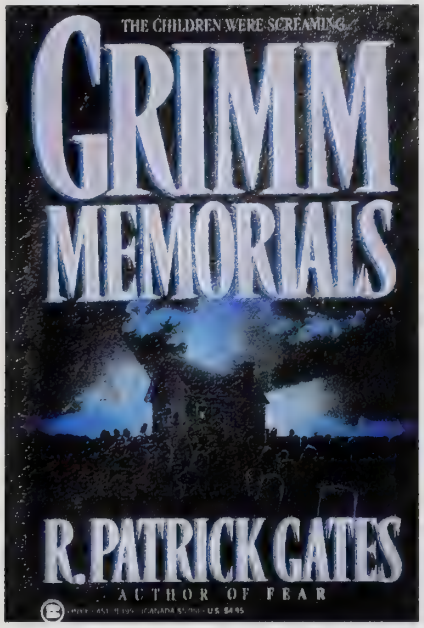


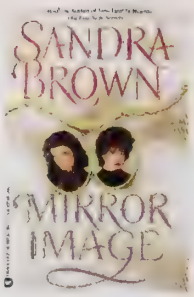
SKELETONS
BY ERIC SAUTER
List Price: ~~$18.95~~ Our Price: $15.16
A Philadelphia cop pursues his lover's psychopathic killer in this edge-of-the-seat suspense thriller. **#NR 1065**



THE CURSE OF THE BAMBINO BY DAN SHAUGHNESSY
List Price: ~~$18.95~~ Our Price: $15.16
This is not only a tribute to the losingest heroes of baseball, those Scarlet Sox, it is also an inside look at the the curse phenomenon. **#NR 1066**

GRIMM MEMORIALS
BY R. PATRICK GATES
List Price: ~~$4.95~~ Our Price: $3.96
Eleanor Grimm wants to live forever and the recipe for immortality includes about thirty virgin souls for a Halloween feast. **ORDER #NR 1098**





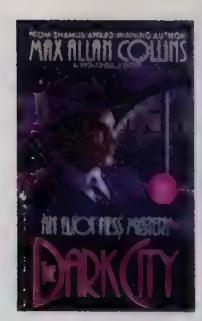
MIRROR IMAGE
BY SANDRA BROWN
List Price: ~~$4.95~~ Our Price: $3.96
A plane crash leaves a beautiful television reporter disfigured, and a case of mistaken identity finds her living another woman's life.
#NR 1068



ROUGH CUT
BY NANCY HOLDER
List Price: ~~$4.95~~ Our Price: $3.96
A beautiful film maker struggles to maintain her career in a world of deceit, drugs, kinky desires, and million dollar deals.
#NR 1069



BRIGHT DESTINY BY ELIZABETH EVELYN ALLEN
List Price: ~~$4.95~~ Our Price: $3.96
A young nun finds a kindred spirit in a Scottish doctor, and together they nurse wounded Huguenots . . . and discover a magnificent love. **#NR 1070**



THE DARK CITY BY MAX ALLAN COLLINS
List Price: ~~$2.25~~ Our Price: $1.80
An action packed Eliot Ness suspense novel, in which the Cleveland law officer continues his search for good guys gone bad.
#NR 1092



BATMAN: YEAR TWO BY MIKE W. BARR, ALAN DAVIS, AND TODD MCFARLANE
List Price: ~~$9.95~~ Our Price: $7.96
The Batman story continues, bringing all the classic characters into the fold and exploring the relationship between Batman and Commissioner Gordon.
#NR 1072



STINGER
BY DOUG HORNING
List Price: ~~$4.95~~ Our Price: $3.96
The President's hands are tied when terrorists seize two dozen Stinger Missles and hide them all over the United States.
#NR 1073

THE HOTTEST SUMMER BOOKS AT THE COOLEST PRICES.



FACE FORTUNES
BY PETER SHEN AND JOYCE WILSON
List Price: ~~$4.95~~ Our Price: $3.96
Readers learn what special aptitudes, personality traits, and potential successes are hidden in their faces and those of their friends **#NR 1074**



THE TRAILSMAN #102
THE CORONADO KILLERS
BY JON SHARPE
List Price: ~~$3.50~~ Our Price: $2.80
Skye Fargo is after the most savage killer in the Southwest, trailing him south of the border to a no-man's-land of murder and mayhem. **#NR 1075**



THE WICKED CORINTHIAN
BY EILEEN JACKSON
List Price: ~~$3.50~~ Our Price: $2.80
Lovely Emma Kendrick could not sit by while her beautiful younger sister was forced to wed the notorious Earl of Somerville. **#NR 1077**



MRS. MCVINNIE'S LONDON SEASON
BY CARLA KELLY
List Price: ~~$3.95~~ Our Price: $3.16
Jeannie McVinnie was a young widow with no intention of ever marrying again, especially not the hot-tempered Captain William Summers. **#NR 1078**



CANNES
BY CHRISTINE HEGGAN
List Price: ~~$4.95~~ Our Price: $3.96
Karen Meyerson, a single mother and Hollywood's most dazzling star, struggles to maintain her career, raise her child, and search for love. **ORDER #NR 1096**



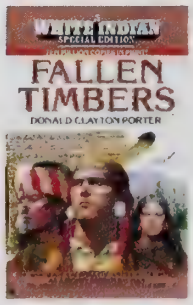
500 GREAT JEWISH JOKES
BY JAY ALLEN
List Price: ~~$3.50~~ Our Price: $2.80
Here are 500 jokes the rabbi never told – a feast of irreverent, irresistible, simply hilarious Jewish funnies for every occasion. **#NR 1079**



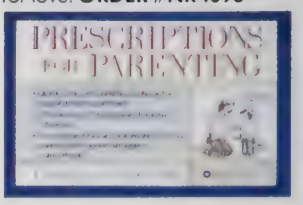
MOMENTS OF DESIRE
BY SUSAN HAWTHORNE AND JENNY PAUSACKER
List Price: ~~$8.95~~ Our Price: $7.16
A feminist anthology, in fiction, poetry, and experimental forms, that portrays women's sexual experiences as children, adolescents, and adults
#NR 1080



MAXIMILIAN'S GARDEN
BY NINA VIDA
List Price: ~~$4.95~~ Our Price: $3.96
A lush, historical romance focusing on two Chicana sisters who find their heritage, adventure, and love during a trip to Mexico. **#NR 1081**

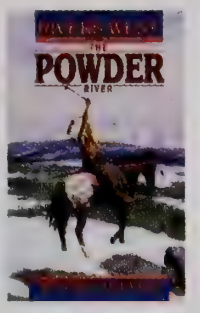


FALLEN TIMBERS
BY DONALD CLAYTON PORTER
List Price: ~~$4.50~~ Our Price: $3.60
The fate of a nation is threatened when an evil Indian leader disturbs a peace-keeping mission between settlers and Indians. **#NR 1082**



PRESCRIPTIONS FOR PARENTING
BY CAROLYNN ANN MEEKS, M.D.
List Price ~~$8.95~~
Our Price $7.16
A guide for parents on how to deal with the most common parent-child problem: power struggles. **#NR 1071**

PAPERBACK



THE POWDER RIVER
BY WINFRED BLEVINS
List Price: ~~$3.95~~ Our Price: $3.16
The story of the Cheyenne's journey back to their native land with the U.S. army in close pursuit. **#NR 1083**



CRYSTAL DAYS
BY CAROLE NELSON DOUGLAS
List Price: ~~$4.50~~ Our Price: $3.60
As the unofficial house detective at the Crystal Phoenix Hotel, a big stray tomcat makes a home in different characters' lives and acts as an uninvited Cupid. **#NR 1084**



THE MARCH TO GLORY
BY ROBERT LECKIE
List Price: ~~$3.95~~ Our Price: $3.16
This Korean War story shows in vivid detail how it was on the road from Chosin to Hungnam – a seventy-five mile stretch of pure hell. **#NR 1085**



RING OF FIRE
BY DAN SCHMIDT
List Price: ~~$2.95~~ Our Price: $2.36
Vic Gabriel jets to France to free his men who are being systematically tortured. **#NR 1086**



DOC SAVAGE OMNIBUS
#12 BY KENNETH ROBESON
List Price: ~~$4.95~~ Our Price: $3.96
Doc Savage was raised from the cradle for his mission in life: righting wrongs, helping the oppressed, destroying the guilty. **#NR 1087**



LADY WITH A GUN
BY J.A. SHEARS
List Price: ~~$2.95~~ Our Price: $2.36
When a stunning blonde and her sweet six-shooter become the new schoolteacher, the toughest town in the West gets even tougher. **#NR 1088**



AS CRIME GOES BY
BY DIANE SHAH
List Price: ~~$3.95~~ Our Price: $3.16
As Hollywood reaches its zenith after World War Two, the "Sniper" is attacking women on the streets of Los Angeles. **#NR 1089**



MADE IN DETROIT
BY ROB KANTNER
List Price: ~~$3.95~~ Our Price: $3.16
Detroit detective Ben Perkins discovers he's a prime suspect in the murder of his best friend. **#NR 1090**



THE BLUE ROOM
BY MONROE THOMPSON
List Price: ~~$3.95~~ Our Price: $3.16
A smashing debut crime novel featuring a savvy Mississippi dispatcher who doubles as a clench-fisted, fast-mouthed PI. **#NR 1091**

You can comb the beaches, but you won't find these books anywhere. Only New Releases has them now, at 'Super Summer Special' savings of 20% to 30% off. To order by credit card, call 1-800-628-8229.



SWORD AND SORCERESS VI BY MARION ZIMMER BRADLEY
List Price: ~~$4.50~~ Our Price: $3.60
Swordswomen and sorceresses roam the magic lands defending those who cannot defend themselves against the dark forces of evil. **#NR 1094**



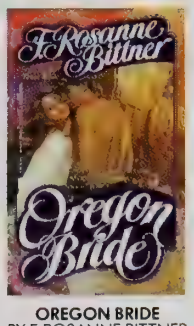
THE GREAT SF STORIES: 21 (1959) BY ISAAC ASIMOV AND MARTIN H. GREENBERG
List Price: ~~$4.95~~ Our Price: $3.96
A series of science fiction thrillers set during the height of the Cold War. **#NR 1095**



WEST COAST TURNAROUND
BY E.W. RUKUZA
List Price: ~~$4.50~~ Our Price: $3.60
Eddie Cruz is picked by a millionaire to take a top-secret load to California for forty grand, even though a mob boss wants him dead. **#NR 1102**



ROYAL CHAOS
BY DAN MCGIRT
List Price: ~~$3.95~~ Our Price: $3.16
Dan McGirt's haphazard hero battles the Dark Magic society once again . . . in the fast, furiously funny sequel to Jason Cosmo. **#NR 1099**



OREGON BRIDE
BY F. ROSANNE BITTNER
List Price: ~~$4.95~~ Our Price: $3.96
Young widow Marybeth MacKinder makes the hard ride westward with her husband's family and memories of a loveless marriage. **#NR 1100**



NIGHT FLIGHT
BY EILEEN NAUMAN
List Price: ~~$4.95~~ Our Price: $3.96
For Meg Roberts, coming home to Edwards Air Force Base means finding her own path in a world of handsome test pilots, Officer Groupies, and Air Force wives. **#NR 1101**

Make check or money order payable to: New Releases, Inc.; Dept. #HJL, 1020 Park Avenue; Cranston, RI 02910 For more information, call toll-free, 1-800-628-8229. In R.I., call 401-943-2833.

Yes, I'd like to save on the newest titles without obligation! If I pick 3 or more books, I'll take an additional 10% off!

NEW RELEASES, INC.
A Subsidiary of Business International Group Corp

NAME

ADDRESS

CITY STATE ZIP

TELEPHONE

Pay by check, money order, or charge it to MasterCard or VISA.
RI residents: Please be sure to add 6% Rhode Island Sales Tax.
If paying by check allow 3-4 weeks for delivery.

(Circle One)

MasterCard VISA

CHARGE CARD # EXPIRATION DATE

SIGNATURE DATE

ORDER #	PRICE
#_____	$_____
#_____	$_____
#_____	$_____
#_____	$_____
#_____	$_____
#_____	$_____
#_____	$_____
Sub Total	$_____
Subtract 10% if 3 or more	- _____
TOTAL	$_____
Add 6% if RI resident	_____

DAHRENDORF: Do not forget that I live in Great Britain. Mrs. Thatcher has helped destroy civil society with the instruments of state. She destroyed the autonomy of our universities, saying they must be accountable to the government. She has destroyed the autonomy of the BBC, calling it a privileged niche. She has attacked the autonomy of the medical profession, saying it was a waste of public funds.

So civil society and liberty are vulnerable not only from a state in the hands of a communist monopoly but from a state in the hands of conservative free-marketeers as well.

[Oath]

TO BE A FLYING DRAGON

From the membership oath of the Flying Dragons, one of the most powerful Chinese gangs (tongs), in New York City. The oath is recited aloud by new members during the gang's initiation ceremony. Translated from the Chinese by the New York City Police Department.

I, [name], born [date and place], now voluntarily and wholeheartedly enter into the Flying Dragons Tong. After being admitted into the tong, those who obey the mandate of heaven will live, while those who defy it will perish. As long as I live, I will be a member of the Flying Dragons Tong. Even if I die, I will still be a member. I will not feel remorse as long as I live. If I do, heaven and earth will destroy me.

After I join, I will obey all the rules and regulations of the tong. If I do not, I will die by gunshot.

My date of birth must be true; if not, I will be destroyed by electric shock.

The secret of the tong must be kept. If not, I will die by being stabbed a thousand times.

If the tong runs into difficulty or is in danger, anyone who knows about it and does not provide assistance will be destroyed by electric shock and/or burned by fire.

If anyone overreaches his authority and sends out an order to benefit himself or to try to gain more power, he will be punished publicly.

We are all each other's brothers; we must never spy on our brothers or sell them out. If there is hatred and hostility between us, public judgment should rule. Never dwell on it. After the public judgment between the hateful brothers has been rendered, put your feelings in the past.

If one of our brothers is captured or goes on a long journey, leaving his wife and children defenseless, we must try our best to help them. If anyone tries to take advantage of a member's wife, the punishment is death.

I must never be disrespectful to my parents or abuse my brother, sister, or sister-in-law. Anyone who commits such crimes shall be punished.

If anyone tries to betray the tong, the punishment is death. If one acts positive externally and negative internally, his death will come soon. The sword and knife will cut him to pieces, lightning will destroy his identity; thereafter he will be in hell eternally with no hope for reincarnation. Since the sole judgment is by heaven and God, one who is loyal to the tong will be blessed by God.

The heaven and earth are my parents; the sun and moon shine upon us. We all should enjoy everything together, resolve all of our anxieties together. Even though we were not born on the same day, we will die together on the same day.

[Interviews]

CAN BUY ME LOVE

From interviews with female gang members in Dangerous Society, *by Carl S. Taylor, published by Michigan State University Press. Taylor and a team of researchers spent five years conducting more than 200 interviews with teenagers involved in Detroit's gang culture. Taylor is the director of criminal justice programs at Jackson Community College, in Jackson, Michigan.*

Do you ever date or socialize with non-gang males?

RENE (age 17): If a guy ain't got no crew, he probably ain't got no cash. Guys with no paper don't interest us. If you ain't got no paper, what do I need you for?

ANGELA (age 17): This boy at my school wants to get with me. He's cute, plays on the school basketball team. I could get with him. I told him that I could get him with the crew. He got real ill, started acting nervous, and stopped talking with me. I asked him, "What's up, baby?" He said he didn't know I was down with the crew action. This fool told me he had a job at the gas station. I said, "Look here, fella, how you going to get with me and you ain't got no paper?" He was drugged. We just laughed. Fuck them. Got no cash, got no time.

ANDREA (age 19): My momma likes Michael [a gang member] 'cause he brings her real nice

The 4 major trends that will reshape your future.



World Economy:

Now you can know why the world economy is so uncertain, and how to find true security. *The Plain Truth* will show you practical ways you can prepare for the times ahead.



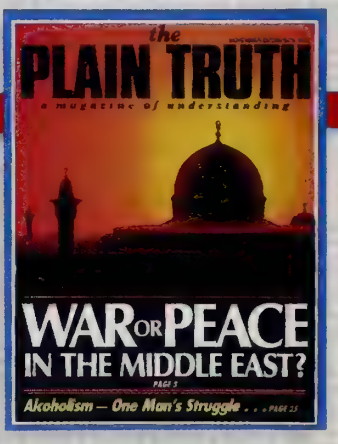
A United Europe:

Before World War Two ended, *The Plain Truth* predicted Europe's rapid recovery and eventual unification. Now it foresees an unexpected challenge to theWestern world.



Changing Values:

There are true values that lead to health, happiness and confidence for the future. Read how some are rediscovering those values and finding solutions to everyday problems.



Mideast Turmoil:

As a *Plain Truth* reader you'll learn what to expect in the Mideast, and how future events there will affect the lives of all Americans.

To request your free subscription simply fill in the attached card and mail it today.
Or you may write to: The Plain Truth, *P.O. Box 111, Pasadena, CA 91123.*



"...making life make sense."

YES! Send my free monthly magazine *The Plain Truth*. I understand that there is no cost or obligation on my part whatsoever. I may renew later, also free, or cancel at any time.

☐MR. ☐MRS. ☐MISS ☐MS. ***(Please print clearly)***

NAME

ADDRESS

CITY STATE/PROV. ZIP/POSTCODE

PT-A-525 **HR0A**

[Lists]

MENU FOR MURDER

From The Writer's Complete Crime Reference Book, *by Martin Roth, published by Writer's Digest Books in Cincinnati. The book provides plot devices for aspiring crime-story writers. Roth has written scripts for* Hawaii Five-O, Barnaby Jones, *and* Ironside, *among other shows.*

UNUSUAL MEANS OF DISPOSING OF BODY

At sea
Auto crusher
Buried in woods
Buried under floor
Compactor
Cut into small pieces and disposed of in different places
Disposed of in trash (bagged)
Down well
Dropped from plane
Dropped in quicksand
Fed to animal or fish
Incinerator (cremated)
Placed in existing, marked grave
Sealed in wall

ACTS OF VIOLENCE, TORTURE, CRUELTY

Acid
Arm twisting
Axing
Binding
Blackjacking
Boiling oil
Bone crushing
Bread-and-water diet
Branding
Burying alive
Castration
Cat-o'-nine-tails lashing
Chaining
Cigarette burning
Crucifixion
Deafening by sound (high decibel)
Decapitating
Depriving of sleep
Disfiguring
Electric shock
Enslavement
Exposing to wild animal
Eye gouging
Fingernail pulling
Flesh-eating ants
Flogging
Forced marching
Forced perversion
Forcing to view an atrocity
Freezing
Frightening
Garroting
Gassing
Genital crushing
Genital electrical shocking
Hair extraction
Head twisting
Hook hanging
Hot wax
Incarcerating in room with rats
Incarcerating in tight quarters
Impaling alive
Needles under fingernails
On the rack
Pistol whipping
Poison darts
Powerful light in eyes
Pressing with weights
Rib cracking
Running over with auto
Salting wound
Sandbagging
Shattering kneecap
Slow drowning
Slow poisoning
Snakebite
Suspending by thumbs
Tarring and feathering
Tearing of flesh
Teeth pulling
Thrown from high place
Thrown to man-eating fish
Thumbscrew

gifts. Now some boy working at Mickey Dee's ain't got no gift paper, you know?

DEBORAH (age 16): I want nice things. I likes BMWs, Volvos, and Benzos. Some niggah tried rapping to me, talking about going out on a date, taking the bus. I said, "Niggah, please!"

LYNN (age 18): Check it. Crews got paper, rides, and def clothes. My sister always told me, "Get it all, baby, get it all." So we get paid for being the crew's women, and we get paid for being our own crew. It's too sweet.

[Stories]

TEXAS/KANSAS

These stories by Padgett Powell appeared in the Spring 1990 issue of Grand Street *and will be included in his upcoming collection, to be published by Farrar, Straus and Giroux. Powell is the author of* A Woman Named Drown *and* Edisto. *His story "Dr. Ordinary" appeared in the October 1989 issue of* Harper's Magazine.

TEXAS

I fell off the lightning rod.
I entered the sweepstakes.
I lost control.
I became beautiful.
I charmed a queen.
I defied gravity.
I moved mountains.
I bowled.

I wept, mourned, moped, and sped about town in a convertible, progressively irascing the gendarme until I was charged with exhibitionist speed.

I billed my ex-wife for lost consortium.

I filled a prophylactic with water until it was the size of the bathtub.

I let a trapped bird out of the house. Wren, I think.

I felt ill.

I felt better.

I say.

I'm alive to everything, consequently alert to nothing.

Bully, my mother would say.

I wish I dressed in light, white linens through which my pink skin could be seen by the natives.

The county constabulary has a gym, and all constables weigh 300 to 400 pounds, each.

I wish I were a redheaded Fort Worth millionaire ten times. I'd have a good truck, jewelry, ironed jeans, neat house, docile wife, decent daughters, bushy eyebrows, pithy maxims,



Insider, Gold Card, *and* Tenure, *by Alan Magee. These photocollages will be exhibited next month at the Maine Photographic Workshop Gallery in Rockport.*

damn nigh *aphorisms* now, and very little trouble except possibly nagging prostate. And good boots. Preferably Lucchese, settle for Sanders.

The main thing is: Don't take any shit.

That's the main thing.

The unmain thing is: You are not going to figure anything out except how to get other people to take shit, so forget about everything except not taking any yourself.

When your hair turns white, unless you are under forty, a senator, or in the movies, better punt.

If wooden rowboats would only make a comeback . . .

Girl Scout cookies, Girl Scout cookies, Girl Scout cookies.

If a boy is afraid of the dark and wets the bed, try hard, very hard, not to comment *in any language.*

He will grow to put you softly in your grave.

KANSAS

The diner quit serving food, but it did not close. Likewise, the drive-in stopped showing movies but remained open. Songbirds of all character and kind gave their distinctive calls and showed their identifying profiles and markings and gave cats hell and made a general paean to Roger Tory Peterson. A lone Allis-Chalmers combine dominated the skyline. It, the machine, was for sale, used, quite used.

The ladies of the town were so nice, and had been so deliberately nice all their natural lives, that they came to regard cancer as a blessing. Most of them got it; those that didn't felt cheated, left out.

The men had never learned to cuss, drink, fight, adulterate, or drive too fast. They stood there as their wives received the good bad news and as the songbirds flitted about their heads like gnats. "What a revolting development this is," one of them said, earnestly thinking the remark funny. "It's Tuesday," the comic farmer continued, "and will be all day unless it rains." He could not suppress a giggle.

It no longer bothered him that he did not know—no one knew—who the father of his wheat was. He had come, over the years, to regard his wheat not as bastard wheat but as adoptive. No one knew the father of the adopted, and that did not make for calling them bastards. "That's being *wrapped too tight,*" he concluded, using for the first time, with a thrill, a line he had heard on a television comedy show he did not understand but laughed at anyway.

He had heard *flip your wig* on the same show. *Flip your wig* and another even more obscure expression used near it, *wig out,* made him uncomfortable. He told the Allis-Chalmers dealer that the used combine was *wigged out,* to test the meaning. The Chalmers dealer merely shrugged and patted him on the shoulder and walked back into his showroom. He had meant that the combine was *worn out,* but now, having been a smartass, he had no idea what *wigged out* meant, and he was afraid to proof the term any further.

The diner was open but not serving food, and the drive-in let you park and put a speaker in your car but showed no movie. You passed your unused napkin back to the waitress with a very small tip, and you put the silent speaker back on its post and drove away. The world was getting



Bill Rice, the bug, the plow, and the Lands' End Interlochen Knit Shirt



Bill Rice, ready to meet the President in his favorite Interlochen Knit Shirt.

There wasn't much moving on that shimmering hot summer day not long ago, on a West Texas ranch. Just a skittish lizard, here and there. And a tractor, plowing the fields, driven by a man named Bill Rice.

Now, summertime and bugs seem to go together like bacon and eggs. So it wasn't surprising that pretty soon, a bug crawled down into the Lands' End Interlochen Knit Shirt that Bill happened to be wearing that day.

(While we have gotten pretty well acquainted with Bill Rice, we can't tell you anything about this bug, whether it was a brave bug or an ornery bug, a wise old bug or a foolish young bug. It disappeared without giving any interviews.)

Anyway, we'll let Bill tell you what happened at this point, in his own words.

"There wasn't room for me and the bug, so I yanked the shirt off and just hung it on the back of my tractor.

"Well, to make a long story short, the shirt fell down and I accidentally plowed it under. After I plowed it back up and threw it in the washing machine, it was still as good as new. Now that's a well-made shirt."

A shirt good enough to meet the President.

At this point in the story, as Bill talked to us, he began to warm to the topic of our Interlochen Knit Shirts.

"I wear them everywhere I go. Working out here on the ranch, and going into town too."

Bill says it's the comfort of the shirt that's got him sold. Along with the way it looks. (He owns six of the shirts he's pictured in here!)

"If I was going to meet the President," says Bill with a twinkle in his blue eyes, "I'd wear this shirt."

What's so special about our Interlochen Knit?

As its name somewhat prosaically implies, it's knit with an "interlocking" stitch to create a fabric that is especially lofty and plush. Of pure combed cotton, no less, for surpassing softness next to the skin.

In one of our more exuberant moments, we once declared that our Interlochen Knit Shirt is absolutely "COTTON BALL SOFT!"

More unusual than the knit fabric itself is the fact that our Interlochen is even tailored with a soft touch. The collar is taped, the shoulder and armhole seams neatly single-needle stitched, the placket smoothly finished inside—all so no rough edges of fabric ever come between you and the softness of our Interlochen.

Why take such pains with a simple knit shirt? For the same reason we add extra features to our Oxford Shirts, our Corduroy Pants, our Canvas Attaches:

Quality is one of the ruling principles of The Lands' End Experience. And our customers seem to appreciate that.

Listen to Bill Rice again: "Out here, we bust our butts to make a living. And when we spend money, we want quality. That's why I buy from Lands' End."

There's more to The Lands' End Experience.

To make sure our kind of Quality is accessible to as many people as possible, we insist that it always be accompanied by Value. As Direct Merchants, we deal directly with our manufacturers, sell directly to our customers, to deliver the utmost for the dollar.

Completing The Lands' End Experience is our efficient, enthusiastic brand of Service.

We ship most orders within 24 hours after we hear from you. Back everything we sell with an emphatic guarantee that reads, simply, GUARANTEED. PERIOD.® And keep our "store" open 24 hours a day, seven days a week.

Why not call one of our operators today, toll-free at 1-800-356-4444, and let them introduce you to The Lands' End Experience? They're famous for their friendliness.

So friendly are they that sometimes, our customers are encouraged to tell them the wildest stories you've ever heard. Like the one, not long ago, about the Texas farmer who plowed under one of our knit shirts.

Now, who'd believe that?

LANDS' END® DIRECT MERCHANTS

©1990, Lands' End, Inc.

Please send free catalog.
Lands' End Dept. XX-22
Dodgeville, WI 53595

Name _____

Address _____

City _____

State _____ Zip _____

☐ Please send information about your new international service.

Write or call toll-free:

1-800-356-4444

easier, in its way, as it got harder to figure. People were *confused* somewhat, but they were losing weight and were not subject to sex and violence from Hollywood. *Children* were not acting confused at all, but—here was a thing to ponder—they had never been overweight, and they had never objected to sex and violence in their entertainment. Things, people felt, would make sense if they could just think them through. "Sit and contemplate your navel," the comic farmer liked to put it. "Sit and contemplate your navel."

They sat and contemplated the government-suppressed price of wheat, which was at least a dollar per bushel lower than what it cost to produce a bushel of wheat; and contemplated *not* producing wheat as a protest; and contemplated why on earth they actually continued *to* produce wheat, losing, as they were, at least a dollar per bushel; and contemplated, finally, precisely how they were *able* still to produce wheat if they had in fact lost at least a dollar per bushel on the last hundred million or so bushels. It was this—still producing wheat—that made contemplation of the navel a somehow more reasonable and easy thing to consider. But contemplating the navel was something no one really knew anything about, and, moreover, they suspected that that contemplation required a specific if not downright exotic place, and all of their place was plain.

"That goldarn government of ours," the farmer prone to comedy announced one morning to the other farmers not eating at the diner, "is *wigged out.*" Strangely coordinated, the farmers all together gently passed their clean napkins and their dimes to the waitress and wordlessly eased out of the diner. The comic farmer sat there, surprised at his foolishness in testing the expression so . . . so *blithely* a second time. He noticed that all the departing farmers wore the same co-op hat—color and apparent age of the caps looked identical. It was as if new hats had been handed out at an assembly that he had missed. This was impossible. There *were* no assemblies, certainly no hat-handing-out assemblies, and he would not have missed it if there had been such an assembly, or any kind of assembly at all. He thought immediately of *alien* movies: Had all his peers been possessed by . . . ? Or were they normal, and his old-hattedness an index that *he* had somehow gotten out of step? They had had a co-op party, say a wheat tour, had handed out a hundred brand-new mesh caps, and he had been somewhere else, watching TV for new material or contemplating his navel without knowing it. Kansas was becoming a strange and dangerous terrain.

He sat in the diner alone with fifty clean napkins and fifty shiny dimes.

[Essay]

NOTES OF A WORD-WATCHER

From Etcetera, Etcetera, *a collection of essays on etymology by Lewis Thomas, to be published in the fall by Little, Brown. Thomas is the author of* Lives of a Cell *and* The Medusa and the Snail.

In our backyard is a horse-chestnut tree the size of a church. It is said to be 200 years old; it is about 120 feet high; at its base the circumference of the trunk is almost 25 feet. Its limbs are the size of telephone poles but somehow flexible, extending straight out from the trunk as if they were the most improbable things on earth, then sloping to the ground thirty feet out and rising again to nearly their original level.

Bare naked in winter, leafless, it somehow looks as energetically alive as when full-leaved in high summer. When I am standing under it on the moss, looking up through the columns and leaves, it has a churchlike feel, and it is so quiet that it startles.

I am not an animist. I am an accredited twentieth-century scientist, but I swear to you that that tree is inhabited.

It is easier for a scientist today to think, and say, something like that, without attracting sidelong looks or being put away for a time of counseling. The tree does indeed have a spirit inside, but we have covered that feeling by an antique phrase, "the genius of the place." We do not come right out and say that it is numinous, that it possesses a power, its *numen;* it rarely crosses our mind that these words come to us from the Indo-European (IE) root *neu,* meaning simply a NOD, now a divine NOD, both assent and command.

If I were an early, primitive man, instead of the late man that I feel these days, and if I had not yet built a language for naming my tree, dumbstruck I would go looking for a small child. What is it? I would ask. The child would say a word never heard before, pointing up into the tree in eagerness for my attention. The word would have the sound of *ai,* then a gentle breath, *aiw,* and it would sound right for this tree. The word would then enter the language by way of me, I would tell it to my friends, and thousands of generations later, long after my time, it would be used to describe many things, not trees but the *feeling* that was contained in that particular tree. *Aiw* would become EVER, and AYE and EON and AGE. The Sanskrit language would have built it into the word *ayua,* meaning life. Gothic would have used it for the word *aiwos,* eternity. Latin would have placed it

in *aevum* and *aetas,* for the connected ideas of age and eternity. The Greeks would put it into *aion,* vital force, and we would receive it in our word EON. German would have it as *ewig,* the word sung over and over by a high voice in Mahler's *Das Lied von der Erde.* And some of the languages, in their hopes, would insert a *yeu* sound as a prefix, and the new sound would form words for YOUTH, YOUNG, JUVENILE. By this time all traces of meaning of the chestnut tree would be gone.

In order to get a language really to work from the outset, as a means of human communication by speech, it must have been technically obligatory to make, first off, the words needed to express the feelings aroused by things, particularly living things in that world. Naming as a taxonomic problem could come later and would take care of itself. But for ideas to begin flowing in and out of minds, so that the deepest indispensability of language could take hold, the feelings would have to come first into speech, and that sense of the roots must persist like genes in all the words to follow.

I notice a squirrel as he leaps from one outer branch to another on a limb high up in the sunshine of my chestnut tree. I have as yet no name for such a thing, so I turn to the small child at my side and point. He looks carefully, thinks for a moment, then says *an-e,* two light syllables, sure of his word. So I name the squirrel by that word and my friends and neighbors agree, and the name moves into the new language, but only for a while as *this* name. After only a few generations, our progeny have devised a new, more accurate and specific name for the squirrel, taking it from a root indicating the most conspicuous feature of the creature, its great tail resembling a shadow. So the squirrel became, literally, the shadow-tailed, *skiouros* (*skia,* shadow, plus *oura,* tail), and English turned this to SQUIRREL.

And what happened to the child's name *an-e*? All sorts of things, holding it in each IE language with the first feeling still in place. The child's sharp sense of the new object, there in the great tree, was that *it breathes* and is *alive,* and *an-e* became the source of the Sanskrit *aniti,* he breathes, and the Greek *anemos,* wind, breath, and the Latin *anima,* life, breath, and for us ANIMATE, ANIMAL, and ANIMUS. ANEMONE. And when we have in mind one of our own qualities, setting us loose in high spirits, MAGNANIMITY.

♦

I was sleepless one night, worrying about one thing or another, then one thing *and* another and then another, and the word PESSIMISM slid sidewise into my mind. I recalled that there was something worrying in the word, then as always couldn't remember what, so I heaved into the other room to look it up.

There it was; *of course,* I told myself, knew it all the time. Then, as always, the surprise and shock—not shock of recognition, shock of realization. This is an old, familiar experience for me: looking up words whose roots I've seen over and over before, then being astonished; one slow take after another.

Pessimism comes to us from the IE root *ped,* meaning nothing more or less than FOOT.

One thing the language does for us is to make

[Vocabulary List]

GNARLY, BRUTAL, INSANE

From "Breaking English," in the June 1989 issue of Surfing.

Kinds of waves (nouns): ankle-snapper, barrel, beachbreak, billow, bluebird, bombora, boomer, bowl, breaker, clean-up set, cloudbreak, comber, cracker, creamer, cylinder, double-up, dumper, foamie, greenback, grinder, groundswell, groveler, heavy, left, left slide, looper, macker, mushburger, peak, peeler, pointbreak, reefbreak, right, right slide, ripple, rivermouth, roller, screamer, shorebreak, shorepound, shorey, slop, smoker, sneaker set, snowbank, spiller, suck out, tube, tunnel, wall, wedge, widow-maker, windswell, zero break, zipper

Ways waves are (adjectives): all-time, big, brutal, classic, clean, fast, fat, filthy, flat, flawless, fun, gnarly, gutless, heavy, hideous, hollow, insane, intense, juicy, long, lumpy, mindless, outrageous, perfect, pissweak, powerful, radical, righteous, rugged, scary, sectiony, shifty, short, slack, sloppy, sluggish, small, spooky, square, tasty, thick, unreal, wimpy

Things waves do (verbs): back off, blast, boom, bowl, crank, crumble, curl, dredge, dribble, dump, feather, go round, go square, grind, growl, grunt, gutter, heave, hiss, howl, hump, jack, kick, let down, line up, lob, mush out, peel, pinwheel, pitch, pump, sand-suck, scream, shift, slam, smoke, spin, spit, stack, stand up, steamroll, suck out, throb, throw out, thump, thunder, toss, warp, wrap

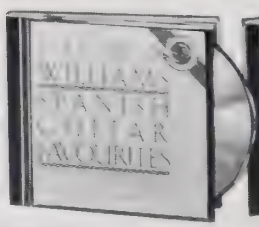
CLASSIC



Vladimir Horowitz—The Last Recording (Sony Classical) 405·985



Mahler: Symphony No.2 "Resurrection." Gilbert Kaplan, London Symphony(MCA Classics) 376·517/396·515



John Williams—Spanish Guitar Favorites (CBS Master.) 378·646



Luciano Pavarotti—Pavarotti in Concert (CBS Master.) 373·548



Scarlatti: Sonatas Anthony Newman (Newport Classic)

TAKE ANY 8 COMPAC



Handel: Water Music. Marriner, Academy of St. Martin-in-the-Fields (Angel) 401·638

Canadian Brass—English Renaissance Music (CBS Master.) 403·402

Great Opera Choruses. Richard Hickox, London Symphony and Chorus (MCA Classics) 404·210

Tchaikovsky: Piano Concertos Nos. 1 & 3. Gavrilov; Ashkenazy, Berlin Philharmonic (Angel) 402·529

Debussy: Afternoon Of A Faun; others. Batiz, Sym. Orch. State of Mexico (Musicmasters) 402·255

R. Strauss & Britten: Sonatas for Cello & Piano. Yo-Yo Ma, Emmanuel Ax (CBS Master.) 402·180

Midori-Paganini Caprices (CBS Master.) 389·791

Bolling: Sonatas For Two Pianos. Claude Bolling and Emanuel Ax (CBS Master.) 388·546

Liszt: Piano Sonata; 3 Petrarca Sonnets; more. Vladimir Feltsman (CBS Master.) 388·538

The French Collection—Jazz Impressions Of French Classics by Ravel Debussy, Faure, Poulenc, Satie (Angel) 386·623

R. Strauss: Metamorphosen; Duet Concertino; etc. Esa-Pekka Salonen, New Stockholm Chamber Or. (CBS Master.) 385·195

Evgeny Kissin Plays Chopin (ProArte) 385·120

Liszt: Hungarian Rhapsodies. Zubin Mehta and Israel Philharmonic (CBS Master.) 386·607

Philip Glass: Solo Piano (CBS) 386·581

Dinner Classics—The Viennese Album (CBS Master.) 386·508

Mozart: Symphony No.41 (Jupiter); Divertimento No.1,K136. Muti, Berlin Phil. (Angel) 386·466

Stravinsky: Firebird; Jeu de Cartes. Esa-Pekka Salonen, Philharmonia (CBS Master.) 385·203

Jean-Pierre Rampal—Music, My Love (CBS Master.) 383·349

Haydn: Piano Sonatas 33, 38, 58, 60. Emanuel Ax (CBS Master.) 383·331

Katia And Marielle Labeque—Bernstein: West Side Story For Two Pianos and Percussion, etc. (CBS Master.) 383·323



Yo-Yo Ma—Great Cello Concertos (CBS Master) 401·604/391·607

Beethoven: Symphony No. 3 (Eroica). Norrington, London Classical Players (Angel) 382·754

Berlioz: Symphonie Fantastique. Norrington, London Classical Players (Angel) 382·747

Great Sopranos Of Our Time (Angel) 381·335

Great Tenors Of Our Time (Angel) 381·319

Handel: Highlights From "The Messiah" A. Davis, Toronto Sym. (Angel) 381·277

Steve Reich: Different Trains - Kronos Quartet / Electric Counterpoint - Pat Metheny (Nonesuch) 380·071

Placido Domingo At The Philharmonic (CBS Master.) 379·289

Enrico Caruso—Opera Arias and Songs. Milan 1902-1904 (Angel) 379·255

The King's Singers—20th Anniversary Celebration Sampler (Angel) 385·021

Dvorak: Slavonic Dances, Opp. 46 & 72 Maazel, Berlin Philharm (Angel) 379·248

Portrait of Wynton Marsalis (CBS Master.) 373·555

Mendelssohn: Symphony No. 4 (Italian); Overture & Incidental Music to "A Midsummer Night's Dream." Mackerras, Orch Of The Age Of Enlight (Virgin Classics) 383·190

Rossini: Overtures. Marriner, Academy of St. Martin-in-the-Fields (Angel) 378·695

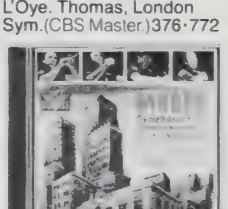
Tchaikovsky: Symphony No. 4; Romeo & Juliet. Abbado, Chicago Sym. (CBS Master.) 378·679

John Williams—The Great Guitar Concertos (CBS Master.) 378·638/398·636

Elgar: Enigma Variations; Pomp & Circumstance Marches. Andrew Davis, Philharmonia Or. (CBS Master.) 376·905

Mozart: Piano Concertos Nos. 9, 21. Murray Perahia (CBS Master.) 376·822

Ravel: Bolero; Rapsodie Espagnole; Ma Mere L'Oye. Thomas, London Sym.(CBS Master.)376·772



Dvorak: Symphony No. 9 (New World); American Suite. Pesek and Royal Liverpool Philharmonic (Virgin Classics) 383·182

Rachmaninoff: Piano Concerto No. 3; Rhapsody On Theme Of Paganini. Feltsman; Mehta, Israel Phil. (CBS Master.) 383·315

Portrait Of Vladimir Horowitz—Mozart, Beethoven, Chopin, etc. (CBS Master.) 378·604

Wagner: Scenes From Tannhauser; Tristan und Isolde; etc. Jessye Norman; Tennstedt, London Phil. (Angel) 378·075

Borodin: Sym. No. 2; Prince Igor Overture & Polovtsian Dances. Batiz. Sym. Orch. Of Mexico (Musicmasters) 378·034

Stephen Hough—My Favorite Things. Virtuoso encores for the piano (Musicmasters) 377·465

Schumann, Grieg: Piano Concertos. Murray Perahia; Sir Colin Davis and Bavarian Radio Orch (CBS Master.) 377·440

Anthony Newman—Beethoven: Four Great Sonatas (Newport Classic) 376·046

Canadian Brass—The Mozart Album (CBS Master.) 374·561

Jascha Heifetz—The Decca Masters (Vol.1). Prokofiev, Shostakovich, Brahms, Tchaikovsky, etc. (MCA Classics) 374·009

Beethoven: Symphonies Nos. 1 & 6. Norrington, London Classical Players (Angel) 373·985

Sibelius: Valse Triste; Finlandia; etc. Berglund, Phil. Orch. (Angel) 373·621

Copland: Appalachian Spring (complete); John Henry; Letter From Home; etc. Slatkin, St. Louis Sym. (Angel) 373·563

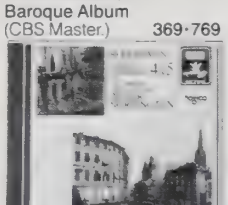
Chopin: 4 Scherzos; Mazurkas. Emanuel Ax (CBS Master.) 372·466

Bach: Brandenberg Concertos; etc. Ransom Wilson, Gerald Schwarz, L.A. Chamber Orch. (Angel) 372·367/392·365

Lotte Lenya—Kurt Weill: Berlin & American Theatre Songs. (CBS Master.) 371·138

Gershwin: American In Paris; Cuban Overture; etc. Slatkin, St. Louis Sym. (Angel) 371·096

John Williams—The Baroque Album (CBS Master.) 369·769



Beethoven: Symphonies Nos. 4 and 5. Norrington, London Classical Players (Angel) 400·184

The Bernstein Songbook—selections from West Side Story, On The Town, etc. Bernstein cond. (CBS) 371·088

Leonard Bernstein, Conductor—The Encore Collection, Vol. I (CBS Master.) 371·047

Rimsky-Korsakov: Scheherazade; Russian Easter Over.; Mehta, Israel Phil. (CBS Master.) 371·021

Claude Bolling: Bolling's Greatest Hits (CBS) 369·751

Brahms: 3 Sonatas For Violin & Piano. Anne-Sophie Mutter, Alexis Weissenberg (Angel) 369·157

Mozart: Eine Kleine Nachtmusik; **Pachelbel:** Canon; more. Marriner, Academy of St. Martin-in-the-Fields (Angel) 367·375

The Artistry of Andrew Davis—Toronto Symphony & Chamber Chorus (Fanfare/Pro Arte) 369·801

Mendelssohn: Violin Concerto; **Saint-Saens:** Intr. & Rondo Capriccioso; **Massenet:** Meditation. Nadja Salerno-Sonnenberg (Angel) 366·872

Canadian Brass—Bach: Art Of The Fugue (CBS Master.) 366·740

Andres Segovia, Guitar—My Favorite Works. (The Segovia Collection, Vol. 3) (MCA Classics) 366·344

Beethoven: Symphony No. 9 (Choral). Norrington, London Classical Players (Angel) 365·619

Placido Domingo—A Love Until the End of Time (CBS) 365·262

Vladimir Feltsman—American "Live" Debut (CBS Master.) 365·254/395·251

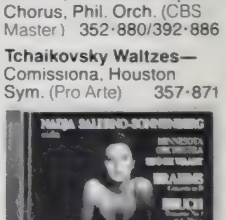
Verdi: Requiem. Muti, Pavarotti; Chorus & Orch. of Teatro Alla Scala (Angel) 365·247/395·244

Brahms: Double Concerto. Isaac Stern, Yo-Yo Ma; Abbado, Chicago Sym.(CBS Master.)367·250

French Impressions—Tortelier and English Chamber Orch. play music of Debussy, Faure, etc. (Virgin Classics) 376·004

Puccini: Madama Butterfly. Scotto, Domingo, etc; Maazel, Ambrosian Opera Chorus, Phil. Orch. (CBS Master.) 352·880/392·886

Tchaikovsky Waltzes—Comissiona, Houston Sym. (Pro Arte) 357·871



Brahms: Violin Concerto; **Bruch:** Concerto No. 1 Nadja Salerno-Sonnenberg; De Waart, Minnesota Orch. (Angel) 400·135

Brahms: Piano Concerto No. 1. Peter Serkin; Robert Shaw, Atlanta Sym. (Pro Arte) 363·127

Beethoven: Complete Sonatas For Piano & Cello Yo-Yo Ma, Emanuel Ax(CBS Master.) 362·913/392·910

The Segovia Collection, Vol. 1—All-Bach Program (MCA Classics) 362·293

Bach—Preludes & Fu... For Organ, Vol. 1. Pla... by Anthony Newman. (Newport Classic) 35...

Tchaikovsky: The Nutcracker. Previn, R... Philharmonic (Angel) 355·941/39...

Ravel: La Valse; Rapsodie Espagnole; Pavane; etc. Previn, P... Phil. (Angel) 35...

Vladimir Horowitz, P...—Favorite Encores (CBS Master.) 35...

Vladimir Horowitz—Favorite Chopin (CBS Master.) 35...

Beethoven, Bruch: V... Concertos. Isaac Ster... (CBS Master.) 35...

Chopin: Piano Conce... No. 1. Murray Perahia Zubin Mehta, N.Y. Phi... (CBS Master.) 35...

Paul O'Dette—Robin... The Greenwood Gone... Elizabethan Lute Mus... (Nonesuch) 36...

Gilbert & Sullivan: H... lights from "The Mika... English National Oper... (MCA Classics) 35...

Kiri Te Kanawa Sings... Gershwin (Angel) 35...

Andre Watts Plays Li... Album 1. Six Grand Et... After Paganini; plus m... more (Angel) 352...

Holst: The Planets. A... Davis, Toronto Sym (Angel) 352...

Mozart: Requiem. Jea... Claude Malgoire, conc... (CBS Master.) 351...

Beethoven: Piano Co... No. 5. Perahia; Haitink Concertgebouw Orch. (CBS Masters.) 357...

Brahms: Piano Pieces Op. 76 & 119; Fantasie... Op. 116. Richard Good... (Nonesuch) 357...

Andre Watts At Carne... Hall—25th Anniversar... Recital. Haydn, Mozar... Schubert, Brahms (Angel) 376...



Carlos Kleiber—New Year's Concert 1989 Vienna Philharmonic (CBS Master.) 385·823/395...

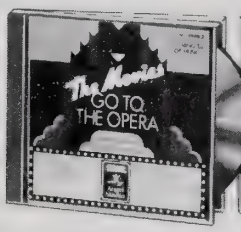
S·ON·CD



Kanawa—Verdi & Arias (CBS Master.) 343·269



Best Of The Canadian Brass (CBS) 401·596



The Movies Go To The Opera—Various artists (Angel Studio) 372·342



Cole Porter: Anything Goes. McGlinn, London Symphony & Ambrosian Chorus (Angel) 401·620



Isaac Stern- Humoresque —Favorite Violin Encores (CBS Master.) 405·720

ISCS FOR ONLY 1¢ PLUS A CHANCE TO GET ONE MORE CD—FREE! see details below

Goldberg
ons. Glenn Gould
Master.) 343·251

ovsky: 1812 Over.; e Slave; etc. Ozawa, Phil.(Angel) 343·244

n: Four Ballades; No. 2. Andrei v (Angel) 343·103

oven: Piano & Violin s. Vol 1. I. Stern, min (CBS Master.) 341·982/391·987

iev: Sym. No. 1 cal); Suite "Love anges." Maazel, National de France Master.) 341·297

Ma, cello—Bach: Unaccompanied CBS Master.) 339·713/399·717

win: Rhapsody In tc. Tilson Thomas, nilharmonic Master.) 339·226

t: Symphonies Nos. (Jupiter). Kubelik, an Radio Symphony Master.) 339·044

opher Parkening— Celebration. Los Chamber Orch. 338·178

Sonatas For Flute sichord (cpl); more. l, Pinnock. (CBS) 336·578/396·572

ovsky: Violin to; etc. Zukerman; Israel Philhar. aster.) 336·461

Brahms: Symphony No. 1. Tennstedt, London Phil. (Angel) 332·668

Bizet: Carmen and L'Arlesienne Suites 1 & 2. Ozawa, Orch. Nat'l De France (Angel) 331·595

Prokofiev: Peter & The Wolf; **Saint/Saens:** Carnival Of The Animals. I. Perlman, K&M Labeque; Mehta, Israel Philharmonic (Angel) 331·322

Mozart's Greatest Hits—Theme From Elvira Madigan; Rondo Alla Turca; more. Various artists (CBS Master.) 330·613

Wagner: Overtures. Tannhauser; Lohengrin; Die Meistersinger; more. Tennstedt, Berlin Phil.(Angel) 330·134

Mozart: Piano Concerto 26; Rondos. Perahia, English Chamber Orch. (CBS Master.) 328·740

Nancy Allen, Harp— Works by Ravel & Debussy. Tokyo String Quartet; Schwarz, L.A. Chamber Orch. (Angel) 328·013

Beethoven: Symphony No. 5; **Schubert:** Symphony No. 8 (Unfinished). Maazel, Vienna Philharm. (CBS Masters.) 321·570

Bach's Greatest Hits, Vol.1.—Toccata & Fugue; etc. Biggs, Casals; etc. (CBS Master.) 330·530

Tchaikovsky: Suites From The Ballets: Swan Lake & Sleeping Beauty. Muti, Philadelphia Orch. (Angel) 334·680

Mahler: Symphony No. 4. Kathleen Battle, Soprano; Lorin Maazel, Vienna Phil.(CBS Master.) 332·866

Mozart: Overtures. Marriner, Academy of St. Martin-in-the-Fields (Angel) 321·224

Isaac Stern—60th Anniversary Celebration. With Zukerman, Perlman, Mehta, New York Phil. (CBS Master.) 311·647

Wagner: Overtures. Maazel, Philharmonia (CBS Master.) 310·086

Stravinsky: Rite Of Spring. Mehta, New York Phil. (CBS Master.) 281·493

Jean-Pierre Rampal— Rampal's Greatest Hits (CBS Master.) 280·610

Schubert: Impromptus, Opp. 90 & 142. M. Perahia (CBS Master.) 343·707

Kathleen Battle Sings Mozart. Previn, Royal Phil. (Angel) 350·587

Mahler: Symphony No. 1. Maazel, Vienna Phil. (CBS Master.) 349·936

Dowland: The English Orpheus. Emma Kirkby and Anthony Rooley (Virgin Classics) 404·301

Richard Strauss: Ein Heldenleben; more. Thomas, London Sym. (CBS Master.) 376·780

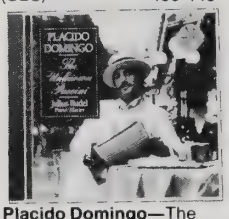
John Adams: Fearful Symmetries; The Wound Dresser. Orch. St. Luke's (Nonesuch) 402·552

Kiri Te Kanawa—French Opera Arias. (Angel) 402·149

Amore—The Great Italian Love Arias. Te Kanawa, Pavarotti, Marton, more. (CBS Master.) 402·081

Bach: Complete Lute Suites. Sharon Isbin, guitar (Virgin Classics) 401·554

Fright Night—Music That Goes Bump In The Night. (CBS) 400·143



Placido Domingo—The Unknown Puccini (CBS Master.) 387·829

Maria Callas— The Incomparable Callas. Favorite arias (Angel) 400·200

Show Boat—Broadway Show Album. McGlinn, cond. (Angel) 402·586

Puccini's Greatest Hits. Te Kanawa, Pavarotti, Marton, Carreras, Tucker (CBS Master.) 405·811

Sweet Dreams—Music by Brahms, Chopin, Debussy, Greig, etc. (CBS) 389·296



Dvorak: Violin Concerto; Romance; Carnival Over. Midori; Mehta, NY Phil. (CBS Master.) 386·573

John McLaughlin: The Mediterranean Concerto For Guitar & Orch.; Duos For Piano & Guitar. Katia Labeque; Thomas, London Sym. (CBS) 388·777

Karajan Conducts Orchestral Favorites, Vol. 1 (Angel) 388·645

Draw On Sweet Night— English Madrigals. Hillard Ensemble (Angel) 388·587



Dinner Classics—The Sunday Brunch Album (CBS Master.) 386·474

Eliot Fisk—American Virtuoso. Bach, Scarlatti, etc., on guitar (Musicmasters) 373·662

Rachmaninoff: Piano Concerto No.3. Gavrilov; Muti, Philadelphia Orch. (Angel) 364·133

Teresa Stratas Sings Weill. Schwarz, Y Chamber Sym. (Nonesuch) 349·670

Debussy: Nocturnes; LaMer. Tilson Thomas, Philharmonia Orchestra (CBS Master.) 343·665

Bizet, Faure, Ibert, Ravel. —Bizet, Faure, Ibert, Ravel. Richard Hickox, City Of London Sinfonia (Virgin Classics) 402·545

The Pachelbel Canon & Other Digital Delights. Davis, Toronto Chamber Orch. (Fanfare) 348·649

E'S HOW TO GET YOUR 8 CDs FOR 1¢...

t mail the coupon and we'll send your 8 CDs, together with a bill for only s shipping and handling.

agree to buy just six more selections in the next three years, at regular prices (currently $12.98 to $15.98, plus shipping and handling)–and you ancel membership at any time after doing so.

e Music Magazine sent every four weeks (up to13 times a year), oing the Regular Selection, plus hundreds of alternate classical recordings, ll as new releases and all-time favorites from other fields of music. And al Selection mailings up to six times a year (total of up to 19 buying unities).

only what you want! If you want the Regular or Special Selection, do g–it will be sent automatically. If you'd prefer an alternate selection, or none ust mail the response card always provided by the date specified.

always have 10 days to decide; if not, you may return the Selection at pense.

f-Price Bonus Plan. If you continue your membership after fulfilling your ion, you'll be eligible for our money-saving bonus plan. It lets you buy one half-price for each CD you buy at regular Club prices.

Day Free Trial. We'll send details of the Club's operation with your uctory package. If not satisfied, return everything within 10 days and you ve no further obligation.

ra Bonus Offer: You may take one additional CD right now at the super- ce of only $6.95–and you are then entitled to take an extra CD as a bonus And you'll receive your discounted CD and your bonus CD with your 8 uctory selections–**a total of 10 CDs in all!**

© 1990 CBS Records Inc.

LUMBIA HOUSE: Terre Haute, IN 47811

Selections with two numbers contain 2 CDs and count as 2– so write in both numbers.

COLUMBIA HOUSE, 1400 N. Fruitridge Ave.
P.O. Box 1129, Terre Haute, Indiana 47811-1129

227/F90

Please accept my membership under the terms outlined in this advertisement. Send me the 8 CDs listed below and bill me only 1¢, plus shipping and handling. I agree to buy six more selections, at regular Club prices, in the coming three years—and may cancel my membership at any time after doing so.

SEND ME THESE 8 CDs FOR 1¢		

Send my ☑ CLASSICAL CDs to the following address:

Mr.
Mrs
Miss Print First Name Initial Last Name

Address Apt.

City

State Zip

Do you have a VCR? (04) ☐ Yes ☐ No
Do you have a credit card? (03) ☐ Yes ☐ No

JGJ/F6 JGK/59

☐ **Extra Bonus Offer:** Also send one more CD now for which I will be billed only $6.95

...and I'm entitled to get this extra CD FREE!

Note: we reserve the right to reject any application or cancel any membership. These offers not available in APO, FPO, Alaska, Hawaii, Puerto Rico; write for details of alternative offer. Canadian residents serviced from Toronto. Applicable sales tax added to all orders.

sure we retain a measure, maybe small for most of us, of humility. As soon as we had agreed on a word for FOOT, we set off to form cognate words for the ways of getting things wrong with feet.

One of the earliest offspring of *ped* turned up in Sanskrit as *padyate,* he falls. *Ped* became *fot* in Germanic, FOOT in English; English saw new possibilities for fallibility and made FOOTLESS and FOOTLING, both meaning graceless, stupid.

Ped came to Latin as the root of *pes, pedis,* producing words that are all feet in one form or another, from which we have taken PEDESTRIAN, PEDAL, PEDIGREE (a crane's foot), straightforward enough.

But because of the old human troubles with footwork, other darker metaphors emerged as cognates. The Latin *impedire* had the meaning of shackles, from which we derive IMPEDE, and *pedica,* a snare or fetter; hence our IMPEACH. EXPEDITE emerged from the meaning to free from shackles. When someone has been trying too hard to better his lot and gets it wrong, we say he shot himself in the foot; worse still for him if he happens to have, as also happens with such people, his foot in his mouth.

The lasting power of *ped* as a root with its own plans for the future is shown by the convergence of an old Germanic cognate with the same meaning as the Latin *pedica,* shackle. Old English took *fet* from *fot* to make *feter,* from which we have FETTER itself.

What about my insomnia word? From the IE compound *ped-samo,* something bad, Latin made *pessimus,* the worst of things, the superlative of *malus,* and we borrowed this to form PESSIMISM.



© 1990 CARTOONISTS & WRITERS SYNDICATE

From The Idler, *a bimonthly magazine published in Toronto.*

♦

The language keeps talking about itself, cannot seem to have enough of itself. At a guess, I'd say there are more roots for the various ways of using language than for all other human activities together, some of them hidden away inside longer words that seem to be designed for other purposes, most of them standing baldly out in full view. The language, in fact, spends a large part of the time calling attention to what it can accomplish.

Some words keep their heads down, fingers in ears, waiting behind the tree for their impact, hoping always for the worst. RUMOR is an example. On the surface it seems a quiet word, almost a whisper, one low voice to a cupped ear. But it has a necessary magnitude; the word RUMOR is never used for something you heard yesterday afternoon in a bar, unless that something is itself a rumor, a rumor of a rumor, in effect. If you heard so-and-so say that a stock will go up in three days, that is not a rumor. But if so-and-so says, "I've been hearing that that stock is going up," it begins to qualify as a rumor, and later, if you hear ten other people say something like that, in different bars at different times, *now* you have a rumor. It is not at all a quiet word; it is a bomb of a word, requiring the collective energy of many minds and voices to bring it into existence.

The language knows this, and it put the word RUMOR together with care for its meaning, having selected its parentage thoughtfully. The IE root is *reu,* with the original sense of bellow, nothing less. In Old Norse, *reu* became *rauta,* to roar; from *rauta* we have the English ROUT. Taken into Latin, *reu* produced *rugire,* RIOT, RUT; the Latin *raucus* was a hoarse shout, RAUCOUS. The Latin *rumor* itself was a widespread noise, a clamor, an explosion. The Greek *oryesthai* was a howl, a great outcry; the Sanskrit *ravati* was a loud shout. Over time, and with the sort of reflection that only the language itself can devote to a single word, English took RUMOR for the meaning it has today: something *about* to explode, something not quite ready yet but, just ahead, a roaring shout, a scandal.

The plainest, most unambiguous word for speaking the language is SPEAK, from the IE root *spreg,* which meant, plainly, to speak. The word came into Germanic steadily enough but occasionally exploded like speech as it came along. The sense of SPEAK was unaltered in the Old High German *spehhan,* the Middle Dutch *speken,* the Old Saxon *sprecan,* and the Old English *sprecan;* but in Old Icelandic *spraka* meant to rattle, and *spraki* was a report, a rumor. Swedish has *spraka* as crackle, sparkle. The Sanskrit

sphurjati is to burst forth, to crackle and rattle; so is the Lithuanian *sprageti*. The Welsh cognate is *ffreg*, to chatter, gossip. And the Greek *spharageisthai* is to crackle or hiss. SPEAKING is itself a word almost always on the very edge of going out of control, or so it seems.

[Author Bio]

GETTING TO KNOW ME

From the author's biographical information at the end of My Cousin, My Gastroenterologist, *a novel by Mark Leyner, published by Harmony Books/Crown. Leyner's story "I Was an Infinitely Hot and Dense Dot" appeared in the November 1988 issue of* Harper's Magazine.

I was born on January 4, 1956, at Margaret Hague Hospital in Jersey City, New Jersey. Little is known about my early life. My father, Joel, and my mother, Muriel, kept me with them in Jersey City. Often they would take me to look at dinosaur bones at the Museum of Natural History, and then, invariably, I would be given ravioli. It should also be noted that from the stoop of our little house in Jersey City I could discern the screen of the Newark Drive-in Movie Theater. When I was six, my sister Debbie was born. (An actress and former shoe model, she has since changed her name to Chase.) One day we moved to West Orange, where I saw my first squirrel. When I saw the Beatles on television in 1963, I decided that I wanted to be an "artist."

In junior high school, there were only three girls shorter than I was—two were identical twins and one was Shelly Ullman, whom I asked to wear my ID bracelet; unfortunately her wrist was too pudgy. Bringing great honor to my people, I was chosen as one of the starting pitchers in the Little League All-Star Game. I began writing poetry. I attended Columbia High School, where I wrote a column called This Side of Paradise for the school paper. The column chronicled the parties that my friends and I attended. In high school, I loved to rock and roll; a hot dog made me lose control. I was in a band that broke up over artistic differences—I wanted us to go "glitter," à la T. Rex, Bowie, the New York Dolls; the other guitarist, Tom Cacherelli, wanted us to be a more workmanlike band, like the Allman Brothers.

I graduated from high school when I was sixteen and dashed off to the Middle East with my girlfriend Liz Ross, who today is a lawyer in Boston. Eventually, sick of falafel, we dashed off to Greece, Switzerland, and France before returning to the U.S.A. to attend our respective universities: Radcliffe for Liz and Brandeis for me. In 1972 my poem about Tina Turner appeared in *Rolling Stone*—my career was launched! Then I met Sarah "Calamity Jane" Vogelman and offered her a Quaalude, and so began our college romance. Today Sarah is married to Adam Kariotakis and has two kids; she's a lawyer in New Brunswick. I began writing fiction at Brandeis, and when I graduated in 1977, I was awarded the Dorothy Moyer Memorial Award for writing. I was offered a fellowship at the University of Colorado in Boulder and got my M.A. in 1979. Then I moved to Washington, D.C., where "Calamity Jane" Vogelman was living, and I had a series of stupid jobs and began work on *I Smell Esther Williams*. I moved to Hoboken in 1982 and worked as an advertising copywriter for Panasonic for a year. I dated a bass player named Trude Koby, who was also going out with Fab Five Freddy at the time—today she's a lawyer in Miami. In 1983 *I Smell Esther Williams* was published by the Fiction Collective.

[Form Letter]

SHE LOVES ME NOT

This form letter was sent to select respondents to a personals ad that appeared in the Downtowner, *a Cincinnati weekly.*

Dear _____,

Hi, my name is Melissa. I am the SWF you wrote to in response to my ad in the *Downtowner*. Thank you for taking the time to do so.

Because I am honest and caring, as the ad stated, I felt that I should respond to each of you so that you know what is going to become of your response. I have to be honest and say that, for some reason or another, after reading about you in your letter, I felt that you and I are not compatible.

It has been an interesting experience reading your response, and I am sure that there is another woman out in this city more compatible to you. She might be right under your nose!

It has been real, it has been fun, it's been real fun. Take care of yourself.

Sincerely,
P-3098, Melissa

That year I met Arleen Portada, and in 1984 I asked her to marry me. She got very embarrassed and ran into the bathroom; eventually she came out and said yes and we were married and had a riotous party at the Hoboken Elks Club. Arleen is a brilliant psychotherapist. She was asked to appear on *The Morton Downey Jr. Show* and refused. We've traveled to places all over the country, including Fayetteville, North Carolina. In 1986 I was awarded a fellowship grant from the New Jersey State Council on the Arts. I've given readings at many distinguished venues, including the New York City Department of Cultural Affairs, the West Side Y's Writer's Voice series, Columbia University, SUNY Buffalo, etc. While working on *My Cousin, My Gastroenterologist,* I supported myself by doing advertising copywriting. Recently I've written ads for biodegradable incontinence briefs and artificial saliva. No one knows what the future holds in store for me.

[Memoir]

THE BATTLE FOR MY BODY

From A Hole in the World: An American Boyhood, *by Richard Rhodes, to be published in October by Simon & Schuster. Rhodes won the Pulitzer Prize in 1988 for* The Making of the Atomic Bomb.

My father knew the woman who became my stepmother before we began boarding at her house. One evening in the winter of 1947 Dad took us to a Kansas City road-show production of the Grand Ole Opry, the first live entertainment I remember from childhood, and it seems to me she joined us for the show, sitting on the other side of Dad, turning his head. It may be that I've conflated her bewildering debut with the honky-tonk dazzle of the Opry, with lights and flash and crowd. Since I didn't know Dad had a private life, I didn't know where this small, heavily perfumed, tough-looking woman had come from; like the road show, she might have been unloaded from a truck. It was obvious that he wanted my older brother, Stanley, and me to like her. I don't think we did. After nine years of boardinghouses we had sensitive bullshit detectors, and her voice was southern and honeyed, cunning, edged with menace.

According to my school records, we moved into her house in February 1947. But memory keeps time differently from school records. I have trouble believing that all that Stanley and I lived through during our stepmother years occupied only twenty-eight months of our lives, until we were removed by the Jackson County juvenile court to the relative safety of the Andrew Drumm Institute for Boys in July 1949.

My stepmother was born in Texas, in 1899, which means she was forty-eight years old in 1947. She was a short woman with white skin, a full head of dark hair, large breasts. She used makeup heavily, powder over a pancake base, a pucker of red lipstick, thick mascara if not false eyelashes, and her small, usually open-toed shoes had stilt heels and platform soles to boost her height. None of this matters particularly, except that she was evidently a mantrap, someone who bushwhacked husbands and cleaned them out. She'd been married four or five times before. Dad became her plow horse; she worked him for more than fifteen years, until he died of cancer of the stomach in 1965. Stan thinks she married once more after that.

We never did call her Mother, nor did she ever even remotely deserve the name. To tame Stanley and me, to make us new men, she tinkered sadistically with control worked out on the surface and the interior of our bodies. She lived by rigid systems of rules; to transgress even the least of those rules might detonate an outburst of rage that even to a ten-year-old seemed grossly disproportionate to the provocation. Since we were children, and had few rights in the first place, since our father was too cowardly to defend us from brutalization, everything became possible for her.

Slapping us, kicking us, bashing our heads with a broom handle or a mop or the stiletto heel of a shoe, slashing our backs and the backs of our legs with the buckle of a belt, our stepmother exerted one kind of control over us, battery that was immediately coercive but intermittent and limited in effect. We cowered, cringed, screamed, wrapped our heads protectively in our arms, danced the belt-buckle tango, but out of sight and reach we recovered our boundaries more or less intact. The bodily memory of the blows, the heat of the abrasions, the caution of pain, the indignation, and the smoldering rage only demarcated those boundaries more sharply.

More effective control required undermining our boundaries from within. As diseases do, our stepmother sought to harness our physiology to her own ends. Compelling us to eat food we didn't like—cayenne gravy, mint jelly, moldy bread—is hardly more coercion than most parents impose, not that custom justifies it. Our stepmother tinkered more radically with manipulating what we took into our bodies and what we expelled. The techniques she developed led

For people who like to smoke...





LIGHTS
Regular
and
Menthol.

BENSON & HEDGES

©Philip Morris Inc. 199

SURGEON GENERAL'S WARNING: Smoking Causes Lung Cancer, Heart Disease, Emphysema, And May Complicate Pregnancy.

11 mg "tar," 0.8 mg nicotine av. per cigarette, by FTC method.



Robert Rauschenberg, Captiva, Florida, *a photograph of the artist by Gianfranco Gorgoni with color silk screens added by Rauschenberg. This work was shown last month at Moscow's Art Moderne Gallery as part of* Pools/БАССЕЙНЫ, *the first commercial exhibit of Western artists in the Soviet Union.*

eventually to a full-scale assault.

At ten years of age I no longer wet the bed, but I needed the toilet at night. The only bathroom in the house opened directly inside her bedroom door. I used it whenever I had to, sometimes more than once a night, until she announced one day in a fury that I was getting up at night unnecessarily and disturbing her sleep. I should make sure I relieved myself before I went to bed, she told me, because from then on I was forbidden to use the bathroom at night. "I married your *father*, not you," she added mysteriously.

Telling someone *not* to do something to induce them to do it is a powerful form of suggestion. Dutifully, I went to the bathroom just before climbing to my upper bunk on the north wall of the sleeping porch, but as soon as Stanley turned out the lights and we settled down to sleep I felt my bladder fill. I lay awake then for hours. I tried to redirect my thoughts, tell myself stories, recite numbers, count sheep. I clamped my sphincters until they cramped and burned. Lying on my back, hurting and urgent, I cried silently to the ceiling low overhead, tears running down my face without consolation, only reminding me of the other flow of body fluid that my stepmother had blocked. When clamping my sphincters no longer worked I pinched my penis to red pain.

Sometimes I fell asleep that way and slept through. Once or twice I wet the bed. That villainy erupted in such monstrous humiliation that I learned not to repeat it. Thereafter I added struggling to stay awake to struggling to retain my urine.

One desperate night I decided to urinate out the window. There were two windows in the porch back wall. They opened ten feet above the yard. I waited until I was sure Stanley was solidly asleep, climbed down my ladder, and slipped to the nearer window. Two spring-loaded pins had to be pulled and held out simultaneously to open it. That wasn't easy to coordinate, especially since I was bent over with cramping. The window fit its frame badly. It jammed and squeaked going up. I forced it up six inches and then a foot, high enough, stood on tiptoe, my little penis barely reaching over the sill, and let go. I'd hoped the hydraulic pressure would be sufficient to drive the stream of urine through the screen, missing the ledge and the frame, but the angle was bad. I dribbled. My urine ran down the ledge and out under the screen frame. That meant it would leave a telltale stain down the outside wall. I tried forcing the stream into a higher arc and managed to pulse it in splashes through the screen. It sprayed out into the night air below a blank silver moon.

I'd barely begun when I heard noise—the bedroom door, footsteps in the dining room, the kitchen door swinging. I clamped off the flow in a panic—it was hard to stop—popped my dripping penis back into my pajamas, warm urine running down my leg, and stood at the window waiting. I prayed to God it wasn't my stepmother.

Dad stepped through the doorway, half-awake. "What's going on?" he said softly.

"It was stuffy in here," I improvised. "I opened the window to get some air."

"You don't want to disturb your Aunt Anne," he told me, giving my stepmother the name we were supposed to call her. "Better close that thing and get on back to bed."

I wasn't sure if he knew what I was doing or not. Probably not. I closed the window. He padded off. I'd managed to alleviate my urgency enough to get to sleep. To my amazement—I suppose I believed her omniscient—my stepmother only grumbled the next morning about people up at night prowling around. Even so, I knew I couldn't use the window anymore. I'd have to find some other way.

I had plenty of time at night to think. I needed a way to store my urine, a chamber pot. The top of the closet that Stanley and I shared formed a deep storage shelf, level with the head of my bed. Stanley and I stashed our junk there—books, comic books, cigar boxes of crayons and pencils, homemade wooden swords. There were dozens of empty mason jars in the basement. I could bring up some jars, I worked out, urinate into them at night, hide them on the junk shelf, and empty them the next day when no one was looking.

Accumulating jars was easy. I brought them up from the basement one at a time. Stanley and I used them anyway to collect fireflies and bugs and they all looked alike. Arranging them in the dark to relieve my urgent bladder was harder. Dad's and our stepmother's bed was on the other side of the wall behind the closet. We couldn't hear through the wall unless she and Dad were fighting, but I didn't dare take chances. She hadn't only forbidden me to use the bathroom at night. Because she'd offered me no alternative receptacle, she'd effectively forbidden me to urinate at night, asserting by that fiat that she, not I, controlled my bladder. Devising an alternative, as I'd done, was challenging her authority over my body. I also had every reason to believe that if she caught me with a mason jar of urine she'd forbid me that release as well and I'd be worse off than I was before.

So I didn't open a jar to relieve myself as soon as the house quieted down. I continued my ritual of restraint, of clamping my sphincters and pinching my penis, until I could no longer bear the pain. Only then, an hour or more after bedtime, did I dare to ease a jar stealthily from its hiding place, slip it under the covers to muffle any sound, and slowly unscrew its heavy zinc lid. After I'd waited awhile longer to be sure no one had heard, I turned on my side, released my penis, bent it over the rough lip of the jar tilted down into the sag of my mattress, and tentatively, squirting and clamping, emptied my bladder. I thought I could fill a jar and sometimes I nearly did. To avoid overflow I pressed a finger along the inside of the jar; when the warm urine wet it I knew I needed to stop. Hot with shame, I would screw the lid back on, struggling sometimes to start the threads straight. Then I had the concealment problem in reverse. I had to move the jar filled with urine back onto the junk shelf, and with the evidence now patent. I was even more terrified of being heard. It didn't take me as long to return the jars to the shelf as it did to fetch them, but I worked tense with caution and froze every time my bunk springs squeaked.

Disposing of the jars turned out to be the hardest part. I was afraid to move them when our stepmother was home and she seldom left the house after school or during the evening. Jars of urine began accumulating on the shelf behind the junk. They didn't smell—I screwed the lids tight enough to prevent that—but the liquid turned a darker yellow and grew gray cobwebs of mold. Once in a while I had a chance to dispose of them, one or two at a time. I let Stanley in on the secret. He didn't disapprove beyond warning me of the danger. "You better hadn't let her catch you," he told me. A dozen jars collected on the shelf.

I was away all one Saturday morning doing a job, running errands or cleaning out someone's garage. When I got home Stanley met me coming through the backyard and hissed me aside to a conference. "She almost found the jars," he whispered. I turned white. "It's okay," he said. "I got rid of them. She got mad about all the junk on the shelf and told me to clean it off. She was standing there watching me. I started cleaning stuff off but I kept moving it around to hide your jars. I got to where I didn't see how I could hide them any longer and just then the phone rang and she went off and started jawing. I hurried up and ran the jars down the back steps and hid them out here under the old tarp. She went off after that and I came out and emptied them. Whew! They smelled bad. They smelled like dead fish." It was a close call and he wasn't happy with me for exposing him to it. After that he helped me keep them emptied.

To this day, forty years later, once a month or so, pain wakes me. Falling asleep with urine in my bladder or unmoved rectal stool, I still reflexively tighten my pelvic muscles until my sphincters cramp. My stepmother still intermittently controls my body even at this distant and safe remove. I sit on the toilet those nights in the silence of my house forcing my sphincters to relax, waiting out the pain in the darkness, remembering her. ■



"Used to be that an American car in Switzerland was something of a rarity.

Not anymore. GM sells a lot of cars over here these days—good cars at good value. Which is nice for me—I'm the local dealer."

Fact: GM exports more cars around the world from North America than any other car manufacturer.

GM

MARK OF EXCELLENCE

Chevrolet Beretta

Chevrolet, Pontiac, Oldsmobile, Buick, Cadillac, GMC Truck

WHATEVER BECAME OF THE PUBLIC SQUARE?

Public life is disappearing, or so the signs would indicate. Last April, a third of Americans simply tossed out their census form. One in five tax dollars is withheld by contemptuous taxpayers. Nearly two-thirds of the electorate probably won't vote this November. The ongoing conversation of our democracy is so muted that the public no longer believes it is part of public debate. The marketplace of ideas is empty, because the people are at home watching a debauched public discourse: what passes for "issues" on *Geraldo* or *Crossfire*.

It is strange that a nation so sentimental about its town meetings should be exposed—by apathy at home and the clamor of democratic throngs in the plazas of Europe—as having almost no public life. Convinced its revival is necessary to representative government, *Harper's Magazine* recently asked two architects, a town planner, a sociologist, and a sculptor to consider what a public life in the United States today might be and to design a contemporary public square in which to promote it.

The following forum is based on a discussion held in the Rainbow Room above Rockefeller Plaza in New York City. Jack Hitt served as moderator.

JACK HITT
is a senior editor of Harper's Magazine.

RONALD LEE FLEMING
is president of the Townscape Institute in Cambridge, Massachusetts, and is a preservation advocate, urban planner, and design critic.

ELIZABETH PLATER-ZYBERK
is an architect and town planner whose work includes Mashpee Commons, in Mashpee, Massachusetts, and the town of Seaside, Florida. She is a professor in the Master of Architecture Program in Suburb and Town Design at the University of Miami.

RICHARD SENNETT
is professor of sociology at New York University and author of a study, to be published later this year, about space and social life in cities entitled The Conscience of the Eye.

JAMES WINES
is an artist and environmental designer who is currently the president of SITE, an architectural office in New York City, and the chairman of environmental design at Parsons School of Design.

ELYN ZIMMERMAN
has worked on large-scale environmental public sculptures since 1978. Her works include Shunyata (Chicago, 1982), Marabar (Washington, D.C., 1984), Terrain (Chicago, 1987), and Keystone Island (Miami, 1989). She is currently completing projects in Los Angeles; San Francisco; and Tampa, Florida.

A Place of Peaceable Assembly

JACK HITT: Suppose I am the mayor of a medium-size city plagued by all the contemporary urban problems: a downtown devoted to work by day and abandoned to the poor at night, an oozing exurbia, and intensifying divisions—both geographical and spiritual—among races and ethnic groups. At the same time, I observe a thriving, chaotic public life in many countries, and I notice that it is centered on a plaza—Tiananmen Square in Beijing, Wenceslas Square in Prague, etc. I have convened this panel to assist me in the task of promoting a vital public life and, possibly, designing a workable, contemporary public square. But as I read the history of such issues in the United States, I wonder. Thomas Jefferson considered the city "a sore on the body politic," and Henry David Thoreau discovered more civic virtues in a field of beans than in a gathering of men and women. So before I start building, I'd like to determine whether we have a tradition of public life on which to draw.



The Boston Commons, colonial era

RONALD LEE FLEMING: We've used public spaces for major public events. In the eighteenth century, the crowds attending religious revivals on the commons were sometimes so thick that worshipers were crushed to death. People met for a variety of occasions: military exercises, civic gatherings, public executions. In the first years of settlement, the commons were literally pastoral; they were places to herd cattle. They had proprietors then, usually settlers who had common rights to the land. Over time, as the population grew more diverse, the proprietors ceded their powers to town governments. Later, the affluent townsmen began sowing grass and planting elms on the commons. In the early years of this century, Henry James observed that once a common was shaded in elms, little remained to be said about it.

RICHARD SENNETT: Public space needn't be a public square. The streets of Manhattan's Lower East Side were thriving public spaces at the be-

Illustration from The Bettmann Archive

ginning of this century. Nobody designed them. They were relief from the horrors of the tenements. What's peculiar about our cities—particularly the kind of city our "mayor" governs—is that the American middle class has forever tried to flee them. In order to redesign the center of a city, you must think about why people haven't wanted to be there for such a long time.

JAMES WINES: You're right, Richard. You're really talking about the progressive deterioration of American public space because of the lack of a true public life. If you consider Mediterranean public space, especially the Italian squares, which are often viewed as the ideal, Americans don't have an equivalent.

SENNETT: Is that the kind of public space we want, and can we have it?

WINES: But in this nation the entire perception of the earth's surface has been destructive to the prospect of public life. The first settlers regarded the land as a resource and remorselessly raped it. When cities began to emerge, they were vaguely based on those in Europe, but Puritanism, with its resistance to pleasure, totally rejected public life, regarding it as the devil's playground. Public life didn't have a chance after industrialization predicated the nation on the driving and especially the parking of cars. Finally, the media age locked us in our electronic cabins.

The single most destructive force in America was the Modern movement in architecture, which submitted this nation to the ravages of the grid and the plane; in other words, megaversions of abstract art. The scourge was completed when builders saw these economical structures as the answer to cheap and expedient development. Europe was never totally submerged in this exercise in elementary geometry; perhaps it was damaged, but America was consumed by it.

FLEMING: We have no Mediterranean space, but then we weren't Mediterranean people. Americans once did have a notion of the meeting house, the center of civic government, which was often the local parish church. This union of church and state created a kind of common design ethic. The early citizens had a common space, but they also had an enormous homogeneity of culture. Our problem may be that the foundation of a public life is homogeneity, not pluralism.

SENNETT: The public life on the Lower East Side was homogeneous, but only *economically*. Often people didn't speak the same language. Their religions were anathema to one another. It's difficult for us to recover now what it must have been like for Irish peasants suddenly to find massive numbers of Jews living in their midst. When I think about what kinds of public spaces we need to make today, the last thing in the world I would like to see is an attempt to create more homogeneity. Our culture is suffering from a surfeit of sameness. Take Battery Park City, lower Manhattan's recent large-scale development, which was built to look like more of the city rather than as an isolated project. It is neutral and homogeneous. Its social failure is painfully apparent; the public spaces inside and outside its buildings are almost always empty.

FLEMING: The possibility of creating public space for a heterogeneous culture is nearly a contradiction in terms. I attended one of the most pluralistic schools in America; it was racially and economically mixed, equally white, black, and Oriental. The low-rise campus buildings fanned out in spokes from a central green, and each group—the WASPs, the Jews, the nerds, the blacks—found a tree, bench, or nook in one of the green wedges between the buildings and stuck to it. Outside of mandatory assemblies, we never naturally came together to create a sense of community.



Lower East Side, Manhattan, circa 1900

HITT: Well, what do we mean when we say we want to encourage a public life among these disparate groups? I was arguing the other day that there is less racial tension in New York City than in Los Angeles or even Washington, D.C., due to an unlikely public space—the New York subway system. Although the public interaction is inchoate—rolling our eyes together at fools or irate passengers, perhaps an occasional courtesy—at least the people *see* one another. Maybe that's enough.

FLEMING: That really provokes me, Jack. It's great to have a working subway system and to see different people on the platform. But if that's what the public space has degraded into, it is no cause for celebration. It's pathetic. But we'll have a better chance of success if we go back to your city, Mr. Mayor, which we might locate in a place with a sense of civic cooperation—say, Minnesota.

ELYN ZIMMERMAN: Which is homogeneous.

FLEMING: You could design a space there, although, now that I mention it, not Philip Johnson's IDS Center, for God's sake.

HITT: Is it in Minnesota?

hotograph from The Bettmann Archive

ZIMMERMAN: It's a shopping center and office-tower complex in Minneapolis.

FLEMING: The IDS Center is an acoustically tinny, forlorn space that has won all kinds of awards—a further demonstration that we reward designs that look good only from the air.

WINES: The most deathly space, perhaps in the whole world.

ZIMMERMAN: Although it's interesting, because the IDS Center was an attempt to create the kind of public space we've been discussing. It was intended to nurture a spiritual and spatial renewal for the city and to create commercial gathering places, with a large public area out front.

WINES: The grotesque failure of the IDS Center originates in the contemporary nature of commercialism. Although our public is pluralistic, commerce is not. We're faced with mega-firms pitching mega-ideas, which submit the public to a kind of incarceration in retail prisons. The only human interaction is in the mall, buying useless products and feeding the system.



Riyadh, Saudi Arabia, old and new town

The system hates diversity and loves regimentation. Thus the only way to establish working public spaces is to sponsor total idiosyncrasy—conditions of infinite choice. And you can't design them. The word *design* is anathema to me. It's the kiss of death when you're talking about public space, because it means somebody is *taking charge*. It is possible, however, to propose a conceptual matrix that encourages spontaneous choices. In a sense, that's the Italian idea.

ELIZABETH PLATER-ZYBERK: I disagree. Italian spaces certainly were designed.

WINES: Well, they were designed, but they weren't overdesigned. The design wasn't an esoteric enterprise that pleased only the designer. The Italian spaces allowed for great—nearly infinite—flexibility. They encouraged spontaneity because they were centered not only on the market but on religious and civic activities as well. The sense of place was made coherent by an iconography—a rich source of imagery that could be translated into buildings and their surrounding spaces—that made it possible to provoke a public life on a large scale. The iconography of the Catholic Church provided a wide range of possibilities: For the designer, it meant that he was not forced to create a cathedral that looked nearly like every other cathedral. And for the passerby, the varying facades and spaces of a cathedral prompted a variety of reactions and experiences—either religious, commercial, political, personal, or social. But always the architecture, the iconography, had to be rich enough to provoke a *thought*, because thinking is the source of spontaneity and of public life. A blank wall or a facile juxtaposition of enormous shapes prompts nothing.

PLATER-ZYBERK: The best public spaces are designed. But you probably can't design one space to do all the things that you would like the public realm to do.

WINES: Let me give you a classic case of American design. In Riyadh, Saudi Arabia, there is an old town and a new one. The old town was built over time, by accretion. The new town, which is the new center, was laid out and built by a number of American firms that worship the rigor of design. So Riyadh now has a grid, a space so relentlessly dull that it boggles the mind. It is hyperbolized tedium. The people there hate it, and a new generation of young Saudis are now trying to figure out how to fix it. So the problem I'm talking about can be seen in Riyadh in high relief: The rigid design of the grid forces the public into a particular course of action. There is no choice; there is only direction.

HITT: What kinds of things should the public consider doing in a public space? What do we mean by a "public life"?

SENNETT: The Greeks had a notion of public space as a place for political education. We've lost the sense of the social life of the city as an educative process. It survives vestigially in the *idea* of the town meeting. But for Americans today, the public realm is a silent realm, which is not the way it once was. In the eighteenth century, both men and women were very verbal in public. The public places—coffeehouses, assembly rooms, court halls—were sociable places. Silence began during the Industrial Revolution, when women were driven from the public realm. Their presence in public was suddenly considered unseemly, unladylike, particularly for middle-class women. They were confined to the home. In the 1880s, when women began to return to the public space, it was only in terms of consumption—going to stores, shopping. That was a time when women couldn't talk to strangers, a time of great isolation and silence. Gradually, those became the terms for men as well. Our public realm is still largely a silent one.

PLATER-ZYBERK: Is that why you can't go anywhere in public today without hearing music?

SENNETT: You mean, music as a substitute for

Photograph courtesy James Wines / SITE

communication? Music fills the silence to relieve us of the discomfort that comes at the prospect of conversation or interaction.

ZIMMERMAN: I always thought it was meant to calm people, to anesthetize them—like painting walls certain colors.

FLEMING: Silence can be broken, and a certain kind of public life can be nurtured through triangulation: setting up some third element—an activity, a work of art—that ignites a conversation between people. Let's say you consciously decide to create this public space and you want to build up layers of meaning—what Jim calls iconography. You want to create reasons for being in the space, so you might decide to bring in an organ grinder and monkey, one of the original models for triangulation. The point of having an organ grinder was to create a situation in which one person watches the monkey and says to somebody else, a stranger, "Look, that monkey has measles," or whatever. An interaction between strangers creates an effect of animation, which is one stimulus for public life.

WINES: Just what will animate public life is interesting. In Rome the public spaces jump. Certain places thrive and then dry up, and it turns out that this is because the tourists are driving away the natives. The Romans are constantly reorienting themselves to yet another, new enclave where they can be themselves, if only for a season. So it's the tourists who fuel the public life. In Venice, I remember, the preferred square was so remote that you could get there only after a long boat ride. There is no public life on St. Mark's Square, because no respectable Venetian would be caught dead there.

SENNETT: That reminds me of Turin, Italy. The central district was designed and built at the end of the eighteenth century with the intention of turning a hick town in northern Italy into an important metropolis. The space had a central arcade that was in touch with the culture and used the most fitting design, with proper development on the side streets. Yet it is one of the few towns where the public square works like a negative charge on a magnet. The public life thrives in the side streets, while crowds avoid the public square. This is a problem with design. You can't program sociability. A working space requires that over time it will develop a history of use; you can't command enjoyment or vitality. I always marvel at students who design a space and jot down what people will do in it. Such optimism!

"THE GREEKS HAD A NOTION OF PUBLIC SPACE AS A PLACE FOR POLITICAL EDUCATION; FOR AMERICANS TODAY, THE PUBLIC REALM IS A SILENT REALM."

PLATER-ZYBERK: The potential of a public square is related to the larger structure of the city; in other words, people have to live close to the square. For instance, all over the country there are workers' spaces that serve as successful lunch places. But they may not be considered successful public spaces, because there are only a few hours each day that people are in them. A square in a city will never work unless people live close to it and use it most of the day.

Such a city square is possible in the United States. In fact, close to the ideal is Indianapolis, which was designed on a square-mile plan in 1821 with a circle in the center that radiates axes in different directions toward other public spaces, including the state capitol. People are walking and driving through this circle all hours of the day and night, but it is not necessarily a gathering place, except on special occasions. So it has a special identity, one that captures the wholeness of the city. A few blocks off that circle is a theater with a ballroom that's round like the circle, reflecting it. It is where people hold proms, marriages, and the like—occasions that signify unity and wholeness.

FLEMING: But, of course, Indianapolis is lucky to have Mayor William Hudnut, a former Presbyterian minister, who is also an urbanist and has been mayor a long time. There is an institutional memory at work here. Yet even with it, the buildings don't always have a conversational fit. Across the street from that ballroom, Elizabeth, is a hotel that has stuck its air vents right in the face of the city.



Monument Circle, Indianapolis

PLATER-ZYBERK: True, but my point is that this particular public space may not be an active place in the sense that much is happening there. It may rather serve as a psychological focus for the community—an effect that is almost entirely visual. It is a space where everybody can potentially go. It is a space that embodies potentiality. The Washington Mall works in a like

Photograph from The Bettmann Archive

"TAKE A LOOK INSIDE OU
THAT'S WHERE THE BIG CH

You told us you'd consider buying a GM car or truck if we changed more than just the looks. And that's exactly what we've done.

We've listened to what you said about quality. We've heard your demands for reliable, durable cars and trucks. And we've responded with new vehicles, with new technology, with new production methods in new and refurbished plants.

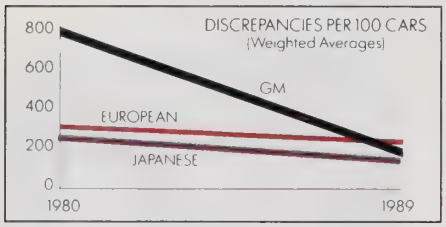
THE HEART OF GM QUALITY

We've introduced 77 all-new models since 1985. Almost all the cars and half the trucks we make. All re-designed and engineered to dramatically improve quality.

The looks are new. But that's not all. The big improvements are in the engines, transmissions, and electrical systems—the heart of any car or truck. And we're continuing to improve.

MEASURABLY BETTER

GM builds cars you can count on for the long term. No U.S. carmaker has done that job better in the last five years. In fact one measure of dependability, the J. D. Power dependability study of 1985 models, ranks GM highest in vehicle dependability among all American manufacturers.[1]



Since we built those cars, independent measures have confirmed that our quality has improved substantially. The differences today between GM and the best imports are very small indeed.

According to one quality study by Harbour & Associates, we're better than the average European make, and the difference between GM and the average Japanese import is less than one-half of one discrepancy per car. Our own tracking confirms GM's significant improvement.

GREATER DURABILITY

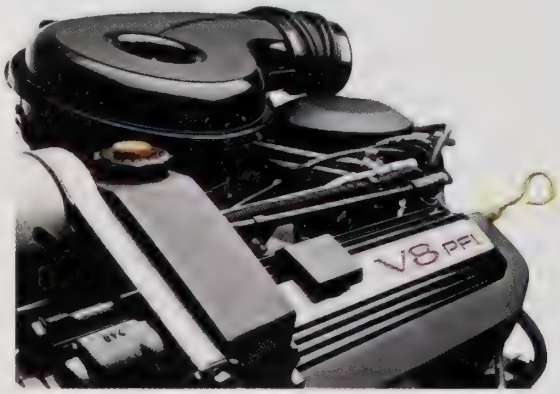


According to R. L. Polk Registrations, a higher percentage of 10-year-old GM cars are still on the road than '79s from Ford, Chrysler, Mazda, Nissan, Toyota, or Honda.

RELIABLE ENGINES

GM's engines are more dependable than those of all other domestic carmakers. The 2.3-liter Quad 4 is as problem-free as 2-liter engines from Toyota or Honda.

Our 3800 V-6 is at the top in engine quality among engines from all makers, foreign or domestic. That's the finding of the most comprehensive customer-based survey in the auto industry. And Cadillac owners report fewer engine problems the first year than Toyota or Mercedes-Benz owners—a tribute to the 4.5-liter V-8 in Cadillacs.



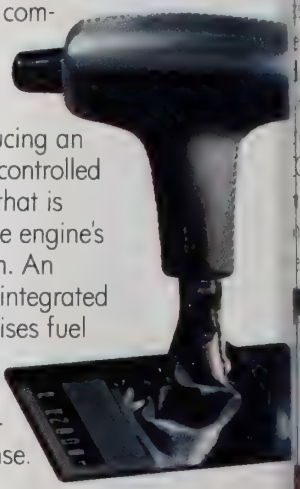
BETTER-BUILT AIR CONDITIONING



The reliability of major mechanical systems is important to our customers. GM's new cars have better-built air conditioning systems than cars from Honda, Nissan, or Mazda.

PROBLEM-FREE TRANSMISSIONS

Any car or truck is only as reliable as transmission. And our automatic transmissions are more problem-free than those any domestic competitor—and most imports.



This year GM is introducing an electronically controlled transmission that is linked with the engine's control system. An electronically integrated powertrain raises fuel efficiency, lowers emissions, and improves response.

TECHNOLOGY THAT LASTS

GM is the only domestic manufactur to design and build multivalve engines. And we build them to last. Our 16-valve Quad 4 has already run the equivalent of 100,000 miles at 100 mph without sto ping under test conditions.

On the endurance track, a full-size Chevrolet sport truck equipped with GM



All of GM going all out for you.

EW CARS AND TRUCKS.
GES IN GM QUALITY ARE."

u. in. V-8 captured the Hulman
y for sustaining 100 mph for 24
at Indianapolis.

ST TROUBLE-FREE U.S. CAR LINE

study of 1990 models done by an
endent market research company
Buick as the top domestic nameplate,
d on problems per car in the first
ys of ownership. LeSabre was the top
nodel, with Electra and Skylark in
p ten.
adillac Eldorado and the Oldsmobile
nd Cutlass Ciera also made the list,
g GM six of the study's ten best-built
rican cars.



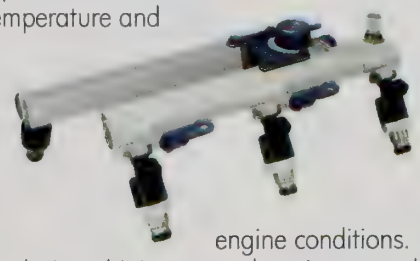
CORROSION PROTECTION

Ve offer the highest level of exterior-
nized corrosion protection in the world.
t, we're the only high-volume carmaker
extensively using two-sided
galvanized materials to protect
against rust.

That's how we can stretch our limited warranty's corrosion coverage to six years or 100,000 miles minimum.[2]

99.9% CERTAIN STARTS

Virtually every engine in every GM car or light truck features electronic fuel injection. Electronic sensors measure temperature and



engine conditions. Re-designed injectors and engine control computers meter the right amount of fuel for sure starts.

These GM cars start the first time, hot or cold, in any weather, regardless of where you live in the United States.

HIGHLY SATISFIED CUSTOMERS

GM's Cadillac division has been the highest-ranked domestic nameplate in customer satisfaction for the past three years.[3]

The customers of every other GM division are highly satisfied as well. After six months of ownership, at least 95% of all Chevrolet, Pontiac, Oldsmobile, Buick, Cadillac, or GMC Truck owners would recommend a vehicle from that GM division to a friend.

ENDURING VALUE

Over the last 10 years, cars built by General Motors have kept more of their original value, on the average, than cars made by any other U.S. manufacturer. Chevy and GMC trucks retain more of their original value than trucks sold in the U.S. by any other manufacturer in the world—foreign or domestic.[4]





WE COVER EVERY PART

We back our vehicles the way we build them. Our Bumper-to-Bumper Plus limited warranty covers every part of every GM car or light truck. For three years or 50,000 miles.[5]



WE CARE ABOUT YOU

We care what you think about GM quality. People throughout General Motors—the GM Quality Network—have taken a long, hard look at the cars and trucks we build. And the way we build them.

Today there is a new pride at GM. A new commitment to quality. A clear focus on our customers and on their needs. A dedication to continually improving our vehicles. Year after year. Until every model is as good as the best in the world.

We've accomplished much already. We invite you to take a good, close look at the results: our new GM cars and trucks, and the new level of General Motors quality.

1: J. D. Power and Associates Vehicle Dependability Index Study℠. In a ranking of the three domestic manufacturers, based on things gone wrong to 4-to-5-year-old 1985 model vehicles in the past 12 months.

2: See your GM dealer for details of this limited warranty covering corrosion. A deductible applies.

3: J. D. Power and Associates 1987-1989 Car Customer Satisfaction with Product Quality and Dealer Service℠ studies. After one year of ownership.

4: GM corporate study of 3-to-5-year-old used vehicles resold between 1979 and 1990.

5: Cadillac's Gold Key Bumper-to-Bumper limited warranty offers coverage for 4 years/50,000 miles, and Cadillac's Allante is backed for 7 years/100,000 miles. See your GM dealer for details of the limited warranty. A deductible applies.

PUTTING QUALITY ON THE ROAD

GM

MARK OF EXCELLENCE

Chevrolet Pontiac Oldsmobile
Buick Cadillac GMC Truck

manner on the national level. Most of the time it is an amiable green, but occasionally it opens up to its potential.

HITT: Such as the veterans' protests under Hoover, or Martin Luther King's marches, or the recent abortion rallies?

PLATER-ZYBERK: Exactly.

SENNETT: The ancient Greeks envisioned different scenes of life in various places in the city. The gymnasium was a place that evoked sexual desire. The assembly was a scene for politics. The ascent from the agora up the hill to the Acropolis was a way to experience the transition from the secular to the sacred. For us, space doesn't carry that weight of experience: Where would you go to experience remorse in a modern city? It's a meaningless question for us.



Coffeehouse, eighteenth-century London

ZIMMERMAN: Richard, I have a different, perhaps related, problem. I grew up out on the West Coast. When I came to New York ten years ago, it was exciting and frightening in a certain way. But I found that what I missed most of all was being able to go outside and be alone. Where would you go to experience solitude in a modern city? If you were not able to get out of the city, you would have no privacy out of doors.

HITT: A friend of mine has a theory that the scarcity of solitude accounts for the common habit among New Yorkers of talking to themselves. It creates a private space around them that almost no one will invade. Sanity in New York is so precious that it must be protected by a bodyguard of dementia.

WINES: If you are walking by yourself in L.A., the police will stop you, ask you where your car is, and insist on knowing *why* you are alone.

HITT: As mayor, I would like to build a square that allows these kinds of public life. Tell me, what would I have to do to make it possible for you to design such a place?

ZIMMERMAN: You might start with your own laws, the ones that dictate railings and forbid steps in certain places. Every American city's potential is buried under laws and anesthetized by them. From bollards to lights, our towns look the same. In other countries you could build a wharf, a quay, with no railing. There might be a slight danger, but that danger creates a sense of excitement and personal responsibility. Here, in public spaces, you are not allowed to let people take that kind of responsibility for themselves. In a funny way we have forbidden people to touch, to sit, to meet.

FLEMING: How do you change the angle of a street in order to make it more intimate and interesting, like the dogleg streets of Charleston, South Carolina? How do you create that eccentricity? The fire department would never allow it. It's against the law.

PLATER-ZYBERK: We'll start designing, Mr. Mayor, if you will tell your civil engineers that you don't care if the railings are not three feet, six inches. And that you will take personal responsibility for the lawsuit against the city when someone drives into the public square—as the traffic engineers are predicting—and runs over somebody because—

HITT: —I refused to install bollards?

PLATER-ZYBERK: Exactly.

HITT: So Shakespeare had it wrong: The first thing we do is kill all the civil engineers.

Building a New Public Square

WINES: We won't be able to build anything until we get beyond two issues we've been avoiding: Who builds the public spaces and for whom are they built? Ironically, great public spaces were built by absolute monarchs or flamboyant princes for people living in a *homogeneous* culture. Now, instead, we have municipal governments trying to build public spaces for an incredibly diverse society.

FLEMING: You *do* need a patrician or the equivalent. In the working patriciates of Venice, Bern, and Siena, for example, the institutional memory of such a class perpetuated respect for simple rules of design—particular to each place—that mandated such effects as tile roofs, first-floor arcades on the square, housing above the shops, stone fronts, and the like.

HITT: So that is the issue: Can you build a public space to promote a public life in a country with no powerful autocrats and no common culture?

WINES: We have to admit that the diversity in the United States is unique. And it is a great asset in creative endeavors—in literature, film, and so on. Much of what we produce could come only from a splendidly chaotic nation. But in the area of urban design, I am not certain that

Illustration from The Bettmann Archive

diversity is an advantage. Great spaces are built by tyrants, not by a council of selectmen.

ZIMMERMAN: I don't think you can look to the past for a model for the future, because the conditions of that world don't exist anymore. We haven't their priorities or their resources.

"HOW DO YOU DESIGN THE INTIMATE, DOGLEG STREETS OF CHARLESTON, SOUTH CAROLINA, TODAY? THE FIRE DEPARTMENT WOULD NEVER ALLOW YOU."

SENNETT: And, Jim, haven't there been public spaces for mixed cultures?

WINES: Name a city.

PLATER-ZYBERK: Wasn't Rome remarkably diverse?

SENNETT: It was an imperial city, with slaves and others from all over the Roman Empire. Or think about nineteenth-century Paris, with people pouring in from all the French provinces. In modern times, both Vienna and Berlin have had this kind of diversity.

FLEMING: Paris had such a life in its town houses, its *hôtels particuliers,* especially the ones built in the eighteenth and early nineteenth centuries. In these, several different classes of people lived together in one building, which was often set back from a street of shop fronts behind an internal courtyard.

PLATER-ZYBERK: That's right. The main family lived on the main floor and the entire service neighborhood lived around them.

SENNETT: Diversity and coherence aren't total opposites. Both Paris and London in the eighteenth century had a very curious public life in and around the coffeehouses. Nearly anybody could come to these places, and did. The coffeehouses were places of exchange, information exchange. The problem was how to make the people seated together into a coherent group. This required a kind of playacting; elaborate rituals of speech developed in an attempt to disguise the *class* of the speaker. From these coffeehouses were spawned the great insurance companies of imperial England, because this was where the different classes could meet, talk, and exchange information about what was going to happen, what ships were coming in, that sort of thing. One of the most famous coffeehouses belonged to Edward Lloyd; it, of course, became Lloyd's of London.

Today, the problem of public space is its *usefulness* to us in modern social life. In my view, the use of public space ought to be to make people aware of economic, racial, and ethnic realities, by concentrating and mixing these realities together. The modern United States is a society of social amnesia, of denial, of difference, of escape from facing reality. It's in a public space that this social amnesia might be called to account, which means that the public realm should be gritty and disturbing rather than pleasant. The kinds of public spaces that matter in this way are the edges between neighborhoods or mixed-use streets. A public space is anywhere that people who otherwise would be isolated from one another have to deal with one another: The cafeteria of a factory whose workers are racially mixed is more a public space than a shopping mall.

PLATER-ZYBERK: Maybe the American problem can be solved by design. I can think of two places in Miami—a totally suburban, modern American city—where the street life, the public life, is very exciting: Coconut Grove and South Beach. Maybe you could extract some rules for your inner city from these places at the edge. First, the streets are lined with shops, restaurants, and other establishments that have clean glass windows—as opposed to the usual concrete walls or mirrored glass—which allow visual communication between the street and the interior space. There is on-street parking and no open lots that simply dump into the streets. There are no driveways; in other words, there is nothing to interrupt the flow of people. The street space is clearly defined by a continuous building wall, while none of the buildings is too tall.

ZIMMERMAN: If we can choose what elements we want in this space, with an eye toward fostering healthy public interaction, I would like to create a place for a public garden. In many cities, they have a wonderful effect.

FLEMING: That's good. Participation in a mutual project can create a sense of proprietorship, like the old proprietors of the New England greens.

HITT: What other elements or edifices might you want to see on the square? The old public squares had a series of activities and tasks that prompted various public interactions: anything from the old state militias drilling on the green to religious services to markets alive with bargaining to public hangings. Now our state militias have been replaced by a standing army; modern shopping has eliminated bargaining, and our executions are performed far from the

public at odd hours. All these activities have *moved* elsewhere. Might there be other functions or tasks—more appropriate to *our* time—that we could situate on our square that might serve to reintroduce the public to itself?

ZIMMERMAN: Along with a garden, what about a recycling center?

"HOW CAN WE CREATE SPACES THAT ARE LIKE BEGINNINGS IN A NOVEL AND THAT PEOPLE WILL GRADUALLY DEVELOP THROUGH USE AND TAKE OVER?"



FLEMING: I think you're on to something, Elyn. I don't think many people, especially politicians, realize just how much the environmental issue has seized the imagination of the next generation. It's their issue, their mission. But where are these recycling places? You never see them. It may be worth thinking about didactic missions for such a square.

Public art might also assist in this mission. Environmental works might stimulate a new awareness of the fragility of the world, and we could encourage artists and craftsmen in the making of pavements, benches, trash cans, streetlights, and gates—elements that are neglected by cities that seem to buy them from the same catalogue. If we wish to promote a sense of proprietorship, then we must nourish actions that express care for the green. I want us to create the equivalent of those wonderful animated clocks whose rotating figures and glockenspiels not only tell the time but spin a common narrative that the entire population can understand. Our version could tell tales about our places and about our environment. Ultimately, new designs should create things that another generation of preservationists will fight to save.

PLATER-ZYBERK: Some things work against you in a public square. Shopping, for example, doesn't generally work well in a wide open space. For some reason, we prefer to stroll down streets when we shop. But I was thinking that there may be one building that could help create a public life and be good public policy as well. I am thinking about a school. In most cities schools have come to symbolize bankruptcy. Today, they are not about revival or youth but about handwringing. So as mayor, build a school and declare as your policy something quite idealistic and inspirational: that no student will graduate without knowing how to read and write. This is something everybody can get behind. We may not have an autocrat to act as a goad in public life, but we do have, from time to time, an enraged citizenry.

ZIMMERMAN: What about a day-care center? Few things prompt as much amiable public exchange as children.

PLATER-ZYBERK: Another one is a post office.

SENNETT: Diversity creates a number of novel problems, and we don't face them. The classic ideal of a public space was that it was a place of truth. It was where people understood other people in society by talking to them. Too often, when we think about public spaces, we limit our thinking to the consideration of amenities. And in doing so, we narrow the concept of "public" considerably. I think it's an unworthy aim to fill up a public space with yuppies.

HITT: Wait a minute. As mayor, I was attempting to promote racial interaction, but now I am accused of calling in the yuppies?

WINES: Richard is right. It may not be your intention, but it will be your result.

SENNETT: The problem is that public space is often thought of as a place where those parts of America that don't talk to one another ought to. Yet in much modern planning, we often wind up with an ersatz parade of our social, and, in particular, our ethnic, differences—as New York did with the South Street Seaport.

PLATER-ZYBERK: I am not certain people will talk to one another, Richard. The important thing is that people might be in the same place together.

SENNETT: So you've given up on that old project of urbanism?

PLATER-ZYBERK: Not yet. Let me lay out one scenario. This is an idealistic diagram, and it can be attacked from all sides. Let's admit the diversity of people and admit that identifiable neighborhoods are meaningful, maybe even vital, to these different groups. Let's admit that there are going to be yuppie neighborhoods, poor neighborhoods, black and white and Chicano neighborhoods.

HITT: That's the way it happens, despite our best efforts.

PLATER-ZYBERK: And in the central place of this city is a square, a green, a civic place that serves as the living room to all these bedrooms. Perhaps it is in front of the city hall or the local school, and it is a place that is not fenced off.

SENNETT: This is Jim's classic Mediterranean square.

PLATER-ZYBERK: And this one place is a psychological focus, a visual focus, a memory focus, and occasionally a functional focus for everybody. So we actually grant each group its own identity in its own neighborhood, a place of security in which people can relate to one another on common ground—your square. It's the anti-melting pot theory.

WINES: It's a beautiful idea. But once you admit the diversity, what occasion can serve to express the common denominator?

PLATER-ZYBERK: Maybe it's something like Philadelphia's Mummers Parade. That was begun after years of killings among the city's different groups on New Year's Eve. So the city called the parade into existence about a hundred years ago in order to create an activity that required a common purpose while still expressing neighborhood differences.

FLEMING: And it's so symbolic. The parade comes out of the ethnic neighborhoods of South Philadelphia right up Broad Street to City Hall, passing the Union League, which was once the center of Republican power. The members can still stand on the clubhouse balcony above the marchers, savor their fish house punch, and celebrate their foresight and liberality.

SENNETT: I don't think you can stage public life just symbolically. Nelson Rockefeller tried to decree a public life in Albany with the design of the civic mall he constructed there. It didn't work. Again, think of the coffeehouses of eighteenth-century London. Those public interactions served a certain purpose; they were functional. My own theory about this is that the state has taken over a lot of the functions of coordination that were once carried out by social means in these older, *ancien régime* cities.

FLEMING: You may be romanticizing them a bit. There was diversity, but the very best coffeehouses became the most select clubs in London—White's, Brooks's, and Boodle's—and they still are. There's not too much diversity there, but they did serve the function of coordinating the lives of the ruling class.

HITT: Well, the question is, is there some function, some social activity, that allows us to ignore our differences and realize our commonality?

PLATER-ZYBERK: Certainly commerce and walking—and not driving—from one place to another brings us into contact. But you might also think about sports, about building a stadium either in your public square or at least in the center of town.

HITT: In the same way that the Romans located the Colosseum in the heart of the city?

PLATER-ZYBERK: Yes. Stadiums are great public spaces. They have both sky boxes and peanut galleries, but everybody's there. The fact is, sports is one of the few public activities that do generate a certain unity—rallying behind a common team. Yet stadiums are often located at the edge of town, where they hold little symbolic value for the city. Indianapolis has a stadium just off its center square, and Baltimore is building its baseball stadium in the heart of the city. Think of Wrigley Field in Chicago.

SENNETT: Urbanists might try to learn from modern artists who have experimented with notions of fragmentation and indeterminacy: How can we create spaces that are like beginnings in a novel and that people will gradually develop through use and take over? I recently completed a study of spaces in midtown Manhattan to find out why Philip Johnson's space at the base of the AT&T building failed while little pocket spaces like Paley Park are full of people. The difference has to do with the sense that the place can be altered through use. Successful spaces prompt people to believe that something's possible there, that the space is not complete and that they are invited to complete it.



Paley Park, midtown Manhattan

ZIMMERMAN: Our laws partly prevent that from happening, but also we are trained to think that we must *solve* problems in the public space. And I think you are right, it's not about solutions but about—

SENNETT: —arousal?

ZIMMERMAN: Yes, expression.

HITT: I spoke to the urbanist William H. Whyte in preparation for this discussion. I asked him what he might do to design a public square that attempted to solve some of these contemporary problems. And he said, without missing a beat, "Just put some chairs out and you'll be fine." I think he was getting at what you are talking about, Richard. In his book *City*, Whyte contends that a fixed bench can ruin a square, because it doesn't allow people to "claim" a place to sit. The chair, on the other hand, does. That tiny scrape, that slight tug we all make just before we sit, Whyte said, is a primitive act of laying claim to the turf.

WINES: That's exactly the opposite of good public

Photograph from The Bettmann Archive

space. You don't go far enough. Don't define where people are supposed to sit at all. Instead, create situations where they say, "Hey, that would be a great place to sit." Don't define anything as a chair or a bench.

HITT: Jim, I think you and Whyte agree. Whyte argues that chairs are especially important for encounters of more than two. People want to triangulate themselves so that each person is an equal member of the action. No one can enjoy a group conversation when everyone has to sit in a line.

WINES: The bench is simply the old Puritanism of this country asserting itself. It's the sit-'em-where-they're-supposed-to-sit school of public space. The chair is not much better.

FLEMING: You simply want flexibility in your space.

WINES: The great thing about the squares of Venice, for example, is that you can sit anywhere. You can sit at the base of a column, on the side of a building, on the pavement. The place is designed to allow you to make seats, to create places for interactions. True democracy in the public square is a place with no benches.

SENNETT: To give you another example of how this works: the Vietnam Veterans Memorial in Washington. The reason that space affects so many people is its curious incompleteness of form. The visitor fills in the meaning of the names, sensing more and more the gravity of war while walking the monument. It isn't a complete, immediate experience. Instead, it invites participation.



Vietnam Veterans Memorial, Washington, D.C.

PLATER-ZYBERK: Richard, I disagree. I think our public space suffers from too much fragmentation and incompleteness. And I think that the Vietnam Veterans Memorial succeeds not because of its incompleteness but because of its wholeness. In a sense, it's almost premodern.

FLEMING: That's right. I remember that the veterans' organizations insisted that the content, the list of all the names, be part of the monument. And the modernist critics never picked up on that. It's seeing the reflection of your own face through the names on the shiny black surface that makes the monument so moving. It's about unity and wholeness.

PLATER-ZYBERK: Those are premodern concepts that were once very important to cities. That's why I think that the sense we all have that cities are dysfunctional owes its origin to the formal fragmentation of the twentieth century.

WINES: It goes back further than Modernism. Industrialization has caused this, the sense that you must go from work to home as quickly as possible without any diversity interrupting your travel. The trip from work space to home was about duty. Regimentation has brought us to this point. I agree with Richard. Incompleteness encourages participation.

FLEMING: Jim, aren't we fragmented enough as a culture without building disintegration into our environment? To celebrate it, I think, is folly. For most of us, what we want from a public life is not more celebration of our differences but a discovery of our similarities, something that provides some sense of comfort and security.

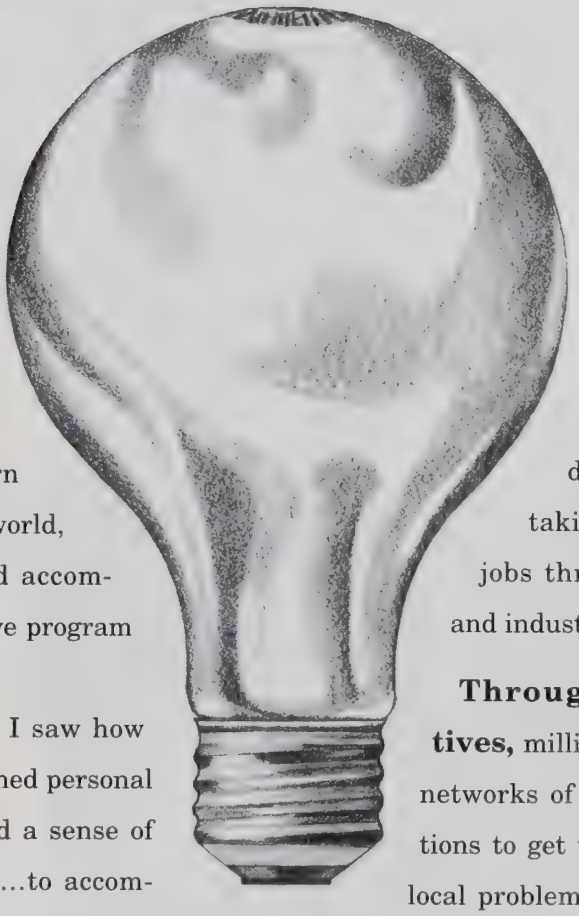
PLATER-ZYBERK: Perhaps our disagreement this evening originates in the kinds of cities we are talking about. Some of you are talking about cities that are older, such as New York, which was built primarily in the nineteenth century, and the look and spaces of the city reflect the unifying goals of the architecture of that time. So maybe you feel that you need to introduce some diversity, some exaggerated sense of difference into the place. But for many American cities—Houston, Los Angeles, and Miami, where I live—most of the development occurred in the twentieth century under the influence of the automobile and modernist theory. We begin with no continuous urban fabric, no defined street space, no Fifth Avenue whose character is maintained by a strict street code. So we are constantly searching for that space that has a defined character specific to the place. Our cities *come* fragmented, our populations come diverse. What we long for in the design of our public space and in the character of our public life is not fragmentation and difference but a sense of what we have in common while knowing our difference—a sense of wholeness.

You know, the city was created for three reasons: security, commerce, and communication. We no longer gather inside city walls with our neighbors for security from enemy camps. Now we are concerned about security *from* our neighbors. Yet we still need to come together in commerce, for subsistence, if nothing else, and we still desire the culture that derives from human interaction. In a fundamental way, we are not much different from the earliest city builders. We have the same sense of dimension, same physical needs, same ability to walk only so far. There's no reason we cannot decide to design cities with intentional spaces, even—and I believe this is the first time any of us has used this word—*beautiful* spaces. ■

Photograph from UPI / Bettmann Newsphotos

The POWER of IDEAS

By Bob Bergland



Ideas are powerful tools. They've toppled governments...and built countries, including this one.

And their strength is inspiring, especially when they take hold and give people a sense of empowerment. Today, as we see movement toward democracy in Eastern Europe and in other parts of the world, I'm reminded of the strength and accomplishments of the electric cooperative program in this country.

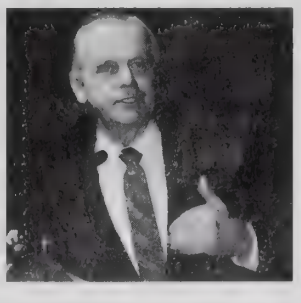
Growing up in rural Minnesota, I saw how people, through cooperatives, combined personal determination, local leadership and a sense of community to make an idea work...to accomplish a goal. And I still see that same determination today.

All across the United States, millions of people have a stake in the ownership and operation of their electric co-ops. Inspired by the idea that people can pool their resources to get things done, they are ensuring their access to reliable electric light and power, a cornerstone of economic opportunity.

And rural electric systems and their consumer-owners are generating more than electricity. Consider some of the country's most pressing needs, and you will find electric cooperatives leading the way. They're helping with health care services and improving water and sewer systems. Or they're donating satellite dishes to schools for distance-learning programs and taking direct action to increase local jobs through small business incubators and industrial ventures.

Through their electric cooperatives, millions of consumers have established networks of people and community organizations to get things done...a proven method for local problem solving, with tremendous potential for strengthening the nation's economy.

Owned by the people they serve, electric cooperatives are proof of the power of ideas.



Bob Bergland is Executive Vice President of the National Rural Electric Cooperative Association.

America's Consumer-Owned Rural Electric Systems
A Power In The Land.

NRECA 1800 Massachusetts Avenue N.W., Washington, D.C. 20036 Telephone (202) 857-9500

NEVER IN THIS WORLD

By Mark Richard

We were stuck in the sand along a side road to a swamp cabin, me and the girl I was trying to get something from, her feet up on the dashboard, a hand of mine up the back of her pretty purple sweater. I had started telling her ghost stories. That usually worked, although this was no ordinary girl. She was from out of town. And this is what she said: She said she thought it was a symptom of her own self-absorption that she was unable to see other people's ghosts. She said to tell her a true ghost story, one where even she could have seen the ghost.

I said, Well, you know, not all ghosts are the white vapor kind. I said some are balls of fire that circle the ceiling of a room in an old house, and some are just dishrags left at the bottom of the staircase every morning. Every morning, so you know it is not a dog because you have put the dog out, and you know it is not a child because you have no children, and you know it is not mice, and on and on. You know that it is a ghost because it becomes an annoyance, the ache in your back from bending over every morning, the television program you are interrupted from by the form passing the door.

This is where the girl stopped me and my hand again. She asked what I was leading up to.

I said, Okay, mostly all I have that are true are stories about dead people I knew well who have something weird or funny lingering in their deaths, okay? I said, The ghost part is up to you to conjure. I said I had a true story about something that happened along the road we were stuck on, did she want to hear it, and she said, Is this a true story or a ghost story, and I said I was pretty sure it was probably both.

All right, let's have it, she said, settling back into the seat. This was no ordinary girl.

A bunch of us were down at the swamp cabin sitting around one night, beer and whiskey, a bowl of reefer on the table, another chair thrown on the fire. It wasn't as much a party as it was a long brooding kind of night together, one where after a while somebody will just stand up quickly to stagger and lurch slamming out the door with nobody looking up from their glass. That's what our friend Guy, long stringy blond hair, year-round red flannel shirt, joint-behind-the-ear type of friend Guy did, he just stood up lurching out the door saying he'd just walk home. We barely remember him leaving.

Scared to death so far, the girl said.

I said, You should be, because he just disappeared.

She stopped me. What do you mean, just disappeared? she said.

I said, Disappeared in that he hasn't been seen since, disappeared in that the police were called in and we spent hours ourselves last fall looking for him. It was foggy and the police went to the sawmill to ask any log-truck drivers

Mark Richard is the author of The Ice at the Bottom of the World, *a collection of stories published by Knopf, for which he received the Ernest Hemingway Foundation Award for the best first book of fiction.*

f they had seen anything, picked up any hitch-
ikers, anything like that, but they had seen no
one, they said, and they are about the only traf-
ic on these roads late at night, throttling up
rom the big woods of Carolina. We walked the
houlders of the main road looking for any clue
hat Guy had taken off through the swamp or
allen in a quicksand ditch. We walked the road
houlders all the way from the cabin back into
own, and it is a distance of some miles.

So what about the ghost? said the girl,
disengaging us a little with a look out the
window.

I guess that's for you and me to con-
ure, I said. I said I really didn't know
ow to anticipate Guy's ghost. Guy was
oo laid-back for apparition. He would
ave said he wouldn't want to disturb
nyone's groove. He was too stoned
ost of the time for some dishrag gesture
f irony. Guy's ghost would have to be
what he himself would have wanted it to
e, something like a cartoon.

So I'm on the lookout for a cartoon
come wafting through the woods, said
he girl, folding her pretty purple sweat-
r into a pillow.

I'm not sure, I said, the talk about
Guy bringing me down a certain
neasure.

We said nothing. It was quiet.

So, said the girl, was that the weird
rue ghost story or was that the funny
lead ghost story?

I said, Well, I have sort of a funny
lead criminal ghost story. There was
his guy I knew, Johnny, who is dead,
nd his ghost only seems to appear to
ne. I mean, you could see his ghost but
ou wouldn't know what it was.

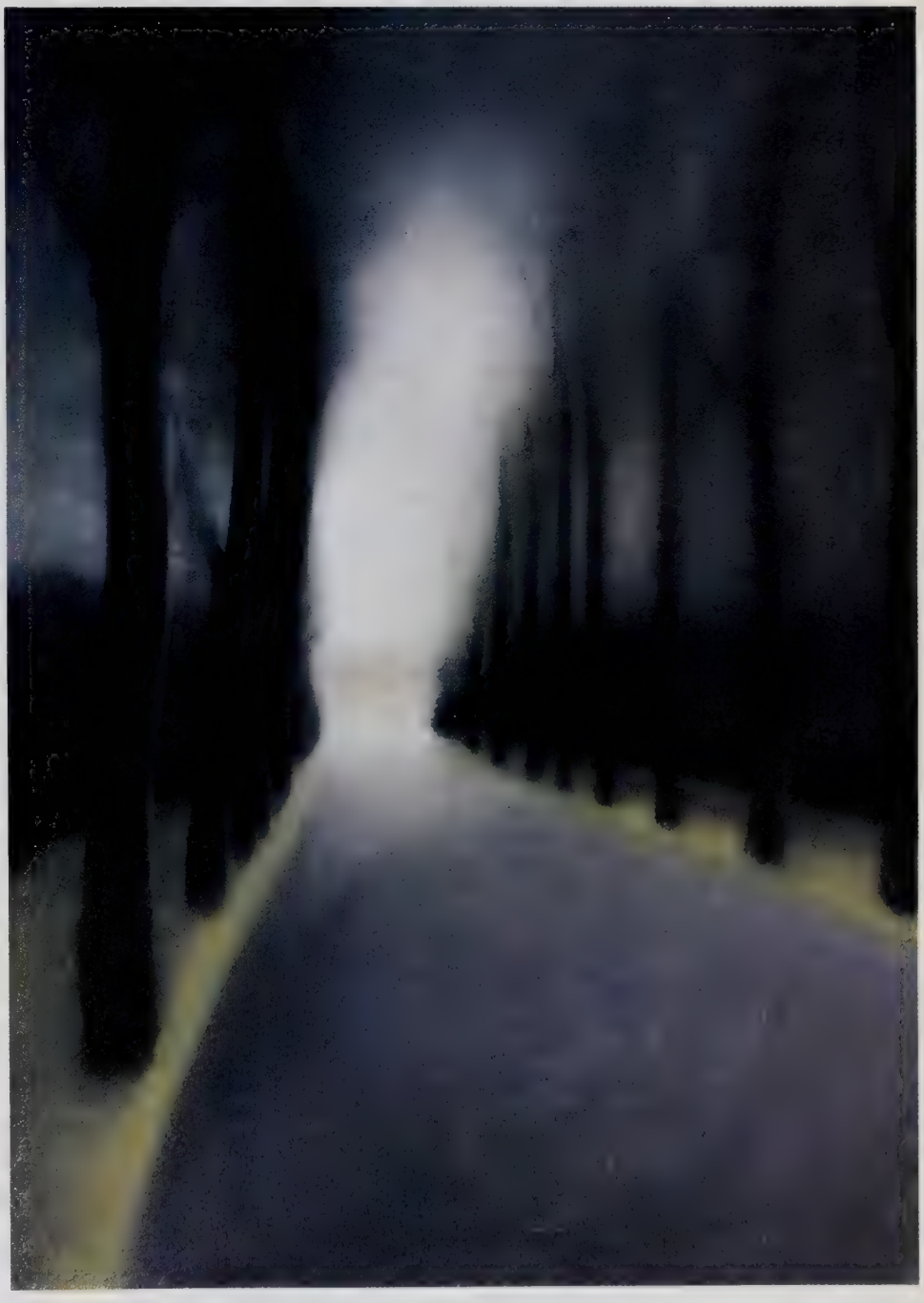
How does this work? said the girl.

It's like I said about not all ghosts be-
ng the white vaporous kind, and I'm
ot sure if Johnny was smart enough for
ramatic manifestation. Also, poor
ohnny was dyslexic, which gives his
host its spin.

Try again, the girl said, and I moved
o her.

Once Johnny was the first mate on a
rawler; I was winchman. I was supposed
o be sleeping during his watch, but he
would sneak down the hatch ladder to my bunk
nd wake me, have me come up to the wheel-
ouse. Read the charts for me, he'd say. Read
he loran for me. Are we lost?

So I would smoke a few cigarettes from his
ack; it was near the end of a long trip and he
was selling them for fifty dollars apiece. I would
lot the chart, read the loran. On the last day of the trip we were low on fuel heading home. I was dead tired from my watches and sitting up through half of Johnny's, and I wouldn't let him on the last day rouse me from my bunk. Later on I came out grumpy on deck to stow gear and break the hatches. Johnny was up on the catwalk. He flicked a now hundred-dollar cigarette butt down at me. It was a brilliant day eighteen hours toward home until I saw that the sun was



shining in the wrong part of the sky. Continents spun around us; we were closer to England than to the inlet of our home.

And someone killed him for that? said the girl.

Almost, I said. I almost did, for one. But I tell you this so that you can understand why we thought it was so funny to us later that anyone

Drawing by Robin Palanker, courtesy Modernism, San Francisco

could take Johnny seriously enough to have him killed. It was later in the year. Fishing had fallen off. Johnny put a crew together, mostly kids, to take a trawler down to Colombia. It was reefer. They all expected a tropical paradise of green water and clean beaches, and what they found when they finally got there were twelve-foot seas and rain, miles and miles of ragged rocks, a shoreline of mountains. They weren't even sure they had pulled into the right bay marked on some suspect charts. They laid at anchor hungry for two days, and no one came out to meet them. The night before they were going to say fuck it and steam to Mexico for fuel, a bunch of dugout diesel canoes motored out. These enormous Indians leapt over the railings, and pretty soon more dugout canoes came loaded with bales and bales of pot. My friend said one Indian who they put to work in the hold was so tall that even standing down in the main hatch his head stuck out above the deck, and he could hold whole bales under each arm. The Indians were supposed to give Johnny fuel and fresh food. The last canoe brought a barrel of oil and a string of live chickens.

Johnny barely brought them back. They shook the Coast Guard in a hurricane remnant, but a kid was thrown against a bulkhead and badly broke his arm. They were swindled for fuel in the Bahamas, and somewhere just in the lower curve of the Carolina coast Johnny lost his nerve. He pulled into an inlet, called the criminals he was working for, then called his older brother, Bucky.

I was drinking with Bucky in the Thirsty Camel, Ocean View, Virginia, when Bucky got the call. Johnny told him that he had called the main criminals and told them where he would leave the trawler. The main criminals had told Johnny that if he did not bring the trawler up the Chesapeake as was planned that Johnny would be very, very dead very, very shortly. Bucky came back to the table telling us all this. Everyone at the table at the time, at that moment, was a fisherman. I mean, even if you really weren't, like I really wasn't, that is what we were all doing for money. We had all shipped with Johnny, we all had Johnny stories, and even though Bucky seemed concerned for his little brother, he really didn't mind when we all broke out laughing when he told us the Mafia was going to put a contract out on Johnny's life. And even after Bucky told us to finish our drinks and that we were going out to get in his car for the drive down the Carolina coast that night, we were still punching each other in the arm, singing like schoolgirls "Johnny's getting kee-yulled! Johnny's getting kee-yulled!"

We all felt okay going with Bucky on the Johnny rescue. Bucky was the When in Doubt, Power Out type of trawler captain. Bucky was pretty powerful himself, challenging entire tables of charter-boat fishermen to waltz in the parking lot, passing our table on the way out, telling us to choose a dancing partner.

We found Johnny's trawler tied up to a backwater fish-house packing pier near Wilmington. The ship was a wreck, reeking of shit and vomit and of the broken arm gone gangrenous. The overriding smell, though, was the evergreen scent of fresh marijuana. After telling us to clear the decks and cast off the lines, Bucky said to me that the whole thing smelled like Christmas tree time in a nursing home.

Just off Knotts Island we picked up Coast Guard chatter on the radio and it was about us. We saw a premature pinprick of blue light, things glowed toward us on the radar. Out to sea we throttled, ripping back canvas and hatches, hauling out bales with buds like pine cones and shoving them over the side. When the Coast Guard pulled alongside later, we were flooding the empty hold with seawater to flush it, nearly sinking us sitting so low in the water.

So the criminals killed Johnny for that? said the girl.

No, I said, Johnny died of a heroin overdose a couple of months later in New Bedford. His ghost? His ghost is me misspelling my own name, the sun shining in the wrong part of the sky.

The sun warmed the pretty purple sweater as we lay across the seat of the car. It was a fall day, the clouds brilliant. I finally got out and tried to rock us out of the sand while the girl gunned the engine back and forth. We were stuck good.

Come on, let's just walk back into town, I said, and the girl said, All right. She was extraordinary. We were walking along the highway, actually in the highway because it was Sunday and the sawmill was closed, and we were walking along talking not about ghosts anymore, and suddenly there he was.

There was Guy.

He was about twelve feet long and one lane wide, a barely one-dimensional dark and flanneled pattern in the pavement.

I saw no need to summon Guy's ghost for the girl. I slipped an arm around her and steered us past the apparition, that annoyance in the asphalt that would have broken our afternoon spell together. We walked and I talked, pointing, the white beards of moss in the trees, the alligator logs in the ditch bank, the cypress nostrils of gloom breathing deep in the dark waters. And as I conjured these things up for her I knew that never in this world would she ever know what she was really giving me then, the spirits she was soothing merely by letting me warm myself against her as we walked. ■

HOW NEOCONSERVATIVES PERISH

Good-bye to "totalitarianism" and all that

By Christopher Hitchens

I can now claim to have lived long enough to hear Ronald Reagan's chief foreign-policy theorist, Jeane Kirkpatrick, defend a gradualist (read Gorbachevian) approach to independence for Lithuania, and this in the very week, late in April, when her former cheerleaders on Capitol Hill and the op-ed pages were crying "Munich" and accusing President Bush of "appeasement." The place was Washington's Omni Shoreham Hotel, the occasion a weekend-long conference of the Committee for the Free World, the modestly titled *parapluie* of the movement styling itself neoconservative.

The advertised purpose of the gathering was to recast the long twilight struggle against the "totalitarian" foe, but what actually transpired was a two-day confrontation between neoconservatism and itself. The neocons do not *have* a style or a mood; they *are* a style and a mood. From the "tough-minded" realism of *Commentary* and *The Public Interest* to the muscular "family values" aesthetic of *The New Criterion*, the tone is one of "I don't care if self-interest *is* unfashionable; I'm brave enough to affirm it." And what holds for individuals and nations may be said, in this galère, to hold for ideas: the more strenuous the better, even if this means the more circular.

Words are watched and weighed carefully in this crowd, which makes them a pleasure to monitor. (I remember a neocon speechmaker once saying that it was no accident the Russian language contained no word for détente. He was abashed, but by no means crushed, to be told that the English language apparently didn't contain one either.) It is not unfair to say that their politics have mainly consisted of key words and phrases, uttered with the proper sneer: "Finlandization," "disinformation," "dupe," "ripe fruit," "choke point," "fellow traveler," "strategic lifeline," "fifth columnist," "dagger pointed at the heart of," "gullible," "useful idiot," "satellite state," "infiltration," "Chamberlain's umbrella," "captive nation," "peace through strength," "moral equivalence," "way of life," "weakness and passivity," "present danger."

This Scrabble of terms has suddenly tipped in chaos to the floor. And it has done so because of the demise of the neocon Ur-word, the *echt* word: "totalitarian." What, in the wake of 1989, can it possibly mean? And, if deprived of its totemic power, how can one divine who, politically, is who?

The difficulty presented itself acutely at the first day's lunchtime session, when Kirkpatrick uttered her Baltic heresies. Norman Podhoretz, who first published Kirkpatrick's "Dictatorships and Double Standards" in *Commentary*, and who thus applied the forceps at the birth of Kirkpatrick as a public nuisance, was joining with Jean-François Revel, author of the soothingly (to neocons) pessimistic *How Democracies Perish*, to arraign the West for its shameful cowardice over the captive Lithuanian nation. But the movement's one-time Jeanne d'Arc was having none of it. Quiet diplomacy, she averred, was the stuff. Realpolitik, not anti-Bolshevik outrage, was the method by which the people of Lithuania would win their place in the sun.

Now, in the old days of, say, midsummer 1989, that is how Kirkpatrick might have responded to events in an "authoritarian" part of the world (South Africa, for example) but never in the "totalitarian" Soviet bloc. (Kirkpatrick won her post as Reagan's UN ambassador on the strength of this "authoritarian"–"totalitarian" distinction.) Either the Soviet Union has metamorphosed from a "totalitarian" to an "authoritarian" state, impossible according to Kirkpatrick's theory—but earning it the right to a Kirkpatrick defense—or "totalitarianism" had never been what it was thought to be; either way, the neo-

Christopher Hitchens is the Washington editor of Harper's Magazine. *His book,* Blood, Class, and Nostalgia: Anglo-American Ironies, *has just been published by Farrar, Straus & Giroux.*

conservative movement was now robbed of its theoretical undergirding—was an intellectual and moral shambles.

It is "closing time in the playgrounds of the West," Cyril Connolly wrote of an earlier turning point. "Does the 'West' Still Exist?" inquired the rubric of the Free World conference, the very plaintiveness of the question echoing the combination of self-pity and grandiosity that has always informed the Free Worlders' bulletins and discussions.

And all the Free Worlders were there. A table away at lunch I espied the smirking, perjured features of Elliott Abrams. Robert Bork made a rare, not-for-personal-profit appearance. Outstanding in the throng were the cheerful, joshing figure of Midge Decter, executive director of the committee, and the gorgeous, if acidulated, person of Hilton Kramer, looking as if he envied Midge her democratic manners, her wit, her panoptic worldview, and, perhaps above all, her marriage to Norman Podhoretz. All of these people were ostensibly there to take personal credit for the final collapse of communism. Why, then, did they look and sound so lost and deflated, like a herd of antis in search of a climax?

The old gruel was still being served up, lukewarm, by the panelists. "Americans have *always* loved Soviet leaders." "Americans have *never* liked being a world power." (These from Decter.) "The Soviets are not giving up on their expansionist policy." (This from Eugene V. Rostow, the man his father named for Debs, with a brother named for Walt Whitman.) My personal favorite came from a Thatcherite British delegate, who intoned with heavy menace, "Remember how nearly we had Henry Wallace as president of the United States." Truly, the price of liberty is eternal vigilance.

Somehow, though, the fizz had gone out of things. The house style of world-weary, superior sarcasm was still natural to most of the speakers, especially the ex-leftists among them. And there was always knowing applause for any jibe at the expense of the decade known as the Sixties or the persons (noticeable by their scarcity, not to mention absence) one associates with affirmative action. But the lucubrations of *Commentary*, the *fatwahs* of the Ayatollah Solzhenitsyn, and the fervid search for the enemy within seemed as passé as, well, the Evil Empire itself. At the end of the opening session, which had featured Rostow and Decter, young John Podhoretz of the *Washington Times* ("Paper Moon," as I like to call it, and him) rose in astonishment to ask, Were none of the panelists going to *mention* the 1989 revolutions in Eastern Europe? A good question, none the worse for being asked in a tone of chubby filial bewilderment.

Should you be curious about the reticence of the neocons with regard to the astounding events of last fall in Prague, Bucharest, and Berlin, to say nothing of Budapest and Sofia, you might have the patience to turn up the essay written shortly before those very events by Jean-François Revel. (The neocon Right, so contemptuous for so long of the Left's thralldom to Parisian sages, has picked itself a real lulu.) Discussing what the gullible had perceived to be the Soviet Union's ebbing international presence, he noted sapiently, for the readers of *Commentary*:

> Yet let us note that the pullbacks are all from conquests made since 1975, and even then only from parts of them, while others have not been put in question at all. So, although the instances of retreat do show that Moscow now regards direct territorial conquest in some cases as too costly and too risky, the balance sheet for the Kremlin for the entire period 1975–1990 will in the end be a positive one.

Revel was at his most acute and prescient when considering matters specifically European. About that continent he wrote:

> Gorbachev pursues the policies of his predecessors with prodigious Machiavellian charm, repeatedly intoning the magic word disarmament in the generation-old Soviet effort to separate Germany from the rest of Europe and Europe from the United States. Gorbachev aims to achieve by seduction what Brezhnev and Gromyko almost succeeded in achieving by threats.

There were some bold attempts, during the conference, at updating and surpassing Revel's majestic misreading of events. Gene Rostow darkly reported that a senior Gorbachev aide had spent seven years working on disinformation and that "such habits die hard," and one felt, if only for a fleeting second, that Rostow ought to know. At the end of one discussion, Constantine Menges, former member of the Reagan-North National Security Council, stood to try his hand at spin control: The Soviets, he maintained, had simply "acquiesced" in the transformation of Eastern Europe. ("Acquiescence" is a word neither Erich Honecker nor Nicolae Ceauşescu would have chosen to describe what we now know to have been direct Soviet intervention against their regimes.) Josef Joffe, the neocons' favorite West German, inadvertently made a concession to reality when he remarked that short-range nuclear missiles, designed to obliterate places like Prague and Warsaw, had lost much of their allure these days in view of the fact that "nice guys" like Havel and Walesa now lived there. Where, I wonder, did he think they lived before?

"Are we a gang of friends, a family?" Decter asked wistfully from the platform at one point. "Or are we a long, sour marriage held together for the kids and now facing an empty nest?" Well, since you ask, however mawkishly . . . There is in Washington a pervading sense that the neoconservative movement has outlived its usefulness to the conservative establishment. At the reception preceding the conference, not one figure from the Bush administration could be seen, save for Irving Kristol's son, William, who works in Dan Quayle's office and did a drop-by. The Reaganites had made good use of the neocons, employing Abrams, Richard Perle, Kenneth Adelman, Linda Chavez, and, most visibly, Kirkpatrick. But the Busheoisie has little need for policy intellectuals of their sort and little taste for their company. The only prominent holdover from the Reagan era is Bernard Aronson, who now fills Elliott Abrams's fetid shoes at the Department of State. By chance I ran into him (Aronson, that is) at the White House Correspondents' Dinner held the weekend of the Free

World conference and asked him why the folder bearing his name still lay so forlornly uncollected at Decter's registration desk. He replied that he hadn't even known that the conference was going on.

Since it was the demise of "totalitarianism" as a useful term—useful in petrifying political opponents, in giving watery notions the strength of concrete—that meant the demise of neoconservatism, it might be instructive to trace the history of its American usage, an undertaking not once suggested by the gathered Free Worlders. In America the key texts of the "totalitarian" idea were fully internalized during the early years of the Cold War. David Rousset's *L'Univers concentrationnaire*, a difficult and interesting book more often cited than read, was among the first to make the crucial identification between Nazism and communism, an identification that supplies the "totalitarian" concept with most of what it possesses by way of moral energy.

A great deal of popularizing was done for the notion by more readily available and intelligible writers of imaginative fiction and poetry—Arthur Koestler, Czeslaw Milosz, George Orwell, Stephen Spender. More recently, Milan Kundera has performed the same function. Just as, in *The Captive Mind*, Milosz wrote about the Baltic republics as if they had passed away, with their peoples, to join the Mayas and the Incas, so Kundera wrote of the nations of East-Central Europe that they had effectively ceased to exist as countries or as cultural entities. The hidden appeal of the "totalitarian" presentation has always been the powerful and ruthless use it made of the idea of despair. It was this Spenglerian pessimism that allowed people to think of Prague and Budapest as thermonuclear targets rather than as the vital, human European capitals they never ceased to be.

Why was the audience for such pessimism so eager and rapacious? The essential clue is to be found in the writing of James Burnham, the real intellectual founder of the neoconservative movement and the original proselytizer, in America, of the theory of "totalitarianism." Burnham was the first important Marxist to defect all the way over to the Right in his now-neglected masterpiece, *The Managerial Revolution*, published in 1941. He was the first to generalize the symmetry between Nazism and communism, appropriating the anti-fascist term *fifth column*, for instance, and applying it adroitly to real or supposed communist fellow travelers in the United States. In a 1945 article in *Partisan Review* entitled "Lenin's Heir," he set out in Neoplatonic terms a conception of the communist grand design so necessary to Cold War thinking:

> The Soviet power, emanating outwards from the integrally totalitarian center, proceeds outward by Absorption (the Baltics, Bessarabia, Bukovina, East Poland), Domination (Finland, the Balkans, Mongolia, North China and tomorrow Germany), Orienting influence (Italy, France, Turkey, Iran, Central and South China) until it is dissipated in the outer material sphere, beyond the Eurasian boundaries, of momentary Appeasement and Infiltration (England, the United States).

Two years later, Burnham published a book, *The Struggle for the World*, in which he showed his hand. Not content with repeating his grand, inclusive description of a Soviet global plot, he now declared what should be done to counter it:

> The reality is that the only alternative to the Communist World Empire is an American Empire which will be, if not literally world-wide in formal boundaries, capable of exercising decisive world control.

The connection could hardly be plainer. It was necessary, if one desired the latter (American Empire), to believe in the former (Communist Empire). The book was published in the same month, March 1947, as the promulgation of the Truman Doctrine and received enormous and flattering attention for its handy "What is to be done?" properties.

Burnham had written *The Struggle*



Illustration by Steve Brodner

Learn A Foreign Language

or Sharpen Current Skills

Basic & Advanced Audio Cassette Courses. Learn anywhere, anytime—yes, even in your sleep!

- **XyCOM's basic courses teach you all you need to know to communicate effectively and confidently.**
- **Already speak the language but want to refine your style? Our advanced courses are for you.**



10 lesson tapes & 5 "subliminal" memory tapes per course.

Three Part Programs— *None faster*

· XyCOM Lesson Tapes (Lessons 1-12)
These 10 tapes (12 lessons) teach you the language faster than any other audio program

· XyCOM "Subliminal" Memory Tapes
These 5 tapes reinforce the lesson tapes and improve retention, heighten understanding, and raise your comfort level with the language. Soft music and soothing nature sounds provide a relaxing environment while a barely audible voice track takes you through an overview of the lessons 1 - 12 as well as provide additional help with pronunciation and vocabulary

· Three Handy Pocket-sized Booklets
(1) A quick reference guide to commonly used words and phrases (2) A self-test questionnaire (3) A historical overview of each country of origin—so you not only know how to speak to the people, you know who you are speaking to!

Offer good through Sept., 1990

ORDER TODAY AND TAKE $20 OFF EACH ORDER!

Please send me the following courses at the stated prices plus $7 shipping each and I will deduct $20 from the total price of each course just for ordering today!

SPANISH—$137.00 Basic ❑ Advanced ❑
FRENCH—$147.00 Basic ❑ Advanced ❑
GERMAN—$153.00 Basic ❑ Advanced ❑
ITALIAN—$147.00 Basic ❑ Advanced ❑
RUSSIAN—$198.00 Basic ❑
SWEDISH—$173.00 Basic ❑

CT residents must add 8% sales tax. Remember to add $7 shipping for each course. U.S. Dollars only.

My check (or money order) for $ _____ is enclosed. Please ship to the address below:

Name _____
Street _____
Apt/Suite _____
City _____
State _____
Zip _____

Mail order to:

XyCOM
P.O. Box 954
Southport, CT 06490
1-800-866-6646
(with credit order - you fall behind)

for the World while he was working for the Office of Strategic Services, the forerunner of the Central Intelligence Agency; in its original form, it was a briefing paper for the American delegation at Yalta. When the Congress for Cultural Freedom was formed in the early 1950s, Burnham was among its founders. He was successfully recommended to *Encounter* by Irving Kristol as "a first-rate essayist on cultural matters." In every important respect, he was the godfather of the Committee for the Free World—every respect save, perhaps, one. Burnham never shrank dishonestly from using the word "empire." He was always explicitly in favor of it, once writing:

> The first great plan in the third stage is for the United States to become what might be called the "receiver" for the disintegrating British Empire. . . . The attempt is to swing the orientation of the Empire from its historical dependence on Europe to dependence on and subordination to the American central area. Success in the case of the English Dominion (Canada) and possessions located in the Americas is already at hand. . . . Along with the United States' receivership plan for the British Empire go still broader aims in connection with the rest of South America, the Far East (including conspicuously the Far Eastern colonies of formerly sovereign European states) and in fact the whole world.

"In fact the whole world . . ." When the CIA trained local mercenaries in the art of torture, it would do so by pretending to teach them how to withstand it. In much the same way, by attributing the global design to the "totalitarian" foe ("arc of crisis," "soft underbelly," "Southern flank") the Cold War propagandists were able to remain indirect and even defensive about a plan of their own. It was an axiom of "containment" that no part of the known world could be considered neutral. "Neutralism" was among the cold warriors' gravest curse words, applied with caustic hostility to India and even France. Those who were not with were against, subjected to intense economic and ideological and sometimes military pressure to fall into line.

Two further distinctive emphases were necessary to the all-enclosing worldview. It was proposed, first, that "totalitarian" dictatorships were different from tyrannies of, say, the banana republic sort because they were marked by a terrifying acquiescence, if not complicity, among its subjects. There was no such thing as a private life in the "totalitarian" universe; every citizen was a member of the regiment and every element in life a reinforcement of the conscription.

It was argued, thusly, that this very ruthlessness gave the "totalitarians" a definite advantage in the global contest. While the decadent West pursued its democratic, self-critical, hedonistic path, fraught with emasculating influences such as homosexuality and investigative journalism, the tyrants were breeding a Spartan, manly phalanx, rejoicing in power and unanimity and force. How often were we told that the Red Army had a free hand in Afghanistan because "there is no public opinion in the Soviet Union," while the United States had been undone in Indochina by snooping reporters, carping liberals, and gnawing, self-destructive introspection? Jean-François Revel, in *How Democracies Perish*, asserted that democracy gravely hampered the West by tying its hands and limiting its reach. Writers in the same key, from Michael Ledeen to Charles Krauthammer, moaned and whined about "the imperial Congress," with its alleged habit of stymieing and miring the bold, heterosexual initiatives of a Henry Kissinger or an Oliver North. Our neocon intellectuals, pace Burnham, time and again flirted with the idea that there was an essential incompatibility between democracy and survival.

The Committee for the Free World issues its pamphlets and screeds through something calling itself the Orwell Press, so it may be worth mentioning that George Orwell had Burnham's number from the start. In two long critiques of *The Managerial Revolution* and *The Struggle for the World*, he shrewdly pointed out Burnham's guilty secret—namely, that he was *envious* of the "totalitarian" precepts and had a strong, vicarious admiration for it. Orwell stressed Burnham's adoration for the full panoply of strength and cruelty, saying that his

real desire was not to combat dictatorship and expansionism but to emulate it.

The same tone is easy to discern in the neoconservative voice. And it goes some way toward explaining the palpable melancholy with which the neocons have received the news from Eastern Europe. Not only have they lost an apparently unsleeping Soviet foe, whose very existence kept them on permanent moral red alert, not only have they lost the prime justification for American power and American empire, they have also lost the sheet anchor of an encompassing theory. The revolutions of 1989 negated *every single one* of the assumptions upon which the "totalitarian" hypothesis rested. The Soviet Union did not intend to move its massed armor across the north German plain into Western Europe. The massed armor, which was always actually for the control of Eastern Europe, was even to be withdrawn from there. This was not done to impress the West, which had neither asked for nor expected the dissolution of the Warsaw Pact. And the population —ah, what can one say of the population? Cheerful, orderly, well informed, happily familiar with all the values and procedures of democracy, antimilitarist, conscious of history—much more laughter than forgetting. Where had they all come from? How could such a people have been incubated under a "totalitarian" system, where obedience and thought control were the norms?

In his sole reference during the conference to the actual peoples of the Eastern part of Europe, Norman Podhoretz made a comment so shocking and awful that it was not until sometime afterward that it sank in. Denouncing the "shameful" Bush policy of appeasement with regard to Lithuanian independence, he predicted that if matters went on in this way there would be a recrudescence of guerrilla warfare in the Lithuanian forests, of the kind that had continued spasmodically after the Second World War. There was a definite relish in the way Podhoretz made this forecast and in the way he name-dropped Vladimir Bukovsky as authority for it. (Bukovsky is one of those overrated Russian exiles who have been writing for years about the axiomatic impossibility of a Gorbachev-style reformism.) Of all the conceivable outcomes for Lithuania, it is hard to picture a more gruesome one than a return to the futile "resistance," often mounted and led by ex-Nazis, that it used to be the CIA's job to nourish and finance. To orate in these terms, at a time when independence parties are legal and electable in the Baltic states, is to betray the most morbid kind of nostalgia for the days when "resistance" meant only clandestine and covert operations—funded from Washington, cheered on by Radio Free Europe, and wasting both time and life.

The neoconservative movement is really a mentality, a mentality of refined pessimism about politics and rancid pessimism about human nature. As such, it is more or less impervious to new evidence or new experience and increasingly obsessed with refighting battles of the past—such as the great triumph over George McGovern or the stab in the back over Vietnam or the moral depredations of the counterculture. It has also been centrally preoccupied with power and more explicitly concerned with its cultivation and exercise than any comparable intellectual movement.

Writing to his son, John, in the 1979 prologue to *Breaking Ranks*, Podhoretz spoke with feeling about his ambition to be certified by the Establishment as having arrived. He described how, in an earlier generation,

> old WASP families felt that the country was being stolen away and changed into a place that had no room for the likes of them. Edmund Wilson, who was probably the most important literary intellectual of his time, came out of just such a background, and in one of his essays he describes the difficulties his father and his uncles, educated at schools like Exeter and Andover and such colleges as Princeton and Yale and trained "for what had once been called the learned professions," experienced in trying "to deal with a world in which this kind of education and the kind of ideals it served no longer really counted for much."

This is the sort of angst that Wilson could handle and Podhoretz cannot. Having waited for years, as it seemed to them, to be admitted to the sanctum and the club, neocons like Podhoretz ingratiatingly squeezed in only to find the place full of deconstructionists, historical revisionists, and recreational drug users, many of whom listened to rock music. (At the conference, incidentally, Hilton Kramer was eloquent in his disgust at the fact that Václav Havel admired John Lennon.) The choking hatred for "the Sixties" among this cabal—a hatred ultimately based on this failure to make it, WASP-style—has to be experienced in order to be believed. And against that devil's decade, the surest prophylactic is the Establishment verities of the Forties and Fifties, when men were men and nuclear shelters were built to instill respect and discipline and "totalitarianism" was the clarifying antagonist. But, alas, even the Establishment is now looking for a peace dividend. Can it be long before Olin and the other foundations that have bankrolled the neocons tire of paying for pessimism?

At last November's gathering of the Committee for the Free World, when things were already beginning to look a bit too bright for holders of the neocon worldview, Frank Gaffney, a Richard Perle acolyte, announced that he and a few hard-liners were setting up the Center for Security Policy to resist appeasement tendencies in the weapons business. Seymour Weiss, onetime Reagan adviser, denounced Helmut Kohl as a dupe for lending money to the East Germans. You would not have guessed that the Berlin Wall was within hours of its fall. But if you had listened to the contribution of Bruce Weinrod, head Heritage Foundation defenser for much of the 1980s, you would have known why the idea was an unwelcome one:

> The first thing [Bush] ought to do is call Margaret Thatcher and try to talk some sense into her. She was recently quoted as saying the Cold War is over. That really is a problem if you have somebody who is tough-minded saying that. She may not understand that, at least with the American public, you have to create a sense of some urgency about

Someday you may want to die.

Support the right of the terminally ill to die with dignity. Call for information.

Good Life Good Death

THE HEMLOCK SOCIETY

1-800-247-7421

P.O. Box 11830
Eugene, OR 97440

THE BEST FILMS YOU NEVER SAW.

Now you can rent or purchase VHS videotapes by mail. Over 1,100 hard-to-find quality films are available, including *Chocolat, My Left Foot,* and *The Little Thief.*

Our library includes foreign and independent films, limited release features, Hollywood classics, cult favorites and documentaries.

It's simple and inexpensive. Phone or write for free information and list of films.

1-800-258-3456
(in PA, 1-800-633-3456)

Home Film Festival.
P.O. Box 2032, Scranton, PA 18501

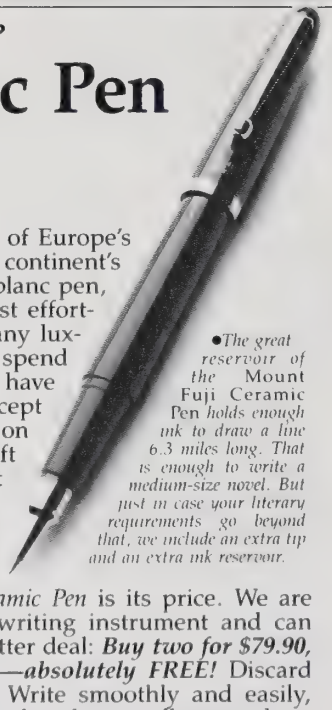
Want to locate a MISSING SPOUSE, PARENT, FRIEND, or DEBTOR? The "HOW TO FIND MISSING PERSONS MANUAL" will let you do it FAST, from within the privacy of your home. Earn money locating for others. Free consultation for one (1) year. Send $79.95 to:
FINANCIAL TRAINING INSTITUTE, INC.
5100 WEST 164th STREET SUITE 21
CLEVELAND, OH 44142

Does the "replica" outperform the famous original?

Mount Fuji Ceramic Pen only $39.95*

But read this ad for an even better deal.

One of the world's truly fine line of products is that of Europe's Montblanc pens, appropriately named after that continent's highest mountain. If you have ever written with a Montblanc pen, you know that writing with them is a delight and almost effortless. One substantial drawback, however, as with so many luxuries, is that their price is awfully high. It is easy to spend $150 or more for one of them. Our Japanese friends have created a "replica" of this outstanding pen, which (except for one small detail—it doesn't have that 6-pointed star on the top) is almost indistinguishable in appearance, heft and feel. Not surprisingly, they called it *Mount Fuji.* It has the same hi-lacquer finish, with goldtone accents, as the famous original. The ceramic writing tip provides silk-smooth, effortless writing. It will never flatten or skip, even after hardest and longest use.



•*The great reservoir of the* Mount Fuji Ceramic Pen *holds enough ink to draw a line 6.3 miles long. That is enough to write a medium-size novel. But just in case your literary requirements go beyond that, we include an extra tip and an extra ink reservoir.*

The most remarkable thing about the *Mount Fuji Ceramic Pen* is its price. We are the exclusive direct mail distributors of this splendid writing instrument and can offer it therefore for just $39.95. But, we have an even better deal: ***Buy two for $79.90, and we'll send you a third one, with our compliments—absolutely FREE!*** Discard those tacky ballpoint pens and those clumsy felt tips. Write smoothly and easily, give character and good appearance to your writing. And make a really great buy. Treat yourself to better writing and get your *Mount Fuji Ceramic Pen(s)* today!

FOR FASTEST SERVICE, ORDER
TOLL FREE (800) 882-3050
24 hours a day, 7 days a week

Please give order Code #4800A389. If you prefer, mail check or card authorization and expiration. We need daytime phone # for all orders and issuing bank for charge orders. Add shipping/insurance: $4.95 for one; $6.95 for three. Add sales tax for CA delivery. You have 30-day return and one-year warranty. We do not refund shipping charges.

For quantity orders (100+), call Ernest Gerard, our Wholesale/Premium Manager at (415) 543-6570 or write him at the address below.

since 1967
haverhills®
131 Townsend Street, San Francisco, CA 94107

what we are doing; *otherwise, the course of least resistance is followed and funding shifts to social programs.* (Italics mine.)

There went the feline, screeching from the bag. In case of misunderstanding, Weinrod added:

> The Soviets have stated that one of their major objectives is to remove what they call the "enemy image." Unless something comes up that forces them to act in an overt way, making it clear that they have not changed, it is going to be a very difficult challenge to maintain our military expenditures.

How to maintain our military expenditures in a world without a Soviet enemy? Perhaps the Free Worlders will one day be honest enough with themselves to convene a conference to answer that. ■

July Index Sources

1 The White House; **2** U.S. Forest Service; **3** Dept. of Parks (N.Y.C.); **4** Mt. Everest International Peace Climb (Port Townsend, Wash.); **5** Flora Lewis, *New York Times* (Paris); **6** Ken Bunting, *Fort Worth Star-Telegram*; **7,8** Benjamin Weiser, *Washington Post*; **9** Office for the Protection of the Constitution (Köln, West Germany); **10** Central Association of West German House, Apartment, and Real Estate Owners (Düsseldorf, West Germany); **11,12** U.S. Dept. of Agriculture; **13,14** Michael Oppenheimer, Environmental Defense Fund (N.Y.C.); **15** Solar Energy Industries Association (Arlington, Va.); **16** U.S. Naval Observatory; **17** Foundation on Economic Trends (Washington); **18** Surge Licensing (Jericho, N.Y.); **19** New Line Cinema (N.Y.C.); **20** Center for Interaction of Animals and Society, University of Pennsylvania (Philadelphia); **21** Photo Marketing Association (Jackson, Mich.); **22** *Quayle Quarterly* (Bridgeport, Conn.)/*Harper's* research; **23,24** German Information Center (N.Y.C.); **25** Institute for East-West Security Studies (N.Y.C.); **26** Albert P. Blaustein, Rutgers University School of Law (Camden, N.J.); **27,28** Committee to Protect Journalists (N.Y.C.); **29** Instituto Histórico Centroamericano (Managua, Nicaragua); **30** Japan External Trade Organization (N.Y.C.); **31** Liceo Mexicano Japones (Mexico City)/Mexican Embassy (Washington); **32** Edward J. Hart, Franciscan Children's Hospital (Boston); **33,34** Playskool, Inc. (Pawtucket, R.I.); **35** Magikcity Media (Miami); **36,37** Virginia Slims–Roper Organization poll (N.Y.C.); **38** La Carezza (N.Y.C.); **39** Census Bureau (Suitland, Md.); **40** *Des Moines Register* Iowa poll.

IT'S A LONG STORY

Maximal appreciation of the big novel

By John Barth



Much may be said for Minimalism. In the realm of aesthetics, other things equal, less surely *is* more. Except among shaggy dogs, brevity is the soul of wit. Art *is* long, in its aggregate anyhow, and life short. Civilized attention spans are not what they used to be: Winslow Homer's 1877 watercolor called *The New Novel*—of a teenage girl in the sunny years before that term was coined, recumbent on the summer grass in her summer frock sans Walkman or running shoes and *utterly absorbed* in a printed narrative of some heft—evokes more nostalgia now than recognition.

To be sure, our distracted century did not invent minimality. Spareness has ever been a relief from elaborateness, the puritan from the baroque. It was no modern but neo-Gothic Edgar Allan Poe (reviewing neo-Puritan Nathaniel Hawthorne) who articulated the "single effect" economy of the modern short story as opposed to its more diffuse antecedents; and such abbreviated genres as the maxim and the epigram are as old as literature. Undeniably, however, "moderns love brevity," as the archmaximalist François Rabelais observed in 1532, and twentieth-century Modernism added a special voltage to the venerable aesthetics of parsimony. Other ages took occasional pleasure in the minimal; ours invented Minimalism.

I used to propose to undergraduates, for mnemonic convenience, that if Enlightenment plus industrialism leads to Romanticism, then Romanticism plus cataclysm (including revolutions political and nonpolitical) leads to Modernism, around the margins whereof lurks the apocalyptic suspicion that art, maybe Western Civ itself, is about done with. Kasimir Malevich's white paintings of 1918 were meant to finish off that medium of art; Pablo Picasso, some decades later, affirms that "there is no more modern art"; Jorge Luis Borges's "footnotes to imaginary texts" (as one critic describes his *ficciones*) are by way of being endnotes to our literary history as well; and such works as Samuel Beckett's *Breath* achieve literal wordlessness, just as John Cage's *4'33"* achieves (from its performers' instruments, at least) literal soundlessness. The century now closing with fashionable treatises on the end of history and the end of nature opened with whispers (sometimes noisy proclamations) of the end of art. In such an endgame ambience, it understandably may come to seem not only that "less is more" (Ludwig Mies van der Rohe's motto, though that old Romantic Robert Browning said it first, in "Andrea del Sarto") but that least is most.

At so leanly perceived an hour of the world, is not the big fat novel, the "long read"—that delight of Winslow Homer's *jeune fille en fleurs* and of ampler times in general—an anachronism, even an aesthetic embarrassment? Such twentieth-century specimens of it as Jules Romains's twenty-seven-volume *Men of Good Will* (cited by *Guinness* as "the longest important novel ever published"); Anthony Powell's twelve-novel, four-"movement" *Dance to the Music of Time;* Marcel Proust's seven-

John Barth is the author of The Sot-Weed Factor, Giles Goat-Boy, *and other novels. He has completed a new (midsize) novel, which will be published next year by Little Brown.*

Illustration by Barry Blitt

book *Remembrance of Things Past;* Thomas Mann's four-volume *Joseph and His Brothers;* Lawrence Durrell's *Alexandria Quartet;* Robert Musil's three-volume *Man Without Qualities*—are they not in the ultra-saurian category of things that attain their maximality just when (sometimes, just because) they're obsolete? The *Hindenburg* zeppelin, the Big Bertha field gun, the "Spruce Goose" flying boat, the *QE2*, the 33⅓ rpm LP, the multi-decker panoramic or encyclopedic novel.

And yet . . . Though one seldom sees the two-incher, not to mention the two-booker, being read these days except by middle-aged folk on resort beaches and large airliners, before we turn our backs to such gargantuan impositions on modern attention, let's review, and not only nostalgically, some pleasures of literary Maximalism, reminding ourselves that extravagance can be as welcome a relief from austerity as vice versa, and that Mies's celebrated motto is also his epitaph. I am not James A. Michener's most ardent fan, but his remark to my students some years ago—that he aspires in his novels "to create a world in which [his] readers will pleasurably spend some weeks"—deserves, in my estimation, to stand as a counterpoise beside Poe's dictum that the short story be readable "at one sitting." To create a world: That is it, precisely. One is reminded that the pleasures of the one-night stand are not the only pleasures. There is also the extended, committed affair; there is even the devoted, faithful, happy marriage. One recalls, among the several nonminimalist moderns, Vladimir Nabokov seconding James Joyce's wish for "the ideal reader with the ideal insomnia" (we lovers of Nabokov's plump *Ada* are a red-eyed club, but passionate), and Joyce himself insouciantly expecting "nothing of [his] readers except that they spend their lives reading [his] work."

Perhaps maxi-novelists, like canny bargainers, ask for a lifetime in hopes of getting a semester or two. I personally recall, with undying gratitude to Proust, having survived an undergraduate life crisis by virtually isolating myself with *Remembrance of Things Past.* For two weeks I did little besides eat, sleep, and read Proust; my problems did not go away, but by page 1,124 my sustained and concentrated self-loss had weakened their grip on my spirit.

Getting out of oneself (in order, naturally, to return, bringing something back): If self-forgetfulness is not necessarily a mark of high-quality literary experience, self-transcendence doubtless is. Granted, it can happen momentarily in a great short story, and one's most intense experiences are rarely one's longest (William James goes so far as to include "transiency" among the four hallmarks of true mystical experience). But it's equally true that one's most pleasurable experiences, literary and extraliterary, are not necessarily the most intense. Beside the epiphanic flash of an Anton Chekhov wrap-up line must be set such prolonged, sustained emotional sound-and-light shows as *Don Quixote, Tom Jones, The Brothers Karamazov, War and Peace, One Hundred Years of Solitude:* huge engrossments in midst of which we may find ourselves wishing they would *never end.* What will we do when this story's over? Why can't it be longer yet?

Well, some are, though their readers may find them not so much gripping as absorbing, conducive more to the marathoner's low-grade, long-run high than to the sprinter's adrenaline rush. One finishes Samuel Richardson's *Clarissa* (2,183 pages in the four-volume Everyman's Library edition) not so much transfigured as relieved. But once the readerly oxygen debt has been achieved and the endorphin/dopamine levels are duly adjusted for the long haul, one is as pleased to have finished *Clarissa* as to be finished with her, or with any other of the less-than-life-altering trilogies and tetralogies so popular in the two centuries of general bourgeois literacy between the invention of movable type and the advent of movies, television, and the VCR.

To change the metaphor: We feed on short stories like diving ducks—take a breath, take the plunge, take our tidbit, and soon surface. "At one sitting," Poe prescribes; I for one am likely in an evening to pop a handful of Chekhovs or Flannery O'Connors, Donald Barthelmes, Stephen Dixons. Novel readers (and novel writers), however, are like the Weddell seals, which employ one metabolic mode for "ordinary" dives (your typical 200- to 400-page novel: *Madame Bovary, A Farewell to Arms*) and quite another for such prolonged submersions as mine with Proust. We batten the hatches, narrow our scope, shut down all ancillary systems, reduce and redirect our essential oxygen, settle down and into enormous reaches and intrications unknown to Minimalism: all five books of *Gargantua and Pantagruel* (no skimming allowed; read every item in every one of those interminable Rabelaisian catalogues); all three partitions of Robert Burton's *Anatomy of Melancholy* (not a novel? Sure it is, in this metabolic mode: a novel in which characteristics take the place of characters; instead of Musil's *Man Without Qualities,* Burton gives us the adventures of a Quality without particular embodiment).

With those or equivalent stamina-builders under our belt, we may aspire to maximalisms beside which even *Clarissa* seems downright terse: works of sometimes literally Asiatic breadth; worlds in which to spend pleasurably not "some weeks" but months and months and months. By now such occasional best-selling U.S. fatsoes as Ross Lockridge Jr.'s *Raintree County* (1,066 pages) will be no more than stretching exercises; likewise such Brobdingnagian classics and demi-classics as Lady Murasaki's *Tale of Genji* (1,135 pages in the Modern Library edition, from the folks who gave us, on the one hand, bonsai and the seventeen-syllable haiku and, on the other, sumo wrestling and perhaps the longest proper novel ever: Sohachi Yamaoka's *Tokuga-Wa Ieyasu,* serialized in daily newspapers for some thirty years, which *Guinness* estimates "will require nearly 40 volumes in book form"), Eugène Sue's *Wandering Jew* (1,357 pages), Victor Hugo's *Les Misérables* (1,781 pages in the Pléiade edition), William Gaddis's *Recognitions* (at 956 pages, a full 150 pages longer than my own *Sot-Weed Factor*—I once declined to review Gaddis's formidable novel on the minimalist pretense that anything worth saying in literature can be said in 806 pages). We are ready for *A*

housand and One Nights: first the mplete but unembellished Mardrus nd Mathers translation (four volmes, boxed, from Routledge & Kean Paul, 2,342 pages), for the quality its English prose and incidental erse (14,000-odd lines of the latter, appropriate Arab metrics), then e freewheeling Richard Burton verion, with its burgeoning apparatus n the Burton Club Limited Edition, venteen quarto volumes of narrave prose, poetry, footnotes, and apendixes on everything under the othering sun, plus a truly Terminal ssay that, like Leo Tolstoy's essay on istory at the close of *War and Peace,* e shall read as part and parcel of this lendid novel about Scheherazade).

In full deep-dive mode now, shall e not regard the twenty novels of mile Zola's Rougon-Macquart cycle, ke the seven of Proust's *Remembrance,* as one grand fiction? Of course e shall, along with the thirty-two of Valter Scott's Waverley series and e ninety-two of Honoré de Balzac's *uman Comedy,* not only because the hole product of a single author's nagination has an inescapable ornicity, more or less, whether or not e same characters reappear, William Faulkner-style, from book to ook (and so we'll throw in the reaining Balzac as well, those most n-"Balzacian" *Droll Stories*), but also ecause we can use the additional exercise before we turn to a *really* long ory: one that makes a minimalist of Scheherazade, if not quite of Balzac.

Kathāsaritsāgara—ten folio volnes in the Tawney/Penzer English-g most likely to be found in (large) braries—is Sanskrit for *The Ocean of ory,* literally, "the ocean of streams story," more or less by an eleventh-ntury Kashmiri court poet called madeva, or "Mr. Soma." Granted, is not in the original a work of prose; t we won't be reading the original, t by a long shot, and anyhow the eat smorgasbord of literature inudes among its offerings a fair numr of novels in verse, not to mention still photographs, comic strips, en videotapes. The title refers to e original author's, or compiler's, egamaximalist aspiration to tell a story that would encompass *all* stories.

Does that project seem superhuman? No less so was the original author of *Kathāsaritsāgara:* the god Siva himself, lord of creation and destruction, who cooked up the "Great Tale" (*Brihat-kathā*)—which Somadeva later rendered—as a gift to his consort Pārvatī for a particularly divine session of lovemaking. Asked to name her postcoital heart's desire, Pārvatī requested a story that no one had ever heard before and, moreover, that *no one would ever hear again:* an extraordinary request in a literary culture that, like classical Rome's, preferred twice-told tales to original material. Given the goddess's second stipulation, you ask, how did Mr. Soma come by the story? And what is so maximal after all, given our previous examples, about a mere ten folio volumes, including an apparatus of footnotes, appendixes, and indexes that would do Richard Burton proud? Somadeva's rendering of the *Ocean* comes to no more than 22,000 couplets, twice the length of Homer's *Iliad* and *Odyssey* combined, according to Penzer. No quickie, to be sure, but simple arithmetic tells us that ten folio volumes equal only twenty quartos: comparable to Zola's Rougon-Macquarts (imagine them in couplets!) but far short of Jules Romains's *Men of Good Will,* not to mention Balzac's *Human Comedy.*

The answer to these questions is a story in itself, and not a short one. It is called *Kathāpītha,* the history of the text, or Story of the Story; it constitutes half of Volume One of the Penzer edition of *The Ocean of Story,* and, like certain overtures more memorable than their operas, it is, in my opinion, the best story in *Kathāsaritsāgara.* From it we learn that the text in hand, massive as it is, is by no means the whole story of *The Ocean of Story,* and was not even before Mr. Soma's minimalist abridgment. What Somadeva pared down to a radically terse 22K couplets was Siva's Great Tale as originally versified eight centuries earlier by one Gunādhya, court minister to a certain King Sātavāhana—who represents himself to be the royal author of the *Kathāpītha.* And Gunādhya's version, as received by Sātavāhana, came to no fewer than 100,000 couplets: four and a half times larger than Somadeva's condensation (*Reader's Digest* typically cuts 35 percent from original texts; Somadeva managed to cut 78 percent). That's ninety quarto volumes, if rendered and annotated Penzer-style; right up there with M. Balzac.

Yet even *that* enormous work, the *Kathāpītha* goes on to explain, was but the Bay of Bengal, so to speak, beside the veritable Indian Ocean of Gunādhya's *original* rendition of Siva's Great Tale. Indeed, it was no more than the final seventh of King Sātavāhana's minister's colossal narrative poem, and the reason for that is the hilarious, heartbreaking (and maximally complicated) story of the Story of the Story: how Pārvatī's private gift-tale happened to go public and what befell its other six-sevenths.

I have condensed that story elsewhere—it's one of my favorites—and will recondense it here more radically than Somadeva condensed Gunādhya. Siva's girlfriend, remember, asks for a her-ears-only story; she then sits patiently on her lover's lap while Siva spins out the Great Tale: about a year and a half of yarn spinning, by my calculation, but what is time to the immortals? As happens, however—otherwise there'd be no story—this recitation is overheard by a servant-god, who repeats it to his wife, who innocently repeats it in turn (all this would take three years, I reckon) to its first hearer, Pārvatī herself. The goddess is so incensed at the narrative leak that she sentences the eavesdropper to serve time on earth in mortal incognito, just as errant Olympians were now and then obliged to do for their transgressions. One of the defendant's buddies receives the same sentence: the future poet Gunādhya, who has loyally if rashly pleaded on his eavesdropping friend's behalf and is therefore punished as an accessory after the fact. The particulars of their penance are exceedingly complex and may be passed over here except for Pārvatī's stipulation that before Gunādhya can return to heaven he must hear the Great Tale on earth—not from his pal the eavesdropper but from a certain hard-to-find hermit (also a demigod, as it happens, doing time for an unrelated offense) whom

the eavesdropper must track down and relay it to, as he did to his wife, before *he* can come home to heaven. When Gunādhya finally hears the thing, moreover, he must *write it down.*

A great many chapters farther on in our maximal prologue, this consequential transition from oral to written narrative is accomplished as follows: Our man Gunādhya works his way up the Indian career ladder to a ministry in King Sātavāhana's court. There, in consequence of a wager as reckless though well-meaning as the gaffe that got him earthbound in the first place (it has to do with giving the king lessons in Sanskrit grammar), he not only is banished to the woods with no company besides a couple of his students but is obliged to renounce every language he knows. In this arboreal silence, *mirabile dictu,* he eventually crosses paths with the Tale-bearing hermit. But wait: How is Gunādhya to transcribe (and versify) it, when by the terms of his earthly penance-within-a-penance he has no language to write it in nor, as it happens, ink to write it with?

The solution makes Gunādhya the archetype of many a subsequent author. Like Samuel Beckett, Vladimir Nabokov, Joseph Brodsky, and other writers exiled either by choice or by decree, Gunādhya adopts a new language to replace the ones forsworn; in this case, "goblin language" (Paiśācha), taught him by the hermit-god, who then duly recites the Great Tale in it and takes off for heaven, his own penance done. It remains for Gunādhya to turn oral goblin-prose into written goblin-couplets. This little chore, not surprisingly, requires seven more wooded years; the thing takes a year and a half just to *recite,* after all, and how many rhymes can there be for "goblin"?

As to his medium, what many a maxi-novelist may be said to do figuratively in his/her aspiration to heaven, Gunādhya does literally: Every line of the versified Great Tale is inscribed in the poet's own blood (where the paper comes from, we are not told). His faithful students stand by—growing older, I suspect, in more ways than one—and when the final couplet clots, they dash off to King Sātavāhana with the enormous finished manuscript, confident of their mentor's vindication.

It would be pleasant to end this Story of the Story just there, with the neglected writer's belated, William Kennedy-like success. The *Kathāpītha,* however, has two more exemplary lessons to teach us—and Gunādhya's students. The first has to do with the capriciousness of literary fortune: The magnum opus delivered, its royal critic, King Sātavāhana, takes one look at it and reacts like an unprepared reader first encountering *Finnegans Wake.* "Away with this barbarous Paiśācha tale," he says to the students (the king is doubtless proud of the Sanskrit grammar he has learned without Gunādhya's help). Get out of here with this goblin-babble! More than one vast work, we reflect, meant to awe and redeem with its monumentality but perhaps overlong in its gestation and ambitious beyond its author's powers, has met with comparable rejection or at least indifference when finally it appeared.

Back to the woods the disciples go with the panned masterwork, whose "author" (too modest to have delivered it in person? too proud? or simply bled weak?) is so cast down by its rejection that he ends up reading the thing aloud to the only audience left him: himself, presumably his students, and . . . all the animals of the forest. Unfettered by linguistic prejudice, these last stand transfixed day after day and month after month, weeping not only at the beauty of Gunādhya's goblin-verse but at the spectacle of the poet's burning each page of his manuscript after he reads it, like Puccini's Rodolfo in *La Bohème.*

The situation, we note, has come symbolically almost full circle. Pārvatī had asked for a novel story that would never be repeated, and inasmuch as only the gods can commit such megaworks to memory, it looks as though Siva's Great Tale is fated never to be retold on earth. But *The Ocean of Story*'s Story of the Story has a splendid final twist, and moral. As I can testify from more than one perpetration, maxi-novels take maxi-time in every stage of their production: planning, composition, revision, copyediting, printing, even lead time for reviewers. Likewise, obviously, f their consumption, by the read and/or by fire (did the book burne who lately incinerated Salman Rus die's hefty *Satanic Verses* use a fe mininovels for tinder?). As th months go by and gallon after gall of Gunādhya's blood-script goes in smoke, the critic-king Sātavāha falls mysteriously ill. His physicia determine that the wild game pr vided by his royal huntsmen has lo its nutritive value and that this ci cumstance in turn is owing to the an mals' being so enthralled by a certa strange bard-in-the-bush that, rapt another sort of rumination, they ha forgotten to eat. It is not explain why the rest of the royal househo has been spared the king's malnutr tion: poetic justice, perhaps, which least in this instance means also ju tice for a poet. Sātavāhana himse leads a search-and-retrieve party in the woods, recognizes his ex-ministe and takes into his own famishe hands the remaining manuscri pages from the fire. He restores Gu ādhya to full favor (but the poet, vi dicated, elects to return to heave rather than to civil service), rewar the faithful students, and, to con plete his own penance for literar critical rashness, not only publish what little is left of the versified Gre Tale but prefaces it with the story he retold: the Story of the Story fro which *The Ocean of Story* is condense

And just how long a story was Gu ādhya's version of Siva's tale, where Sātavāhana's 100,000-couplet ren nant was but the final seventh ar Somadeva's ten-folio-volume abrid ment little more than 3 percent? N fewer than 700,000 couplets, says th *Kathāpītha:* by our previous maxim arithmetic, 630 Penzerized quart volumes. Instead of "Dr. Eliot's Fiv Foot Shelf" (the 51-volume, 41 classic Harvard Classics, which confess to having at least leafe through *in numerical order,* Indexico and all, one mesmerized undergra uate summer while working as night-shift timekeeper in a Baltimo Chevrolet factory), imagine Dr. Gu ādhya's Sixty-two-Foot Shelf. Or, Penzer's own, more conservati equivalence, imagine an *Odyssey* 12 times the length of Homer's: a reade

odyssey indeed, which, if perused at he leisurely rate of one Homersworth er month, would take as long to each the end of as it took Odysseus to et home from Troy. Although Somaeva's *Kathāsaritsāgara,* when we nally get past its remarkable proogue, turns out to be in fact not one eat tale after all but rather a comendium of earlier Sanskrit storyollections, in Gunādhya's third-century nacro-version it must have been the ngest literary work ever written.

Did it actually exist? I prefer to hink not. I like to imagine that Mr. oma made the whole thing up to ertain his patron, Queen Sūryavatī f Kashmir; that he invented Siva's ve-gift to Pārvatī (the queen would ave appreciated so magnificent a gesure), dreamed up the eavesdropping, he poet-minister Gunādhya, the laborate penance, the masterwork ritten in poet's blood, and—to isarm his own royal critic—the nsequences of King Sātavāhana's ngenerous response. Thus regarded, omadeva is working a more or less latonic literary theme known to Herew tradition as "the mother of the ook": the tradition that holds our resent Pentateuch, for example, ith its occasional obscurities and aparent discrepancies, to be the fallen mnant of a once-perfect Septauch, one of whose books has disapeared altogether and another shrunk but a pair of verses (10:35–36) in he book of Numbers. This is, among ther things, the Cabalists' way of acounting for, the artist's way of excusng, possible imperfections in the text hand. And its spirit is the very anthesis of Mme. de Staël's wonderful ology for logorrhea (which must ever be invoked by maxi-novelists): Forgive me this too long letter; I had not time to write a short."

Considered from yet another ngle, however, even Gunādhya's iginal transcription of Siva's comete Great Tale may not be the ngest "novel" in the world. In abokov's posthumously published *ectures on Literature,* after speaking major versus minor writers, the auor distinguishes between major and

Continued on page 78

CD NEWS
for the Collector

Our unique compact disc **"Newsletter/Catalog"** is your *shopping alternative* to the "Top-40" mind-set of record stores and clubs.

Each issue is filled with reviews of the **best new releases** – from popular to unusual and hard-to-find – in classical, jazz, folk, blues, and rock. ***Over 300 new titles in each issue. We cover over 260 labels.***

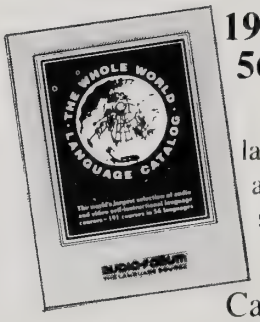
THE KEY NOTE MUSIC • GROUP

Order from our catalog at **below list prices.** And, contact us about *any* CD – if it's out there we'll get it for you.
1 year subscription (6 issues) ***$5.00*** *(refund with first CD purchase.)*
Phone in credit card orders. Or, send Ck., M.O., MC/Visa (card name, number, exp. date) to:
10 Front Street, Dept. 210 • Collinsville, CT 06022
203 • 693 • 1723, ext. 210

REMEMBER the 1980's!

Get
HARPER'S INDEX TO THE 1980's, a special, expanded version of **Harper's Index** that sums up the last decade. This listing of more than eighty surprising numbers, facts, figures, and rankings originally appeared in the January issue of *Harper's Magazine.* Illustrated full-color reprints are now available for $4 each.
Mail your check payable to Harper's Magazine to: Promotion Department, Harper's Magazine 666 Broadway, NY, NY 10012

FREE CATALOG



191 Courses in 56 Languages
The world's largest selection of audio and video self-instructional language courses.
Call **1-800-243-1234**
AUDIO-FORUM®
THE LANGUAGE SOURCE
Room M703, 96 Broad Street, Guilford, CT 06437 (203) 453-9794

SOLUTION TO THE JUNE PUZZLE

H	U	M	O	R	S	S	P	R	I	T	Z	
A	V	A	R	I	A	N	C	E	S	U	I	
R	E	L	E	N	T	E	D	E	A	R	N	
D	G	I	S	Q	U	A	W	K	I	N	G	
T	A	N	G	U	R	K	A	D	R	I	P	
A	F	G	H	A	N	S	Y	R	U	P	Y	
C	L	E	R	G	Y	G	L	A	M	O	R	
K	E	R	F	G	E	L	A	H	O	N	E	
J	A	M	B	A	L	A	Y	A	R	O	N	
I	D	L	E	F	L	I	P	S	I	D	E	
N	E	U	N	D	E	R	M	I	N	E	E	
X	R	A	T	E	D	S	T	A	G	E	S	

NOTES FOR "ABECEDARIAN"

1. AF-GHAN (anagram); 2. (aph)ASIA; 3. BENT, two meanings; 4. C-LE-(o)RGY; 5. D(R)IP; 6. (y)EARN; 7. F(LIPS)IDE(1); 8. GLAIRS, anagram; 9. ROMA-L-G, reversed; 10. H(A-RD-T)ACK; 11. HONE(st); 12. HUM(ans)-OR-S; 13. ID-L(ov)E; 14. JAM-B-A-L-AY-A; 15. JINX, "jinks"; 16. KERF, hidden; 17. LE(AD)ER, reversal of REEL; 18. MALINGER, anagram; 19. NODE, anagram; 20. (rest)ORES; 21. PYRENEES, "peer in ease"; 22. QUAG-GA; 23. REEK, "wreak"; 24. R(EL)ENTED or RE(LE)NTED; 25. RUM-O-RING; 26. SA(reversal)-TURN; 27. S(NE . . .)AKS, anagram; 28. S(P . . . R)ITZ, anagram; 29. SQUAW-KING; 30. STAGES, anagram; 31. S(YR)(o)UPY; 32. TANG, reversal; 33. PIN-RUT, reversed; 34. UNDERMINE, anagram; 35. VARIANCES, anagram; 36. VEGA(table)*; 37. WAY(reversal)-LAY; 38. X-RATED, anagram; 39. YE(L-L)ED, anagram; 40. (free)ZING.
*The setters suffered a spelling lapse here; as penance they are eating broccoli daily for one month.

SOLUTION TO JUNE DOUBLE ACROSTIC (NO. 90). ALICE KAHN: (CRAZY LITTLE) THING CALLED LOVE. Look at Jane Fonda . . . she did it without sacrificing her old values (give or take the old anti-capitalism one). She found something healthy that everybody wanted and marketed it: fitness. It was simply a matter of winning hearts and behinds.

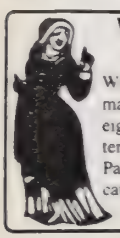
CONTEST RULES: Send the quotation, the name of the author, and the title of the work, together with your name and address, to Double Acrostic No. 91, *Harper's Magazine,* 666 Broadway, New York, N.Y. 10012. If you already subscribe to *Harper's,* please include a copy of your latest mailing label. Entries must be received by July 8. Senders of the first three correct solutions opened at random will receive one-year subscriptions to *Harper's Magazine.* The solution will be printed in the August issue. Winners of Double Acrostic No. 89 are Marcia Gordon, Sarasota, Florida; Mirza McCullough, Arma, Kansas; and Chester F. Riegle, Virginia Beach, Virginia.

CLASSIFIED

EDUCATION

Bachelor's, Master's, Doctorate. Guide to colleges offering nonresidential degree programs through independent home study. Accredited, economical, accelerated programs. Credit given for prior accomplishments and work experience. Free detailed brochure. Write: Doctor John Bear, P.O. Box 826-H1, Benicia, Calif. 94510.

Study Spanish in Guatemala. Family living. CASA, Box 11264, Milwaukee, Wis. 53211. (414) 372-5570.



Want to brush up on a foreign language?

With AUDIO-FORUM's intermediate and advanced materials, it's easy to maintain and sharpen your foreign language skills. We offer foreign language mystery dramas, music, games, dialogues recorded in Paris and more. Call 1-800-243-1234 for FREE 32-p catalog, or write **AUDIO-FORUM®** Dept. 641, Guilford, CT 06437

Research papers: 18,278 papers available—all academic subjects. Rush $2 for 306-page catalogue. Custom writing also available. Research, 11322 Idaho, No. 306HB, Los Angeles, Calif. 90025. Toll-free hot line: (800) 351-0222; in Calif., (213) 477-8226.

Study Chinese at home. Free brochure. Write: AICS, Box 453, Charles Town, W. Va. 25414.

Superlearning. Triple learning speed through music. Languages, data. Maximize memory, potentials. Stressless. Free excerpt, catalogue. Superlearning, 290 W. 11th, No. 105-H6, Vancouver, B.C. V6H 1K5, Canada.

SPEAK FRENCH OR ANY LANGUAGE
AS U.S. DIPLOMATS DO!
Self-study audiocassette courses developed for U.S. State Dept. now at **savings up to 60%!** Call or write for FREE catalog **1-800-722-6394.**
AUDIO-LANGUAGE INSTITUTE®
516 Fifth Avenue, Dept.H11Suite 507, NY, NY 10036

Off-campus BBA/MBA. Southern California University for Professional Studies, Dept. H, P.O. Box 162, Cypress, Calif. 90630. (800) 22S-CUPS.

British licentiates in arts or sciences and higher diplomas in management, psychology, or philosophy. For details of these and other programs, send $9 to European Programs, Somerset University, Ilminster, Somerset TA19 OBQ, England.

REAL ESTATE

Repossessed VA and HUD homes available from government for $1 without credit check. You repair. Also, tax-delinquent foreclosures. Call (805) 682-7555, ext. H-1716, for repo list in your area.

ART

Unique item of art. Handwoven bookmarker from quality papers: $3.95 each. Dawn Graphics, 2124 Kittredge, Suite 181, Berkeley, Calif. 94704.

Preserve your memories. Have your portrait hand-painted in oil on canvas. Highly skilled artist will work from photograph. Also, Old Masters reproductions in oil and designs according to your specifications. Free catalogue: International Fine Arts Gallery, P.O. Box 2575, Postal Station P, Thunder Bay, Ontario P7B 5G1, Canada; or fax (807) 344-4840.

LITERARY SERVICES

Looking for a publisher? Learn how you can have your book published, promoted, and distributed. Send for free booklet: HP-2, Vantage Press, 516 W. 34th Street, New York, N.Y. 10001.

Editorial Assistance. Articles, books, dissertations. Specializing in psychology, related areas. Victoria Kuhl, P.O. Box 3084, Redondo Beach, Calif. 90277. (213) 316-5672.

BUSINESS OPPORTUNITIES

Let the government finance your small business. Grants/loans to $500,000 yearly. Free recorded message: (707) 449-8600. KW6.

Earn hundreds weekly stuffing envelopes. Proven successful. No experience necessary. Start immediately. New Era Enterprises, HP, 1589 Albion, Rexdale, Ontario M9V 1B6, Canada. Enclose a large SASE.

Guaranteed. Complete success plan to extra income working at home. Free details. MAF Books, 41 Short Hills Circle, Millburn, N.J. 07041.

Need Financing? Government grants and loans now available. Free information: Grant Source, Box 7161, Santa Cruz, Calif. 95061.

Read books for pay. Call (900) 847-7700 (99 cents/min.), or write: PASE-VG7, 161 Lincolnway, North Aurora, Ill. 60542.

GENEALOGY

Irish genealogy. Write: Hibernian Research Ltd., 22 Windsor Road, Dublin 6, Ireland. Call (353) 1-966-522 (24 hours).

MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS

Panpipes/flutes, over 250 varieties, many ages/cultures. Catalogue, $2. Lew Price, Box 1558 (R), Fair Oaks, Calif. 95628.

BOOKS

Eureka Bookfinder. Send wants: 2024-H Harris Street, Eureka, Calif. 95501.

Locating out-of-print books our specia Avonlea Books, Box 74E, White Plai N.Y. 10602. (914) 946-5923.

Old-book scout locates out-of-print boo Write: Greenmantle, P.O. Box 1178 Culpeper, Va. 22701.

Booklover's smorgasbord. Free catalog Iron Kettle Books, Hancock Ro Williamstown, Mass. 01267.

Anarchist Cookbook available again: $ postpaid. Barricade Books, Box 140-E, caucus, N.J. 07096.

Obtain your books: (new or in-print) easi pleasantly, reliably—with one soothing c to Minnesota. Tell us what you need; ship immediately or will special-order. Gr golet Bookstore, Minneapolis, Minn. (8 468-4347.

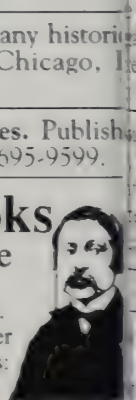
Canadian Books: Used, out-of-print, pap backs, hardbacks. Any Canadiana, Arct or sea books. Wells Group, 958 Page A nue, Victoria, B.C. V9B 2M6, Canada.

Anti-Christ. Will you be subject to hi Will you accept his mark in your forehead hand? To escape, read *Creation and Culmi tion* by Bible scholar Arthur Standard. Ha cover. D&S Distributors, P.O. Box 29 Chester, N.J. 07930.

Ghostwriting. Papers to company histori Wordsmiths, Box 5882-B, Chicago, I 60680.

Manuscripts wanted, all types. Publish with 70-year tradition. (800) 695-9599.

Recorded Books
Unabridged on cassette
Listen to bestsellers, mysteries, histories & more while you drive. Call now for a free catalog of over 450 easy-to-rent Recorded Books: **1(800) 638-1304.**



Book out of print? Complete search servi Montara Mountain Books, Box 2628, Sa Cruz, Calif. 95063.

Out-of-print bookfinder. Send wants: 20 (HA), Everding, Eureka, Calif. 95501.

Book unfindable? The *New York Times* re ommends this book tracker. Contact: Je Metz, 697 West End Avenue, #13A, N York, N.Y. 10025. (212) 864-3055.

Poetry bookfinder. Old and rare. Se wants: Thompson's, Box 11652, Housto Tex. 77293.

EMPLOYMENT OPPORTUNITIES

Get paid for reading books—$50–$100 p book. Write: Calco Publishing, Dept. C-3 500 South Broad, Meriden, Conn. 06450

CLASSIFIED RATES. Minimum ten words. One time, $2.20 per word; three times, $2.10 per word; six times, $2.00 per word; twelve times, $1.85 per wor Telephone numbers count as two words, as do box numbers. ZIP codes count as one word. CLASSIFIED DISPLAY. Minimum one inch. One time, $130 p column inch; three times, $125 per column inch; six times, $120 per column inch; twelve times, $105 per column inch. The closing for classified copy is th first of the month, two months prior to issue date. Prepayment is required. Make checks payable to *Harper's Magazine* and send to Harper's Classified, 66 Broadway, New York, N.Y. 10012. Include telephone number on all correspondence. Address inquiries to Andrew Walko, Classified Advertising Manage

VACATION RENTALS

vaiian Islands—Molokai, Kaluakoi re- . Polynesian studio with kitchen. $50 per it. (800) 225-7978 or (800) 950-5541.

ASSOCIATIONS

trand Russell Society. Information: , RD 1, Box 409, Coopersburg, Pa. 36.

ghthoods for gentlemen, honors for la- Brochure, $3. Nobilitat-H, 316 Edward et, Victoria, B.C. V9A 3E6, Canada.

GIFTS

is poster (23″×35″) depicts 12 animal ses (man to whale). Scientific novelty. ppd. to Poster K, Box 673, Blooming- Ind. 47402.

Fountain Pin™ is the perfect gift for the er in your life. Sterling pin, $48 ppd.; or l SASE for brochure. Penultimate, P.O. 582, Cambridge, Mass. 02139.

MERCHANDISE

urist videos. $2, SASE. HA, Box 9296, ark, Del. 19714.

doms by mail. Avoid condom purchase iety syndrome (CPAS). Write for free r brochure or send $4 for discreetly pack- samples. Money-back guarantee. Alle- Specialties, Box 21881, Baton Rouge, 70894.

r name in Japanese on parchment. Suit- for framing: $10. Fashion hair bows, ant fabrics: $8. Zodiac pendants, gold- ed, free chain: $10. Yumiko, 250 North- 107 Street, Miami, Fla. 33161.

ign it yourself. Create your own station- cards, brochure. Four gridded layout ds. Thorough instructions; $12 com- e. Blue Hen Graphics, 3 Great Jones et, New York, N.Y. 10012.

LIE DETECTION

art and certainty of discerning honesty deception. Successful "mind reading" he layperson. Learn noncoercive, effec- nonmechanical, powerful, covert tech- es used to replace polygraph, etc., in rnmental and civilian applications. l $14.95 to LIE-CUES, Box 2313-H, pel Hill, N.C. 27514.

GOURMET

Bread Box Cookbook: 100 recipes from ve years of baking bread for the Sierra re Art Fair. From pineapple macadamia to Danish puff to sunflower raisin to is. Proceeds support Gooden School. l $9 to Bread, Gooden School, 192 th Baldwin Avenue, Sierra Madre, f. 91024.

rnational recipes: Desserts or entrees, ooth, $5. SASE to Paul, Box 2152, Red- d, Wash. 98073.

door Entertainment Guide. Barbecue menus, recipes, including summer tails, secret shish-kebab sauce, fresh desserts, more. Send $3 and SASE to o, P.O. Box 2204, Coronado, Calif. 8.

New Mexican chili strands, for decoration or eating. Two-foot ($12) or three-foot ($17) lengths. Mesquite Ranch, SR Box 26, Mesilla Park, N.M. 88047.

Authentic, New York, top-restaurant, famous cheesecake recipe. Send $2: T. Kessler, 30 Theresa Place, Staten Island, N.Y. 10301.

Try the best. Iowa-grown choice beef and pork cuts. Via UPS. Wrapped for your freezer or theirs. Guaranteed. Rector's Heartland Foods. (800) 446-9711.

Candida? Anti-yeast, hypoallergenic recipes. Healthy, easy, yummy. Send $5 and a SASE to Joan Bondy, P.O. Box 5901, Denver, Colo. 80217-5901.

PUBLICATIONS

The People. Marxist biweekly since 1891. Four months/$1, one year/$4. *The People* (H), Box 50218, Palo Alto, Calif. 94303.

HOW TO PUBLISH YOUR BOOK

Join our successful authors in a complete and reliable publishing program: publicity, advertising, handsome books. Speedy, efficient service. Send for FREE manuscript report & copy of Publish Your Book.

CARLTON PRESS Dept. HZS
11 West 32 St., New York 10001

Innisfree—one literary magazine you'll like: fresh, captivating stories and poems, lighthearted artwork, attractive, professional presentation. Subscriptions: $18 (six issues); introductory copy, $2. Box 277-H1, Manhattan Beach, Calif. 90266.

Proof Jesus fictional. Scholarly proof Flavius Josephus created fictional Jesus, gospels: $5. For details send SASE to Abelard, Box 5652-H, Kent, Wash. 98064.

Notes From the Rat House. A monthly humor newsletter. Sample copy, $1. 104 East 16th Street, Wichita, Kan. 67214.

The Quayle Quarterly

Keep a watchful eye on The Man Who Could Be President. Don't underestimate Dan Quayle - he's being groomed for the No. 1 spot. News, commentary, cartoons, humor. Send $12 for 1 yr ($3.95 for sample).

Box 8593-H Brewster Sta., Bridgeport CT 06605

TRAVEL

Volunteer work abroad. Two- to three-week village projects in India, Tanzania, Guatemala, Western Samoa, Mexico, and Paraguay. Brochure: Global Volunteers, 2000 American National Bank Building, St. Paul, Minn. 55101.

Disney/Hawaii/Cancun: luxury resort condos; one, two, and three bedrooms. Stay on a beach or golf on a championship golf course—call today. Your vacation connection. Vaco Rentals. (800) 726-8226.

Study/work/live overseas. Plan your next overseas adventure with Transitions Abroad, Box 344-3030, Amherst, Mass. 01004. A $15 subscription includes four issues plus Educational Travel Directory and Guide to Living Overseas.

Soviet homestays. Two weeks, two cities, two English-speaking families. Exotic home-cooked meals. Share ideas and issues. Travelling Shoes, Box 4410, Laguna Beach, Calif. 92652. (714) 752-9036.

PERSONAL SPAIN

Deluxe tours of Spain for one or two couples (or family group), fully personalized to your requirements, and escorted throughout. See what you want to see: we are totally flexible. Stay as long as you wish (minimum 7 days). Set your own pace. 1992 will be Spain's year in the limelight. See it before it gets crowded!

Call for Free Brochure: 1-800-365-WISH

Roam the world by freighter. Deluxe, inexpensive, exciting. TravLtips Association, Box 218B1, Flushing, N.Y. 11358. (800) 872-8584.

MISCELLANEOUS

Handwriting-analysis consultant. Professionally trained; $45. Mary L. Orloff, 1540 York Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10028.

Shocker—stun guns now available. 65,000 volts. Uses regular battery. Safe, effective protection. Only $34.95. Police tear gas only $9.95. Add $3 shipping. Security, Box 320-H, Gotha, Fla. 34734.

PERSONALS

Meet women worldwide. Free 24-page catalogue. America's most respected correspondence service. Cherry Blossom, 190 HR Rainbow Ridge, Kapaau, Hawaii 96755. (808) 961-2114, anytime.

Single Booklovers gets cultured singles of all ages acquainted. Established 1970. Nationwide. Write: Box 117, Gradyville, Pa. 19039, or call (215) 358-5049.

Cultured singles, nationwide. Older women/younger men; younger women/older men. Send LSASE to Anachron, Box H-326, New York, N.Y. 11367.

Scandinavia, Poland, USSR, South America: Worldwide correspondence for sincere, unattached, educated members. Scanna, P.O. Box 4-HP, Pittsford, N.Y. 14534. Call (716) 586-3170.

Beautiful Latin, Asian ladies seek friendship, marriage. Free photo brochure. Latins, Box 1716-HR, Chula Vista, Calif. 92012. (619) 425-1867.

Beautiful Asian women seek friendship, marriage. Send age, interests. GRE, Box 555, Elmont, N.Y. 11003.

Classical Music Lovers' Exchange. Nationwide link between unattached music lovers. Box 31, Pelham, N.Y. 10803. (800) 233-CMLS.

Idealistic SWM, 44, responsible/fun, bookish/fit, physician/unaffected, nice-looking/modest, seeks best-friend/wife. Box 14481, Atlanta, Ga. 30324.

Meet beautiful women. We supply photos, names, and addresses. Send for free details. Merit, Box 74758-H, Los Angeles, Calif. 90004.

CLASSIFIED

Nice singles with traditional values wish to meet others. Free magazine. Send age, interests. Dept. HM, P.O. Box 454, Crossville, Tenn. 38557.

At The Gate. Meet singles sharing values on peace, ecology, personal growth, and human rights. Free details. Box 09506-HP, Columbus, Ohio 43209.

Asian women desire romance. Overseas, sincere, attractive. World's No.1 service. Free details, photos. Sunshine International Correspondence, Box 5500-NA, Kailua-Kona, Hawaii 96745. (808) 325-7707.

Japanese women seek friendship/marriage. Other Orientals too. Pacific Century Correspondence, 110 Pacific 208K, San Francisco, Calif. 94111. (816) 924-1668.

Extraordinary psychic counselor. Randal Clayton Bradford. Energy enhancement/healing. Phone consultations. Visa/MC/AmEx. (213) 820-5281 or (213) REALITY.

Free magazine. One hundred color photos of Thai women seeking life-partners. Addresses: $39.95. P.O. Box 11495, Honolulu, Hawaii 96828. (800) 345-THAI.

STOP FIGHTING AND START LOVING
Proven communication technique can resolve conflicts in your relationships. Send $3.95 to
Money back if it doesn't work.
CLEAN SLATE
114 Plains Rd, New Paltz, NY 12561

Free videos. Overseas ladies desire marriage. Box 549-H, Dublin, Va. 24084. (703) 674-GIRL.

Attractive Oriental ladies seeking correspondence, marriage. Presentations by American/Asian couple. Asian Experience, Box 1214JA, Novato, Calif. 94948.

Your mail received here, forwarded. Mailslot 2112, Asheville, N.C. 28802.

Adult Travel Club. Bangkok, Thailand, nightlife tour. Penpals. (714) 455-3696.

Troubles of the heart and soul? Sensitive, insightful, but honest responses. No charge. Donations welcomed. St. John's, P.O. Box 48, South Hadley, Mass. 01075.

Cupid's Destiny. World's greatest singles magazine. Sample: $1. Abernathy, Box 957406, Duluth, GA. 30136.

Beautiful Oriental ladies seek American men for friendship, romance/marriage. Free info: Starlight Communications, P.O. Box 203, Bad Axe, Mich. 48413; or call (517) 856-4992.

Artistic Connections. Linking single lovers of the arts across the nation: music, art, literature, film, dance, drama, photography. Write: AC, Box 116, Chatham, N.J. 07928.

Continued from page 75

minor readers ("All great reading," he remarks by the way, "is rereading"—a chastening proposition for the reader who has successfully swum the whole *Ocean of Story*). It is perhaps such major readers—at any rate, those with a major appetite for fiction—who may incline to regard any one storyteller's complete works, however disparate—even the South African Kathleen Lindsay's *Guinness* record-holding 904 published novels, composed under several noms de plume—as a single work: a supernovel, I imagine, given that genre's notorious elasticity, multiformity, and powers of accommodation. Nabokov's minimalist contemporary Borges speculates that all the literal steps a person takes in his/her lifetime may trace out a figure as readily apprehensible to the mind of God as is a triangle to our human minds. In that spirit, may we not imagine all the written sentences that any of us reads in a lifetime, from "See Dick run" to "Rest in peace," as adding up to one maxinovel? A work short on unity and architecture, maybe, but, if we're lucky, long on incident and invention, playfulness and passion, levity and gravity, ups and downs, and energy and variety and beauty: quite like (may it be maximal) the story of our life?

I believe we may. In any case, I invite this speculation in order to put in more favorable perspective that grand old animal, lately an endangered species, the Big Read: the kind of novel to which we bring, or in which we learn, a different way of reading, a different sense of attention and mode of economy. Don't skip, I earlier enjoined; but there are meganovels that may be approached, and especially revisited, by major readers, like a large foreign country: from any of many entry points; for a preliminary reconnaissance or a follow-up review, a walking or flying tour; for a week's vacation or a semester's study or an extended-visa sojourn or a permanent residency. "I expect nothing of my readers except . . . ," etc. No Joyce, I myself have been gratified enough to hear from readers of my own larger novels: "I read it in traction," " . . . in Vietnam," " . . . snowbound in Fairbanks," " . . . in jail."

But at this advanced hour of th printed word, this heyday of the T newspaper and the "sound bite," not *quixotic* the gentlest adjective t the novelist who attempts so maxim a project as the Big Read?

Just so. Commonly called the fi modern novel, *Don Quixote* is in se eral respects the first postmodern o as well: in its incremental awarene of itself as fiction, in its impassion and transcendent parody of the gen it ends up glorifying, and not least its half-ironic amplitude ("My mast can go on like this to the end of th chapter," Sancho Panza remarks Quixote's effusions). As we end o century and our millennium, we m well have come to wish an end to en games as well; to the modern, ar particularly the modernist, apocaly ticism intimately bound up with min malist aesthetics. To the postmode spirit, less and less does less see more. Those who used to worry abo "the death of the novel" are mo likely nowadays to be worrying abo the death of the reader, the death the planet; and though the nuclear a senal is still much with us, thermon clear holocaust appears a less like nemesis now than resource depletic and pollution of the biosphere: goc arguments for another sort of Min malism than the aesthetic kind.

Wait long enough, in short, for th end of art or of the world and you m be inspired to build a half-ironi monument to mark, if not redeen your prolonged attendance. In th monumental labor, moreover, yc may well find your irony fired aft all with a profound, though pos innocent, passion; so much so th should Godot in fact arrive, anticl mactically, you would shrug yo shoulders and go on with what you' now much more committed tc Among the opportunities of Postmo ernism, for the novelist, is the quixo ic revivification—with the right iror to leaven its pathos and the right pa sion to vitalize the irony—of th noble category of literature, the e haustive but inexhaustible, exhilara ing novel; the long long story tha like life at its best, we wish might ne er end, yet treasure the more becau we know it must.

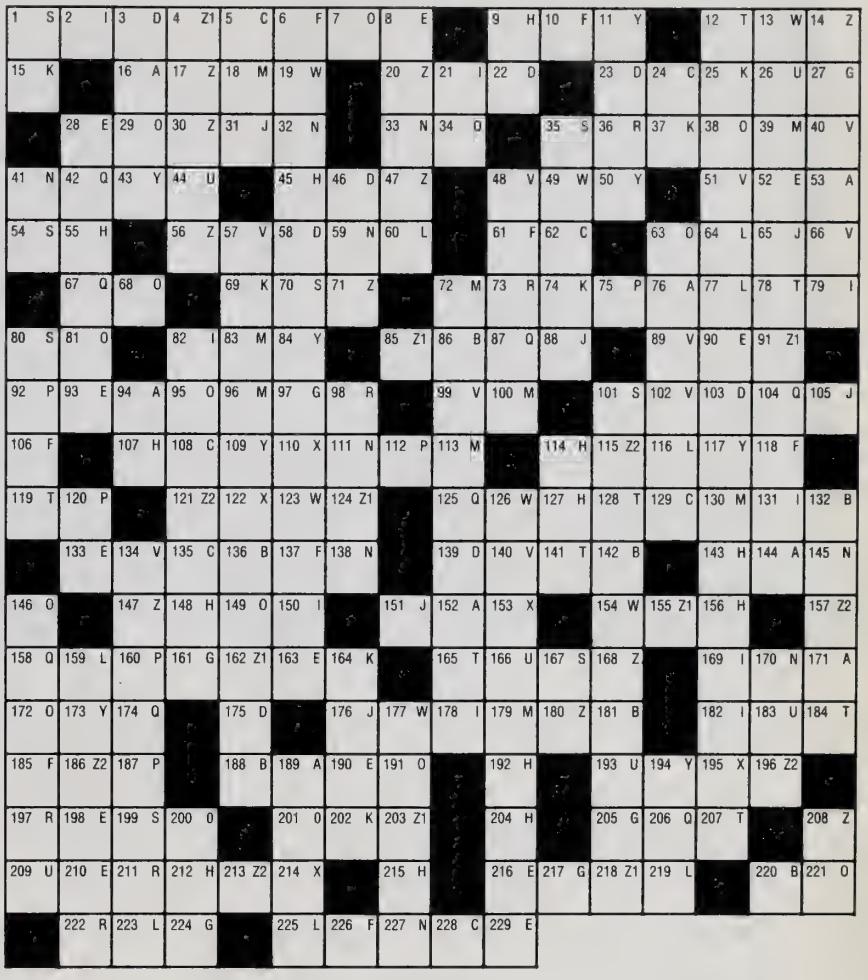
But not in a hurry.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC NO. 91

by Thomas H. Middleton

The diagram, when filled in, will contain a quotation from a published work. The numbered squares in the diagram correspond to the numbered blanks under the WORDS. The WORDS form an acrostic: the first letter of each spells the name of the author and the title of the work from which the quotation is taken.

The letter in the upper right-hand corner of each square indicates the WORD containing the letter to be entered in that square. Contest rules and the solution to last month's puzzle appear on page 75.



CLUES

A. Very angry — 76 171 94 16 144 / 53 189 152

B. Malay people of Luzon, the Philippines — 220 132 136 181 86 / 142 188

C. Unrestrainedly — 5 108 135 24 62 / 228 129

D. Having special distinction or recognition in a field — 103 58 23 3 46 / 175 139 22

E. DDT and malathion, e.g. — 52 8 133 163 216 210 198 190 / 90 229 93 28

F. Short, concise statement of principle — 10 137 61 226 106 185 118 6

G. Very hard ball used in certain games — 205 217 97 161 27 224

H. U.S. president, "Old Rough and Ready" (full name) — 127 215 107 9 204 114 55 143 / 192 45 148 212 156

I. "But it never comes out ____" (3 wds.; Kipling, "Stellenbosch") — 178 131 79 182 2 150 82 169 / 21

J. N.J. city, birthplace of Aaron Burr and Stephen Crane — 65 105 176 151 31 88

K. Develop satisfactorily; do what is required of one (2 wds.) — 164 69 202 74 15 25 37

L. Sprinkled, sprayed — 60 223 159 225 219 77 64 116

M. Amuse, give hospitality to — 39 83 72 96 113 179 18 130 / 100

N. Turned-up — 227 32 111 59 33 170 41 138 / 145

O. "There is occasions and causes ____ in all things" (3 wds., *Henry V*) — 63 29 146 7 221 95 201 191 / 172 81 200 34 68 38 149

P. Asylum, retreat — 92 112 120 160 187 75

Q. Excessive or blind adoration — 42 125 87 104 206 67 158 174

R. Wife of Oceanus and mother of the Oceanids — 197 36 222 211 73 98

S. Disclosed; granted — 70 199 1 167 101 54 80 35

T. Russian-American actress (1879–1945; films *Camille*, *A Doll's House*, etc.) — 207 165 128 78 12 119 184 141

U. Knight, one of King Arthur's nephews — 193 183 166 26 209 44

V. 1924 play by George Kelly (wd. & hyph.) — 66 140 57 40 89 102 134 99 / 51 48

W. S American river flowing N from Brazil through Venezuela to the Atlantic — 13 177 126 19 154 123 49

X. Water lily, genus Nymphaea — 153 195 214 122 110

Y. Legendary treasure city of S America, sought by Spanish explorers (2 wds.) — 117 173 84 43 50 109 11 194

Z. Welsh resort on Cardigan Bay — 30 147 180 14 56 71 47 208 / 168 20 17

Z1. Cruel, like the N.Y. Yankees after 1934 — 218 155 85 124 162 4 203 91

Z2. Devotee of the natural state — 186 213 196 115 121 157

PUZZLE

Code 13

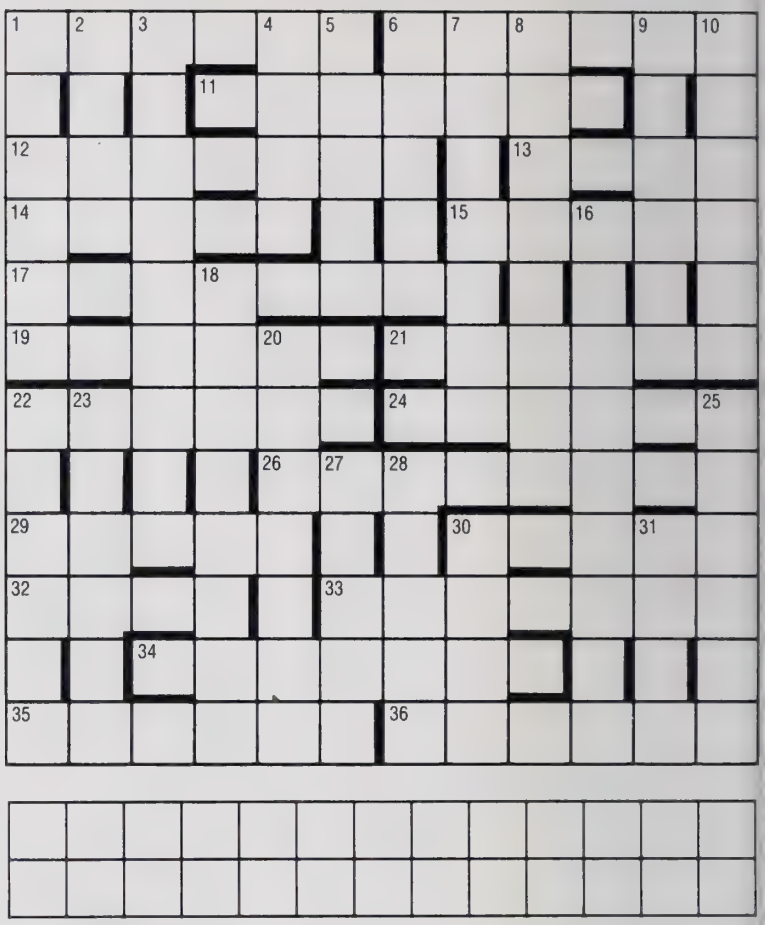
by E. R. Galli and Richard Maltby Jr.

A simple letter-substitution code has been created by choosing a thirteen-letter word with no repeating letters, then arranging the remaining thirteen letters below it alphabetically. For instance:

L U M B E R J A C K I N G
D F H O P Q S T V W X Y Z

Using this code, the word *TIMBER* would be encoded as *AXHOPQ*. Answers to the four clues in italics are to be entered in the diagram in code. Solvers must determine the identity of the code word, an uncommon but not unusual word that may prove appropriate.

Clue answers include two proper names and less than common words at 17A (which is in *Webster's Ninth Collegiate*!) and 27D. The solution to last month's puzzle appears on page 75.



Across

1. *Peanut gallery's leader set back concerning catcall (6)*
6. Scale (arpeggio) from top of violin (6)
11. Cowered, as I was the conductor (7)
12. Strange, flawed bit of libretto: "Morning Wetness" (7)
13. Listen to the other side . . . it's unreal (4)
14. Following two directions, test record (5)
15. About record storage: it's simple housing (5)
17. English reorchestrate farce about old king: "The Tree Hugger" (8)
19. Nasty words about energy payments for *The Bartered Bride*? (6)
21. Favorite released: "The Sea Bird" (6)
22. This party's at night, so one lively dance is cut short (6)
24. Soprano flips over non-English Humperdinck (6)
26. Urbane hotel accommodation turned on tune (8)
29. It's an essential of fingering. Understand? (5)
30. Some Southern singers appearing in Memphis or Asheville (5)
32. Rock and roll's finale covered by brief note (4)
33. Nearly dead party, the Italian place to sing a barcarole (7)
34. Reprimand concerning house's cover includes piano (7)
35. He lets Paul the guitarist provide accompaniment (6)
36. *Measure of music—wing it for "The Drunkard"* (6)

Down

1. Fiddling denied truly (6)
2. Sing out in a wailing voice with an edge (4)
3. Knockout work to improvise when making a big bow (9)
4. This sounds like key for "Waitin' for the Robert E. Lee" here (4)
5. Flipped over waltz in "Marche Slave" (5)
6. One small voice left is raised for "Trees" (5)
7. He's a castanet player? He needs something to follow conductor's lead (7)
8. Secure again, no longer fears half of score (8)
9. Chevalier's song is unusual (i.e., soul) (6)
10. *"You're the Top"? Possibly, in Hell* (6)
16. What Sweeney Todd could do to you and me sounds cruel (9)
18. "Rite" in almost fresh arrangement—it's magnetic stuff (8)
20. What you have to go through to get Russian recording? (7, *two words*)
22. *Tap dancing cue in* Big (6)
23. Before Beethoven's Third, bum is too indolent (6)
25. Fake tears disrupted *The Wiz*'s finale (6)
27. Agree on arrangement for "Ebbtide"? No, quite the opposite! (5)
28. Sing loudly, assuming lead of Lotus Blossom (5)
30. Interference on the set upset part of show on stage (4)
31. Settled down in musicality (4)

Contest Rules: Send completed diagram with name and address to "Code 13," *Harper's Magazine*, 666 Broadway, New York, N.Y. 10012. If you already subscribe to *Harper's*, please include a copy of your latest mailing label. Senders of the first three correct solutions opened at random will receive one-year subscriptions to *Harper's Magazine*. Winners' names will be printed in the September issue. Winners of the May puzzle, "Square-Rigged," are Regina Avraham, Brooklyn, New York; Mary Louise Keig, Morgan Hill, California; and Yohma Gray, Evanston, Illinois.



Reserve Your Seat Now For 52 Weeks Of The Saint Louis Symphony Orchestra.

As long as you have a radio, you have a ticket to one of the most dynamic seasons of the Saint Louis Symphony. Not to mention one of the longest.

Right now, National Public Radio is bringing you a full year's worth of weekly performances from Powell Hall. The world's greatest music, from Beethoven to Bernstein. From the classics you know, to some of the innovative new composers you'd expect from the Saint Louis Symphony.

So check with your local NPR station. Reserve your seat. And make it a comfortable one.

You could be there 52 weeks.

Southwestern Bell Corporation

Southwestern Bell is proud to support this series from the Saint Louis Symphony Orchestra. Leonard Slatkin, Music Director and Conductor.



3 9042 02349934 3

Ian Buruma: Europe's Jews, Again

AUGUST 1990
$2.50

HARPER'S



DEATH BY LANDSCAPE
A Canoe Trip. An Adventure. An Inexplicable Loss
A story by Margaret Atwood

BURLINGAME
JUL 17 1990
LIBRARY

THE STIRRINGS OF HISTORY
A New World Rises from the Ruins of Empire
By John Lukacs

BORDERLINE CASES
The Violent Passage Across the Rio Grande
By Earl Shorris

WINGED
The Creatures on My Mind
By Ursula K. Le Guin

l, Mel Gibson,
men protester

005301
HAP
0
94010
BURLINGAME CA
480 PRIMROSE RD
BURLINGAME PUBL LIB
HP BRL7PI480P099
#125E ********** 5-DIGIT 94010



Do we really want to return to those good, old-fashioned days before plastics?

America is coping with the problem of too much garbage and too few places to put it.

Our nation is currently generating about 160 million tons of garbage a year. Our landfills have decreased from 18,500 to 6,000 during the past 10 years. About 2,000 more will close within the next five years.

Some people believe that banning plastics and substituting other materials will solve the problem. We don't think that they have all the facts.

If plastics were banned, we'd lose safety and convenience features such as closures for foods and medicines, shatter-resistant bottles, freezer-to-microwave packages, and wrappers that preserve food freshness.

A 1987 study shows that if paper and other packaging materials were to replace plastics, the energy needed to produce the packaging would double, the weight of packaging would increase four-fold, the packaging cost would double, and the volume of waste collected would increase about 2½ times.

Myth vs. Reality.

The thinking behind a ban on plastics is based on a number of myths.

Myth #1 is that plastics make up a major part of our solid waste. Fact: according to a recent study, plastics make up about 18% of the volume of solid waste in our landfills; paper and paperboard about 38%; metals, 14%; glass, 2% and other wastes, 28%.

Myth #2 is that paper and other products commonly considered biodegradable will decompose in a landfill, so it takes longer to fill up. Fact: recent excavations of some landfills have turned up newspapers buried 40 years ago—still perfectly readable.

Myth #3 is that plastics are not recyclable. Fact: plastics are among the easiest materials to recycle. 20% of all plastic soft drink bottles were recycled in 1987.

Recycling takes plastic items destined for disposal and turns them into useful new products. It can turn plastics into a "natural resource."

Recycling is growing.

At Amoco Chemical, we believe the solution must integrate recycling, source reduction, environmentally secure landfills and waste-to-energy incineration. Everything recyclable should be recycled—yard waste, paper, glass, metal and plastics.

Today, almost 200 companies are recycling millions of used plastic containers into everything from fiberfill for ski parkas to carpet yarn to "plastic lumber."

How Amoco Chemical is helping.

Amoco Chemical is sponsoring a program in New York demonstrating that used, polystyrene foam food service containers from schools and restaurants can be recycled into insulation board for commercial construction, cafeteria trays and office products.

We're participating in a consortium with other major plastics manufacturers involved in the construction of regional polystyrene recycling plants.

We're encouraging the start up of new recycling efforts, helping to find better ways to collect and sort recyclables, and supporting efforts to create markets for products made from recycled plastics.

At Amoco Chemical, we believe that recycling can play a major role in helping America solve its solid waste problem. Before we decide to return to the past, let's remember that the good old days were sometimes the not-so-good old days.

For a free copy of "Recycling. Do It Today For Tomorrow," call 1-800-727-0017. Or write Amoco Chemical, Recycling, 200 East Randolph Drive, Chicago, IL 60601.

Recycling. Do It Today For Tomorrow.

AMOCO

Amoco Chemical

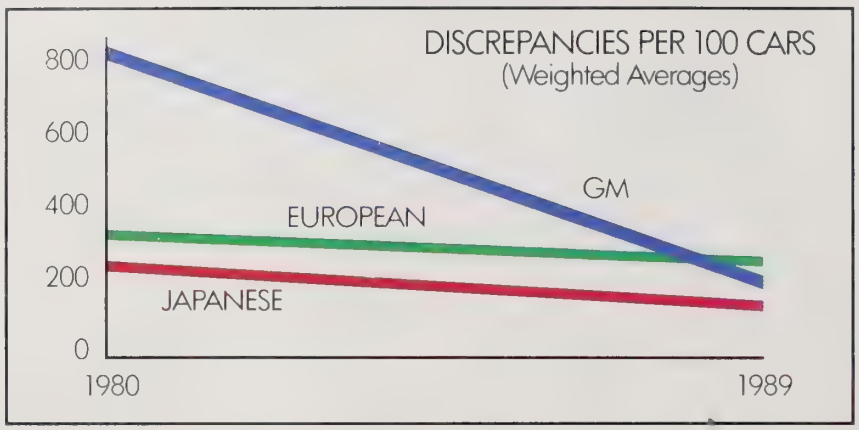
© 1990 Amoco Chemical Company

YOU ASKED US TO CHANGE MORE THAN JUST THE LOOKS OF OUR CARS AND TRUCKS. AND WE HEARD YOU.

We've introduced 77 new models since 1985, dramatically improving almost all the cars and half the trucks we make. The looks are new, of course, but the big improvements are in the heart of our cars and trucks—in the engines, transmissions, and electrical systems.

Quality That Lasts

According to one quality survey by Harbour & Associates, GM vehicles are better built than the average European import, and the difference between GM and the average Japanese import is less than one-half of one discrepancy per car. Other studies confirm GM's improvement.



You can count on GM cars for the long term. When J.D. Power studied the dependability of 1985 models, GM was ranked highest in vehicle dependability among all American manufacturers.* No other U.S. carmaker has done the job better in the last five years.

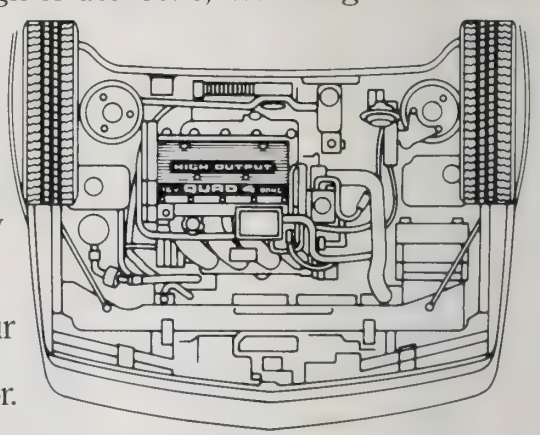
What does this kind of quality mean to our customers? Just ask. After six months of ownership, at least 95% of all Chevrolet, Pontiac, Oldsmobile, Buick, Cadillac, or GMC Truck owners would recommend a vehicle from that division to a friend.

(*J.D. Power and Associates Vehicle Dependability Index Study.℠ In a ranking of the three domestic manufacturers, based on things gone wrong to 4-to-5-year-old 1985 model vehicles in the past 12 months.)

Dependable Engines

GM's engines are more dependable than those of all other domestic carmakers. Our 3800 V-6 is at the top in engine quality among engines from all makers, foreign or domestic, according to the most comprehensive customer-based survey in the auto industry.

In the latest evaluation of 1989 engine quality, the 2.3-liter Quad 4 was as problem-free as 2-liter engines from Toyota or Honda after 3 months' ownership. In the latest survey of a full year of ownership (for 1988 models), Cadillac owners reported fewer engine problems than Toyota or Mercedes-Benz owners, a tribute to the 4.5-liter V-8 engine. In 1990, we're dedicated to delivering the quality you demand.



Problem-free Transmissions

Any car or truck is only as reliable as its transmission. Our automatic transmissions are more problem-free than those of most imports, and more problem-free than any domestic competitor.



We Care About You

Today there is a new pride at GM. A new commitment to quality. A clear focus on our customers and on their needs.

People throughout General Motors, the GM Quality Network, are dedicated to continually improving our vehicles. Year after year. Until every model is as good as the best in the world.

All of GM going all out for you.

PUTTING QUALITY ON THE ROAD

GM

MARK OF EXCELLENCE

Chevrolet Pontiac Oldsmobile Buick Cadillac GMC Truck

HARPER'S

FOUNDED IN 1850 / VOL. 281, NO. 1683
AUGUST 1990

Letters 4
Child abuse and justice — *Michael Curtis, Jane E. Johnston, others*

Notebook 9
Sermons and soda water — *Lewis H. Lapham*

Harper's Index 13

Readings 17
Inside Qin Cheng Prison — *Anonymous*
The Thrill of Poverty — *Thomas Monaghan*
Hudson Bay of Pigs? — *Floyd W. Rudmin*
Anti-Semitism and the New Europe — *Ian Buruma*
Road Worrier — *Mel Gibson*
"Observations and Experiments" — *a poem by Annie Dillard*
"Edward's Anecdote" — *a poem by Donald Hall*
And . . . — *Edward Hoagland, Hugh Gallagher,* New Albania *magazine*

Essay 41
THE STIRRINGS OF HISTORY — *John Lukacs*
A new world rises from the ruins of empire

Story 49
DEATH BY LANDSCAPE — *Margaret Atwood*

Annotation 58
CRACKING THE ELECTRONIC WHIP — *Sharon Danann*
Meet the new boss: Computerized evaluation

Miscellany 66
WINGED — *Ursula K. Le Guin*
The creatures on my mind

Texas Letter 68
BORDERLINE CASES — *Earl Shorris*
The violent passage across the Rio Grande

Acrostic 79 *Thomas H. Middleton*

Puzzle 80 *E. R. Galli and Richard Maltby Jr.*

Cover: Photograph by Barry Marcus

Harper's Magazine is owned and published monthly by Harper's Magazine Foundation, 666 Broadway, New York, New York 10012. Allen Austill, Chairman.

Copyright ©1990 by the Harper's Magazine Foundation. All rights reserved. The trademark *Harper's* is used by Harper's Magazine Foundation under license and is a registered trademark owned by Harper & Row Publishers, Inc. The trademark *Harper's Index* is a registered trademark owned by the Harper's Magazine Foundation.

Printed in the U.S. Second-class postage paid at New York, New York. In Canada, second-class postage paid at Mississauga, Ontario. POSTMASTER: Send all address changes to *Harper's Magazine*, Post Office Box 1937, Marion, OH 43305. ISSN0017-789X. CHANGE OF ADDRESS: Please provide both address from last issue and new address. Allow six weeks advance notice. SUBSCRIPTIONS: $18 one year. Canada and U.S. possessions, add $2; other foreign, add $3 per year. Send orders to *Harper's Magazine*, P.O. Box 1937, Marion, OH 43305. SUBSCRIPTION PROBLEMS: Write *Harper's Magazine*, P.O. Box 1937, Marion, OH 43305, or call (800) 347-6969; Canada (614) 382-3322, M-F, 8 A.M.–4:30 P.M., Eastern time. All requests for PERMISSIONS and REPRINTS must be made in writing to *Harper's Magazine*, 666 Broadway, New York, NY 10012. *Harper's Magazine* will not consider or return unsolicited nonfiction manuscripts that have not been preceded by a written query. *Harper's* will consider unsolicited fiction. Unsolicited poetry will not be considered or returned. No queries or manuscripts will be considered unless they are accompanied by a self-addressed, stamped envelope.

HARPER'S

Editor
Lewis H. Lapham
Executive Editor
Michael Pollan
Senior Editors
Gerald Marzorati, Jack Hitt,
Darcy Frey *(acting)*
Managing Editor
Ellen Rosenbush
Art Director
Deborah Rust
Associate Editors
Charis W. Conn, Ilena Silverman,
Colin Harrison
Assistant Editors
Elliott Rabin, Paul Tough
Assistant to the Editor
Ann K. Stern
Interns
Sarah Burnes, Frank Koughan,
Deidre McFadyen

Contributing Editors
L. J. Davis, Mark Edmundson,
Francisco Goldman, Vicki Hearne,
Craig S. Karpel, Barry Lopez, Peter Marin,
George Plimpton, Bob Shacochis,
Earl Shorris, Jacqueline Simon,
Eric Treisman, Philip Weiss, Tom Wolfe
Washington Editor
Christopher Hitchens

John R. MacArthur, *President and Publisher*

Vice President and General Manager
Jeanne Dubi
Vice President, Corporate and Public Affairs
Ellen Ryder
Vice President, Circulation
Lynn Carlson
Circulation Assistant
Judith Brienza
Assistant to the Publisher
Diane Kraft
Receptionist/Advertising Assistant
Noreen Assing
Staff
Joseph Malits, Frank DiBartolo

ADVERTISING SALES
666 Broadway, New York, New York 10012
(212) 614-6500
Vice President, Advertising Director
Mary Anne Malley
Account Representatives
Evan Green, *West Coast Manager*
Debra Goldberg, Lisa Kay Greissinger,
Kenneth Nova
Advertising Coordinator, Andrew Walko

LETTERS

Child Abuse and Justice

As a criminal defense attorney who has represented persons accused of sexual crimes against children, I was stunned and delighted to read Dorothy Rabinowitz's report, "From the Mouths of Babes to a Jail Cell" [May]. At last someone dares to speak out in the national press.

In describing the case of Kelly Michaels, who was accused of child abuse at the Wee Care Day Nursery in Maplewood, New Jersey, Rabinowitz points to events that have become all too familiar to those who have scrutinized the explosion of sex-abuse prosecutions: contamination of child witnesses by "expert" investigators; "scientific" testimony tailor-made to explain away all contradictions in prosecution evidence; cynical double standards ("believe the children" when their testimony supports the prosecution, reinterpret it when their plain words support the defense); organized community outrage; gutlessness by the press, the bench, and the bar. Rabinowitz marshals her evidence thoughtfully and well.

But there are more questions. What do we do to cause a rebirth of respect for fairness in the courtroom? What should our public policy be with respect to allegations of sexual abuse of our children? What standards should govern the conduct of those who investigate such allegations? How do we protect from retribution those people who question the officially sanctioned hysteria? Most important: How do we protect children from sexual abuse *and* overzealous investigators?

Michael Curtis
Hillsboro, Ore.

If child sexual abuse consists of an adult forcing a child to act out the perverted fantasies of the adult, thereby damaging the child's development, then are not the true believers, such as investigator Lou Fonolleras and psychologist Eileen Treacy, the real child abusers?

The behavioral symptoms these cultlike militants cause in kids, with their coercion and insistence on hearing the gross and obscene, closely mimic the symptoms of truly sexually abused kids: nightmares, fearfulness, separation anxiety, distrust of adults and loss of self-esteem. My own five-year-old son furtively initiated penis-sucking play with a young friend after being intensively questioned by two witch-hunting therapists. A traumatized kid is a traumatized kid, no matter the guise of the zealot. It's a perfect self-fulfilling prophesy.

And a rewarding one too. Bureaucracies such as the New Jersey Division of Youth and Family Services are funded according to the number of "victims" they produce and assist. Therapists can specialize in sexual molestation, and then endlessly bill parents, insurance companies, and state victim-assistance programs for

Harper's Magazine welcomes Letters to the Editor. Short letters are more likely to be published, and all letters are subject to editing. Letters must be typed double-spaced; volume precludes individual acknowledgment.

he "treatment" they force on kids to olidify the fantasy. Prosecutors and hild psychologists make names for hemselves by uncovering imagined child-abuse rings." And mothers and amily-law lawyers across the country ave found that a sex-abuse allegation s a surefire, slam-dunk way to cinch a ustody battle.

Yes, indeed, there is a nationwide pidemic of child abuse.

Gary Owen
Willits, Calif.

In 1983 I was falsely accused of child sexual abuse by the mother of wo young girls who were seeing me or child therapy. I was not charged with any crime, but a county child-protection agency concluded anyway that the abuse was "substantiated." I proceeded with litigation to clear my name and in October 1989 won a defamation suit against the clinic where I was working at the time. Actions are still pending against the county.

It's impossible to describe the despair, loneliness, isolation, and feelings of helplessness that result from such a reprehensible allegation and the guilty-until-proven-innocent mentality associated with such accusations. Seven years of my life have been spent dealing with a false accusation. It ruined my career, and I was plagued with depression and suicidal thoughts as I struggled to put my life back together.

I hope someday there will be more common sense and less hysteria during the investigation of charges of child abuse. If not, the lives of people such as Kelly Michaels will continue to be cruelly and needlessly destroyed.

Jane E. Johnston
Minneapolis

My children attended a preschool in Chicago where thirty children were allegedly abused by first a janitor, then a teacher, and then the entire staff of fifteen people.

I foolishly allowed one of these so-called investigators to talk to my five-year-old son. It later turned out that the principal interviewer had phony credentials.

After a few days of hysteria, a group of parents reviewed the situation carefully. We began, finally, to reason logically and decided to support the teachers in the school. I supported the janitor, although that was a very unpopular stand. To my discredit, I did not support him openly.

In any case, we were later accused by the "believe the children" parents of denying our own children's pain. Further, we were accused by these other parents of being "in on it." I personally was accused of burying a baby. Another parent was accused of defecating on a teacher.

Despite intense pressure from this faction of parents, the investigators did not proceed further. Only the janitor was indicted. He was, thank goodness, found not guilty.

Nancy Cooke
Chicago

Why it takes legwork to flatten your stomach

You can't reduce stomach fat by exercising abdominal muscles alone.

Research has shown that exercises that work only the abdominal region are not effective. They simply don't involve enough muscle mass to burn the calories necessary to trim fat. Instead of flattening, they merely strengthen underlying muscles, providing no reduction in girth, fatfolds, or total body fat percentage.

The exclusive NordicTrack® total-body aerobic exerciser is the most effective way to flatten your stomach.

The total-body motion involves *all* major body muscles. Which means you burn more body fat in less time than with any other in-home exercise machine. And while you're at it, you're toning and defining those muscle groups, as well. So you feel as good as you look.

Non-Jarring Motion
Smooth, jarless aerobic motion ensures maximum workout efficiency while minimizing the risk of injury to knees, shins and back.

Patented Flywheel
One-way clutch mechanism provides continuity of motion making vigorous exercise more pleasant and easier to sustain.



Adjustable Arm Tension
Adjustable upper body exerciser works the major muscles of the abdomen, shoulders, back and arms for maximum aerobic conditioning.

Electronic Feedback
Speedometer displays elapsed workout time, speed, and distance traveled at a glance.

Adjustable Leg Tension
Adjust the machine to precisely meet your conditioning and weight-loss requirements.

Free information.

Call today. Or fill out the coupon below. We'll send you a free brochure and video that describe how NordicTrack can flatten your stomach and make you look and feel your best.

Free Brochure & Video
Call Toll Free in U.S. and Canada
1-800-328-5888

❑ Please send me a free brochure.
❑ Also a free video tape ❑ VHS ❑ BETA

Name _____
Street _____
City _____ State _____ Zip _____
Phone ( ) _____

141 Jonathan Blvd. N. • Chaska, MN 55318
200H0

NordicTrack
A CML Company

Brighter kids for under $2.00 a month



Reading CRICKET magazine helps children have more adventurous minds and active imaginations. CRICKET is for very special children. Children who are curious about their world. Children who love to read. *Children just like yours!*

$14.95 for an EIGHT-ISSUE TRIAL subscription. Send no money. We will bill you later. *Save over $15.00 off the regular twelve-issue price!* Order now by calling toll free or by sending us the coupon below.

Name _____

Address _____

City, State, Zip _____

1-800-BUG PALS (1-800-284-7257, Ext. 5C)
CRICKET, Box 52933, Boulder, CO 80322

Cricket

5HML8

Summer happens all around us



Why not take advantage of special rates at the Salisbury Hotel on West 57th Street?

From July 1st through September 9th*, it's only $139** for a deluxe 1-bedroom suite (up to 3 guests). Which means you can afford to be in the heart of everything that's going on in New York City.

In the shadow of skyscrapers and stage doors and shops, the Salisbury makes summertime special in so many ways. See for yourself!

Salisbury HOTEL

123 West 57th Street
New York, NY 10019

For reservations or brochure:
• toll-free (800) 223-0680 • NYC (212) 246-1300
Cable SALISHOT • International Telex 668366

*Based on Availability
**Taxes and Gratuities not Included

Still the greatest watch value in the U.S.: the original . . .

Navigator™ Watch

Now, with new ratcheted safety bezel, and still only $49.95*

***But read the ad for an even better deal!**



Wear this watch to work, to play, to swim and dive—and to rally. The *Navigator™ Watch* by Rodell-7 is steered by a sophisticated ultra-accurate Japanese quartz movement powered by a tiny mercury cell. It should last at least 18 months before you need replace it. The *Navigator*™ has *both* luminous analog dial *and* LCD display. It gives you dual time capability. The LCD display shows time continuously—in 12-hr. or 24-hr. mode. Push the button and display day and date. There is a subtle yet insistent alarm and a switchable hourly time signal. The stopwatch/chronograph reads to 1/100 secs. and has "interrupt" and "lap" modes. A light switch illuminates the display.

Navigator™ comes in two executions: matte black (as shown) or matte silvertone. It is water-resistant to 150 ft. The new, exclusive ratcheted safety bezel prevents you from staying underwater longer than you had planned. The crystal is "mineral glass"—it is virtually scratch-proof.

We are the exclusive U.S. representatives of Rodell-7 watches and are able to offer the Navigator for just $49.95. Fine stores and national mail-order houses offer virtually identical watches for $120 or more. But here is an even better deal: ***Buy two for $99.90, and we'll send you a third one, with our compliments, absolutely FREE!*** Take advantage of this outstanding offer while it is available.

• Many successful products are being "knocked off" to the detriment of consumers. The *Navigator*™ is no exception. Beware of *similar looking* imitations. There is only one genuine *Navigator™ Watch!*

FOR FASTEST SERVICE, ORDER
TOLL FREE (800) 882-3050
24 hours a day, 7 days a week

Please give order #1012A428 for black or #1018A428 for silvertone. If you prefer, mail check or card authorization and expiration. We need daytime phone # for all orders and routing bank for charge orders. Add shipping, insurance $5.95 for one, $6.95 for three. Add sales tax for CA delivery. You have 30-day return and one-year warranty. We do not refund shipping charges.

Note: For quantity orders (100+), with your company logo on the dial, call Mr. Ernest Gerard at (415) 543-6570 or write him at the address below.

since 1967
haverhills®

131 Townsend Street, San Francisco, CA 94107

Rabinowitz's excellent article has one significant weakness. The author correctly compares the recent ruthless prosecution of alleged child molesters to McCarthyism and other episodes of mass moral hysteria. But she does not acknowledge that periods of moral hysteria and persecutory abridgment of civil liberties erupt in part because of a sudden public awareness that certain impermissible behaviors, such as child molestation, are actually more pervasive than had been suspected and that certain shocking claims need to be taken more seriously. In the shock of discovery and the impetus to reorganize the world, the public goes too far and supports demagogic campaigns or dubious prosecutions.

Underlying McCarthyism, for example, was the sudden awareness that our great World War II ally, Stalinist Russia, represented a sinister force in international relations and that some erstwhile Stalinist sympathizers had managed to occupy high government positions and deliver secret data to the Soviets. There *were* some communists in government and spies at work, and on that basis the public sanctioned the humiliation and ruin of some innocent people.

Today, adults are more likely to confide that they were molested as children and that no one believed or helped them. In this fevered climate it is understandable—horrible, but understandable—that individuals get railroaded into prison on the basis of affirmations manipulatively extracted from impressionable children while due-process standards are bent. By not acknowledging the kernel of truth underlying the hysteria, Rabinowitz weakens her strong case by appearing rigid, dogmatic, and unaware of the actual problem of child abuse today.

Thomas Robbins
Rochester, Minn.

We work for a children's psychological trauma center. Since Dorothy Rabinowitz finds the testimony of children so suspect, let's briefly consider other sources of evidence concerning child sexual abuse. Many well-documented surveys of adults consistently find that 20 to 40 percent of adults have a childhood history of

t least one sexual-abuse episode. Most often, these adults report that as hildren they were too frightened or shamed to tell of the abuse, or that heir words fell on deaf ears. While it s true that most child sexual abuse loes not produce lasting physical evi- ence, there is considerable medical vidence supporting a high incidence f abuse. This evidence is drawn from pidemiological studies of sexually ransmitted diseases in children and a apidly developing array of diagnostic echniques that extend the physi- ian's capacity to detect physical evi- lence. Finally, psychiatric studies of ndividuals who commit sexual of- enses portray an equally troubling icture. These individuals, by their wn admission, typically commit undreds of offenses before they are aught and repeatedly report their mazement at how easy it is to conceal hese crimes from adults.

The Staff
Children's Charter, Inc.
Waltham, Mass.

The following observations are pri- narily based on experiences in the Special Assault Unit of the prosecu- or's office in Snohomish County, Washington, which serves 400,000 itizens. Our unit receives referrals of 300–400 alleged victims per year, files elony charges in 50 to 60 percent of hose cases, and obtains convictions n 80 to 90 percent of those cases. About 70 percent of the convictions re obtained by guilty plea, rather han by trial verdict.

In this community, which is prob- bly representative of communities making dedicated efforts to prevent child abuse and arrest the abusers, 25 percent of the alleged offenders re- ferred to this office are natural fathers, 13 percent are stepfathers, 10 percent are other relatives, 8 percent are live- n paramours of the parent, and 3 percent are strangers. The other 41 percent are acquaintances, including neighbors, boyfriends, parents of friends, and friends of parents.

Rabinowitz claims that the testi- mony of small children "invariably comes to involve more and more vic- tims." Of our cases involving more than one victim, more than half are

You deserve a factual look at ...

Israel, the Arabs, & Human Rights (1)

We Americans are much concerned with human rights. Of late, much of this concern has been focused on the Middle East. Remarkably, however, virtually all of that concern seems to be directed towards Israel, and hardly any of it to the Arab states in bitter and perpetual conflict with Israel. Is Israel's human rights record really that bad? Is that of the Arabs really that good?

What are the facts?

■ The Western world compares Israel to the Western democracies and applies to Israel Western standards of behavior, especially in the area of human rights. Israel is, of course, a democracy, in which the liberties that we take for granted are equally available to all citizens—Jews and Arabs alike. Among the Arab countries, not a single one adheres to even minimal standards of human rights. While to us in the United States, the human rights performance of other countries is mostly a matter of abstraction, it is a daily reality for Israel. They have to live with it. Israel expects to and is expected to adhere to high principles. But the enemies surrounding it, virtually all of them (with the notable exception of Egypt) having Israel's destruction close to the top of their agendas, do not play "by the rules".

■ For instance, Israel is bitterly denounced and condemned for having deported a handful of Palestinians, who were convicted of crimes against public order. Compare that with the routine expulsion of people from the Arab nations. The Palestinians, who are residents of most countries of the Middle East, are particularly vulnerable to expulsion, for the most insignificant offenses, or simply because their presence is not deemed to be in the best interest of the host. Tiny Kuwait, for instance, deported over 27,000 (!) people in 1986, many Palestinians among them. In February of 1988, Kuwait expelled many more, in order to quell demonstrations supporting Palestinian rioters in the territories administered by Israel.

■ Much is made of the loss of life in Israel and in the administered territories since the beginning of the so-called "intifada". But, in view of how long this has been going on and considering the violence and the hatred on the part of the Arabs, it is remarkable how few people have died. The relatively small number of casualties is testimonial to the restraint of the Israeli military and the Israeli government. Who can doubt that the "intifada" could have been suppressed in a few days, had Israel followed the cruel norms of the area in which it is located. Some Arab states conduct wholesale massacres of political opponents as state policy. In 1982, for instance, Syrian president Hafez Assad ordered the killing of over 20,000 civilians in the city of Hama. Iraq routinely executes so many people for bizarre "offenses" (such as insulting the president) that Amnesty International has given up counting them. Iraq has also recently reached a new low in human rights abuse by killing more than 5,000 of its own Kurdish citizens by poison gas, because they were not thought to be politically reliable. The Democratic Republic of Yemen holds periodic mass executions. Even the so-called "moderates" among the Arab states know how to handle civil disobedience "efficiently". Saudi Arabia, where slaves are still being kept and where public amputations for small offenses are the norm, killed over 400 Muslim pilgrims in one bloody day in Mecca in 1987. Egyptian troops killed over 100 people during riots in 1986. In April of 1989, Algerian government troops opened fire in the city of Souk Ahras against Algerian citizens who were protesting food prices and corruption. The army didn't hesitate to machine-gun 350 people to death in less than an hour.

■ Much effort is expended in criticizing Israel's human rights record in its treatment of the Palestinians in the administered territories. In the climate of violence created by the intifada, during which hundreds of Palestinians have been killed by their fellow Arabs, the occasional act of violence by individual Israelis is perhaps to be expected. Every such violation is contrary to explicit laws and standing military orders and is investigated, prosecuted and punished. Compare that with the human rights violations and the ruthlessness of the Arab states against the Palestinians living in their midst. In 1970, during the "Black September" riots, Jordanian military killed 3,400 Palestinians in just 10 days. In 1976, the Syrian army killed over 23,000 Palestinians. In the three-year "war of the camps", the death toll of Palestinians reached over 3,000. At least that number of Palestinians is reported to languish in Syrian prisons.

Israel is a democratic country, with a freely elected government that is fully responsible to its citizens for its actions. It is the only such country in the entire Middle East. It shares with the Western democracies a fundamental commitment to human rights. Israeli society is totally open and accessible to the media of all countries. Individual human rights violations are promptly put under the microscope of public scrutiny. In contrast, virtually all Arab countries are ruled by self-appointed tyrants and are secretive and closed societies. Their massive and brutal human rights abuses go largely unreported. Journalists and T.V. reporters are allowed in these countries by invitation only. When there, they'd better know what to report and how to report it if they don't wish to be killed, kidnapped, or officially "tried" and executed, as recently happened in Iraq.

This ad had been published and paid for by

FLAME

Facts and Logic About the Middle East
P.O. Box 590359 ■ San Francisco, CA 94159

FLAME is a tax-deductible, non-profit educational 501(c)(3) organization. Its purpose is the research and publication of facts regarding developments in the Middle East and exposing false propaganda that might harm the interest of the United States and its allies in that area of the world. Your tax-deductible contributions are welcome. They enable us to pursue these goals and to publish these messages in national newspapers and magazines. We have virtually no overhead. Almost all of our revenue pays for our educational work, for these clarifying messages and for related direct mail.

Yes, I want to help in the publication of these ads and in clarifying the situation in the Middle East. I include my tax-deductible contribution in the amount of $_____. H 28

❑ My contribution is in the amount of $50 or more. Please send me your booklet containing twenty of the ads that you have published in national media over the last two years.

My name is _____

I live at _____

In _____ State ____ Zip _____

Mail to: FLAME, P.O. Box 590359, San Francisco, CA 94159

limited to two reported victims. She continues by claiming that the testimony invariably includes descriptions of "more and more bizarre, cruel, and lurid acts." This claim ignores two critical issues. On the one hand, disclosures by children are often tightly circumscribed, focused, and specific, and do not become exaggerated even when defense attorneys cross-examine with the specific intent of impeaching them. On the other hand, child sexual abuse *is* often inherently bizarre, cruel, or lurid. Further, the extremes are sometimes confirmed by the offenders' own statements, photographs, videos, and child pornography.

Rabinowitz concludes that we will someday look back, presumably with embarrassment, on a national pathology characterized by hallucinations of child abuse. She would turn back the clock of public awareness to the "good old days" when, as far as we knew, child abuse happened only long ago, far away, and among people we didn't know. She would help us ignore well-documented correlations between child sexual abuse and a variety of other personal-social problems—substance abuse, promiscuity, teen pregnancy, academic underachievement, some forms of depression, hampered adult sexual relationships, and a new generation of abuse.

Socio-legal responses to child sexual abuse and to disclosures of sexual abuse must be thoughtfully developed and skillfully implemented. Investigations must be thorough, and criminal charges must be based on articulated standards, and both must account for the legal rights of the accused. Trials must fastidiously follow established procedures. Interventions must account for the developmental needs and abilities of child victims and witnesses, and for the dynamics of sexual abuse. Prevention programs must sensitively balance themselves between increasing children's abilities to protect themselves on the one hand and frightening them on the other. All of these things can be done only after accepting that child sexual abuse does occur, frequently and to many children, and that it cannot be dismissed or denied simply because it is foreign and repugnant to most of us.

In stark contrast to Rabinowitz's conclusion, this era will be recalled as one in which we as a society loosened the grip on our denial, awkwardly dealt with our repulsion at what we saw, modified and strengthened our initial inadequate responses, and began, finally, to do something about the sexual abuse of children.

Bill France
Everett, Wash.

Having worked for years with abused children and with adult survivors of child abuse, I can say that the sensationally titled article by Dorothy Rabinowitz has already done immeasurable damage to uncountable children—children like Lisa Steinberg, whose neighbors knew that *something* was wrong but told themselves that they were imagining things; children like those I've worked with whose stepfather, mother, or uncle denies the abuse for months before finally admitting it, usually after the heat is off. Rabinowitz's article has done a wonderful job of sticking child abuse farther back into the closet.

Rabinowitz is living in a fantasy world wherein psychologists, child-protection workers, social workers, lawyers, teachers, and parents are either stupid or malevolent, deluded by "the current fixation on child abuse." Her comparison of parents and professionals who care about children to McCarthyites, witch-hunters, and the like was truly astonishing in its frenzy to discredit all involved.

Most people would admit that there is a small minority of people now in prison for murder who are actually innocent. This does not raise eyebrows during dinner conversations, and everyone generally sighs about the "inevitable limits" of our justice system. But at no time does anyone conclude from this fact that murder is vastly overestimated, or that because a few innocent people are imprisoned, we ought to throw in the towel and cease aggressive investigation and prosecution.

Yet when it comes to child abuse, this faulty conclusion is reached time and again. Why? This is not logical but stems from an understandable deficiency in human perception: Dead bodies are easily tabulated, leaving no doubt that murders have occurred. Child-abuse victims, with bodies that heal and minds that may forget details, are not so easily seen.

Rabinowitz's article will allow some people to conclude that child abuse is not *really* so widespread nor so gruesome. It will lead many adults to blind themselves to ongoing child abuse. It is for this reason that I fault *Harper's Magazine*. The editors should have known better. You usually do.

Teresa Whitehurst
Portsmouth, Va.

Rabinowitz writes that the defendant's conviction was based on little or no substantial evidence. She goes on, however, to discuss a considerable amount of evidence presented at the trial. While certainly entitled to her view that the evidence was neither sufficient nor reliable, she neglects to acknowledge that twelve jurors reviewed that evidence, and all twelve found it so abundant and reliable that it proved guilt beyond a reasonable doubt.

Judge Charles B. Schudson
Circuit Court
Milwaukee

As a child, I was orally raped and otherwise sexually abused by five different men, including a babysitter and a close friend of my father's. When I was eleven, I was repeatedly raped by a man whom I knew and trusted, and then gang-raped by a group of his friends. I tried to tell, but I wasn't heard or believed. Only recently, thanks to other survivors speaking out, have I been able to find the strength and support to heal and to tell my truth.

These events may be as "fantastic as any fairy story ever told by the Brothers Grimm," to use Rabinowitz's words, *but they happened.* Even if the conviction of Kelly Michaels was a terrible injustice, Rabinowitz should not imply, as she does, that concern about sexual abuse of children is merely an irrational "shrill fixation."

Name Withheld Upon Request
Toronto

NOTEBOOK

Sermons and soda water

By Lewis H. Lapham

Fresh air and innocence are good if you don't take too much of them—but I always remember that most of the achievements and pleasures of life are in bad air.

—Oliver Wendell Holmes Jr.

Maybe not this year or next, but certainly before the end of the century and possibly before George Bush pitches his last game of presidential horseshoes, I expect to be interrogated by the Fitness Police. The surgeon general hasn't yet been granted the patents of supreme authority, and the federal government (at least to the best of my knowledge as of the end of last week) hasn't yet recruited the legion of spies and informers necessary for the strict enforcement of a punitive health code. But in stray and increasingly frequent moments of foreboding (while reading the Puritan apologetics for the war against drugs, or on being told that yet another battalion of previously unknown carcinogens has inviaded the vegetable markets), I can sense the rising of a cold and purifying wind.

The national concern with pollutants of all kinds—in the atmosphere, the sea, the slums, the movie theaters—trembles on the verge of acute hypochondria, and too many signs point unerringly in the direction of a desperate and intolerant wish to cleanse the world of its impurities. Within the last few years the agents of the state have taken it upon themselves to examine the citizenry for flaws in its blood, its urine, and its speech. The media amplify the din of incessant alarm by their ceaseless dwelling on the fear of disease, crime, sin, foreigners, poverty, and death. Urgent bulletins reporting the whereabouts of these six un-American contagions make up most of what passes for the news. Every morning the papers publish dispatches from every sector of the front:

—A woman in Wisconsin arraigned on charges of adultery.

—A politician in Washington censured for neglecting to send his financial statements to a decent laundry.

—The Supreme Court ruling in favor of police checkpoints at which motorists must submit to a summary search for drunkenness.

—A television columnist suspended for failing to scrub his language clean of racial and sexual opinions.

—The cardinal in New York insisting on the excommunication of Catholic politicians who approve the practice of abortion.

—The owner of a record store in Miami arrested for selling music besmirched with lyrics allegedly obscene.

If I correlate the news reports with the advertisements for abstinence and self-denial (for diet cola, nonalcoholic beer, and no-color mascara), I know that the time has come to study the arts of innocence and stay off the streets after dark. A few weeks ago in an avant-garde restaurant in New York I committed the sin of smoking a cigarette, and in the angry glance of the woman seated virtuously at the next table behind the monkfish, the tofu, and the ferns I recognized the zealous glint of Madame Guillotine.

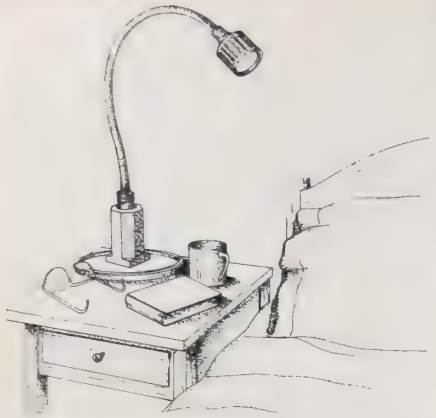
When I try to give form and shape to my apprehension, I see myself standing in a white and sterile room, arraigned on charges of smoking in a public park or trafficking in contraband nouns. Both my interrogators, young, blond, short-haired, and of indeterminate sex, wear surgical masks and gloves of fine, translucent rubber. They sit behind a table of polished wood, reading the list of my prior crimes and misdemeanors—nineteen or twenty pages of small typescript in a plain manila folder. I shift uneasily under the artificial light, and I notice that the thin and processed air has been bleached with the scent of lemons. On the sound system I can hear, faintly and far off, the songs of birds and whales.

Judgment is an administrative formality, and I know that it is useless to attempt an excuse or an extenuating circumstance. I have been found out once too often (photographed at a distance of 300 yards, on a Sunday morning in an open field), and the law is clear about the mandatory punishments—either a three-year term of aerobics at a rehabilitation camp upstate or exile to one of the dingier cities of the Third World. In the Third World it is still permissible to burn coal and sell roasted meats to children under the age of twelve.

My interrogators take turns reading the charges and asking the questions. They do so in the manner of Hollywood celebrities announcing the nominees for an Academy Award. Their voices shine with the self-approval of obedient children. They know that they carry on their handsome shoulders the burden of the nation's conscience and the cost of its insurance. Like the theologians who conducted the Salem witch trials, they believe themselves engaged in a ritual of purification. Their faith in the peculiarly American dream of perfect health (both temporal and spiritual) is the same faith that sets up the markets for patent medicines, plastic surgery, evangelical religion, and reform politics.

The national expenditure on health services (at last count more than $500 billion a year) deserves to be understood as an extravagant act of

Read in Bed



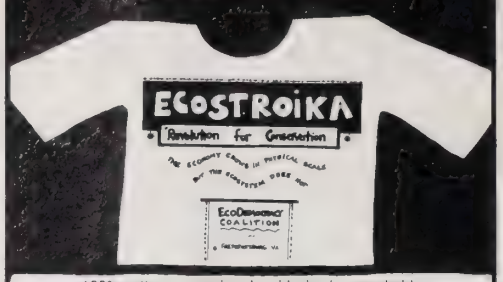
The Sunnex may be the best light made for reading in bed. Its bright halogen light, recessed in a cool shade, illuminates your page—not your partner. Exceptionally well made. In matte black.

Nightstand Sunnex **$156 + $7.50** ship.
(27-inch flexible gooseneck, 8-inch base)
Floor Sunnex **$198 + $9** ship.
(55-inch gooseneck, 10-inch base)
Pair Savings **–$10** and use **$12** ship.
Extra Halogen Bulb **$9**
White Finish Option **$25**

MC/VISA/AMEX/Check • Florida add 6%
Money-Back Guarantee • Catalog on Request
800-544-0880 or 407-276-4141

LEVENGER™
Tools for Serious Readers
975 S. Congress Ave., Code HD, Delray, FL 33445

SPREAD THE WORD!



• 100% cotton • pre shrunk • black ink • washable •
$12.50 ea. • Two Shirts for $20
Indicate size: S M L XL
Make check payable to
Fossil Fuels Policy Action Institute
P.O. Box 8558/Fredericksburg, VA 22404
All proceeds support **EcoDemocracy,**
Coalition for The Conservation Revolution
(Please Allow 4-6 weeks delivery time)

THE BEST FILMS YOU NEVER SAW.

Now you can rent or purchase VHS videotapes by mail. Over 1,100 hard-to-find quality films are available, including *Chocolat, My Left Foot,* and *The Little Thief.*

Our library includes foreign and independent films, limited release features, Hollywood classics, cult favorites and documentaries.

It's simple and inexpensive. Phone or write for free information and list of films.

1-800-258-3456
(in PA, 1-800-633-3456)
Home Film Festival.
P.O. Box 2032, Scranton, PA 18501

Everybody Enjoys Keeping Up with the Jewish World in

MOMENT

America's largest-circulation independent Jewish magazine

"...Feisty."
Time

"...the most literate and interesting of American Jewish magazines."
Anthony Lewis, New York Times

"...a splendid magazine in every way."
Isaac Bashevis Singer

Intelligent • No-Holds-Barred • Debates on Issues Facing Israel and the Jewish Community • Beautiful Full-Color Pictures • Humor • History • Feisty Coverage of All Facets of the Jewish World • And an Extraordinary Letters-to-the-Editor Column

Special Introductory Offer (New Subscribers Only)

GUARANTEE
If you're *ever* disappointed with MOMENT *–for whatever reason–* we'll refund your money–all of it! That's how confident we are that you will enjoy and be better informed with MOMENT.

❑ ***YES! Introduce me to MOMENT!***
Send me a full year's subscription (6 issues) of MOMENT for just $18 – a 33% savings off the cover price.

Payment: ❑ Check Enclosed ❑ Bill Me

Name

Address

City, State, Zip MHP890

Mail to: MOMENT Magazine
3000 Connecticut Avenue, N.W. #300
Washington, D.C. 20008

religious sacrifice. On the altars of eternal life the ancient Greeks presented gifts of burned meat to Zeus and Poseidon. Contemporary Americans profess their equivalent faith with the vast offerings of antiseptic gauze and needless surgical procedures.

The nation spends as recklessly on soap and cosmetics as it does on weapons, the object of both rituals being the protection of the American body politic against the contamination of foreign substances. Every drugstore in the country stocks hundreds of sprays, perfumes, ointments, powders, disinfectants, creams, fresheners, lotions, and scents—all of them intended to preserve a specific part of the anatomy in a state of sweet-smelling grace. American food comes wrapped in plastic, supposedly cured of its impurities and often decorated with artificial colorings meant to disguise the baseness of its origins. The restaurants serving the minimalist abstractions of nouvelle cuisine go to considerable trouble to explain that nothing on the table was killed in a factory or caught in a net.

Transferred into the political arena, the doctrines of social sanitation oblige all candidates for public office to feign the clean-limbed innocence of college sophomores. Even the meanest of politicians has no choice but to present himself as one who would remove the stains from capitalism's bloody clothes and wash the sheets of the American conscience. The system in place is always assumed to be corrupt (i.e., a foul back room reeking of graft and cigar smoke), and the electorate expects its once and future presidents to present themselves as honest and wholesome fellows (not too dissimilar to high school football coaches) who know little or nothing of murder, ambition, lust, selfishness, cowardice, or greed. The more daring members of the troupe might go so far as to admit to reading about such awful things in the newspapers, but the incidents in question invariably have to do with somebody belonging to the other political party or visiting from another world. President Bush conforms so amiably to the preferred image that the national media cannot bear to think of him as the kind of man who ever would have known—

much less been associated with—villains so distasteful as General Manuel Noriega or Admiral John Poindexter. The society chooses to believe that the world's evil doesn't reside within the minds of men (i.e., as a consequence of their flawed and tragic nature) but exists, like the night air, in the space between their deodorants. The belief is consistent with the language of advertising, and it encourages the frenzied consumption of more laws, more tests, more euphemisms, more regulations.

If microbes spawn and multiply as malevolently as the fiends in hell, then the criminalization of unhealthy behaviors follows as inevitably as the acts of contrition imposed on the Puritan congregations in seventeenth-century Massachusetts. I don't think it impossible that sooner or later (sooner in California, later in Ohio or Illinois) the state will demand jail sentences not only for smoking cigarettes but also for consuming too many calories, squandering carbohydrates, and indulging a taste for saturated fats. The dealers in miracles pander to the belief that death is a disease for which somebody sooner or later will discover an infallible cure, but after too many promises have been proved false the frightened customers seek redress in the courts, and the laws begin to insist on the guarantee of immortality.

Let the laws prove insufficiently infallible, and sooner or later the country must come to resemble a well-disciplined boarding school (very clean, very Christian), governed by a headmaster (very hearty, very fit) who can be counted on to expel (to Dakar or Guatemala City) any careless pupil seen in the company of a filthy habit. I suspect that it won't be long before the surgeon general's elite guard begins to force overweight suspects up against glass walls in order to pat them down, not for guns or cocaine but for fatty tissues, for slack thigh muscles, and for warts.

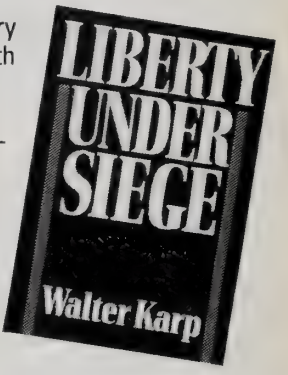
The only question that remains is the one about the design of the uniforms. Khaki tunics and white trousers, or khaki trousers and white tunics? Sneakers or riding boots? An athletic-director's whistle or a length of knotted rope? ■

SPECIAL OFFER

LIBERTY UNDER SIEGE

by Walter Karp

Walter Karp's powerful narrative about American politics is available to *Harper's Magazine* readers through this special offer.



Liberty Under Siege tells the intense and dramatic story of what happened to American politics since the Fourth of July, 1976, when we celebrated the survival and revival of our 200-year-old republic. That history, Karp writes, has at its heart a fierce, vengeful political reaction against the democratic upheavals of the 1960s and early 1970s, a reaction that threatens the very nature of republican self-government.

Karp, a contributing editor to *Harper's Magazine* for the 11 years before he died last year, first published a portion of this book in essay form in the November 1985 issue of *Harper's Magazine.*

"(Karp) had the courage to think for himself, a writer cut in the American grain who could count among his antecedents spirits as restless and various as Ambrose Bierce, Albert Jay Nock, and H.L. Mencken."

—Lewis Lapham, writing in the October 1989 issue of Harper's Magazine

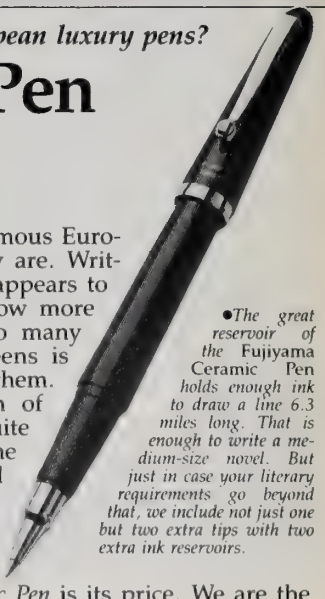
To receive a hard-bound copy of *Liberty Under Siege,* send a check or money order for $9.95 (includes postage and handling) along with your mailing address to: Promotion Department, Harper's Magazine, 666 Broadway, New York, NY 10012.

Does this Japanese model outperform famous European luxury pens?

Fujiyama Ceramic Pen only $39.95*

***But read this ad for an even better deal!**

If you've ever had occasion to write with one of the famous European pens, you know what marvelous products they are. Writing with them is a joy. It is almost effortless. The pen appears to float across the paper—even your thoughts seem to flow more freely. The substantial drawback, however, as with so many other nice things, is that the price of these luxury pens is awfully high. It's easy to spend $150 or more on one of them. Our Japanese friends have created their own version of these luxury pens. They are equally pleasing and quite similar in appearance, heft and feel. They have the same hi-lacquer finish, the same fine gold-tone accents and the same gold-plated clip as the famous European luxury pens. The exclusive ceramic writing tip provides silk-smooth, effortless writing. It will never flatten, stall or skip, even after hardest and longest use.



•*The great reservoir of the* Fujiyama Ceramic Pen *holds enough ink to draw a line 6.3 miles long. That is enough to write a medium-size novel. But just in case your literary requirements go beyond that, we include not just one but two extra tips with two extra ink reservoirs.*

The most remarkable thing about the *Fujiyama Ceramic Pen* is its price. We are the exclusive distributors and are therefore able to offer it for just $39.95. But, we have an even better deal: ***Buy two for $79.90, and we'll send you a third one, with our compliments—absolutely FREE!*** Discard those tacky ballpoint pens and those clumsy felt tips. Write smoothly and easily, give character and good appearance to your writing. And make a really great buy, an even greater one if you take advantage of our "3-for-2 better deal". Get with it—get your *Fujiyama Ceramic Pen(s)* today!

FOR FASTEST SERVICE, ORDER
TOLL FREE (800) 882-3050
24 hours a day, 7 days a week

Please give order **Code #4800A427.** If you prefer, mail check or card authorization and expiration. We need daytime phone # for all orders and issuing bank for charge orders. Add shipping/insurance: $4.95 for one; $6.95 for three. Add sales tax for CA delivery. You have 30-day return and one-year warranty. We do not refund shipping charges.

For quantity orders (100+), call Ernest Gerard, our Wholesale/Premium Manager at (415) 543-6570 or write him at the address below.

since 1967
haverhills®
131 Townsend Street, San Francisco, CA 94107

1990 Peugeot Motors of America, Inc



1991 405 models from $15,300 to $21,700. †Call 1-800-447-2882. ‡MSRP. Excludes tax, title, options, registration and destination charges. *Based on R.L. Polk & Co. owner retention study of MY 1984-1986

After more than a century of building fine automobiles, Peugeot creates cars so well-conceived that some of the best qualities of the car may not be apparent at a glance.

But those willing to take the time to look more closely will find themselves richly rewarded. With a distinctive European automobile whose rare combination of intelligent engineering, legendary driving comfort and enduring style has won the acclaim of automotive enthusiasts the world over.

All of which only begins to explain why people who own Peugeots keep them longer than most import cars on the road.*

Evidently, once you've looked beyond the obvious, it is difficult to see anything less.

HARPER'S INDEX

Number of American universities that have instituted restrictions on public speech since 1988 : 137

Number of personal-computer disks seized from American homes by Secret Service agents last May : 23,000

Total number of documents classified as "secret" or "top secret" by the federal government last year : 5,506,720

Number of times the phrase "read my lips" has appeared in the *Washington Post* since George Bush's inauguration : 140

Average portion of their tax dollars Americans estimate are wasted : 1/2

Number of El Salvador's 15 highest-ranking officers whose troops have committed "brutal human rights abuses" : 14

Number of these officers who have received U.S. training : 12

Average number of South African police officers who have resigned each day this year : 23

Percentage change, since last fall, in the number of riot-control troops on duty in the Soviet Union : +250

Ratio of the average office rent in Moscow's business district to the rent in midtown Manhattan, per square foot : 2:1

Percentage change, since the first quarter of 1989, in the total capital raised by new junk bond issues : −94

Percentage of all outstanding junk bonds that are owned by U.S. life insurance companies : 17

Number of U.S. life insurance companies that have gone bankrupt since 1985 : 68

Percentage of all savings and loan associations that failed during the Depression : 5

Percentage that the government expects will fail in the next five years : 25

Percentage of Americans who say that, given the choice, they would rather hear the bad news first : 63

Number of international terrorist organizations in 1969 : 13

Number today : 74

Incidents of international terrorism since 1977 that involved a BMW : 33

Incidents that involved a Chevrolet Camaro : 1

Rank of Hong Kong, among localities with the most Rolls-Royces per capita : 1

Number of automobiles that have been discarded in the United States since 1946 : 288,324,898

Months after Exxon hired Veco International to clean up the *Valdez* spill that Veco bought the *Anchorage Times* : 9

Chances that the level of pollution in a U.S. river has gotten worse or not improved since 1970 : 9 in 10

Number of families who have applied to purchase homes at Love Canal this year : 225

Number of people who still live in areas contaminated by the Chernobyl accident : 2,200,000

Federal funds to be spent this year on lead-lined trucks to house the administration during nuclear attack : $58,000,000

Amount the President proposes to spend on this program next year : $85,000,000

Federal funds spent on drug-rehabilitation programs for state and local prison inmates last year : $2,000,000

Federal funds budgeted for these programs this year : 0

Ratio of reported rape victims with incomes of less than $3,000 to those with incomes of more than $15,000 : 6:1

Chances that the death of a 10- to 14-year-old American in 1968 was a suicide : 1 in 69

Chances today : 1 in 17

Number of Colombians killed by death squads last year because they were believed to be homosexuals or prostitutes : 364

Estimated percentage of AIDS carriers, worldwide, who contracted the virus through heterosexual sex : 60

Amount the U.S. Air Force spent this year to study the effects of jet noise on pregnant horses : $100,000

Percentage of veterinarians who say they have felt depressed after putting an animal to sleep : 67 (see page 25)

Percentage of men between the ages of 40 and 64 who snore heavily : 60

Percentage of rural Chinese couples who say they usually spend less than a minute on foreplay : 34

Figures cited are the latest available as of June 1990. Sources are listed on page 78.
"Harper's Index" is a registered trademark.

DAMARK INTERNATIONAL, INC.

THE "GREAT DEAL" CATALOG

1-800-729-9000

ORDER TODAY!

cordata 386SX COMPUTER with VGA MONITOR



- 100% IBM compatible.
- Includes 14" VGA color monitor.
- 80386SX-16/8 MHz speed, zero wait state,upgradable to 20 MHz.
- One 3-1/2" 1.44 MB floppy disk drive.
- One 5-1/4" 1.2 MB floppy disk drive.
- 40 MB hard drive/28 millisecond access time. • 1 MB RAM on motherboard, expandable to 8 MB.
- Expansion slots: three IBM AT compatible accessory slots; one IBM PC/XT compatible accessory slot.
- Three 1/2" peripheral bay.
- Built-in VGA video support.
- Battery backed real time clock/ calendar. • One serial & one parallel port. • 80387SX-16 math co-processor socket.
- 101 key IBM style keyboard.
- Three 16-bit IBM PC/XT compatible, One 8-bit slot.
- Phoenix BIOS.

* Software shown on screen not included.

- Model # CPC8248. • Included MS-DOS 4.0.
- Dim.: 16"W x 18"D x 5"H.
- **One Year Warranty through Cordata.**
- **Factory New! Factory Perfect!**

Mfr. Sugg. Retail: **$2,968.00**

DAMARK PRICE $1499.99

Item No. B-2230-143578
Insured Ship/Hand.: $49.00

TEENAGE MUTANT NINJA TURTLES



"COWABUNGA DUDE!" These plush Teenage Mutant Ninja Turtles are too "RAD" for words. As avengers of evil, they're sure to bring smiles to young and old alike. Chairs sold separately.

FACTORY NEW! FACTORY PERFECT!

Turtles:

- Famous Teenage Mutant Ninja Turtle characters.
- Plush, polyfoam stuffing for long life. • Large 31" replicas. • Bright green color.
- Fastest moving toy in the industry today!
- Meets or exceeds all Consumer Product Safety Council safety standards.
- Choose from Leonardo, Donatello, Raphael, or Michelangelo.
- **30 Day DAMARK Replacement Warranty!**

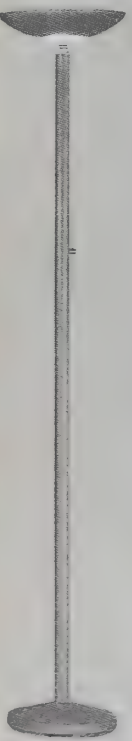
Chairs:

- Monogrammed with an "L" for Leonardo, or "R" for Raphael.
- Plush polyfoam construction.
- Removable, washable, dryable covers.
- Meets or exceeds all Consumer Product Safety Council safety standards.
- Dim.: 14"W x 14"D x 23-1/2"H.
- **30 Day DAMARK Replacement Warranty!**

DAMARK PRICE $39.99

(Leonardo)Item No. B-2230-144501
(Donatello)Item No. B-2230-144519
(Raphael)Item No. B-2230-144527
(Michelangelo)Item No. B-2230-144535
(Leonardo Chair)Item No. B-2230-144543
(Raphael Chair)Item No B-2230-144550
Insured Ship/Hand.: $6.50

HALOGEN TORCHIERE FLOOR LAMP



Fill your room with light from this Halogen Torchiere Floor Lamp.

- Halogen torchiere floor lamp.
- Shines light upward, yet fills entire room.
- Variable light control switch.
- 500 Watt halogen bulb included. • U.L. listed.
- Contemporary design.
- Glass insert below shade allows light to shine downward also—for a complete lighting effect.
- Color: Black, white, brass, chrome, or almond.
- Height: Approx. 72".
- **1 Year Mfr. Warranty!**
- **Factory New & Perfect!**

Mfr. Sugg. Retail: **$170.00**

DAMARK PRICE $39.99

(Black)Item No. B-2230-127911
(White)Item No. B-2230-130153
(Brass)Item No. B-2230-130161
(Chrome)Item No. B-2230-130179
(Almond)Item No. B-2230-130187
Insured Ship/Hand.: $9.50

SAMSUNG INTEGRATED PERSONAL FACSIMILE MACHINE



- 9600 baud. • 16-level gray scale for photos & drawings.
- 5-sheet automatic document feeder.
- Transmits in 15 sec. or less. • One-touch dialing for 12 locations. • 2-digit speed dialing for 88 locations.
- Timer transmission. • Integrated, hearing aid compatible handset. • Auto redial. • 2-line alphanumeric LCD.
- Monitor speaker with adjustable volume. • Last number redial.
- On-hook dialing. • Time/date display.
- Activity reporting.
- Printing width: 8.5".
- Model #: FX2010.
- Dim.: 13-5/8"W x 10-3/8"D x 4-7/8"H.
- Wt.: 12-1/8 lbs.
- **One Year Parts, 90 Days Labor Mfr. Warranty!**
- **Factory New & Perfect!**

SUPER SAVINGS!!

Mfr. Sugg. Retail: **$1,399.00**

DAMARK PRICE $499.99

Item No. B-2230-140236
Insured Ship/Hand.: $20.00

SmartMax Fax/Phone Auto Switch



- No need for a dedicated fax line.
- Fax/phone auto switch allows your new fax to share existing phone line.
- Works on all Group 3 fax machines.
- Single switch to lock out either voice or fax calls.
- Front panel status lights indicate modes of operation.
- SmartMax handles power outages by automatically switching to phone-only mode. • Allows manual override so you can send a fax to the person you're talking to on the phone. • 24-Hour customer service line.
- Easy installation. • UL listed. • FCC certified.
- Dim.: 4" X 7" X 1-1/2".
- Weight: 2-1/2" lbs.
- Model #: MX 1030.
- **Two Year Mfr. Warranty!**
- **Factory New & Perfect!**

Mfr. Sugg. Retail: **$245.00**

DAMARK PRICE $99.99

Item No. B-2230-128934
Insured Ship/Hand.: $7.50



FAMOUS MAKER TRANSPORTABLE CELLULAR TELEPHONE

- **FULLY FEATURED:**
- No installation required!
- Full 3 watts of power.
- Alphanumeric display (LCD).
- Status indicators (in-use, roam, horn).
- Backlit keypad.
- Speed dialing.
- Electronic lock. • 9 number memory. • Quick store.
- Scratch pad (enter number while on phone).
- Automatic call retry. • 3 level volume control (earpiece, speaker, bell).
- Call in absence indicator. • Comes ready to use.
- Compact water resistant nylon carrying case. • Last number redial.
- **One Year Mfr. Warranty!**
- **Factory New! Factory Perfect!**

Public Notice: This Transportable Cellular Telephone comes pre-programmed with your local cellular number. Special price is $99.99 which requires a one year new activation and minimum service commitment through International Ventures, Inc. Subject to credit approval by telephone company. Your first monthly statement contains two months of basic service plus a one time $37.00 activation fee and any air time you have used. Prior to delivery, you will receive a contract indicating local rates. You will receive the contract within two weeks after placing your order. You must return the signed contract to complete the processing of your order. You will receive phone within 10 days after receipt of signed contract. Phone not available in California, North Carolina & Hawaii. DAMARK'S 14 day return policy does not apply. This offer is void where activation is restricted or prohibited by law.

Mfr. Sugg. Retail: **$599.00**

DAMARK PRICE $99.99

Item No B-2230-145730
Insured Ship/Hand.: $19.00

Battery Pack & Charger:

- 2.2 amp lead acid battery pack & charger
- Allows 1 hour talk-time & 4 hours standby

Mfr. Sugg.: **$79.95**

DAMARK PRICE $39.99

Item No. B-2230-145748
Insured Ship/Hand.: $5.00

SHARP BACKLIT LAPTOP COMPUTER

- Fast 10 MHZ clock speed.
- 8088 compatible CPU.
- Dual 3.5" 720 KB floppy disk drives.
- 100% IBM compatible.
- Supertwist display with EL back-lighting.
- High res.: 640 x 400 graphics with four shades of gray.



- Monitor compatibility: CGA, MDA & AT&T. • 640 KB RAM expandable to 1.6 MB.
- Parallel port. • Serial port. • Lightweight & compact.
- 10 function keys. • Built-in carrying handle. • Includes: MS-DOS 3.3 & GW-Basic 3.22. • 25 lines x 80 characters. • Cursor control keys.
- Separate numeric key pad. • Battery or AC operation. • Low battery indicator.
- Dim.: 12.1"W x 13.7"D x 3.2"H.
- Weight: 10.8 lbs. • Model #: MZ-100.
- **1 Yr. Limited Mfr. Warranty!**
- **Factory New! Factory Perfect!**

Mfr. Sugg. Retail: **$1,999.00**
DAMARK PRICE $799.99
Item No. B-2230-146266
Insured Ship/Hand.: $20.00

RAND MCNALLY®

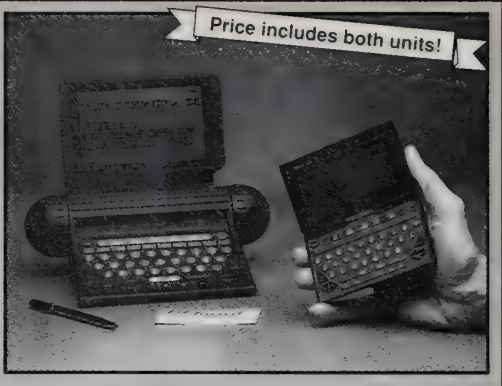
INSTA-PHRASE™ 5 LANGUAGE TRAVEL TRANSLATOR



- Pocket-sized digital travel translator.
- Translates French, Spanish, German, Italian and English.
- Translates from any one language to any other.
- Translates common phrases.
- Correct grammar.
- Converts currency-- each currency identified by its own symbol US$, £, DM, etc.
- Travel-alarm clock switches from 12 hr. to 24 hr. display.
- 100 year calendar displays year, month, date & day of the week, until the year 2088. • Full feature 10-digit calculator.
- Model #: TT-500. • LCD display.
- Uses 4 LR44H batteries (incl.). 200 hour life.
- Auto power off after 7 minutes without entry.
- Weight: 6 oz.
- Dim.: 3-1/8"x 4-15/16" x 13/16".
- **90 Day Warranty through distributor.**
- **Factory New! Factory Perfect!**

Mfr. Sugg. Retail: **$150.00**
DAMARK PRICE $79.99
Item No. B-2230-145573
Insured Ship/Hand.: $5.50

TELE-ART INSTRUMENTS THE 64K ELECTRODEX™ & 32K POCKET COMPUTER



64K Electrodex Features:
- Electronic desktop card file & organizer.
- 64K random access memory (64,000 characters). • Cordless and wireless.
- Rotary dial for easy flipby viewing of business cards.
- AC adapter or 3 "AA" batteries plus 1 Lithium back-up battery which provides a no-loss memory back-up system, (included).
- **90 Day Limited Mfr. Warranty!**
- **Factory New & Perfect!**

32K Pocket Computer Features:
- Infrared wireless transfer system—transfer files to an associate's or to the desk top 64K. • Powerful 32K RAM (32,000 char).
- Extra large LCD display screen (6 lines x 24 characters per page).
- **7 screen categories**: Business Card File, The Call Sheet, Letters To Write, Reminder Notes, Monthly Calendar, & Currency Converter & Large Screen Calculator. • Dim.: 5"L x 7"W x 1"D.

Mfr. Sugg. Retail: **$317.00**
DAMARK PRICE $169.99
Item No. B-2230-145904
Insured Ship/Hand.: $9.50

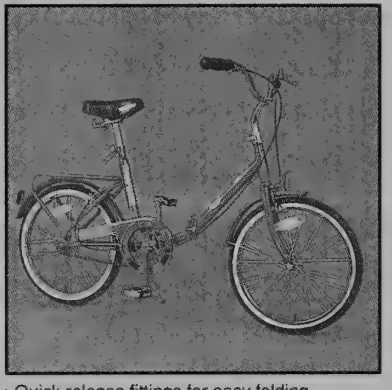
BEL COMPUHETERODYNE RADAR DETECTOR



- Compact and portable—it practically fits in your pocket. • Separate X and K band alerts.
- Exclusive Compuheterodyne® circuitry. • Reduced Sensitivity Mode minimizes false signals. • False Signal Recognition mode for fast analysis of incoming signals.
- Amber and red LEDs light in sequency as signal strength increases.
- Green On LED. • Amber LED indicates radar. • Auto volume control.
- Includes accessories: dash/visor bracket, hook and loop fastener, cigarette lighter plug. • Dim.: 3/4"H x 3-1/8"W x 4-1/2"L. • Model #: XKR500.
- **1 Year Limited Mfr. Warranty! • Factory New! Factory Perfect!**

Mfr. Sugg. Retail: **$179.95**
DAMARK PRICE $69.99
Item No. B-2230-146324
Insured Ship/Hand.: $6.00

RAND 20" DELUXE FOLDING BIKE



- Quick release fittings for easy folding.
- Front and rear caliper brakes.
- Quick release adjustable handlebar lever.
- Reinforced rubber pedals. • Foam cushion grips. • Whitewall tires. • Front/rear fenders.
- Luggage rack. • Colors: Red, White.
- Weight: 35 lbs. • Dim.: 47" x 6-1/2" x 24".
- Model #: FB-20. • **6 Month Mfr. Warranty on frame, 3 Months on other parts.**
- **Factory New! Factory Perfect!**

Mfr. Sugg. Retail: **$239.95**
DAMARK PRICE $119.99
Item No. B-2230-144402
Item No. B-2230-144410
Insured Ship/Hand.: $15.50

Canon 35MM SURE SHOT MULTI-TELE CAMERA



- Auto retractable 35/60mm lens extends and retracts. Go from wide angle to telephoto in an instant.
- Autofocus, auto-exposure and auto film transport.
- Built-in auto flash. • Auto ISO 50 to 3200.
- Auto rewind and auto film loading (mid-roll rewinding possiblewith press of a button).
- Half-frame mode allows you twice the shots per roll of film. • Pre-focus possible by pressing the shutter button halfway. • Includes case, strap and lithium battery. • Made in Japan.
- Dim.: 5-1/4"W x 2-13/16"H x 1-15/16"D.
- **1 Year Mfr. Warranty!**
- **Factory New! Factory Perfect!**

Mfr. Sugg. Retail: **$399.00**
DAMARK PRICE $149.99
Item No. B-2230-137026
Insured Ship/Hand.: $5.50

DAMARK INTERNATIONAL, INC.

FOR FASTEST SERVICE CALL TOLL FREE
1-800-729-9000
CUSTOMER SERVICE: 1-612-531-0082

QTY	DESCRIPTION	ITEM #	S/H/I	PRICE

DELIVERY TO 48 U.S. CONTINENTAL STATES ONLY

SUB TOTAL
in MN add 6% Sales Tax
Total S/H/I
GRAND TOTAL

NAME _____
ADDRESS _____
CITY _____ ST____ ZIP _____
PHONE _____

VISA MasterCard DISCOVER

Check/Money Order ☐ VISA CARD NO. _____
MasterCard ☐ Discover EXP. DATE_____ SIGNATURE_____

B-2230

Copyright 1990 DAMARK International, Inc.
All Rights Reserved

Send To: DAMARK INTERNATIONAL, INC., 7101 Winnetka Ave. N. Minneapolis, MN 55428-1619


ABSOLUT
Country of Sweden
VODKA®
This superb vodka
was distilled from grain grown
in the rich fields of southern Sweden.
It has been produced at the famous
old distilleries near Åhus
in accordance with more than
400 years of Swedish tradition
and sold under the name Absolut
Since 1879.
80 PROOF
BOTTLED IN SWEDEN 1 LITRE (33.8 FL. OZ.)
IMPORTED
IMPORTER AND SOLE DISTRIBUTOR FOR THE U.S.
CARILLON IMPORTERS LTD., NEW YORK, N.Y.
ABSOLUT ATTRACTION.
FOR GIFT DELIVERY ANYWHERE CALL 1-800-CHEER-UP (EXCEPT WHERE PROHIBITED BY LAW)
50 AND 100 PROOF / 100% GRAIN NEUTRAL SPIRITS (ABSOLUT COUNTRY OF SWEDEN) © 1986 CARILLON IMPORTERS LTD., TEANECK, N.J.

READINGS

[Prison Memoir]

INSIDE QIN CHENG PRISON

From "Qin Cheng Prison: A Story," by a twenty-one-year-old Chinese student. The author, who wishes to remain anonymous, was arrested last summer for his role in the Tiananmen Square protest and detained without charge in Qin Cheng Prison, near Beijing, until his release in April. Most of the students and intellectuals arrested last year were held in Qin Cheng; the Chinese government, however, rarely acknowledges the prison's existence. Because of Chinese society's traditional indulgence of student dissent, the students in Qin Cheng have fared better than others detained for their role in the demonstrations last spring. Arrested workers tend to be kept for extended periods in local detention centers, where they are crowded thirty and forty to a cell. Several thousand Chinese citizens are still being held for participating in the prodemocracy movement. The staff of the UPI bureau in Beijing obtained the diary from the author and translated it into English.

No matter how hard you look, you can't find Qin Cheng Prison on a map of Beijing.

In the Fourteenth Department of the Beijing Public Security Bureau—the office responsible for investigating the student movement—two plainclothes policemen made me sign the investigation papers for detainees. My notice read: "By order of the State Council, you are being detained and put under investigation." I signed it, and they handcuffed me and walked me out to the prison van.

The van traveled along Chang Ping Road. Looking out the window, I felt dumbfounded. I said to myself, "No matter how long they sentence me for, I must survive and remain strong." I didn't know where they were sending me. Suddenly, the car turned onto an asphalt road going east. Then we turned north, and a group of buildings appeared before us. Beyond them, I could see the foothills of Mount Xiaotang.

The car stopped outside the gate. I looked into the compound. It seemed deserted, but very forbidding. There was a big sign hanging on the gate: THOSE WHO ARE NOT WORKERS ON THIS COMPOUND ARE PROHIBITED FROM ENTERING. When common people pass in front of this, they would never imagine, even in their wildest dreams, that this is the infamous Qin Cheng Prison.

During the Cultural Revolution, many members of the democratic parties and many high-ranking cadres of the Communist Party were imprisoned here. Now the Gang of Four are kept in Qin Cheng. They live in separate housing and occasionally must do small tasks.

Even the guards at Qin Cheng are not sure how big the prison is. The prison cells are enclosed on all sides and the courtyards sealed. The guards stationed in each yard cannot enter any of the other yards. Walking from the front gate to the prison cell, I passed seven gates and two electric fences.

As I entered the building, they took off my handcuffs and confiscated my belt and shoelaces so that I couldn't hang myself. They took a picture of me from the waist up, as if they were issuing me a residence card. They gave me two bowls, a plastic spoon, a mattress, and a quilt.

The iron gate slammed shut and I became a citizen of Qin Cheng.

The first day passed very quickly. I didn't touch the steamed corn bread, but I ate the winter melon cooked in soy sauce. The second day my stomach felt bad, so I ate half a piece of steamed corn bread at each meal. The third day my stomach felt worse and I forced myself to eat

two pieces of corn bread. Every day we had two meals—one at 9 A.M. and one at 4:30 P.M. Every morning I woke up hungry and waited for the salted cabbage and corn bread.

The living conditions are much better than those at the students' dormitory at the university. The prison cells are very spacious and there is a toilet in each cell, as well as a loudspeaker. There are also two bathrooms on every floor. Outside, many apple trees grow.

At first we had eight people in our cell. The wooden beds could sleep only six, so we took turns sleeping on the floor. We soon discovered that before we had arrived, the walls of the cell had been hastily whitewashed. By lightly scraping them we were able to uncover words and messages written by former prisoners. From these we saw that in 1985 political prisoners had been kept here, and that since then the cell had been empty.

From the bed to the iron cell door was seven steps; from the door to the bed was also seven steps. Who knows how many steps we paced back and forth every day. When the guards opened the door we could see outside, and we would all rush to look dumbfoundedly at the sky. Dumbfoundedness is the best state to be in while in prison.

Some nights, I woke up from my dreams and felt very lonely and sad. The ceiling light was gloomy, and the sound of the guards' footsteps echoed in the quiet passageway. Some students went crazy at night. Their miserable cries and shouts would wake me up: "I want to go home!" "Let me go home!" There were definitely prisoners in Qin Cheng who had been arrested by mistake.

Bathing was very interesting at Qin Cheng. It was just like driving pigs to the river. Each prisoner was given only five minutes; when the time was up, you were taken away. Sometimes we were taken away naked because we had no time to put on clothes. Our naked bodies looked so smooth in the bright sunlight that when we got back to the cell we couldn't help laughing. You couldn't live in Qin Cheng without laughing. Otherwise, the oppressive atmosphere would kill you.

The happiest things at Qin Cheng were outside exercise and going to the investigation room. Only two people could exercise at once in a small yard. We could look at the blue sky, sunbathe, and take a deep breath of fresh air, but only once a week for half an hour. How valuable this was for us! We also looked forward to our interrogations, because we could ask our interrogators for cigarettes and try to get some news from the outside.

In June and July, women students were brought into the building, which made the male guards feel very uncomfortable. There was a peephole in the bathroom, and according to prison regulations, the guards had to look in every five minutes. On July 1 (Communist Party Day) the women sang the "Internationale," and it encouraged the men. The "Internationale" echoed in Tiananmen Square in May; two months later, it echoed in the sky over Qin Cheng.

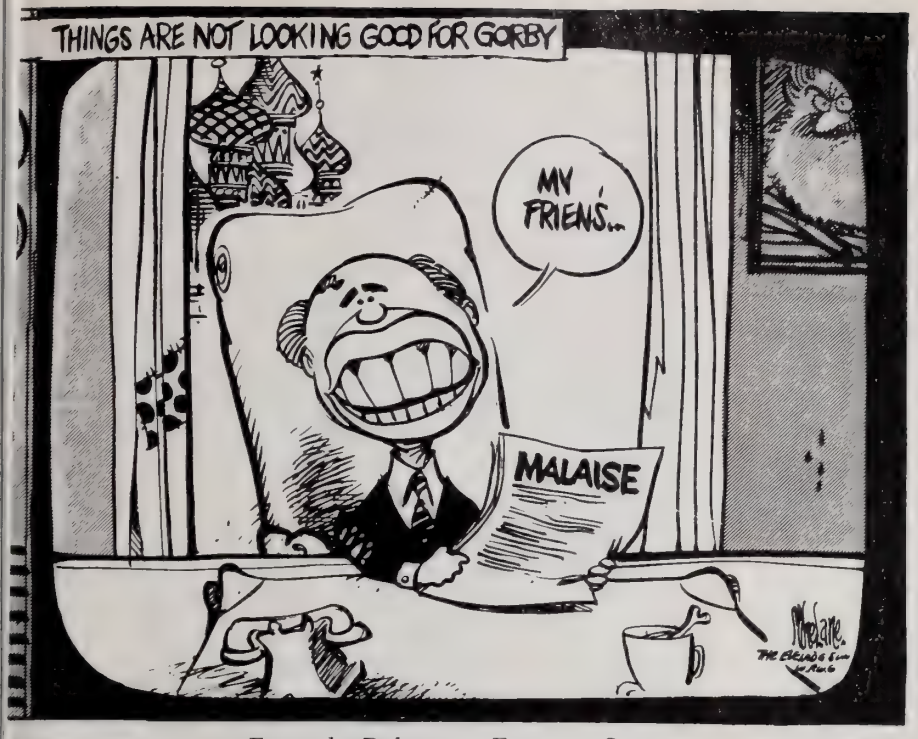
Slowly we became familiar with things inside. We got up the courage to pass news between cells. Every weekend, the guards allowed us to play poker and chess, and we took advantage of this by putting notes in among the cards and in the chessboard. This method was discovered immediately. Then we talked to each other through the ventilation, and soon the ventilation was closed. Then we communicated through the water pipe. The water pipe could not be closed, so the guards and wardens had to turn their heads and pretend not to see.

Actually, once we became familiar with the guards and the wardens, we looked forward to talking with them. They were all very sympathetic toward the students. One time, while he was repairing the heating, a warden told us that he had supported the students at first, "but then you became unreasonable." There was one doctor who would order several days of special "sick meals" for students if he thought they were losing weight. He warned us: "You children should take care of your health. The road ahead will be long." The interrogators also seemed to agree in their hearts with the students. They never beat or berated us, or tried to trick us into implicating ourselves. Many interrogators even changed students' confessions in order to help them.

Inevitably, there were several political meetings every week, designed to brainwash us. "No Communist Party, no new China," we were told. "Socialism is China's only road." They talked of the dictatorship of the proletariat, and they scolded us for our bourgeois liberalism.

The *People's Daily* and the *Beijing Daily* were the only newspapers we were allowed to read. We became very emotional about what was happening outside, especially the events in Eastern Europe. When Ceauşescu was killed, our spirits were lifted for some time. When we heard that Nelson Mandela, who had been in prison for twenty-seven years, had been set free, we wondered whether we might also have to stay in prison for twenty-seven years.

Everyone in Qin Cheng had to write a report on their new thoughts. If these reports were not acceptable—even if your original crime was slight—you were unable to get out of Qin



From the Baltimore Evening Sun.

Cheng. In China, your attitude is half the crime. I wrote more than fifty pages in my rethinking report, and I was clever: Even if in my heart I didn't agree with the authorities, I agreed with them with my tongue and with my pen. If they said the student protest movement was turmoil, I said it was turmoil. If they said it was a riot, I said it was a riot. Many people, though, refused to write a rethinking report, and refused to admit that they had broken the law.

There were more than one hundred students in Qin Cheng. Now there are only about forty. Most of them will be sentenced, but only ten have been officially arrested; all of these are from the student headquarters on Tiananmen Square. Students, generally speaking, will not be given capital-punishment or life sentences. The government will be much more stern with the older people in the democratic movement; it is said that they will be sentenced to life in prison.

Every university in Beijing has been given a quota for how many students to punish. It is believed that around fifty students will be sentenced in Beijing. On top of this, about one thousand students will be warned and have a big demerit placed in their files.

It appears that communist China has learned some lessons from the collapse of communism in Eastern Europe. They will be merciless in dealing with the appearance of illegal organizations. Even the literary societies in middle schools will be shut down. All posters are regularly destroyed, because the authorities are still afraid of them.

And what will the students do? No one knows when the next student movement will break out. Maybe next time there will be another method, and another result.

[Essay]

LEARNING A NEW PARTY LINE

By Miklós Vámos. From the May 28 issue of The Nation. *Vámos, a Hungarian writer, is a guest lecturer at Yale and other universities in Connecticut.*

They ask you, "Where are you from?" When you tell them you're from Hungary, they say, "That's wonderful!" To be Czechoslovak, Polish, or East German is wonderful, too. To be Hungarian is still a bit more wonderful, although this can change any day. Lately the most wonderful is to be Romanian.

Once you've agreed how wonderful it is to be who you are, they say, "Interesting things are going on over there." You have to agree again. You are at a party, this time at Yale University. People around you are all interested in Eastern Europe. That's their field—linguists, histori-

ans, sociologists, economists. They like you.

One of your hands holds a glass of wine, the other a paper plate with food, and you try to eat with your third hand. So you just nod because you prefer interesting to wonderful.

Your country was called "the funniest barracks in the Eastern bloc" and "the goulash archipelago." Now there's no bloc and no barracks any longer, and even the goulash is endangered—by the astronomical prices and climbing inflation.

They ask you, "How long have you been here?" And when you tell them you've been here for six months, they say, "That's wonderful!" If you've been here for six weeks, that's also wonderful. Six days, that's wonderful, too—if not marvelous.

Yes, it's marvelous to be here since this is a country you can't take your eyes off. A few years ago you couldn't even dream about coming here. It's as good as gold to be here if you are Czechoslovak, Polish, Hungarian, Bulgarian, whatever—all in all, it's wonderful. Here you have to work really hard to get paid, but you worked really hard in your home country, too. What you made there was peanuts compared with what you get here when you get peanuts. You feel grateful, and you feel guilty because your friends at home are jealous. They're still making peanuts over there.

"You'll stay here?" you are asked, but it sounds like a statement. You say "Dunno," and you really don't know. On the one hand, you have the gloomy feeling that if you leave you may never get another chance to return. On the other hand, interesting things are going on *over there,* where you belong. You should be there, shouldn't you?

So you tell them that you may go home. They seem to be disappointed as they say, "That's wonderful!" Now you'd like to tell them you're not so sure. You're full of ambivalence and apprehension. You worry about your country. It's too small, burdened with too many big problems. Among other interesting things, there's tremendous poverty, social tension, anti-Semitism, and anti-Gypsyism over there. But if you talked to them about it, they would ask, "Why do you go back, then?" And you're afraid you wouldn't have a good answer.

Americans believe that where there's a problem, there's always a solution. In Eastern Europe, it's the other way around: Where there's no solution, there's a problem. You have already explained this to ninety-nine Americans at parties in thirty-eight different states, from Connecticut to California. Everyone laughed. However, this is not a joke. When you told them you've been writing a book in English although you are a Hungarian, no one laughed. However, this *is* a joke.

They don't laugh, but they smile, and their teeth look so strong and white that you feel you should run out and buy some floss (waxed and minted), some mouthwash (extra-strength formula), and a toothbrush (electric). But it's not just their teeth. When they smile they show you all their gums, the firm pink flesh in which their strong and white teeth are fixed. It seems as if they were made of plastic.

You don't know why, but you feel it's a shameful spectacle, a little bit pornographic. You can't stop staring at their gums. You know it's silly, but they still remind you of naked sex organs. Okay, you think, you've gone nuts; it's really time to go home. In the meantime, you dip and eat.

"Where are you from?" a tall blond woman asks you.

"Hungary."

"Interesting things are going on over there!"

"Oh yeah." You smile. She is smiling too. You are unable to open your mouth as wide as

[Employment History]

ZEITGEIST BARBIE

From the résumé of Barbie in the Barbie 30th Anniversary Magazine, *published last winter by Welsh Publishing Group in New York City. According to Mattel, the company that created Barbie, the doll's careers are chosen to "reflect the activities and professions that modern women are involved in."*

POSITIONS HELD

1959 to present: Fashion Model
1961 to present: Ballerina
1961–64: Stewardess, American Airlines
1964: Candy Striper
1965: Teacher
1965: Fashion Editor
1966: Stewardess, Pan American
1973–75: Flight Attendant, American Airlines
1973 to present: Medical Doctor
1976: Olympic Athlete
1984: Aerobics Instructor
1985: TV News Reporter
1985: Fashion Designer
1985: Corporate Executive
1988: Perfume Designer
1989 to present: Animal Rights Volunteer

hers. Too much, too much gum, you think.

You can't say a word. You are looking at her smile and thinking about your little country. Oh, if we could smile like that . . . We have neither the teeth nor gums for it. There's a lot to do, a lot to learn yet.

[Rap]

THERE'S A RIOT AT THE MINT!

From remarks by Representative Major Owens, a Democrat from Brooklyn, in the April 19 Congressional Record.

Mr. Speaker, the cost of the savings and loan bailout continues to mushroom. Five hundred billion dollars is now considered the most honest and intelligent estimate of the cost of this monstrous adventure in socialized banking. A huge new federal bureaucracy known as the Resolution Trust Corporation (RTC) has erupted to administer this gargantuan effort. Ordinary words and plain prose are not adequate to describe this giant public scandal. Perhaps the language of the new street poets—rap artists—can best describe this continuing fiscal atrocity.

Although I am not a musician, the purely poetic component of rap has aroused my interest, since I sometimes write poetry as an outlet for my political frustrations. Very few federal actions have been as frustrating as the bailout of the savings and loan associations.

Today my two concerns came together, and I decided to write a few rap-style poems. This attempt focuses on my frustration with Congress and its silence on the S&L excesses. I would like to offer "The S&L Riot."

There's a riot at the mint!
But you gotta be a gent
To break in here only MBAs
You must comprehend their deregulated ways.
There's a riot at the mint!
Don't just stand there
Kick the Treasury door down.
You know the auditors promised
That they wouldn't come around.
Despite bright daylight they'll take every cent.
There's a riot at the mint!
No cop sirens will wail.
No nice gents will they jail.
There's a riot at the mint!
You can't hole up here with a Honda
Bring your Lincoln, Cadillac, Mercedes, or
Rolls-Royce,
Champagne, caviar—the very best when
they rejoice.
Reagan was the host
Who gave them the most,
But there's a new chump now.
Hurry old boys wherever you are
Come and milk the golden cow.
Push the RTC to give more milk
Wrap your rotten bankruptcy in priceless
silk.
There's a riot at the mint!
You must comprehend their deregulated ways
No loot for anybody but MBAs.
There's a riot at the mint!
Don't you wish you were a gent?
Thoroughbreds race to the scene
All of their riders are mean.
When our mint is picked clean
Hear these haughty hogs all scream
That there's no free lunch!
Only this plump bunch
Deserves a national free lunch.
There's a riot at the mint!
None of these gents plan to repent.
This rape is obscene.
These gents are real mean.
Keep your children inside
Teach them true national pride.
There's a riot at the mint!
There's a riot at the mint!



From the Utne Reader.

[Menu]

THE LAST FOOD TREND

From the menu for the "wild game festival" at New Deal, a restaurant in SoHo in Manhattan. In a note printed on the back of the menu, chef Jeffrey Nathan writes that "we too are concerned with the protection of our wildlife. . . . We do not feature endangered species, and do not purchase from unauthorized sources. . . . So let your conscience remain clear, and enjoy a rare opportunity to sample unusual game, handled in a unique and expert manner." The wild game festival is an annual event, running from November through January.

DIAMONDBACK RATTLESNAKE CUTLET
Removed from the bone, batter-dipped, panfried golden, served with a sun-dried-tomato walnut-butter sauce, garnished with shaved arugula. $9.50.

ALLIGATOR CHILI
With sour cream, red onions, and scallions. $8.50.

REPTILE POT PIE
A combination of boneless snapping turtle, alligator, frogs' legs, and rattlesnake, interspersed with fresh vegetables and herbs, in a delicate sherry-wine cream sauce. $9.50.

BUFFALO CARPACCIO
Paper-thin slices, topped with extra-virgin olive oil and shaved Parmesan cheese and garnished with arugula. $9.50.

ROCKY MOUNTAIN OYSTERS
Coated in fresh bread crumbs, panfried crisp, served with a barbecue butter sauce, garnished with tomato salsa, avocado, and sour cream. $8.50.

KANGAROO YAKITORI
Skewers of kangaroo and scallion, marinated in soy sauce, sake, and mirin, quickly grilled and served on stir-fried vegetables, accompanied by pickled ginger. $8.50.

BLACK BUCK ANTELOPE
Leg marinated in bourbon and sour cherries, coated with fresh herbs, pan roasted, served with a sour cherry–sage sauce. $22.50.

BLACK HORNED MOOSE
Center cut, from the loin, grilled and served with a wild mushroom–Madeira wine sauce. $22.50.

BOBWHITE QUAIL
Partially boned, grilled, served on a bed of greens, accompanied by a spicy cayenne dipping sauce, and served with a gazpacho of baby vegetables. $19.50.

PAILLARD OF WILD TURKEY
Breast grilled, sliced, and placed on a bed of field greens, topped with a maple-barbecue vinaigrette. $19.50.

A TRIO OF WILD GAME
Depending on availability, a selection will be made from such exotic meats as lion, giraffe, camel, zebra, wild boar, etc.; each will be served with its own appropriate sauce and garnish. $26.50.

[Speech]

THE THRILL OF POVERTY

From a speech by Thomas Monaghan, the founder of Domino's Pizza, to a group of business executives at Madonna College in Livonia, Michigan, in February. Monaghan's personal wealth is estimated to exceed $500 million.

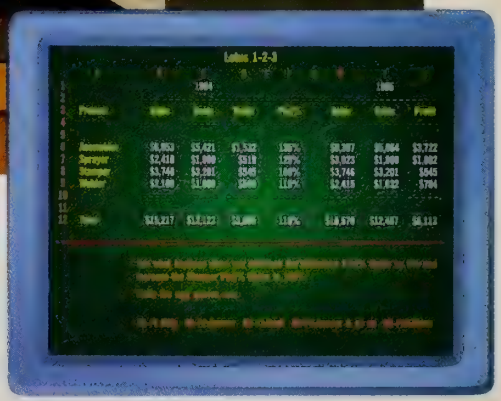
To me one of the most exciting things in the world is being poor. Survival is such an exciting challenge. There was a study done about twenty years ago, I think at Harvard, which said that the average family of four could live on $68 a year. That's a balanced diet—everything they need for a year. Now today that might be $250 or $300, but when we see these people in lines in supermarkets with all these food stamps, buying potato chips and snack foods and ice cream, I mean, give me a break! *That's* poverty?

Now you're probably wondering how you can live on $68 a year. The first thing you do is go to the Farm Bureau and buy a hundred-pound bag of powdered milk, like they feed the calves—there's nothing wrong with it; it tastes just like regular milk when you put a little water in it. That would probably last you the better part of a year. While you're at the Farm Bureau you buy yourself a bushel of oats or wheat or corn, and you mash that stuff up. What you're eating isn't all that tasty—it kind of tastes like cornmeal mush—but it's healthy. And you grow some vegetables and you get a few vitamin pills to supplement your diet. And I think that's exciting.

You ought to really explore the cheapest ways to live. Living in a house trailer—my gosh, that was the greatest living I ever did. We bought a used house trailer for $1,400, and we paid about $30 a month for the lot. Now you can get a lot for $175 and you can buy a used house trailer for maybe $5,000. And you're building some equity in something; you're not paying rent. Oh gosh, I'd love to talk to all these people who say they can't get by.

Learn Lotus® 1-2-3® in just 4 hours





MicroTutor's® unique split-screen combines Lotus 1-2-3 at the top with your step-by-step instructions at the bottom.

Guaranteed

You know that Lotus 1-2-3 is the world's leading spreadsheet: it's *the* software busy executives need at their fingertips. But with your hectic schedule, you may not have taken time to learn Lotus yourself.

That's where MicroTutor® Tutorial Software comes in: this self-guided, Lotus 1-2-3 tutorial for IBM and compatibles will make you a "spreadsheet performer" in just four hours. Guaranteed. With no hassle and at your own pace. Whenever you have the time.

Best of all, you'll learn Lotus for much less than the cost of a single class or seminar. Pass MicroTutor® on to staff members, too: they'll also learn how to use formulas and macros to speed up analyses, projections and P & L statements. And in today's business climate, knowing Lotus 1-2-3 is one skill that gives you that "extra edge" at promotion time.

Try MicroTutor® Tutorial Software at no risk under the terms of our 30-day money-back guarantee, backed by the experience of National Education Corporation: the world's largest training company. Get on the fast track with MicroTutor® — and put Lotus 1-2-3 to work—painlessly—for you and your staff. Call or FAX your order today. Available in 5¼" or 3½" disk sizes. Lotus 1-2-3 program is not required to use MicroTutor®.

612B

Call Now! 1-800-828-2917 Dept. SALA80
(For FAX ordering, call 1-717-343-8172)

National Learning Systems, Dept. SALA80
925 Oak Street, Scranton, PA 18515

YES! Send MicroTutor® to me ASAP. I understand I have 30 days to evaluate all programs and that my SATISFACTION IS 100% GUARANTEED.

Check your selection(s) and total below. **Check preferred disk size** ☐ 5¼" ☐ 3½"

☐ LOTUS 1-2-3 ..... $49.00

or choose from these other programs:

☐ WordPerfect®5 ..... $49.00
☐ dBase III Plus™ $49.00
☐ Symphony® $49.00
☐ Understanding Spreadsheets $49.00
☐ The Computer: A Tool for Managers $49.00
☐ IBM PC DOS $49.00
☐ Understanding Databases $49.00

Total Selections @ $49.00 each = _____
Shipping and handling 2.00
Add sales tax (PA 6%, CA 6¼%) _____
Total $_____

Name_____
Title_____
Company Name_____
Address_____
City/State/Zip_____
Phone ( )_____
☐ Check Enclosed ☐ Purchase Order Enclosed
Charge to: ☐ MasterCard ☐ AMEX ☐ VISA
Card#_____
Exp. _____
X _____
Signature All orders must be signed

Software names are trademarks or registered trademarks of their respective companies.
IBM® is a registered trademark of International Business Machines Corporation.

"DO IT RIGHT."



Victor Simon
Senior Petroleum Engineer
Texaco

"We have a corporate responsibility to do business with a conscience. This includes ensuring that the issues we are all passionate about—the environment and the quality of life—are not overlooked."

Victor Simon is a Texaco Senior Petroleum Engineer. He is committed to making certain that Texaco's oil and gas operations in the Eastern U.S. are conducted in a manner consistent with environmental safeguards.

"This responsibility includes more than just being attentive to government regulations. In every step of our operations, from obtaining emission permits to ensuring on-site safety, simply meeting legislated standards isn't enough. We can and *do* exceed such standards when we believe it is the right thing to do. We have an obligation to our employees, our contractors, our customers and the people in the communities around us to act with their interest in mind, not just react."

Victor and his group have a commitment to corporate quality that goes beyond standard business practice. They have a driving desire to succeed without wasting time or energy; to make sure that when a job is done, it's done right the first time and every time.

"Basically, good business isn't just bottom-line efficiency. It's also safety on the job—whether you're drilling, producing or supplying. It's respect for the environment and for each other."

It's also people like Victor.

Star of the American Road

TEXACO – WE'VE GOT THE ENERGY.

[Military Analysis]

HUDSON BAY OF PIGS?

From "Offensive Light Infantry Forces at Fort Drum, New York: Why Should Canadians Care?" a thirty-two-page article by Floyd W. Rudmin in the Winter 1989 Queen's Quarterly. *Fort Drum, which became the permanent base for the 10th Mountain Division of the U.S. Army in 1985, is situated twenty miles from the Canadian border, near Ottawa. Rudmin teaches law at Queen's University in Kingston, Ontario.*

The Fort Drum forces are most unusual. Although they are ostensibly a mountain division, they are not alpine troops—they are trained for urban, house-to-house fighting. They specialize in rapid-attack, surprise, stealth, and night combat. Their stated purpose is for use in Third World conflicts, yet they are training for winter warfare. They are not equipped to face armored units; they cannot enter by force into a country with defended borders; and they have neither the airfield nor the aircraft for rapid overseas deployment. Where might we reasonably expect a military force with these characteristics, based at Fort Drum, to be used?

Although the 10th Division seems ill-suited and ill-situated for its avowed mission of rapid deployment to areas of political instability in the Third World, this force appears to be ideally suited and situated for rapid deployment against political "instabilities" in Canada that might threaten U.S. interests.

Possible candidates for such "instabilities" would be Canada's withdrawal from NATO and NORAD; restrictions on gas, oil, electricity, and water exports to the U.S.; or the turmoil caused by the independence of Quebec. Conceivably, the forces at Fort Drum could be deployed in the event that a political need for a military victory arose inside the United States. From a U.S. perspective, a quick intervention in Canada, or even a demonstration of the capability of that intervention, might well "snuff out" the political crisis and preclude the need for a larger, more dangerous intervention.

Fort Drum is the nearest U.S. military base to Ottawa, just eighty miles away. Although the 10th Division might have difficulty transporting itself overseas, it would have no difficulty using its helicopters and light vehicles to get its rapid-assault brigades to Ottawa. Although the 10th Division might be inadequate in the face of prepared defenses and armored forces, the Canadian border is undefended, and Canada's armor is in Europe. The Fort Drum forces are also well within range of tactical air support from U.S. bases at Rome and Syracuse, New York, and at several sites in New England.

It is plausible that the strategic purpose of Fort Drum's light infantry is the military occupation of Ottawa. The military seizure of the region from the Thousand Islands to Ottawa would simultaneously immobilize the Canadian national government; disrupt Canadian military communications now centered at the Canadian Forces Base in Kingston; sever east-west highway, railway, and seaway transportation in Canada; and separate Canada's two major population centers (Toronto and Montreal). Not bad for starters. Not bad for a day's work by a single division.

Of course, most people on both sides of the border would consider this a laughable scenario. At the present time, looking at recent history, yes, it is laughable. However, looking at a longer stretch of history, or looking into an uncertain future, the humor fades. In the nineteenth

[Study]

PUTTING FIDO DOWN

From "Pet Loss: A Survey of the Attitudes and Feelings of Practicing Veterinarians," by Bruce Fogle and David Abrahamson, in the Winter 1990 issue of Anthrozoös: A Multidisciplinary Journal on the Interactions of People, Animals, and Environment. *Fogle and Abrahamson, who are veterinarians, surveyed 167 colleagues in Britain about "their attitude toward and experiences with companion-animal euthanasia."* Anthrozoös *is published by the University Press of New England in Hanover, New Hampshire.*

After euthanizing a pet you could not save, have you ever:	*Total (%)*	*Female (%)*	*Male (%)*
Felt a lump in your throat?	54	67	49
Cried?	21	47	11
Felt a need to be alone?	37	44	32
Had difficulty sleeping?	23	31	19
Yelled at someone?	23	20	23
Needed an alcoholic drink?	15	16	15
Felt guilty?	46	40	49
Been depressed?	67	78	63
Felt angry?	45	47	44
Felt a sense of failure?	87	87	87
Felt a sense of relief?	35	40	33

century, when the defense of Canada from U.S. attack was an active concern, eastern Ontario was considered a critical location. Even into the 1920s and 1930s, Canada maintained defensive plans against the threat of an American invasion. And in international relations, enemies and allies can change rather quickly. In 1945 Germany and Japan were our most hated enemies and the Soviet Union was an ally.

It should also be remembered that modern invasions are never portrayed as acts of "aggression"; they are always "defensive" or "benevolent." Usually they are justified as being for the benefit of and, preferably, at the invitation of the people being invaded, whether it be the U.S. into Vietnam or Russia into Afghanistan. The 10th Division would surely come into Canada as an act of "friendship," to "stabilize" a political "crisis" and to support a "close ally" in fulfillment of "treaty obligations."

The original rationale for developing light infantry was to allow interventions that would be precise, preemptive, and politically acceptable. A light-infantry force at Fort Drum, backed by the base's reserve armored division, is well suited for limited intervention in Canada. Furthermore, such a force would not require preparations that might give away imminent deployment. There would already be down in the parkas and antifreeze in the vehicles. Everything would be ready.

[Essay]

ANTI-SEMITISM AND THE NEW EUROPE

From "The Jews, Again," by Ian Buruma, in the May 19 Spectator, *a weekly magazine published in London. Buruma, the foreign editor of the* Spectator, *is the author of* God's Dust: A Modern Asian Journey.

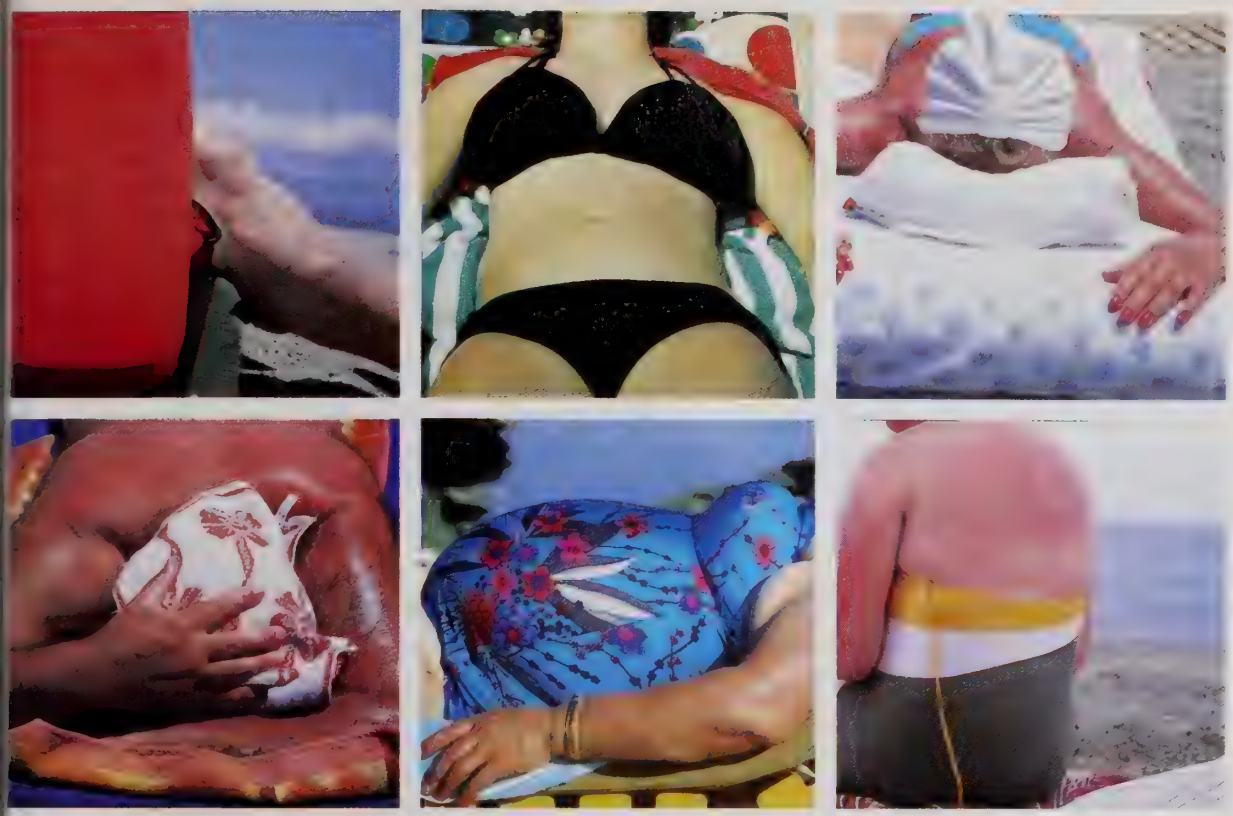
It is the fate of empires that when the thaw finally sets in, nasty weeds spring back to life. When Lord Mountbatten unfroze the British Raj in 1947, Hindus and Muslims slaughtered each other in masses. Now it is the Soviet empire's turn to melt, and there is talk of pogroms. This is not to argue for the continuation of imperial rule, but we might as well know what we are in for.

Fanatics in Moscow have revived the bogus *Protocols of the Elders of Zion*, and claim that Adolf Eichmann was in fact a Jew, conspiring to rule the world. In Hungary, the Star of David was plastered on the campaign posters of a party deemed to be led by Jews. In Poland, where few Jews remain, tens of thousands took to the streets to demonstrate for a "Jew-free Europe." In Romania there is talk of purging the sacred national soil of the polluting blood of Jews and Magyars.

Anti-Semitism is not only on the rise in the former Soviet empire. It is here, too, in the wealthy societies of Western Europe. Recently in France Jewish corpses were desecrated in a cemetery near Avignon (an act of barbarism repeated in, of all places, Sweden). The corpse of an eighty-year-old man was impaled on a parasol, and a Star of David was painted on the stomach of an old woman. Many French people demonstrated their disgust by marching to the Bastille and smashing up a restaurant where a hundred Frenchmen had just celebrated Hitler's birthday. Further violence would have occurred if Simone Weil, the former president of the European Parliament and an Auschwitz survivor, had not intervened. Western anti-Semitism was frozen for a while under the ice of guilty memories of the Holocaust. Now, as the memories fade and witnesses pass away, mass murder is becoming an abstraction, a passage in the history books or, as Jean-Marie Le Pen, the French politician, put it, "a detail of history." The strength and swagger of Israel have helped to make anti-Semitism more respectable again, as fewer and fewer anti-Zionists care to distinguish between world Jewry and the promised land of milk, honey, and rubber bullets. Anti-Semites can point out to critics of the "greed and selfishness" of the Reagan and Thatcher years that the villains of Wall Street, the takeover artists and junk-bond fixers, were almost all Jews.

But there is something else at work here in this kind and gentle decade of melting empires, shifting populations, and faltering capitalism: the unhealthy obsession with what the eminent German historian Michael Stürmer calls "the healthy national identity." He means an identity based on national pride, unencumbered by historical guilt, that is to say, the guilt of Auschwitz, Treblinka, and Chelmno. Likewise, French revisionists are busy denying the Holocaust; for then, at last, the bloodstained hands of Vichy France can be washed, General Pétain can take his place again in the pantheon of national heroes, and France can regain its healthy national identity.

The romantic view of nationhood, which is coming back into fashion, especially but by no means only in right-wing circles, is based not so much on politics or constitutionalism, which are matters of choice, as on ethnic and racial roots, on history and customs and folkways, on



By Carlos Peréz Siquier, a Spanish photographer. From "La plage des photographes," a portfolio in Camera International, *No. 19, published in Paris. Siquier's beach photographs, taken in Andalusia, will be shown in 1992 at the World Exposition of the Discovery of America in Seville, Spain.*

religious creeds and rituals—mostly, in short, on matters of birth. The great German patriot and inventor of mass calisthenics, Friedrich Ludwig Jahn, put this view across clearly in 1810: "The people (*Volk*) will live as an actual people, not a people in name only; its outer national unity will reflect its spiritual union. Our people will not stray into rootless flitting about like Jews or Gypsies."

One cannot deny the pull of historical and cultural ties, but modern societies are far too complex to be defined by them. For when spiritual and racial views of national unity predominate, politics are regarded as divisive; the customs, creeds, and folkways of others are seen as threats to "our" way of life, the fabric of "our" society, "our" national identity, or whatever we wish to call it. It is bad enough when the others are colored and poor, but it is far more dangerous when they are rich and powerful and try to look and behave like us, for such people are like a fifth column in our midst, rootless cosmopolitans conspiring to undermine our civilization and take over the world. Such fearful fantasies infected the 1930s, and the symptoms are recurring.

T. S. Eliot, who was much afraid that the spiritual and historical legacy of Europe would fall prey to modern barbarism, invented a prototypical rootless cosmopolitan called Bleistein: "Chicago Semite Viennese." Bleistein stood for soulless greed, which spelled the end of civilization. His presence and ill-gained wealth—"money in furs"—were an affront to our spiritual heritage.

The spiritual nation, the *Kulturnation:* This is what Russian, Hungarian, Polish, Romanian, German, and other jingoists now, as ever, wish to establish. It has special appeal when political communities, or nation-states, are vague, nonexistent, or in a state of crisis. For when the state loses political legitimacy—as is currently the case in the Soviet Union and Romania—atavistic ideas of community take over. It is not surprising that right-wing romantics in Eastern Europe and Russia—such as the group Pamyat—have revived the specter of the communist Jew, sometimes in league with international Freemasonry. To be sure, this is partly because many Jews were attracted to communism and played prominent roles in communist regimes. They often did this because communism offered an alternative to the *Kulturnation,* from which they were excluded. They were often excluded in communist societies, too, of course, for communists are often as jingoistic as fascists, except that they call their jingoism "national liberation."

So when extreme nationalists speak about communist Jews today, they are not so much concerned with political ideology; it is Bleistein they are afraid of, the rootless cosmopolitan, whose "lusterless protrusive eye" gazes covetously at the mystical community that he means to control by subterfuge.

Just as Russians and Eastern European jingoists associate Jews with communism, Western Europeans often look to rootless cosmopolitan America for their prototypical Bleistein. Some romantics, by no means all anti-Semitic or right-wing, have taken to dreaming mistily about something they call the "European spirit," which is, to use another favorite term of such dreamers, "organic." Their Europe, with its traditional values, its ancient history, is forever being threatened by American materialism, selfishness, and amoral, commercial greed. The Americans, in this view, have no traditional values; that is to say, Americans don't have a soul. As Jonathan Clarke, the Oxford historian, put it recently in one of his many articles for the London *Sunday Telegraph*, "The *real* American values are divorce, abortion, homosexuality, and consumerism."

Israel's role in the history of modern anti-Semitism has been ironic, to say the least. The early Zionists sought an escape from their persecutors in Europe and Russia. And many of the founding fathers of Israel, like David Ben-Gurion, were socialists in favor of an open society that embraced non-Jews. However, Zionists were never united in their aims, and the tension between those who favor an open society and those who seek to replicate the racial, spiritual communities of their persecutors has become a permanent fixture in Israeli politics. Today, Israeli fanatics, no less racist than the anti-Semites, are becoming an ever stronger force. To add irony upon irony, many of them come from America. One such figure is the notorious Meir Kahane, who described an American-born serviceman who killed two young Arabs at a sacred Muslim site in Jerusalem as "a hero who tried to liberate the Temple Mount from the foreigners' hands." This is Kahane's idea of a healthy national identity.

What, then, can we conclude from all this? Not, clearly, that every anti-Zionist, or anti-American, or anticapitalist, or even every dreamer of healthy national identities is an anti-Semite. But when these disparate elements come together, a climate of ideas is formed that is ideally suited to anti-Semitism, or indeed to being anti-anybody who is not one of us.

This is unpleasant but not lethal in open, democratic societies with reasonably strong economies, for such bigotry can be contained in splinter groups and small political parties. But it can be highly dangerous when politics and economics are in a state of flux, when people are as unsure of their governments as they are of their next meal. And that is precisely the situation in parts of the crumbled Soviet empire. The least critical place—to pile on one more irony—is probably Germany, for East Germany can be contained by the largest democracy in Europe. Bigotry is most dangerous in the Soviet Union, where Russians are finding themselves increasingly isolated, humiliated, and poor. The Russian writer A. Yanov has said that if *perestroika* fails, a brutal, anti-Western, fascist dictatorship will take over. One can imagine where the Russians' healthy national identity will lead, especially for Soviet Jews.

There is not much we in the West can do to influence Russian or other fanatics, except to keep our own obsessions about national identity at bay. The jingoists need no encouragement from us. As Saint-Just, one of the heroes of the French Revolution, observed, "There is something terrible about the holy love of one's nation, for it is so exclusive that it sacrifices everything to the public interest, without mercy, without fear, without humanity." He knew whereof he spoke. Not long after he said this, his neck was sliced by the guillotine.

[Tribute]

BELUSHI AND THE ALBANIAN DREAM

From "The Meteor of the Screen," by Abaz Hoxha, in the May 1989 issue of New Albania, *a bimonthly magazine published in Tirana, Albania, in eight languages.*

When *Animal House* was released in 1978, it was considered the most powerful comedy in American history and the country's greatest film. The movie's success assumed extraordinary proportions, sweeping the continent and the entire world. The lead actor was acclaimed by the press and the public as the best comedian and the most popular actor in the United States. No other actor had ever received such acclaim. At the age of twenty-nine, John Belushi assumed the title of *superstar*.

Who was John Belushi?

He was born in 1949. His father, Adam Belushi, had emigrated in 1934 from Qytesa of Korca. His mother, Agnes, although born in America, was also of Albanian parentage. The mother of the great actor, who has visited Alba-

[Chart]

FEAR OF MUSIC

From "Who Wants to Stop the Music? We Talked to Some of Them," a chart by David Koen in the February 21–27 issue of New Times, *a weekly newspaper published in Phoenix, Arizona. Koen, a music critic for* New Times, *conducted a series of interviews with the cosponsors of a bill, introduced in the Arizona State Senate in February, which would have prohibited the sale to minors of albums with explicit references to drugs, violent sex, satanism, or murder. After the Recording Industry Association of America introduced a standardized warning label for records with explicit lyrics in May, the bill was withdrawn.*

LEGISLATOR	*What's your favorite music?*	*What's the last record you bought?*	*Do you know what state the Meat Puppets are from?*	*What do you think of the Butthole Surfers?*
LEO CORBET *R-Phoenix*	I played in a dance band in high school and college. It's a far cry from Junior and the Swastikas, or whatever the hell they're called. I sure do not like or appreciate heavy-rock or heavy-metal renditions. If I wanted that, I'd go beat on a pipe in the backyard.	I believe it was George Strait's *Greatest Hits.*	I have not the slightest idea. The state of confusion, probably.	Boy, I don't know. I think I'd go to another beach! I've never heard of those people. The Butthole Surfers. [*laughs, snorts*] How big do the waves have to be?
JERRY GILLESPIE *R-Mesa*	I usually listen to K-LITE. I'm too old to listen to rock. I got turned off by that stuff when I heard Led Zeppelin's "Lemon Song" years ago.	Cher with *Heart of Stone.* I didn't care for that much.	No. Never heard of them.	Never heard of them.
DAVE McCARROLL *R-Phoenix*	Probably light jazz.	Oh heavens. It was a Kenny G. album. I'm not sure I can even tell you the name. It's an instrumental, obviously.	No. Personally, from the name of that group, I wouldn't even look at it.	I've never even heard of them. I find that offensive, especially coming from California.
KYLE HENDMAN *R-Buckeye*	My son has a video of Michael Jackson where he turns into a vampire. That's not terribly bad. I kind of think Michael Jackson's a pretty good entertainer.	It was one I bought off TV. It was one of those old rock things. *Fun Rock* is what it was. It had "One-Eyed, One-Horned, Flying Purple People Eater." *Fun Rock* had "A Boy Named Sue," which I never really cared for that much.	Uh-uh. I've never heard of them.	When you talk about surfers, I guess I think of the Beach Boys. I have a '64 GTO. I bought it back then. I've heard many of these names. I read somewhere this "Ozzy Osbourne," or something like that, ate a bat onstage in concert and had to get a rabies shot.
JESUS HIGUERA *D-Tucson*	I like the oldies, yes sir. And maybe some of that music that was offensive to older folks when it first came out.	Ooh, I can't even remember that. It's been such a long time. It was by Little Joe.	No.	Wow! I've never heard of them. Music changes. You know who knows all this? My son. He's almost sixteen. I bet you he knows.

nia, says of her family, "We are proud of our Albanian heritage, and we remain faithful to our customs."

Leading American newspapers have eulogized John's brilliant acting. The *New York Times* and many other publications have described him as a "discovery" and his programs as the best, the funniest, the most hilarious. John was called the most humorous. *Saturday Night Live* was described by the media as a boom show.

Although he has died, his professional career is being continued by his brother Jim, who is carrying the Albanian surname, Belushi, to even greater peaks. Even though he is still young, his talent is maturing and he is enjoying greater popularity playing leading roles in some of the most expensive films now produced.

In the work of these brothers, we can see the continuation of a now recognized tradition of Albanian emigrés. Wherever the Albanians have gone, they have distinguished themselves by their artistic spirit and by their honesty, intelligence, dignity, and desire to embrace things progressive and humane. The first generation of Albanian actors such as Tito Skipa, Aleksander Moisiu, and Elena Qirici has been followed by a new generation that includes John (Jovan) Belushi, who occupies a very special place.

As his mother writes to us, "Albania can rightly be proud of this son, because he was sincere, loving, and devoted to his family and his wife, Judith, the woman of his heart since his university years, his first and only love in all his life."

[Catalogue Copy]

FEAR OF MUSIC II

From the mail-order catalogue of SST Records, an independent record label in Lawndale, California.

ALTER NATIVES: *Hold Your Tongue.* This instrumental quartet short-circuits your rational world and shoots directly into your brain. Pure waves of emotion will pour through your speakers and ghostly images will dance enticingly to the beat of "Paraquat" and "701," plus fourteen more transdimensional pure-energy rockers.

ALWAYS AUGUST: *Geography.* This EP flows from the ice-capped polar regions of the north, through the turgid heat of the equator, and ends up in the pure white desolation of the south pole. Picking up pieces of the world as it goes by, this new record is the journey of your life.

[Dress]

MEAT COUTURE



Vanitas: Flesh Dress for an Albino Anorectic, *by Jana Sterbak. Sterbak's work, which has been described as "a kind of depraved fashion show," has recently been exhibited at the Venice Biennale and at the New Museum of Contemporary Art in Manhattan. A Montreal gallery displayed her flesh dress on a mannequin until it rotted. Sterbak was born in Prague and now lives in Montreal.*

BAD BRAINS: *Live.* The document. One day this will be found in classes as a tool of instruction in the power of music. It's time to enroll! Culled from five nights on the 1987 "Return to Heaven" tour, *Live* features "House of Suffering," "Sacred Love," "The Regulator," "F.V.K.," and nine others.

DAS DAMEN: *Das Damen.* Like four men running on empty, Das Damen breathes fumes and sparks combustion like a four-wheel sex machine. Fill up your mind and check your strawberry-love-oil levels; six songs for six cylinders of molten love rock.

DESCENDENTS: *All.* The rock gods of bonusdom do not let up on the concept of maximum fun. Faster-than-light guitars from Karl and Stephen, clockwork drums from Bill, and the everyman vocals of Milo make this record the best of all.

MEAT PUPPETS: *Huevos.* Close in sound to their legendary live shows, this record has balls. Starting off with the kick-in-the-head double blast of "Paradise" and "Look at the Rain" and ending with the brain-crushing "I Can't Be Counted On," this record reaffirms the Meat Puppets' status as one of the coolest bands on the face of the planet.

PAINTED WILLIE: *My Fellow Americans.* On their first EP, you can hear the makings of the monster riffdom that was to come later for this hard-rocking trio. Crushing music and scathing words that mercilessly pound Republican warmongers into the ground make this record a must for Willieheads the world over.

RUN WESTY RUN: *Hardly, Not Even.* Ring out that old way of doing things and ring in the new. Chock-full of brotherly love, this guided tour of hell house (your house) brings new meaning to the phrase "rock your face off."

SISTER DOUBLE HAPPINESS: *Sister Double Happiness.* Heaviness incarnate; the locomotive weight of the blues running smack-dab into a mile-high wall of the heaviest metal—that's where Sister Double Happiness starts. After that, they pulverize the world with their super truncheon of power.

SONIC YOUTH: *Sonic Death.* Sonically speaking, it's as if your brain were a piece of sheet metal and millions of flaming ball bearings were raining down on it. Minutes of music that go on for days. *Sonic Death* is life.

TREACHEROUS JAYWALKERS: *Sunrise.* Throw yourself off that cliff. Feel the wind rush up through your hair, making your eyes water and your teeth cold. As the patchwork of earth draws you dizzyingly closer, a torrent of

thoughts and emotions runs through your mind with blinding speed. This four-song EP is exactly like that . . . only fun!

[Review]

A SCREENPLAY IN THE MEGACOIN MOLD

From "Mystery and Mayhem—At $12,500 per Page," a review of The Last Boy Scout, *an original screenplay by Shane Black, in the May 23 issue of* Variety. *In April, Black, who wrote the screenplay for* Lethal Weapon, *sold* The Last Boy Scout *to David Geffen, the producer, for $1.75 million, the highest price ever paid for a screenplay. It has yet to be produced.*

A deftly crafted screenplay that fits snugly into the megacoin mold of action/mayhem/buddy genre pictures, *The Last Boy Scout* clearly draws its inspiration from the author's previous work, *Lethal Weapon.*

In *Lethal* the buddies are cops—one a prosaic family man with a teenage daughter, the other a vividly self-destructive, younger heartthrob. They get together, solve a mystery, and change each other's lives with witty banter and wry asides.

In *Boy Scout,* the buddies are a married private eye (who has a teenage daughter) and an ex–professional quarterback who is vividly self-destructive, younger, and a heartthrob. They get together, solve a mystery, and change each other's lives with witty banter and wry asides.

In *Lethal,* the married cop's daughter is kidnapped by the bad guys in the third act; in *Boy Scout,* they kidnap the wife. The villains in both are spectacularly worthy opponents. In *Lethal* they represent a conspiracy of drug smugglers headed by a crazed Vietnam veteran. In *Boy Scout,* the heavies consist of sports and political figures eager to gain passage of legislation to legalize gambling on football.

The private eye and the ex-quarterback are thrown together by a beautiful blond, who, alas, is killed rather violently early in the script. (Rather like the beautiful blond whose death at the beginning of *Lethal Weapon* triggers that script's plot.) These two complete strangers soon discover that they have more in common than witty banter and wry asides. They have, it seems, common enemies.

The complex plot unfolds to the accompaniment of considerable violence. A running back pumps three bullets into a free-safety's head during a televised football game, then blows open

[Press Release]

SAY IT WITH LIPOSUCTION

From a press release distributed in February by a public relations firm representing Aesthetica, a plastic surgery group based in Los Angeles. Aesthetica is headed by Drs. John and Jim Williams, identical twins.

FLOWERS, CHOCOLATES, AND A LIMOUSINE, TOO. RECOVER IN LUXURY AND WAKE UP BRAND-NEW

What do Tinseltown's rich and famous give their loved ones for Valentine's Day? According to Los Angeles plastic surgeons Drs. John and Jim Williams, the perfect gift for the woman who has everything is the ultimate cosmetic surgery experience.

If your significant other has been yearning for a nose job, face-lift, liposuction, breast augmentation, or other "fixative," the Drs. Williams offer the procedure in style. A stretch limousine will pick up your loved one at home and whisk her to the plush facilities at Aesthetica, southern California's largest outpatient aesthetic surgery clinic, for the procedure of her choice. There she will be treated to a Dior robe and a Louis Vuitton overnight case containing her favorite *objets de toilette.*

After surgery, usually performed in a matter of hours in one of Aesthetica's state-of-the-art surgical suites, your loved one will be chauffeured to a private hideaway bungalow at the world-famous Bel Air Hotel, or a comparable location of her choice. A private nurse will be at her beck and call for the next twenty-four hours.

Waiting in the bungalow she will find tokens of your love—a dozen red roses, a heart-shaped box of Godiva Valentine's Day chocolates, and a special love poem, written just for her. In the evening, a romantic cooked-to-order dinner will be specially prepared for the two of you by one of Los Angeles's most celebrated chefs.

At the end of the first day's recovery period, the doctor will visit the patient and bring with him the final gift; a pair of 14K-gold–plated sunglasses from Tiffany — for true anonymity.

The next morning the limo will chauffeur your loved one back home again, with a gift of beauty that will last a lifetime. The price starts, depending on the surgical procedure, at a cool $15,000.

his own head. A private detective is blown apart by a car bomb. The aforementioned blond is blown away by shotguns (after dancing naked in a bar); her killers are repaid in kind. A throat is slit, a nose driven fatally up into a skull. A woman is killed with a chain saw in a snuff film. A second car is blown up; also two boats. There are several savage beatings and more than a dozen graphic, fatal shootings in the last twenty pages alone.

Black's pacing is consistently crisp, his dialogue sprightly though heavily scatological. Black clearly is playing to his audience—in this case, the small fraternity of key producers and development executives who decide whether or not to buy his screenplay. Indeed, from time to time he even pauses in his scenario to address his market directly.

> *Interior, dingy dressing room—night.* Cory and Jimmy are engaged in very hot sex. This is not a love scene; this is a sex scene. Sigh. I'm not even going to attempt to write the quote-unquote "steamy" scene here. . . . My mother reads this shit. So there. (P.S. I think we lost her back at the Jacuzzi blow-job scene.)

Later, in an extremely intimate exchange with the reader, Black writes:

> *Interior, Topanga Canyon home—day.* Remember Jimmy's friend HENRY, who we met briefly near the opening of the film? Of course you do, you're a highly paid reader or development person.

It is as though Black, even as he composed his script, hoped that his industry reader would be hanging on every line of dialogue or stage description. Indeed, given the ultimate price tag of $1.75 million, each page of *The Last Boy Scout* would be valued at $12,500 and hence carry its own special impact. And Black labors mightily to deliver:

> He reaches under his windbreaker. Pulls out an Ingram model 11 machine gun. Opens fire. The entire family is blown away. Wood splinters pop and fly. Glass shatters. The bodies topple like broken toys.

The Last Boy Scout delivers the sort of industrial-strength material that lies at the heart of the action/mayhem/buddy school of screenwriting. This is not the sort of writing that emanated from the Wilders, the Sturgeses, or the Mankiewiczes, to be sure. It might be argued that this is not writing at all, but rather a series of perfectly executed haiku exercises.

As such, the material was appropriately marketed more like a condo than art—a vehicle of investment. The process, like the screenplay, might have offended the screenwriters of an earlier era. But on the other hand, had they been offered $12,500 a page, they, too, might have mastered haiku.

[Interview]

ROAD WORRIER: MEL GIBSON ON HAMLET

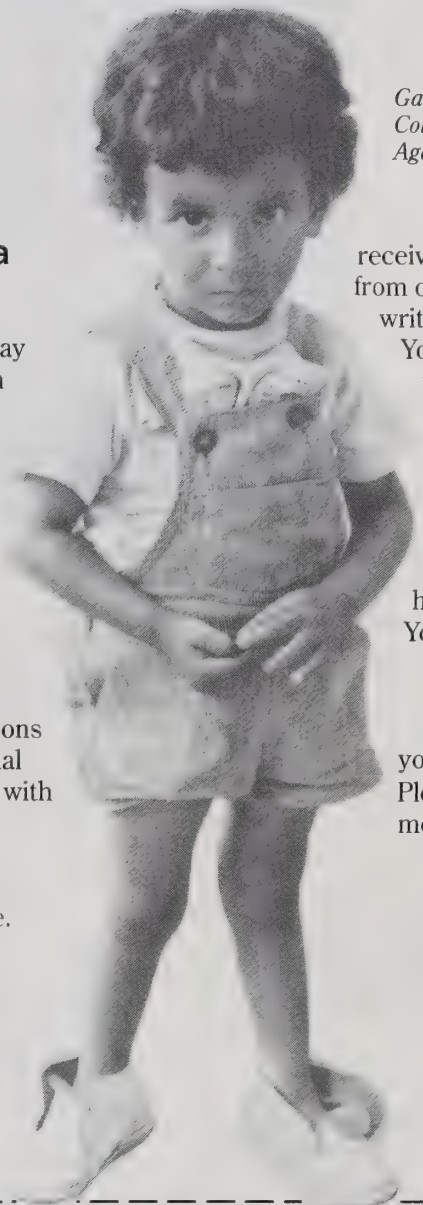
From a profile of Mel Gibson in the June/July issue of Fame *magazine. Gibson, who has starred in* Lethal Weapon *and* Bird on a Wire, *is playing Hamlet in Franco Zeffirelli's film version of the play, currently being shot in London. Gibson told John Lahr, the author of the profile, that he read twenty books of critical interpretation of* Hamlet *in preparation for the role.*

"What Hamlet can't do is stop worrying. He's more than worried. He's having a breakdown. Okay, he gets this terrible news. His father's just died. He holds his father in very high regard. I mean, every time he talks about him it's as though he were some god. And what really irks him is that this other fella, Claudius, has married his mother and taken his father's place as king. Why he should have it, and not Hamlet, I don't know. Okay, but I can almost justify that. He comes back, and his uncle rightly has stepped into the position, because the place will be in disarray if he doesn't act quickly. 'I'm the boss here now.' When Hamlet comes back from Wittenberg, he's in a peculiar state of mind. Melancholy sets in and distorts his whole way of thinking. He's paralyzed by his state of mind. He can't grab the reins.

"What's really getting him down is that his mother has gone and married the other guy straight off the bat, like, within two months. He loves his mother, and she's, like, deserting him in his really grief-stricken time of need. He's pretty upset about the whole family thing. He's hurt. He's in a pretty heavy mood, the extent of which I'll experiment with. From there it's made even *worse* when the ghost of his father tells him how things really are. His father wasn't killed, he was murdered. Hamlet's mother was committing adultery with his father's brother—the snake! He's fired up with the idea of revenge: 'Sweep quickly to my revenge.' But in less than an hour he's backing off: 'O, cursed spite, that ever I was born to set it right.'

"He can't make up his mind because his mind is infected. There's something stopping him; I don't know what. He's distracted. He must be totally distracted the whole time. Then he has these flashes of brilliance. His strong points are the very things that tie him up. That's the tragedy, I think. His intelligence. His way of reasoning. They seem to be the things that weigh him down. He reflects too much."

Here's your chance to achieve a small moral victory.



Gabriel Cortez
Colombia
Age 4

What would you do if you saw a lost, frightened child?

You'd probably stop, pick him up, brush away his tears, and help him find his way. Without even thinking about it. And there's a reason.

You know what's right.

And right now, you can do just that. You can act on instinct...by reaching out to one desperately poor child, thousands of miles away. With your personal caring and help.

This is made possible because Childreach Sponsorship is a program of PLAN International USA (formerly Foster Parents Plan) – one of the oldest and most respected sponsorship organizations in the world. For over 53 years, PLAN International USA has been a leader in linking caring sponsors with needy children and their families overseas.

As a Childreach Sponsor, you can help a child who seldom has enough to eat. A decent place to sleep. Medical care. The chance to learn. Or hope.

It's your choice.

You can even choose the child you'd like to sponsor. A boy or girl. In a country where you'd like to help. In return, you'll receive pictures of the child. Personal reports from our on-site overseas staff. And letters written in the child or family's own words. You'll see that your money is going directly where it's needed most – into effective tailor-made programs which help your sponsored child, his family and community help themselves.

In fact, for just $22 a month, you'll make it possible for a child to have better nutrition, health programs, schooling – and hope. That's only 72 cents a day. Imagine. Your spare change could change a child's life.

Please don't wait.

If you saw a helpless child on the street, you wouldn't wait. You'd help that instant. Please don't wait now, either. Achieve a small moral victory!

Become a Childreach Sponsor with PLAN International USA. Call 1-800-225-1234

childreach
SPONSORSHIP

Help so personal, you touch a child for life.

Yes, I want to reach out and make a difference.

Enroll me as a Childreach Sponsor to...
___The child who needs my help most.

___Girl ___Boy ___Either
___SOUTH AMERICA (Colombia, Ecuador, Bolivia)
___CENTRAL AMERICA/CARIBBEAN (Guatemala, Honduras, El Salvador, Dominican Republic)
___ASIA (Indonesia, India, Nepal, Philippines, Thailand)
___AFRICA (Burkina Faso, Egypt, Sierra Leone, Sudan, Togo, Guinea)

☐ Please send my New Sponsor Kit with my sponsored child's photo and case history. My check for $22 for the first month's sponsorship is enclosed.

☐ I'm not yet sure if I want to be a Childreach Sponsor, but I'm interested. Please send me information about the child I would be sponsoring.

☐ I can't sponsor right now, but I want to help. Enclosed is a contribution to the Children's Emergency Fund for $_____.

Mr. Mrs. Miss Ms. L380

_____

Address _____

City _____

State _____ Zip _____

Mail to: Kenneth H. Phillips, President
PLAN International USA
157 Plan Way, Warwick, RI 02886

PLAN INTERNATIONAL USA

Childreach Sponsorship is a program of PLAN International USA, formerly Foster Parents Plan. Non-profit. Non-political. Non-sectarian. Tax deductible. A copy of our financial report is available upon request from N.Y. Dept. of State, Office of Charities Registration, Albany, N.Y., or PLAN International USA.

[Found Poem]

OBSERVATIONS AND EXPERIMENTS

By Annie Dillard. From the Spring 1990 issue of the Kenyon Review, *published in Gambier, Ohio. Dillard composed this poem from the text of* Observations and Experiments in Natural History, *a book by Alan Dale published in 1962.*

OBSERVATIONS

Observations are usually not too difficult to make.

To make sure of seeing the phosphorescent light,
obtain a fresh herring and place it on an open plate.
Leave it for one or two days and then
examine it in the dark. If it is not glowing
leave it a little longer.

It is a fact that small trout
are caught very easily. They are returned
to the water, and have presumably learned
some sort of lesson. They may be caught again
and again as little ones, but
as they grow larger
they seem to learn that danger
is associated with artificial flies;
perhaps it is the hook in them.

It is best to use cold water
to thaw a spider.

PERSONAL NOTES

Once I was walking across fields in Shropshire
to a river which, because of a rise in the ground,
I could not see.

When I was living in Tamworth,
one year, towards the end of September,
many of the leaves of my cherry tree
became rather odd in appearance.

EXPERIMENTS

Catch butterflies and clip their wings
with scissors. Do your observations
outside, where the butterflies are numerous.

If you can obtain several caterpillars
of a species that spins a cocoon,
experiments can be performed . . .

As the cocoon nears completion
cut a "window" in it
with sharp scissors. Great care
must be taken not to injure the caterpillar,
which should be left undisturbed
to give it an opportunity
to repair the damaged cocoon
if it is so disposed.

If it does—it may take 6–12 hours—
cut away another piece.

Liberate the grasshopper from its container and . . .
cause it to jump by touching it.

Make it jump again—and again—
and again.
Do its leaps get more feeble? In addition,
does the insect become more reluctant to jump again after each leap?

Can you so exhaust the insect
that it can make only the feeblest attempt . . . ?

Pinch through ten worms
about one quarter of the way along the body.
Put all the heads and tails in one tin.
Repeat this for a second group of worms, but
this time break each worm about halfway along . . .
Break another ten worms
about three quarters of the way along the body . . .

Put ten whole worms in the fourth tin.
These are control worms, and if
they soon die, the experiment is no good.
If these control worms live, however,
it will show that the other worms
could have lived,
and if these others die
it will be due to their being broken.

FURTHER EXPERIMENTS

Which end of an aphid is born first?

Are haws eaten?

How do duckweeds pass the winter?

Can the tail of a worm burrow?

What do you think?

FURTHER PERSONAL NOTES

There is a poem by John Drinkwater
called *Pike Pool* which has always
appealed strongly to me.

I once saw a frog
attacked and turned over by my dog
and it lay quite still on its back.

I am positive that it made
quite a separate movement
to put its front feet over its ears.
Why did it?

I have preferred to know
"less and less about more and more."



"Peach Nail Polish," a photograph by Jay Bender. Bender took this photograph using a pinhole camera, a device that captures an image without the use of a lens. Film is placed in a closed container in which a pinhole has been made and then covered. The photograph is taken by uncovering the pinhole and exposing the film, which in this case has been bent. "Peach Nail Polish" is included in the International Pinhole Photography Exhibition *at the Contemporary Arts Museum in Houston, through September 9.*

[Story]

IN SEARCH OF THE INDISPENSABLE

By Giorgio Manganelli. From Centuria: One Hundred Little Epic Tales, *published in Milan by Rizzoli. This story, "Seventy-seven," was translated from the Italian by John Satriano. Manganelli died in May at the age of sixty-eight.*

In this city, every person possesses something that is indispensable to someone else, that the possessor has no idea what to do with, or that he is unaware of having. Everyone knows himself to be lacking in something that is completely indispensable to him, but no one knows who has it, or at least whether the person who does have it knows he has it, or, in the case that he does know, whether he is willing to part with it. It should be added that, as far as anyone knows, it never happens that any two persons have what is indispensable to each other, for if they did, and were able to identify each other, the situation would be relatively simple, reducing itself to a fair exchange. Therefore, he who possesses something that is indispensable to some other would be unwilling to give it up, unless the other were in a position to get him what was indispensable to him. It follows from this that whoever really desires what is indispensable to himself doesn't so much have to look for he who has it, or rather he doesn't have to look only for he who has it but also for he who presumably has what is indispensable to he who has what is indispensable to the one originally looking for what is indispensable to himself. In this way, a system of beggary, inquest, research, investigation, mendicancy has established itself in the city that involves everyone, but in an indirect way. The question may be asked: How can the searcher know what is indispensable to him who has what is indispensable to the searcher? In point of fact, there are no definite rules, but slowly, with time, a method of clue hunting, of deduction, has been formed that more or less goes as follows: Something is indispensable to me, but it is not indispensable to the one who has it; now, if what is indispensable to me is useless to him, that means that he has need of something that must be completely different from what is indispensable to me, and also

something different from everything that I possess but in some way bordering on the one or the other. Therefore, by self-analysis, some believe they can understand what is indispensable to the other, at least approximately. But at this point, it is necessary to track down the person who has the indispensable thing, who, in his turn, is willing to give it up only if the thing that is indispensable to him is found and placed in his possession. It would seem a problem without a solution, but, since it has to do with things that are indispensable, no one is able to give up searching for one, and the search for the indispensable thing, in its turn, ends up becoming indispensable, and it is not completely clear whether anyone, in this city, desires it to come to an end.

[Personal Statement]

THE WONDER YEARS

This essay, by Hugh Gallagher, won first prize in the humor category of the 1990 Scholastic Writing Awards. It appeared in the May issue of Literary Cavalcade, *a magazine of contemporary fiction and student writing published by Scholastic in New York City. Gallagher, who is eighteen, grew up in Newtown Square, Pennsylvania, and will attend New York University this fall.*

3A. ESSAY

IN ORDER FOR THE ADMISSIONS STAFF OF OUR COLLEGE TO GET TO KNOW YOU, THE APPLICANT, BETTER, WE ASK THAT YOU ANSWER THE FOLLOWING QUESTION: ARE THERE ANY SIGNIFICANT EXPERIENCES YOU HAVE HAD, OR ACCOMPLISHMENTS YOU HAVE REALIZED, THAT HAVE HELPED TO DEFINE YOU AS A PERSON?

I am a dynamic figure, often seen scaling walls and crushing ice. I have been known to remodel train stations on my lunch breaks, making them more efficient in the area of heat retention. I translate ethnic slurs for Cuban refugees, I write award-winning operas, I manage time efficiently. Occasionally, I tread water for three days in a row.

I woo women with my sensuous and godlike trombone playing, I can pilot bicycles up severe inclines with unflagging speed, and I cook Thirty-Minute Brownies in twenty minutes. I am an expert in stucco, a veteran in love, and an outlaw in Peru.

Using only a hoe and a large glass of water, I once single-handedly defended a small village in the Amazon Basin from a horde of ferocious army ants. I play bluegrass cello, I was scouted by the Mets. I am the subject of numerous documentaries. When I'm bored, I build large suspension bridges in my yard. I enjoy urban hang gliding. On Wednesdays, after school, I repair electrical appliances free of charge.

I am an abstract artist, a concrete analyst, and a ruthless bookie. Critics worldwide swoon over my original line of corduroy evening wear. I don't perspire. I am a private citizen, yet I receive fan mail. I have been caller number nine and have won the weekend passes. Last summer I toured New Jersey with a traveling centrifugal-force demonstration. I bat .400. My deft floral arrangements have earned me fame in international botany circles. Children trust me.

I can hurl tennis rackets at small moving objects with deadly accuracy. I once read *Paradise Lost, Moby-Dick,* and *David Copperfield* in one day and still had time to refurbish an entire dining room that evening. I know the exact location of every food item in the supermarket. I have performed covert operations for the CIA. I sleep once a week; when I do sleep, I sleep in a chair. While on vacation in Canada, I successfully negotiated with a group of terrorists who had seized a small bakery. The laws of physics do not apply to me.

I balance, I weave, I dodge, I frolic, and my bills are all paid. On weekends, to let off steam, I participate in full-contact origami. Years ago I discovered the meaning of life but forgot to write it down. I have made extraordinary four-course meals using only a Mouli and a toaster oven. I breed prizewinning clams. I have won bullfights in San Juan, cliff-diving competitions in Sri Lanka, and spelling bees at the Kremlin. I have played Hamlet, I have performed open-heart surgery, and I have spoken with Elvis.

But I have not yet gone to college.

[Profile]

FAWN HALL'S LAPTOP

From a profile of Fawn Hall by Mark McIntire in the May issue of PC LapTop, *a computer magazine published in Beverly Hills. McIntire is the personal computer consultant for Nicholas Cage, Charlton Heston, and Lionel Richie, among others.*

Interviewing Fawn Hall can be a bit daunting. Her natural beauty is disarming to the unwary, and beneath her fetching ways rests a solid center to her being. I have the advantage, however, of having known her as both a computer client and a personal friend. This interview should al-

SCANDIA

The Shoulder Bag For People On The Go!

ONLY $19.95



IT HOLDS *EVERYTHING!*

The Scandia is intelligently designed to hold all the books, paper, equipment and clothes you could ever need to carry.

There are even special pockets for all those little odds and ends that seem to get lost in ordinary bags. The sturdy canvas Scandia measures 14½" across, 11" deep, and 4" wide (the perfect size for an airplane carry-on), and has six inner and outer pockets. And for those times when you need a little extra space, just open the Scandia's inside zipper and the bag *expands to a full 8 inches in width!* No matter how much you pack into the Scandia, it will still be trim enough to carry comfortably.

IT'S EXTREMELY DURABLE.

As anyone who has ever owned a Scandia will testify, *this bag lasts for years.* The Scandia's high-quality canvas is water-resistant, color-fast, and scuff-proof. Its heavy duty zippers, piping, and snaps are well-made and extremely durable. And the Scandia will stay in style for years; its attractive, casual look goes as well with a business suit as it does with jeans and a sweater. And with six handsome colors to choose from, you might want to own more than one!



The Scandia's remarkable design makes it roomy enough to hold all your gear, yet trim enough to carry comfortably.

There's simply no other shoulder bag that's as lightweight, versatile, stylish, durable and affordable as the Scandia.

If you've shopped around for high-quality shoulder bags, briefcases, and purses, you're probably aware that most of these items cost at least $50. But, because we've made a mass purchase of Scandia bags, we are able to sell them at the remarkably low price of only $19.95 each. Surely, that's a small price to pay for a big capacity, smart-looking bag that will last for years.

IT'S A REMARKABLE BARGAIN!

NOW ONLY $19.95

ORDER TOLL-FREE

1-800-242-6657

CALL ANYTIME, DAY OR NIGHT

Barnes & Noble

Booksellers Since 1873

DEPT. B275 , 126 FIFTH AVE., NY, NY 10011

NAME

ADDRESS

CITY/STATE/ZIP METHOD OF PAYMENT

☐ Check ☐ VISA ☐ Mastercard ☐ American Express

CREDIT CARD NUMBER

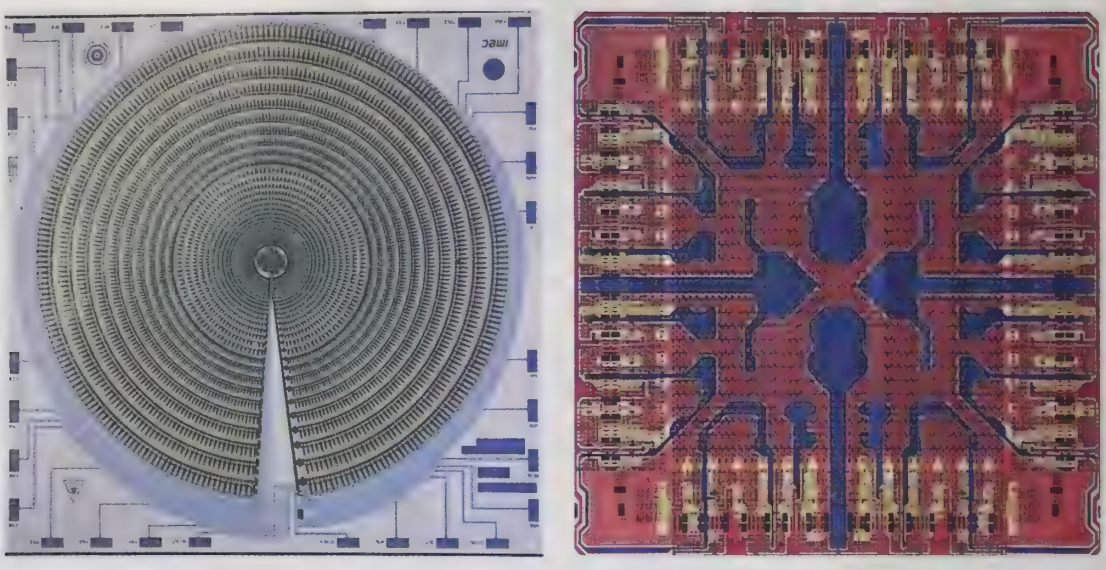
EXP DATE

SIGNATURE

ITEM #	STYLE	QTY	TOTAL
#1377068	BLUE		
#1377027	BLACK		
#1377019	GRAY		
#1377035	BROWN		
#1377043	KHAKI		
#1377050	BURGUNDY		
	Merchandise Total		
	Add sales tax for deliveries to CT, MA, MN, NJ, NY, PA, & CA(6%)		
	Add $2.50 per bag ordered for shipping & insurance		
	ORDER TOTAL		

Barnes & Noble Unconditional Guarantee

You must be completely satisfied with every item you order from Barnes & Noble by mail, or you may return it to us, for a full refund



From Information Art: Diagramming Microchips, *an exhibition of computer-generated diagrams of computer chips, to be held this fall at the Museum of Modern Art in New York City. The diagrams, which are three feet square, are the maps engineers use in working on the thumbnail-size chips. At left is an image sensor for robots modeled after a human retina; at right is a logic chip used in an IBM personal computer.*

low you a rare insight into one of America's most talked-about "word processors."

In her twelve years of government service, Fawn participated in the most important changes in office technology, culminating in the laptop computer. "I started out working part-time for the Navy at the age of sixteen," she explains. "Back then I used an electric typewriter with those pink, yellow, and white carbons. Then in early 1977 I worked on my first computer. When I got the White House job in 1983, I was amazed to find MAG-CARDS [magnetic-memory-card typewriters] still being used in some departments. They did have machines that looked like laptops, but they were just for sending secret codes."

Most office professionals have little time to steep themselves in computer-engineering terminology. Fawn Hall is no exception. "I thought I knew quite a bit about computers after I left the White House. But when I bought my laptop (an NEC MultiSpeed EL), I found myself intimidated and frustrated about which disk to use for each function. Then I met you, Mark—my friend and lifesaver!"

Fawn became my client in 1986, just after she rocketed to national fame with her stalwart testimony before the congressional Iran-Contra committee. Like most Americans I assumed, falsely, that because she was famous she must also be rich. This fantasy was reinforced when I first met Fawn: She was living in a beachfront bungalow in Malibu. "I'm house-sitting this place," she explained, as she began describing her frustrations with her dual-floppy laptop. All she wanted to do was run WordPerfect on one disk and store her files on another. Fine, I explained, as long as you don't mind swapping out three program disks any time you want to spell-check or print something. "I have to do *what*?" she gasped. It was her initiation into the frustrations of a dual-floppy laptop.

For a few anxious moments she seriously considered bailing out of the laptop revolution altogether. But by configuring a single program disk with enough word-processing software, I was able to send Fawn merrily on her way.

After our initial encounter in Malibu, I didn't hear from Fawn professionally for more than a year. I assumed that all was well with her computer life, until a phone call proved me wrong.

"Something's wrong with the battery . . . it won't charge . . . help, Mark!" Fawn's soft voice pleaded into my answering machine. "This is the last straw," she fumed. "I've got to get rid of this thing and get a hard-drive laptop!" I secretly hatched a plan.

With the battery problem diagnosed as terminal, Fawn packed the NEC off to the repair shop. About a week went by before she called me in high agitation. "They charged me almost $200 . . . just to replace the battery!" I arranged for a mutual friend to loan her a DELL 386-SX laptop with a 40-megabyte hard drive for her next road trip. She was delighted.

So is there a laptop in Fawn's future? Most definitely. Whether she is launching a career in broadcasting, writing her memoirs, or roaming the speakers' circuit, the need to process information instantly translates into a need for laptop technology. Vendors are well advised to heed the complaints of a person like Fawn Hall.

Stung bitterly by the frustrations of earlier hardware and software shortfalls, Fawn, like thousands of other disgruntled dual-floppy users, will approach her next laptop purchase with pronounced skepticism and mild paranoia.

[Poem]

EDWARD'S ANECDOTE

By Donald Hall. From Old and New Poems, *published by Ticknor & Fields. Hall's essay "Death to the Death of Poetry" appeared in the September 1989 issue of* Harper's Magazine.

"Late one night she told me.
We'd come home from a party
where she drank more wine
than usual, from nervousness

I suppose. I was astonished,
which is typical,
and her lover of course
was my friend. My naïveté

served their purposes: What
you don't know beats your head in.
After weeping for an hour or so
I tried screaming.

Then I quieted down;
then I broke her grandmother's
teapot against the pantry brickwork,
which helped a bit.

She kept apologizing
as she walked back and forth,
chain-smoking. I hated her,
and thought how beautiful

she looked as she paced,
which started me weeping again.
Old puzzlements began to solve
themselves: the errand

that took all afternoon;
the much-explained excursion
to stay with a college roommate
at a hunting lodge

without a telephone;
and of course the wrong numbers.
Then my masochistic mind
printed Kodacolors

of my friend and my wife
arranged in bed together.
When I looked out the window,
I saw the sky going

pale with dawn; soon the children
would wake: Thinking of them
started me weeping again.
I felt exhausted, and

I wanted to sleep neither
with her nor without her,
which made me remember:
When I was a child we knew

a neighbor named Mr. Jaspers—
an ordinary
gray and agreeable
middle-aged businessman who

joked with the neighborhood
children when he met us on
the street, giving us pennies,
except for once a year

when he got insanely drunk
and the police took him.
One time he beat his year-old
daughter with a broomstick,

breaking a rib bone, and as
she screamed she kept crawling
back to her father: Where else
should she look for comfort?"

[Notes]

ON GETTING ONE'S FOOTING

From "Anxious Dreams," by Edward Hoagland, in the January 20–21 issue of the Weekend Guardian, *published in London. Hoagland's most recent book is* Heart's Desire, *a collection of essays.*

What does life mean? Or how, at least, can one make a difference? More modestly, how does one go about keeping one's footing? We go to college partly to learn these things, and recently I returned to my thirty-fifth reunion for another go at a lifelong project. My classmates, privileged people with the head start that Harvard had given them, had worked hard to feather their nests, but I couldn't see how we offered much of a lesson at making a difference. Perhaps that's why the world stays so much the same.

I like reunions for their lion-lies-down-with-the-lamb aspect, however—the momentary illusion of a Peaceable Kingdom. A Navy war planner chats with a flute teacher. But people seemed more subdued than at the twenty-fifth because they knew by now that they had had their best run. To my question of what that was, a stockbroker mentioned self-deprecatingly that he had once "bought at two, sold at six hundred." Lawyers had slowed down. A surgeon

had come a cropper and was "doing paperwork triage" in a salaried position at an insurance company. Our children were at the forefront of many discussions, it being acknowledged that if we hadn't made a difference, maybe they would.

My daughter is growing up well, and in nearly four decades of work I have written the particular books I wanted to write in the daydreams of my youth, plus others I didn't imagine then. I can foresee dying, therefore, with a certain sense of fulfillment. Yet I don't dream well—I have nightmares. My mother, on the other hand, who is eighty-seven, dreams quite happily. She has "sweet dreams," she says, and from her manner when she wakes up, I believe her. But she is of a generation of women whose career dreams were stifled. Hers were. Thus my daydreams versus her night dreams are at issue. She tells me disingenuously that she has a "clear conscience" and dreams just of her friends—no divorces, and so on—while my nights are gnawed.

♦

You may recall when you first heard the term "missionary position," referring a bit jeeringly to sex performed in a way conducive to having children. It was about the same time you last heard the phrase "God's green earth," and the term was meant to imply at a minimum that straightforward sex was boring (though the missionaries I've known have been Catholic celibates and not boring). I don't view the efflorescence of sexual excess of our era as being more extreme than the naked excesses of greed on concurrent display. But neither could go on forever. Stress makes even greed become carcinogenic after a while, or wrings us dry. Of course, the nature of life is that good behavior becomes carcinogenic too. Drinking milk eventually gives you heart attacks, and sunshine, cataracts.

I don't speak as someone who stood comfortably apart from the excessive Eighties, yet lately I have been serving on grand juries, which in the court system of the state of New York means you are fingerprinted and interviewed to make sure you are a solid citizen of presentable appearance and middling age. On a grand jury you may hear one hundred crimes testified to, in skeleton form, and besides all of this having the salubrious effect of turning you off mystery stories (crime has no pain, no *commitment*, in mystery stories, and from the vantage point of a jury room they soon come to seem like a whorish genre), the weeks of testimony give food for thought.

Reunions, grand juries: What else do I do when I have time? Well, when I was young, drafted into the United States Army, I got myself into the medical corps for the reverberations of the experience. Once there, in search of privacy to write a novel, I became partly a diener, an arcane word from the German for "servant," which pathologists use for the assistant who helps them perform a postmortem. I sawed open skulls and sewed up cadavers, my reward being the solitude of the morgue to write in at night when other privates were in barracks. Cancers, fractures, quiescence—delving into the body's secrets, I looked death in the face, so to speak. Like looking at these bank robbers and murderers in a New York court.

♦

Do I still hope to find the meaning of life? No, it's footing I'm after and food for thought, if curiosity deserves such a dignified title. Being often employed as a "nature writer," I've seen a lot of the greener earth: big trees, spacious rivers, and what in scientific circles is called "megafauna." True solitude is a din of birdsong, seething leaves, whirling colors, or a clamor of tracks in the snow. Though many people go to the country to "get away," anybody who makes a living from nature faces it as a mob of details, a thousand spiral-notebook pages of details, such as how throaty and peppy crows grow when the temperature rises from zero to 30 degrees. The question of whether it's God's green earth is not at center stage, except in the sense that if so, one is reminded with some regularity that He may be dying.

But I was outside last night at 3:00 A.M. with insomnia—this not in the city—and heard three painless screamings. This was Vermont; they were discrete, distant sounds from as many directions; and I sat down in the cold moonlit grass to figure them out. One was from the little steel mill located in the valley, which must have added an extra shift to fill a rush order. The second was from a car, probably a drunk's, cornering on the highway. And the third was a coyote family, parents and progeny, rallying each other.

The coyotes' high tremolo howls sounded sweet to me because I am not a rabbit, but all three, even the drunk's tire squeals, were welcome company in the absence of airplanes, chain saws, eighteen-wheel trucks, and the cacophony of other noises that echo in daylight on this same hill. I go to the country for peace, not silence—peace being three painless screamings, one of them a coyote family collecting its wits for a hunt, after the forty simultaneous shrieks and rumbling roars of a great city. Peace is relative.

Then a pair of owls caught the spirit and made a fourth voice. That was perfect. That was just right. What more could one ask? That was enough to quiet my nerves and put me to sleep.

THE STIRRINGS OF HISTORY

A new world rises from the ruins of empire

By John Lukacs

Very soon after the Second World War most Americans began to believe that the twentieth century was dominated by the struggle between communism and capitalism, one of these rival faiths incarnated by the Soviet Union, the other by the United States of America. For more than forty years this belief has governed American politics. Despite its ceaseless assertion and repetition, the belief is false. The history of the twentieth century has been dominated not by this ideological strife but by the two world wars. The Bolshevik revolution in Russia, the establishment of communist governments in Eastern Europe, the atom bomb, the end of the colonial empires, the rise of the United States as the superpower of the world, the Cold War—all these phenomena have been the result of the two world wars, a chapter in world history that now has ended.

The so-called struggle of classes has amounted to little when compared with the struggles of states and of entire nations. More than fifty years ago an English wit, upon receiving the news of the Nazi-Soviet pact, was supposed to have said, "All the isms are wasms." He was entirely right. All the isms *are* wasms—except one, the most powerful ism of this century, indeed, of the entire democratic age, which is nationalism.

Nationalism appeared in Europe during and after the Napoleonic Wars, and as a consequence of the French Revolution. People have attributed enormous importance to the three revolutionary shock waves that trembled across Europe in 1820, 1830, and 1848. But these internal upheavals mattered far less than the unification of Germany achieved by Bismarck. In the forty-five years after Napoleon the political map of Europe changed little. With the unification of Germany, and of Italy, it began to change drastically. The unification of Germany in 1871 proved to be a more important event than even the French Revolution, just as the new political map now emerging in Europe is a more important event than the final (and it is a final) end of communism.

The historian John Lukacs writes frequently for Harper's Magazine. *His most recent book is* Confessions of an Original Sinner *(Ticknor & Fields).*

The decline of great powers has little or nothing to do with economics. It is the result of waning national cohesion, discipline, and will

Bismarck was not directly responsible for the two world wars that turned out to be so different from the wars that he had arranged. Neither will Gorbachev be responsible for a Third World War that, if it comes (note that I write *if*, not *when*), will be very different from the twentieth-century wars to which we, and our memories, have become accustomed.

The victors of the Second World War were Britain, Russia, and the United States, but during the forty-five years following the utter defeat of their enemies in 1945, their victory and their gains have dissipated. By now they can be described as declining powers—in just about every sense of the word. The accepted wisdom relates the decline to economics. In fact, the decline has little or nothing to do with economics: It is the result of waning national cohesion, discipline, and will.

Again there is an obvious historical precedent. France was a victor of World War I. After the war her army remained the largest in Europe. Her alliance system was the greatest on the continent, extending to both sides of Germany. Even during the worldwide Depression of 1929–1933 France was less affected by the economic crisis than Germany or Britain or the United States. Yet, by 1933, when Hitler became the untrammeled dictator of Germany, the decline of France was evident. Her government, her politicians, her people were deeply divided, unwilling to accept those risks and potential sacrifices that were needed to halt the swift rise of the Third Reich—whose leader benefited mightily from his disdain for economics. Hitler knew that what mattered was force and not money; that the power and the wealth of his nation would result from the rise of its national confidence and not the reverse. When someone asked him whether he would nationalize the industries, he said, "Why should I nationalize the industries? I shall nationalize the people." When, a few years later, Hitler began to change the political map of Europe by force, it became evident that France's alliance system was a frayed paper structure. Its effectiveness had dwindled to nothing—a condition not entirely dissimilar to the present condition of the Warsaw Pact and NATO.

After the victory in 1945 the British Empire was the first to dissolve. During the war Winston Churchill said that he did not become prime minister to preside over the liquidation of the British Empire. The phrase continues to tarnish his reputation—unfairly so. Long before the war the British people had become unwilling to carry on with some of their imperial tasks. The hard Victorian carapace (and discipline) of their imperialist convictions had already cracked after World War I. Again, this had little to do with economics. The architects of that devolution were not British bankers or even Churchill (when for a time he was chancellor of the exchequer in the 1920s). The failure of will had many causes, ranging from the domestic politics of David Lloyd George and the Lib-Labs through the business mentality of the Chamberlain conservatives to liberal intellectuals such as E. M. Forster (to wit, his *Passage to India*).

The Second World War for Britain had not much to do with the empire. It had everything to do with the survival of Britain, and of Europe. Churchill understood the awful options as early as 1940, well before Pearl Harbor and before Hitler's invasion of Russia. If the alternative to surrendering to Hitler was the transfer of large portions of the empire to the tutelage of the United States, so be it. Surrendering to Hitler would not—as Churchill rightly understood—necessarily mean a German occupation of the British Isles; but it would mean an acceptance of German domination over Europe and the reduction of Britain to a junior, vassal partner in such an arrangement. As early as 1940 Churchill recognized that, as far as Europe went, there might be only two alternatives: either all of Europe dominated by Germany, or the eastern—faraway—portion of Europe dominated by Russia. Half of Europe was better than none.

As far as the empire went, it gave way to the "Commonwealth": But

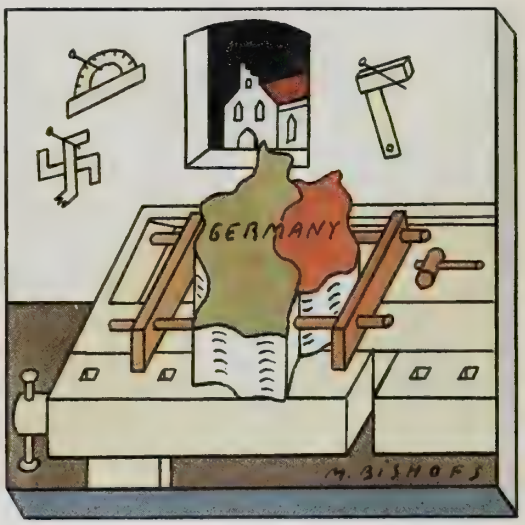
that Commonwealth was (and is) a fiction even greater than that of a "united" Europe. There was (and is) no national cohesion between Pakistanis, Canadians, Tanzanians, Englishmen. With regard to Europe the situation was different. It was true that Britain was exhausted economically in 1945. But at that moment, and for some years thereafter, her prestige in Europe was tremendous. She could have had the leadership of Western Europe for a song. Nothing was further from the mind of the Labour government that came to power in 1945. Its abdication of European responsibilities had consequences worse even than its abandonment of much of the empire (which was about to happen anyhow). When in 1947 Britain turned to the United States to sustain its traditional Mediterranean ally, Greece, the Labour government said that Britain could not afford that task. In the lives of nations, as in the lives of individuals, when people say they cannot afford something they usually mean that they really don't want to afford it. The Conservative governments that have ruled Britain for nearly thirty of the last forty years have not behaved very differently. At the same time it is not only Britain's economic but her political influence throughout Europe that has been eroding. Whether Britain will join "Europe" in 1992 or not no longer matters much. In nearly every sense the power and the influence of Germany are already stronger than Britain's. This is especially applicable to Eastern Europe, which is close to Germany and—politically—very far from Britain.

In the lives of nations, when people say they cannot afford something they usually mean that they really don't want to afford it

A much more painful and disturbing development—and not only for Russians—is the dissolution of the Russian Empire. It is now obvious that the Russians have lost not only the Cold War but also the fruits of their victory in the Second World War. Their victory in the Second World War forty-five years ago had nothing to do with communism. They defeated the Germans in what they—not improperly—have called the Great Patriotic War. Because they had to carry the fight all the way to the middle of Germany and Berlin, their army took control of much of Eastern Europe and of eastern Germany.

In 1945 the Americans (and to a lesser extent the British) were not willing either to contest that Russian predominance or to question Stalin seriously about its conditions. Stalin could have done what he and his successors eventually consented to do with Finland: to allow the states bordering the Soviet Union on the west to be ruled by more or less free and democratic governments, whose foreign and military policies would remain coordinated with Russian national and security interests. Stalin did not choose to do so, for three reasons. The Americans did not really press him on the point. The formula was not applicable to Germany, the largest and most valuable portion of which was occupied by the Western Powers. Thirdly, and most important: Stalin preferred communists in the Eastern European states because they were the only functionaries he could count on. The prospect of these nations following a pro-Russian foreign policy while they maintained all kinds of other connections with the West did not appeal to him. Under such conditions Russian influence would, naturally and inevitably, decrease. His was the ancient conservative preference for the bird in one's hand—in his case, rather, in his fist. Stalin was not a revolutionary; he had no intention to spread communism into Western Europe. The communist governments in Eastern Europe did not come into power because of communist revolutions. They were imposed by the presence of Russian troops.

When Gorbachev came to power in Russia five years ago, he was deeply troubled by what he, an insider, knew only too well: the corruption and inefficiency of the Communist Party machine within the Soviet Union proper. We do not know whether this honest recognition was accompanied by a recognition of the explosive force of nationalism. Certainly he recognized that the Soviet Union's relation with its democratic neighbor, Fin-



Illustrations by Maris Bishofs

The great revolutionary of the early twentieth century was not Lenin but Woodrow Wilson, with his insistence on self-determination

land, was much preferable to the messy and troublesome relations with the other, still largely communist-ruled, Eastern European nations. What he may not have recognized, at first, was that the Moldavians or Armenians or Lithuanians are not like the Finns; and that once nationalism in Eastern Europe was approved by Moscow, there was nothing to stop it from bubbling up and flooding component parts of the Soviet Empire itself.

The extent of the Russian conquest of Eastern Europe forty-five years ago was so unnatural that it could not last. The Russian retreat from Eastern and Central Europe began soon after 1945. As early as 1948 Yugoslavia broke away from the Russian orbit. In 1955 Khrushchev gave up the Russian naval base in Finland. In the same year the Russians withdrew from their occupation zone in Austria. That was thirty-five years ago, when the winding down of the Cold War through a mutual withdrawal of Russian and American forces and alliances from the middle of Europe was a realistic possibility. That possibility was denied and sabotaged by Dwight Eisenhower and John Foster Dulles; and it is both melancholy and ironic to consider that these Russian retreats occurred at the same time that the hysteria of American anticommunism reached its peak. But that is another story.

What is important to remember is that for the past thirty-five or forty years the Russian and communist influence in Eastern Europe has been slackening—in some places more rapidly, in others more slowly, but generally tending toward weakness. Today the Russians cannot and will not restore anything even remotely resembling their political control over the region that they established in 1945. Their traditional empire—perhaps the last of the great multinational empires—is dissolving under the pressures of democratic and populist nationalism. The same pressures exist within the frontiers of the Soviet Union, and the Russians will be lucky if they can preserve a substantial part of their inner empire. Only God knows what will be left when the process of disintegration is finally halted.

There is an ironic paradox here. The great revolutionary of the early twentieth century was not Lenin, who ignored the force of nationalism and insisted upon his narrow-minded dogma of class struggle. It was the no less narrow-minded Woodrow Wilson, with his insistence on the—potentially disastrous—principle of self-determination. Lenin lost the western portion of the Russian Empire and was obliged to accept the independence of Finland, the Baltic States, Poland: the price for maintaining his power in the rest of the Russias. Lenin believed that from Russia communism would soon spread westward. He was wrong. For more than twenty-five years the Soviet Union remained the only communist state in the world—until, after World War II, the Russian army imposed communist regimes in Russia's neighbor states. The occupation lasted for forty-five years. Wilson's achievements were more enduring. In 1918 he insisted not only on a German surrender but on the abolition of the German monarchy; and he was the principal advocate of the dissolution of the Austro-Hungarian Empire too—the only great state between Germany and Russia. From these achievements Adolf Hitler (and a slew of minor Hitlers in the future) would profit mightily. More than seventy years later the end is not yet at hand—for the principle of self-determination remains the most explosive force at large in the world, to the detriment not only of the Soviet Union but, eventually, of the United States too.

Together with the British and the Russians, the third power that has fallen into decline is, alas, the United States. In 1945 the United States was the greatest power in the world. Yet it is at least questionable whether the zenith of American power was not 1918 rather than 1945; for at the end of World War I the United States (and its Western allies) did not have to share the victory with Russia. At the end of World War II, with Russian troops as far east as Germany, there was no other choice. The result was the Cold War, during which American governments, politicians, and people

often misread the intentions of their Russian adversaries.

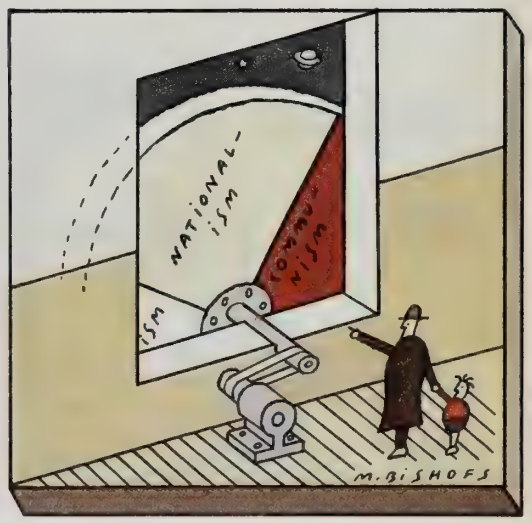
The Cold War burdened the American economy with enormous military expenditures, but those expenditures (although often excessive and irresponsible) did not—alone, or even mostly, and contrary to the conventional *liberal* wisdom—cause the decline of the United States. The principal cause of the American decline is the changed character of the nation that has in turn deeply affected its institutions—educational, legal, commercial, and political institutions whose operations and procedures have become less and less capable of functioning as instruments of proper regulation and reform. These institutions—foremost among them the American presidency—have become grossly inflated. A principal element in this malignant growth, very much contrary to the accepted, *conservative* wisdom, was the degeneration of American patriotism into an ideological nationalism, equating global anticommunism with *the* American credo. As early as 1956 the platform of the—so-called isolationist and conservative—Republican Party called for nothing less than the extension of American air and naval bases "strategically dispersed . . . around the world." There followed the quarter-century rise of the "conservatives" in the Republican Party, until in the 1980s their hero Ronald Reagan extended this American aspiration of ruling the globe into space: the Cosmocrat of the Universe. (This "conservative" and "traditionalist" president of the United States was a Hollywood actor who admitted that his interest in Star Wars had been inspired by the movie of that name—a movie made expressly for a juvenile audience.)

The sources of American decline, like those in Britain, have not been economic. More precisely, the economic problems of the United States follow from the confusion of a people in whose mind image has become not merely a component of reality but its substitute. The loss of self-knowledge and self-discipline expresses a devolution in the character of a nation whose youthful leaders at its birth were (at times precociously, at times priggishly) exceptionally serious and mature. Two hundred years later, the expressions, the gestures, the acts, and the preferences of the recent presidents display the traits not of maturity but of puerility.

What matters now is that in 1990—unlike in 1945 and for some time afterward—other people in the world have become aware of the American predicament. The power of a nation, like that of a person, is inseparable from the unquantifiable asset of its prestige. A nation whose prestige is considerable will withstand a temporary, or even lengthy, erosion of its power better than a nation whose prestige is weak. American—unlike Soviet—prestige is still considerable, but its erosion has already begun. After 1945 the greatest contribution of the United States to the benefit of the world (and especially to that of Western Europe) was not the Marshall Plan. It was the American example of a mass democracy capable of maintaining a high level of prosperity and of freedom; of functioning traditional institutions of law and order; of giving credit to the masses. This has led to the adoption of many American practices and institutions in the democracies abroad, ranging from social security and income tax withholding through extended opportunities for higher education to the emulation of American forms of art and advertising.

Four decades later most nations have subtly reshaped these matters for themselves. Economic statistics tell us that in the 1980s the material possessions of French or German or Japanese workers had become very similar, if not identical, to those of an American worker, including cars, color televisions, etc.; they also tell us that, for the first time in this century, the per capita income of Americans is less than that of the Swiss, Germans, or Swedes. Real experience (which is not the same thing as economic statistics) also tells us that while twenty years ago the American dollar was worth something like four German marks or Swiss francs, it is now worth less than half of that. But all of these matters are consequences of the deteriorating confidence of other peoples in the quality of American leadership—and,

The economic problems of the United States follow from the confusion of a people in whose mind image has become a substitute for reality



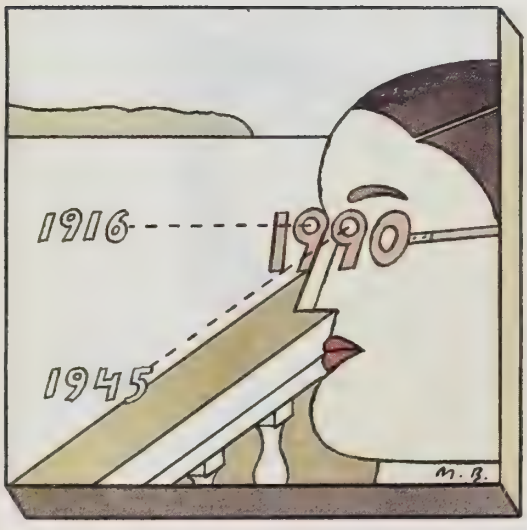
A great vacuum is opening in Eastern Europe, and it will be filled not by "Europe" but by Germany

for the first time, in the quality of American products too. In 1945 the quality of American everyday life—those shining towers of Manhattan—was the wonder of the world. By 1990 that example is less than inspiring, to say the least.

Of course, nothing is irreversible, including decline; and one of the engaging, and positive, marks of the American national character is the American ability to reform and change. Nor is there much reason to worry about America becoming something other than "Number One" (a vulgar phrase whose assertion by a recent American president—Richard Nixon—in itself suggests a want of self-confidence). Still, with all of the monstrous instruments of power at its disposal, the United States—as the last of the great victorious powers of the two world wars—can no longer control events in Europe, even at this time of the dissolution of its once great adversary, the Second Superpower, and at a time when its presidents have felt compelled to arouse national cohesion and enthusiasm by military victories in . . . Grenada or Libya or Panama. And without really recognizing something that the American people have begun to feel in their bones—that both America and Russia are threatened not by each other but by the increasing pressures from the so-called Third World.

If, then, Great Britain, Russia, and the United States have lost the advantage of their victories in World War II, does that also mean that the erstwhile losers, Germany and Japan, have become the winners? Yes and no.

Yes, because their prosperity already has defied all materialistic logic, including that of the population experts. For some time now Japan and West Germany have enjoyed the rank of economic and financial superpowers. The most prosperous nations on earth, they are also among the most densely inhabited. After 1945 West Germany, conquered and occupied by many millions of foreign soldiers, its cities bombed into ruins, had to accommodate 12 million German refugees: an accretion amounting to one fourth of an impoverished population. The forced crowding had the making of an unprecedented catastrophe. The very opposite happened. The newly arrived citizenry became an asset, not a liability. A similar revival took place in Japan, which, in 1945, found itself under foreign occupation, powerless, its cities destroyed, reduced to its small islands, crowded with refugees. What mattered was not overpopulation, not the *quantity* of people. What mattered was their *quality:* their ability and willingness to work. These matters are not quantifiable. They are national characteristics. The Germans were able to absorb, and benefit from, the presence of millions of incoming Germans. They have not been able to absorb a million Turkish immigrants. Nor have the Japanese assimilated immigrants from the Asiatic mainlands.



Now a new condition has arisen in Germany. That a reunited Germany, with 80 million people, will become the greatest economic and financial power in Europe need not be argued. The question remains as to whether the character of the German people has changed so much that they will be satisfied with the possession and consumption of material goods. The recent disinclination of West German Chancellor Helmut Kohl to ratify the German-Polish frontier (for the purpose of gaining political support from the not altogether suppressed currents of German nationalism) is but one disquieting example of an old trait. It may be true that the great majority of the German people stand willing to accept the present frontiers of Germany; the majority may also believe in the "European" future of Germany. But history and human nature abhor a vacuum, as does physical nature. In the aftermath of the great Russian retreat in Eastern Europe a great vacuum is opening up again. That vacuum will be filled, not by the United States, not by "Europe," but by Germany. Economically and financially the Germans already have begun to fill it. The cultural and political (and perhaps

even military) consequences will follow.

I do not mean that sooner or later panzer divisions will assemble along the Oder, or that the reputation of Hitler will be wholly rehabilitated. What I mean is that the collapse of Russian power, and of communism in Eastern Europe, makes the Germans (and also some other people) think and feel that the accepted idea of their unique responsibility for some of the crimes of World War II is invalid or, at best, relative and now definitely a thing of the past. The assumption that World War II is, finally, ended will correspond to the inclinations of other peoples in Eastern Europe, and it will persuade some of their nationalist and populist parties to seek, eventually, the active support of Germany (and not of the United States). It is true that the Germans of today are not the Germans of 1938. No German is, or will ever be, interested in a Fourth Reich—in dominating all of Europe. But one half of Europe—its eastern half—is better than none. The famous French proverb *Plus ça change, plus c'est la même chose*—that things and people never really change—is only a half-truth. But that other French proverb *L'appétit vient en mangeant*—that appetite rises with the meal—is more than a half-truth, alas.

Something similar is already occurring in a Japan that sees its great World War II enemies, the United States and the Soviet Union, in decline. Hence the natural Japanese tendency will be to seek a close association with China, eventually at the expense of America and of Russia. We ought to know that before 1945 Japan's aim was not the conquest of all China but the establishment of a pro-Japanese regime in China: anti-Russian as well as anti-Western. China as a great power was an illusion cherished by Franklin Roosevelt; that China could be a superpower, an American ally balancing the Russian superpower, was an illusion dear to Richard Nixon and, it seems, even now to George Bush. Even one billion Chinese do not a superpower make. But if and when a Japanese-Chinese alliance—and not merely an economic one—comes about, then, for the third time, America and Russia must be allied again: a not necessarily remote contingency for which the present American government as well as our international experts are leaving the American people entirely unprepared.

But history remains unpredictable, after all. That, after fifty years, which *is* a fairly long time, the British and the Russian and the American empires have lost most of the fruits of their victory in World War II is not arguable. At the same time Germany and Japan, the losers of World War II, are not the superpowers of the world. They have not yet been willing to translate their economic prestige into political and military power—more precisely, into that willingness to use force that is as much a component of power as is prestige. That willingness, in this democratic age, depends on the inclinations of their peoples. They may remain content with their present circumstances of material well-being, satisfied with their present reputations, without feeling constrained by the political and military desiderata still imposed on their states by the declining superpowers. Or they may not.

Japan is not a superpower. It has not been willing to translate its economic prestige into political and military power

Yet, in the summer of 1990, the most fatuous of the illusions confusing the public discussion is the one about the return, or the rebirth, of liberal parliamentary democracy and of capitalism, which, given world enough and time, will become everywhere triumphant.

Parliamentary democracy belonged to the nineteenth century. Its existence in Western Europe was restored with the help of the Anglo-American victory in World War II, and its survival depended on a social structure in which the bourgeois and upper classes furnished the majority of political representatives. In Eastern Europe such a social structure does not now exist. What are rising there are not liberal parliamentary democracies but nationalist and populist ones: quite another kettle of fish—or can of worms, depending on how you call it.

The best we can hope for, especially in the Western world, is that the wars of the past will not occur again, at least not in their prior incarnations

To believe that what we are witnessing in Eastern Europe is a rebirth of traditional capitalism is even more of an illusion. That, too, belonged to the nineteenth century. Traditional capitalism is gone in the West too, even from the United States. The universal attribute of every country in the world is the welfare state, administered by large bureaucracies. We are all socialist now, whether we call ourselves that or not. It is only that international socialism is a mirage. The dominant reality is that of a variety of nationalist socialisms. What the Eastern European peoples are reacting against is the deadening, and ineffective, rule of their nominally communist ruling classes. But anticommunism does neither capitalism nor liberal democracy make. The communist bureaucracies will be succeeded by another kind of national bureaucracy; and the rise of modern bureaucracy is a worldwide phenomenon, something quite different from the Roman or czarist or Prussian bureaucracies of the past.

What we have learned (or should have learned) during the last few decades is that Adam Smith was as wrong as Marx—not only because of his utopian notions about free trade but also because of his insufficient understanding of human nature. The "market economy" as well as "supply and demand" are myths. When Ralph Waldo Emerson said that all men have to do is to invent a better mousetrap, he was mouthing nonsense. The inventor of the best mousetrap in the world will profit nothing until the availability of the aforesaid mousetrap is broadly publicized and advertised, that is, widely known. Just as in the history of American politics the devolution of elections to popularity contests in the nineteenth century was followed in the twentieth century by a further, and more insidious, degeneration from popularity contests to publicity contests, so also in the history of commerce the same process has involved devolution not only of goods but also of intellectual achievement, the so-called marketplace of ideas, and of art itself. It is absurd to speak of a free and independent "market," of a true "supply and demand," independent of the massive interventions of promotion and publicity, of self-fulfilling prophecies, hypes, and fixes. Economic Man is a myth.

History is not determined by economics—which is why it is absurd to assume that the economic and administrative arrangements in 1992 will amount to a real political union of Europe. The best we can hope for—especially in the Western world—is that the wars of the past will not occur again, at least not in their prior incarnations. But war is only one form of communal violence; and certainly there are no signs in the world—certainly not within our supposedly civilized cities—that violence, indeed savagery, has disappeared. Where and when the exercise of law and order has been corrupted or weakened, the prestige of brutal power rises. Those who think (or who make themselves think) that such abstractions as the gross national product amount to real wealth, or that credit structures provide the principal guarantees of freedom against violence or savagery, are fools. Wealth may be an instrument of power, but it is no more than one of its instruments—and sometimes not even that. And the more wealth is computerized, the more abstract it becomes—a commonsense truth that escapes the minds only of those who believe that the human mind is a computer and that history may be computed.

Near the end of the twentieth century—indeed, near the end of the so-called Modern Age—two dangerous circumstances threaten the world. One is the institutionalized pressure for material and economic "growth"—contrary to stability and threatening nature itself. The other is the existence of the populist inclinations of nationalism—contrary to a greater and better understanding among peoples. One is the thrust for increasing wealth; the other, for tribal power. One issues from the presumption that the principal human motive is greed; the other, that it is power. To imagine that the former is morally superior to the latter is at least questionable; but to think that the progress of history amounts to the triumph of money over force is stupid beyond belief. ■

DEATH BY LANDSCAPE

By Margaret Atwood

Now that the boys are grown up and Rob is dead, Lois has moved to a condominium apartment in one of Toronto's newer waterfront developments. She is relieved not to have to worry about the lawn, or about the ivy pushing its muscular little suckers into the brickwork, or the squirrels gnawing their way into the attic and eating the insulation off the wiring, or about strange noises. This building has a security system, and the only plant life is in pots in the solarium.

Lois is glad she's been able to find an apartment big enough for her pictures. They are more crowded together than they were in the house, but this arrangement gives the walls a European look: blocks of pictures, above and beside one another, rather than one over the chesterfield, one over the fireplace, one in the front hall, in the old acceptable manner of sprinkling art around so it does not get too intrusive. This way has more of an impact. You know it's not supposed to be furniture.

None of the pictures is very large, which doesn't mean they aren't valuable. They are paintings, or sketches and drawings, by artists who were not nearly as well known when Lois began to buy them as they are now. Their work later turned up on stamps, or as silk-screen reproductions hung in the principals' offices of high schools, or as jigsaw puzzles, or on beautifully printed calendars sent out by corporations as Christmas gifts to their less important clients. These artists painted after the first war, and in the Thirties and Forties; they painted landscapes. Lois has two Tom Thompsons, three A. Y. Jacksons, a Lawren Harris. She has an Arthur Lismer, she has a J.E.H. MacDonald. She has a David Milne. They are pictures of convoluted tree trunks on an island of pink wave-smoothed stone, with more islands behind; of a lake with rough, bright, sparsely wooded cliffs; of a vivid river shore with a tangle of bush and two beached canoes, one red, one gray; of a yellow autumn woods with the ice-blue gleam of a pond half-seen through the interlaced branches.

It was Lois who'd chosen them. Rob had no interest in art, although he could see the necessity of having something on the walls. He left all the decorating decisions to her, while providing the money, of course. Because of this collection of hers, Lois's friends—especially the men—have given her the reputation of having a good nose for art investments.

But this is not why she bought the pictures, way back then. She bought them because she wanted them. She wanted something that was in them although she could not have said at the time what it was. It was not peace: She does not find them peaceful in the least. Looking at them fills her with a wordless unease. Despite the fact that there are no people in them or even animals, it's as if there is something, or someone, looking back out.

When she was fourteen, Lois went on a canoe trip. She'd only been on overnights before. This was to be a long one, into the trackless wilderness, as Cappie put it. It was Lois's first ca-

Margaret Atwood is the author of many works of fiction and poetry, among them the novels The Handmaid's Tale *and* Cat's Eye.

noe trip, and her last.

Cappie was the head of the summer camp to which Lois had been sent ever since she was nine. Camp Manitou, it was called; it was one of the better ones, for girls, though not the best. Girls of her age whose parents could afford it were routinely packed off to such camps, which bore a generic resemblance to one another. They favored Indian names and had hearty, energetic leaders, who were called Cappie or Skip or Scottie. At these camps you learned to swim well and sail, and paddle a canoe, and perhaps ride a horse or play tennis. When you weren't doing these things you could do Arts and Crafts, and turn out dingy, lumpish clay ashtrays for your mother—mothers smoked more then—or bracelets made of colored braided string.

Cheerfulness was required at all times, even at breakfast. Loud shouting and the banging of spoons on the tables were allowed, and even encouraged, at ritual intervals. Chocolate bars were rationed, to control tooth decay and pimples. At night, after supper, in the dining hall or outside around a mosquito-infested campfire ring for special treats, there were sing-songs. Lois can still remember all the words to "My Darling Clementine," and to "My Bonnie Lies Over the Ocean," with acting-out gestures: a rippling of the hands for "ocean," two hands together under the cheeks for "lies." She will never be able to forget them, which is a sad thought.

Lois thinks she can recognize women who went to these camps and were good at it. They have a hardness to their handshakes, even now; a way of standing, legs planted firmly and farther apart than usual; a way of sizing you up, to see if you'd be any good in a canoe—the front, not the back. They themselves would be in the back. They would call it the stern.

She knows that such camps still exist, although Camp Manitou does not. They are one of the few things that haven't changed much. They now offer copper enameling, and functionless pieces of stained glass baked in electric ovens, though judging from the productions of her friends' grandchildren the artistic standards have not improved.

To Lois, encountering it in the first year after the war, Camp Manitou seemed ancient. Its log-sided buildings with the white cement in between the half-logs, its flagpole ringed with whitewashed stones, its weathered gray dock jutting out into Lake Prospect, with its woven rope bumpers and its rusty rings for tying up, its prim round flowerbed of petunias near the office door, must surely have been there always. In truth, it dated only from the first decade of the century; it had been founded by Cappie's parents, who'd thought of camping as bracing to the character, like cold showers, and had been passed along to her as an inheritance and an obligation.

Lois realized later that it must have been a struggle for Cappie to keep Camp Manitou going during the Depression and then the war, when money did not flow freely. If it had been a camp for the very rich, instead of the merely well-off, there would have been fewer problems. But there must have been enough Old Girls, ones with daughters, to keep the thing in operation, though not entirely shipshape: Furniture was battered, painted trim was peeling, roofs leaked. There were dim photographs of these Old Girls dotted around the dining hall, wearing ample woolen bathing suits and showing their fat, dimpled legs, or standing, arms twined, in odd tennis outfits with baggy skirts.

In the dining hall, over the stone fireplace that was never used, there was a huge molting stuffed moose head, which looked somehow carnivorous. It was a sort of mascot; its name was Monty Manitou. The older campers spread the story that it was haunted and came to life in the dark, when the feeble and undependable lights had been turned off or, due to yet another generator failure, had gone out. Lois was afraid of it at first, but not after she got used to it.

Cappie was the same: You had to get used to her. Possibly she was forty, or thirty-five, or fifty. She had fawn-colored hair that looked as if it was cut with a bowl. Her head jutted forward, jigging like a chicken's as she strode around the camp, clutching notebooks and checking things off in them. She was like Lois's minister in church: Both of them smiled a lot and were anxious because they wanted things to go well; they both had the same overwashed skins and stringy necks. But all this disappeared when Cappie was leading a sing-song or otherwise leading. Then she was happy, sure of herself, her plain face almost luminous. She wanted to cause joy. At these times she was loved, at others merely trusted.

There were many things Lois didn't like about Camp Manitou, at first. She hated the noisy chaos and spoon banging of the dining hall, the rowdy sing-songs at which you were expected to yell in order to show that you were enjoying yourself. Hers was not a household that encouraged yelling. She hated the necessity of having to write dutiful letters to her parents claiming she was having fun. She could not complain, because camp cost so much money.

She didn't much like having to undress in a roomful of other girls, even in the dim light, although nobody paid any attention, or sleeping in a cabin with seven other girls, some of whom snored because they had adenoids or colds, some of whom had nightmares, or wet their beds



and cried about it. Bottom bunks made her feel closed in, and she was afraid of falling out of top ones; she was afraid of heights. She got homesick, and suspected her parents of having a better time when she wasn't there than when she was, although her mother wrote to her every week saying how much they missed her. All this was when she was nine. By the time she was thirteen she liked it. She was an old hand by then.

Lucy was her best friend at camp. Lois had other friends in the winter, when there was school and itchy woolen clothing and darkness in the afternoons, but Lucy was her summer friend.

She turned up the second year, when Lois was ten and a Bluejay. (Chickadees, Bluejays, Ravens, and Kingfishers—these were the names Camp Manitou assigned to the different age groups, a sort of totemic clan system. In those days, thinks Lois, it was birds for girls, animals for boys—wolves and so forth—though some animals and birds were suitable and some were not: never vultures, for instance; never skunks, or rats.)

Lois helped Lucy to unpack her tin trunk and place the folded clothes on the wooden shelves, and to make up her bed. She put her in the top bunk right above her, where she could keep an eye on her. Already she knew that Lucy was an exception to a good many rules; already she felt proprietorial.

Lucy was from the United States, where comic books came from, and the movies. She wasn't from New York or Hollywood or Buffalo, the only American cities Lois knew of, but from Chicago. Her house was on the lakeshore and had gates to it, and grounds. They had a maid, all of the time. Lois's family only had a cleaning lady twice a week.

The only reason Lucy was being sent to *this* camp (she cast a look of minor scorn around the cabin, diminishing it and also offending Lois, while at the same time daunting her) was that her mother had been a camper here. Her mother had been a Canadian once but had married her father, who had a patch over one eye, like a pirate. She showed Lois the picture of him in her wallet. He got the patch in the war. "Shrapnel," said Lucy, offhandedly. Lois, who was unsure about shrapnel, was so impressed she could only grunt. Her own two-eyed, unwounded father was tame by comparison.

"My father plays golf," she ventured at last.

"*Everyone* plays golf," said Lucy. "My *mother* plays golf."

Lois's mother did not. Lois took Lucy to see

Photographs by Barry Marcus

the outhouses and the swimming dock and the dining hall with Monty Manitou's baleful head, knowing in advance they would not measure up.

This was a bad beginning; but Lucy was good-natured, and accepted Camp Manitou with the same casual shrug with which she seemed to accept everything. She would make the best of it, without letting Lois forget that this was what she was doing.

However, there were things Lois knew that Lucy did not. Lucy scratched the tops off all her mosquito bites and had to be taken to the infirmary to be daubed with Ozonol. She took her T-shirt off while sailing, and although the counselor spotted her after a while and made her put it back on, she burned spectacularly, bright red, with the X of her bathing-suit straps standing out in alarming white; she let Lois peel the sheets of whispery-thin burned skin off her shoulders. When they sang "Alouette" around the campfire, she did not know any of the French words. The difference was that Lucy did not care about the things she didn't know, whereas Lois did.

During the next winter, and subsequent winters, Lucy and Lois wrote to each other. They were both only children, at a time when this was thought to be a disadvantage, so in their letters they pretended to be sisters or even twins. Lois had to strain a little over this, because Lucy was so blond, with translucent skin and large blue eyes like a doll's, and Lois was nothing out of the ordinary, just a tallish, thinnish, brownish person with freckles. They signed their letters LL, with the *L*'s entwined together like the monograms on a towel. (Lois and Lucy, thinks Lois. How our names date us. Lois Lane, Superman's girlfriend, enterprising female reporter; *I Love Lucy*. Now we are obsolete, and it's little Jennifers, little Emilys, little Alexandras and Carolines and Tiffanys.)

They were more effusive in their letters than they ever were in person. They bordered their pages with X's and O's, but when they met again in the summers it was always a shock. They had changed so much, or Lucy had. It was like watching someone grow up in jolts. At first it would be hard to think up things to say.

But Lucy always had a surprise or two, something to show, some marvel to reveal. The first year she had a picture of herself in a tutu, her hair in a ballerina's knot on the top of her head; she pirouetted around the swimming dock, to show Lois how it was done, and almost fell off. The next year she had given that up and was taking horseback riding. (Camp Manitou did not have horses.) The next year her mother and father had been divorced, and she had a new stepfather, one with both eyes, and a new house, although the maid was the same.

The next year, when they had graduated from Bluejays and entered Ravens, she got her period, right in the first week of camp. The two of them snitched some matches from their counselor, who smoked illegally, and made a small fire out behind the furthest outhouse, at dusk, using their flashlights. They could set all kinds of fires by now; they had learned how in Campcraft. On this fire they burned one of Lucy's used sanitary napkins. Lois is not sure why they did this or whose idea it was. But she can remember the feeling of deep satisfaction it gave her as the white fluff singed and the blood sizzled, as if some wordless ritual had been fulfilled.

They did not get caught, but then they rarely got caught at any of their camp transgressions. Lucy had such large eyes, and was such an accomplished liar.

This year Lucy is different again: slower, more languorous. She is no longer interested in sneaking around after dark, purloining cigarettes from the counselor, dealing in black market candy bars. She is pensive, and hard to wake in the mornings. She doesn't like her stepfather, but she doesn't want to live with her real father either, who has a new wife. She thinks her mother may be having an affair with a doctor; she doesn't know for sure, but she's seen them smooching in his car, out in the driveway, when her stepfather wasn't there. It serves him right. She hates her private school. She has a boyfriend, who is sixteen and works as a gardener's assistant. This is how she met him: in the garden. She describes to Lois what it is like when he kisses her: rubbery at first, but then your knees go limp. She has been forbidden to see him and threatened with boarding school. She wants to run away from home.

Lois has little to offer in return. Her own life is placid and satisfactory, but there is nothing much that can be said about happiness. "You're so lucky," Lucy tells her, a little smugly. She might as well say *boring*, because this is how it makes Lois feel.

Lucy is apathetic about the canoe trip, so Lois has to disguise her own excitement. The evening before they are to leave, she slouches into the campfire ring as if coerced and sits down with a sigh of endurance, just as Lucy does.

Every canoe trip that went out of camp was given a special send-off by Cappie and the section leader and counselors, with the whole section in attendance. Cappie painted three streaks of red across each of her cheeks with a lipstick. They looked like three-fingered claw marks. She put a blue circle on her forehead with fountain-pen ink, tied a twisted bandanna

around her head and stuck a row of frazzle-ended feathers around it, and wrapped herself in a red and black Hudson's Bay blanket. The counselors, also in blankets but with only two streaks of red, beat on tom-toms made of round wooden cheeseboxes with leather stretched over the top and nailed in place. Cappie was Chief Cappeosota. They all had to say "How!" when she walked into the circle and stood there with one hand raised.

Looking back on this, Lois finds it disquieting. She knows too much about Indians. She knows, for instance, that they should not even be called Indians, and that they have enough worries without other people taking their names and dressing up as them. It has all been a form of stealing.

But she remembers too that she was once ignorant of this. Once she loved the campfire, the flickering of light on the ring of faces, the sound of the fake tom-toms, heavy and fast like a scared heartbeat; she loved Cappie in a red blanket and feathers, solemn, as a Chief should be, raising her hand and saying, "Greetings, my Ravens." It was not funny, it was not making fun. She wanted to be an Indian. She wanted to be adventurous and pure, and aboriginal.

"You go on big water," says Cappie. This is her idea—all their ideas—of how Indians talk. "You go where no man has ever trod. You go many moons." This is not true. They are only going for a week, not many moons. The canoe route is clearly marked, they have gone over it on a map, and there are prepared campsites with names that are used year after year. But when Cappie says this—and despite the way Lucy rolls up her eyes—Lois can feel the water stretching out, with the shores twisting away on either side, immense and a little frightening.

"You bring back much wampum," says Cappie. "Do good in war, my braves, and capture many scalps." This is another of her pretenses: that they are boys, and bloodthirsty. But such a game cannot be played by substituting the word *squaw*. It would not work at all.

Each of them has to stand up and step forward and have a red line drawn across her cheeks by Cappie. She tells them they must follow in the paths of their ancestors (who most certainly, thinks Lois, looking out the window of her apartment and remembering the family stash of daguerreotypes and sepia-colored portraits on her mother's dressing table—the stiff-shirted, black-coated, grim-faced men and the beflounced women with their severe hair and their corsetted respectability—would never have considered heading off onto an open lake, in a canoe, just for fun).

At the end of the ceremony they all stood and held hands around the circle and sang taps. This did not sound very Indian, thinks Lois. It sounded like a bugle call at a military post, in a movie. But Cappie was never one to be much concerned with consistency, or with archaeology.

After breakfast the next morning they set out from the main dock, in four canoes, three in each. The lipstick stripes have not come off completely and still show faintly pink, like healing burns. They wear their white denim sailing hats, because of the sun, and thin-striped T-shirts, and pale baggy shorts with the cuffs rolled up. The middle one kneels, propping her rear end against the rolled sleeping bags. The counselors going with them are Pat and Kip. Kip is no-nonsense; Pat is easier to wheedle or fool.

There are white puffy clouds and a small breeze. Glints come from the little waves. Lois is in the bow of Kip's canoe. She still can't do a J-stroke very well, and she will have to be in the bow or the middle for the whole trip. Lucy is behind her; her own J-stroke is even worse. She splashes Lois with her paddle, quite a big splash.

"I'll get you back," says Lois.

"There was a stable fly on your shoulder," Lucy says.

Lois turns to look at her, to see if she's grinning. They're in the habit of splashing each other. Back there, the camp has vanished behind the first long point of rock and rough trees. Lois feels as if an invisible rope has broken. They're floating free, on their own, cut loose. Beneath the canoe the lake goes down, deeper and colder than it was a minute before.

"No horsing around in the canoe," says Kip. She's rolled her T-shirt sleeves up to the shoulder; her arms are brown and sinewy, her jaw determined, her stroke perfect. She looks as if she knows exactly what she is doing.

The four canoes keep close together. They sing, raucously and with defiance; they sing "The Quarter Master's Store" and "Clementine" and "Alouette." It is more like bellowing than singing.

After that the wind grows stronger, blowing slantwise against the bows, and they have to put all their energy into shoving themselves through the water.

Was there anything important, anything that would provide some sort of reason or clue to what happened next? Lois can remember everything, every detail; but it does her no good.

They stopped at noon for a swim and lunch, and went on in the afternoon. At last they reached Little Birch, which was the first campsite for overnight. Lois and Lucy made the fire



while the others pitched the heavy canvas tents. The fireplace was already there, flat stones piled into a U shape. A burned tin can and a beer bottle had been left in it. Their fire went out, and they had to restart it. "Hustle your bustle," said Kip. "We're starving."

The sun went down, and in the pink sunset light they brushed their teeth and spat the toothpaste froth into the lake. Kip and Pat put all the food that wasn't in cans into a packsack and slung it into a tree, in case of bears.

Lois and Lucy weren't sleeping in a tent. They'd begged to be allowed to sleep out; that way they could talk without the others hearing. If it rained, they told Kip, they promised not to crawl dripping into the tent over everyone's legs: They would get under the canoes. So they were out on the point.

Lois tried to get comfortable inside her sleeping bag, which smelled of musty storage and of earlier campers—a stale, salty sweetness. She curled herself up, with her sweater rolled up under her head for a pillow and her flashlight inside her sleeping bag so it wouldn't roll away. The muscles of her sore arms were making small pings, like rubber bands breaking.

Beside her Lucy was rustling around. Lois could see the glimmering oval of her white face.

"I've got a rock poking into my back," said Lucy.

"So do I," said Lois. "You want to go into the tent?" She herself didn't, but it was right to ask.

"No," said Lucy. She subsided into her sleeping bag. After a moment she said, "It would be nice not to go back."

"To camp?" said Lois.

"To Chicago," said Lucy. "I hate it there."

"What about your boyfriend?" said Lois. Lucy didn't answer. She was either asleep or pretending to be.

There was a moon, and a movement of the trees. In the sky there were stars, layers of stars that went down and down. Kip said that when the stars were bright like that instead of hazy, it meant bad weather later on. Out on the lake there were two loons, calling to each other in their insane, mournful voices. At the time it did not sound like grief. It was just background.

The lake in the morning was flat calm. They skimmed along over the glassy surface, leaving V-shaped trails behind them; it felt like flying. As the sun rose higher it got hot, almost too hot. There were stable flies in the canoes, landing on a bare arm or leg for a quick sting. Lois hoped for wind.

They stopped for lunch at the next of the named campsites, Lookout Point. It was called this because, although the site itself was down near the water on a flat shelf of rock, there was a sheer cliff nearby and a trail that led up to the

top. The top was the lookout, although what you were supposed to see from there was not clear. Kip said it was just a view.

Lois and Lucy decided to make the climb anyway. They didn't want to hang around waiting for lunch. It wasn't their turn to cook, though they hadn't avoided much by not doing it, because cooking lunch was no big deal. It was just unwrapping the cheese and getting out the bread and peanut butter, though Pat and Kip always had to do their woodsy act and boil up a billy tin for their own tea.

They told Kip where they were going. You had to tell Kip where you were going, even if it was only a little way into the woods to get dry twigs for kindling. You could never go anywhere without a buddy.

"Sure," said Kip, who was crouching over the fire, feeding driftwood into it. "Fifteen minutes to lunch."

"Where are they off to?" said Pat. She was bringing their billy tin of water from the lake.

"Lookout," said Kip.

"Be careful," said Pat. She said it as an afterthought, because it was what she always said.

"They're old hands," Kip said.

Lois looks at her watch: It's ten to twelve. She is the watch-minder; Lucy is careless of time. They walk up the path, which is dry earth and rocks, big rounded pinky-gray boulders or split-open ones with jagged edges. Spindly balsam and spruce trees grow to either side; the lake is blue fragments to the left. The sun is right overhead; there are no shadows anywhere. The heat comes up at them as well as down. The forest is dry and crackly.

It isn't far, but it's a steep climb and they're sweating when they reach the top. They wipe their faces with their bare arms, sit gingerly down on a scorching-hot rock, five feet from the edge but too close for Lois. It's a lookout all right, a sheer drop to the lake and a long view over the water, back the way they've come. It's amazing to Lois that they've traveled so far, over all that water, with nothing to propel them but their own arms. It makes her feel strong. There are all kinds of things she is capable of doing.

"It would be quite a dive off here," says Lucy.

"You'd have to be nuts," says Lois.

"Why?" says Lucy. "It's really deep. It goes straight down." She stands up and takes a step nearer the edge. Lois gets a stab in her midriff, the kind she gets when a car goes too fast over a bump. "Don't," she says.

"Don't what?" says Lucy, glancing around at her mischievously. She knows how Lois feels about heights. But she turns back. "I really have to pee," she says.

"You have toilet paper?" says Lois, who is never without it. She digs in her shorts pocket.

"Thanks," says Lucy.

They are both adept at peeing in the woods: doing it fast so the mosquitoes don't get you, the underwear pulled up between the knees, the squat with the feet apart so you don't wet your legs, facing downhill; the exposed feeling of your bum, as if someone is looking at you from behind. The etiquette when you're with someone else is not to look. Lois stands up and starts to walk back down the path, to be out of sight.

"Wait for me?" says Lucy.

Lois climbed down, over and around the boulders, until she could not see Lucy; she waited. She could hear the voices of the others, talking and laughing, down near the shore. One voice was yelling, "Ants! Ants!" Someone must have sat on an anthill. Off to the side, in the woods, a raven was croaking, a hoarse single note.

She looked at her watch: It was noon. This is when she heard the shout.

She has gone over and over it in her mind since, so many times that the first, real shout has been obliterated, like a footprint trampled by other footprints. But she is sure (she is almost positive, she is nearly certain) that it was not a shout of fear. Not a scream. More like a cry of surprise, cut off too soon. Short, like a dog's bark.

"Lucy?" Lois said. Then she called. "Lucy!" By now she was clambering back up, over the stones of the path. Lucy was not up there. Or she was not in sight.

"Stop fooling around," Lois said. "It's lunchtime." But Lucy did not rise from behind a rock or step out, smiling, from behind a tree. The sunlight was all around; the rocks looked white. "This isn't funny!" Lois said, and it wasn't. Panic was rising in her, the panic of a small child who does not know where the bigger ones are hidden. She could hear her own heart. She looked quickly around; she lay down on the ground and looked over the edge of the cliff. It made her feel cold. There was nothing.

She went back down the path, stumbling; she was breathing too quickly; she was too frightened to cry. She felt terrible, guilty and dismayed, as if she had done something very bad by mistake, something that could never be repaired. "Lucy's gone," she told Kip.

Kip looked up from her fire, annoyed. The water in the billy tin was boiling. "What do you mean, 'Gone'?" she said. "Where did she go?"

"I don't know," said Lois. "She's just gone."

No one had heard the shout; but then, no one had heard Lois calling either. They had been talking among themselves, by the water.

Kip and Pat went up to the lookout and

searched and called and blew their whistles. Nothing answered.

Then they came back down, and Lois had to tell exactly what had happened. The other girls all sat in a circle and listened to her. Nobody said anything. They all looked frightened, especially Pat and Kip. They were the leaders. You did not just lose a camper like this, for no reason at all.

"Why did you leave her alone?" said Kip.

"I was just down the path," said Lois. "I told you. She had to go to the bathroom." She did not say *pee* in front of people older than herself.

Kip looked disgusted.

"Maybe she just walked off into the woods and got turned around," said one of the girls.

"Maybe she's doing it on purpose," said another.

Nobody believed either of these theories.

They took the canoes and searched around the base of the cliff and peered down into the water. But there had been no sound of falling rock; there had been no splash. There was no clue, nothing at all. Lucy had simply vanished.

That was the end of the canoe trip. It took them the same two days to go back that it had taken coming in, even though they were short a paddler. They did not sing. After that the police went, in a motorboat, with dogs; they were the Mounties and the dogs were German shepherds, trained to follow trails in the woods. But it had rained since, and they could find nothing.

Lois is sitting in Cappie's office. Her face is bloated with crying, she's seen that in the mirror. By now she feels numbed; she feels as if she has drowned. She can't stay here. It has been too much of a shock. Tomorrow her parents are coming to take her away. Several of the other girls who were on the canoe trip are being collected in the same way. The others will have to stay, because their parents are in Europe or cannot be reached.

Cappie is grim. They've tried to hush it up, but of course everyone in camp knows. Soon the papers will know too. You can't keep it quiet, but what can be said? What can be said that makes any sense? "Girl vanishes in broad daylight, without a trace." It can't be believed; other things, worse things, will be suspected. Negligence, at the very least. But they have always taken such care. Bad luck will gather around Camp Manitou like a fog; parents will avoid it in favor of other, luckier places. Lois can see Cappie thinking all this, even through her numbness. It's what anyone would think.

Lois sits on the hard wooden chair in Cappie's office, beside the old wooden desk over which hangs the thumbtacked bulletin board of normal camp routine, and gazes at Cappie through her puffy eyelids. Cappie is now smiling what is supposed to be a reassuring smile. Her manner is too casual: She's after something. Lois has seen this look on Cappie's face when she's been sniffing out contraband chocolate bars, hunting down those rumored to have snuck out of their cabins at night.

"Tell me again," says Cappie, "from the beginning."

Lois has told her story so many times by now, to Pat and Kip, to Cappie, to the police, that she knows it word for word. She knows it, but she no longer believes it. It has become a story. "I told you," she says. "She wanted to go to the bathroom. I gave her my toilet paper. I went down the path, I waited for her. I heard this kind of shout . . ."

"Yes," says Cappie, smiling confidingly, "but before that. What did you say to each other?"

Lois thinks. Nobody has asked her this before. "She said you could dive off there. She said it went straight down."

"And what did you say?"

"I said you'd have to be nuts."

"Were you mad at Lucy?" says Cappie, in an encouraging voice.

"No," says Lois. "Why would I be mad at Lucy? I wasn't ever mad at Lucy." She feels like crying again. The times when she has, in fact, been mad at Lucy have been erased already. Lucy was always perfect.

"Sometimes we're angry when we don't know we're angry," says Cappie, as if to herself. "Sometimes we get really mad and we don't even know it. Sometimes we might do a thing without meaning to, or without knowing what will happen. We lose our tempers."

Lois is only thirteen, but it doesn't take her long to figure out that Cappie is not including herself in any of this. By *we* she means Lois. She is accusing Lois of pushing Lucy off the cliff. The unfairness of this hits her like a slap. "I didn't!" she says.

"Didn't what?" says Cappie softly. "Didn't what, Lois?"

Lois does the worst thing. She begins to cry. Cappie gives her a look like a pounce. She's got what she wanted.

Later, when she was grown up, Lois was able to understand what this interview had been about. She could see Cappie's desperation, her need for a story, a real story with a reason in it; anything but the senseless vacancy Lucy had left for her to deal with. She wanted Lois to supply the reason, to be the reason. It wasn't even for the newspapers or the parents, because she could never make such an accusation without proof. It was for herself: something to explain

the loss of Camp Manitou and of all she had worked for, the years of entertaining spoiled children and buttering up parents and making a fool of herself with feathers stuck in her hair. Camp Manitou was, in fact, lost. It did not survive.

Lois worked all this out, twenty years later. But it was far too late. It was too late even ten minutes afterward, when she'd left Cappie's office and was walking slowly back to her cabin to pack. Lucy's clothes were still there, folded on the shelves, as if waiting. She felt the other girls in the cabin watching her with speculation in their eyes. *Could she have done it? She must have done it.* For the rest of her life, she has caught people watching her in this way.

Maybe they weren't thinking this. Maybe they were merely sorry for her. But she felt she had been tried and sentenced, and this is what has stayed with her: the knowledge that she has been singled out, condemned for something that was not her fault.

Lois sits in the living room of her apartment, drinking a cup of tea. Through the knee-to-ceiling window she has a wide view of Lake Ontario, with its skin of wrinkled blue-gray light, and of the willows of Toronto Island shaken by a wind that is silent at this distance and on this side of the glass. When there isn't too much pollution she can see the far shore, the foreign shore, though today it is obscured.

Possibly she should go out, go downstairs, do some shopping; there isn't much in the refrigerator. The boys say she doesn't get out enough. But she isn't hungry, and moving, stirring from this space, is increasingly an effort.

She can hardly remember, now, having her two boys in the hospital, nursing them as babies; she can hardly remember getting married, or what Rob looked like. Even at the time she never felt she was paying full attention. She was tired a lot, as if she was living not one life but two: her own, and another, shadowy life that hovered around her and would not let itself be realized, the life of what would have happened if Lucy had not stepped sideways and disappeared from time.

She would never go up north, to Rob's family cottage or to any place with wild lakes and wild trees and the calls of loons. She would never go anywhere near. Still, it was as if she was always listening for another voice, the voice of a person who should have been there but was not. An echo.

While Rob was alive, while the boys were growing up, she could pretend she didn't hear it, this empty space in sound. But now there is nothing much left to distract her.

She turns away from the window and looks at her pictures. There is the pinkish island, in the lake, with the intertwisted trees. It's the same landscape they paddled through, that distant summer. She's seen travelogues of this country, aerial photographs; it looks different from above, bigger, more hopeless: lake after lake, random blue puddles in dark green bush, the trees like bristles. How could you ever find anything there, once it was lost? Maybe if they cut it all down, drained it all away, they might find Lucy's bones, sometime, wherever they are hidden. A few bones, some buttons, the buckle from her shorts.

But a dead person is a body; a body occupies space, it exists somewhere. You can see it; you put it in a box and bury it in the ground, and then it's in a box in the ground. But Lucy is not in a box or in the ground. Because she is nowhere definite, she could be anywhere.

And these paintings are not landscape paintings. Because there aren't any landscapes up there, not in the old, tidy European sense, with a gentle hill, a curving river, a cottage, a mountain in the background, a golden evening sky. Instead there's a tangle, a receding maze, in which you can become lost almost as soon as you step off the path. There are no backgrounds in any of these paintings, no vistas; only a great deal of foreground that goes back and back, endlessly, involving you in its twists and turns of tree and branch and rock. No matter how far back in you go, there will be more. And the trees themselves are hardly trees; they are currents of energy, charged with violent color.

Who knows how many trees there were on the cliff just before Lucy disappeared? Who counted? Maybe there was one more, afterward.

Lois sits in her chair and does not move. Her hand with the cup is raised halfway to her mouth. She hears something, almost hears it: a shout of recognition or of joy.

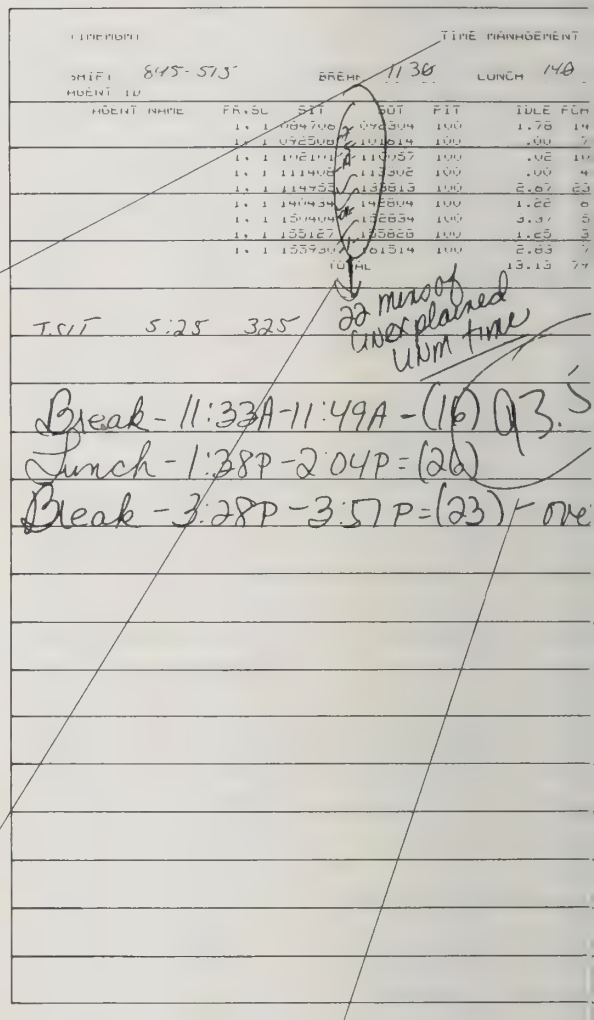
She looks at the paintings, she looks into them. Every one of them is a picture of Lucy. You can't see her exactly, but she's there, in behind the pink stone island or the one behind that. In the picture of the cliff she is hidden by the clutch of fallen rocks toward the bottom; in the one of the river shore she is crouching beneath the overturned canoe. In the yellow autumn woods she's behind the tree that cannot be seen because of the other trees, over beside the blue sliver of pond; but if you walked into the picture and found the tree, it would be the wrong one, because the right one would be farther on.

Everyone has to be somewhere, and this is where Lucy is. She is in Lois's apartment, in the holes that open inward on the wall, not like windows but like doors. She is here. She is entirely alive. ■

CRACKING THE

Meet the new boss: Compu

America's is a postindustrial service economy, runs the conventional wisdom—an economy wherein the product is information and work occurs in a clean, well-lighted place. It's the age of the telemarketer, the customer-service rep, and the flight reservationist—all of whom rely on computer technology to do their jobs. Abuse of workers in this new economy would seem unlikely, but it's here, with age-old cruelty. Twenty-six million employees nationwide, from telephone operators to elevator mechanics, have their work tracked electronically. For ten million of these men and women, computer-generated statistical evaluations, such as the one shown here, are used to judge job performance and, it is held, to increase productivity. But the computer can't measure the physical and mental toll exacted by the stress of second-by-second surveillance. This printout evaluation records the day's work of one of the 350 airline reservationists huddled over computer terminals in the vast 100-by-100-foot reservations center at TWA's Chicago office. (To protect her $5.67-an-hour job, the agent's name has been removed.) To judge from the supervisor's handwritten comments, the agent has had a bad day.

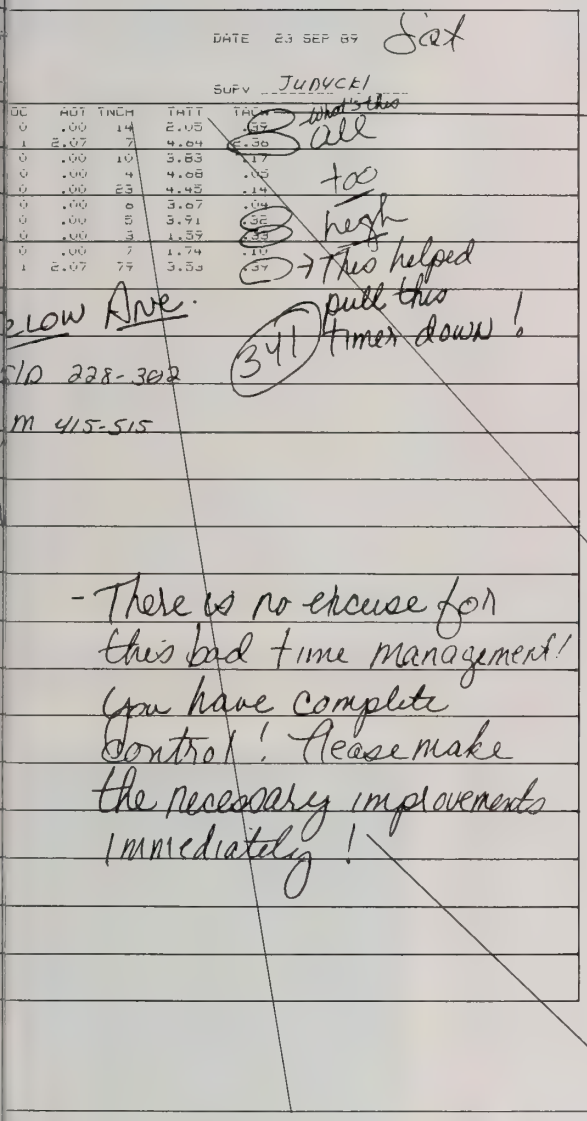


The supervisor has checked the gaps between SOT (sign-out time) and SIT (sign-in time). These gaps are known as UNM time, for unmanned time, a singularly inappropriate term: Most agents are women. "Unexplained" UNM time is almost always time spent in the bathroom. In this case, the reservationist's UNM time was unacceptably high because of an absence from 11:00 to 11:14—although we can all recall bathroom circumstances that required fourteen minutes or more, not to mention telephone calls to children sick at home. If the employee gets an urgent call from a babysitter or sick child, the message is relayed not to the employee but to the supervisor. To return urgent personal calls, employees must leave their work stations, thereby accruing UNM time, for even the most distraught mother dare not call home from her work phone, since the monitoring supervisor can listen to her call.

The supervisor has computed a "percent utilization" of 93.55 percent—an overall measure combining all the categories. It sounds like an exemplary level of productivity. But at this airline, rates below 96.5 percent trigger a series of disciplinary steps, such as a verbal or written warning ("a letter in your file") or even unpaid suspension if the number stays the same or falls lower in subsequent evaluations.

ECTRONIC WHIP

aluation, *by Sharon Danann*



The TACW, or total average after-call work—the paperwork for the tickets—has gotten this agent into extra trouble. Here she is being reprimanded for taking .39 minutes—about twenty-three seconds—to complete her paperwork for each call. The agent is damned if she does and damned if she doesn't; putting the customer on hold or engaging the customer in conversation in order to do paperwork will result in a higher TATT and can be observed by the eavesdropping supervisors.

TATT, or total average talk time, was three and a half minutes over the course of the day. The length of each call is closely scrutinized. Think about this the next time you ask for three comparison fares or provide the detailed information required to send an unaccompanied small child to see grandparents. Reservationists cannot try to save time on customer calls by dropping an unnecessary sales pitch without risking additional discipline. Supervisors, who randomly listen to calls from a glass monitoring booth in the center of the reservations room, judge the calls strictly. If the supervisor challenges a particular call at the end of the day, the agent may be hard-pressed to remember it specifically. And she dare not commiserate with fellow workers—the supervisors can hear that, too.

NCH is the total number of calls handled. Between r morning break and lunch, this agent took twenty-ee calls for information or reservations, and a total seventy-nine for the day. That sounds impressive, t it's considered low by management, which expects nts to handle 150 to 200 calls a day. The reserva-nist will be pressured daily to raise this number. w totals, and not customer needs, are what manage-nt is concerned with.

On television commercials, airline reservationists and their equivalents in other jobs are smiling, friendly, and boundlessly gratified by serving *you*. In reality, the agent has nothing approaching "complete control." The control lies with management and the ensuing threat is not an idle one. If the agent continues to have days like this, with problems in any of the monitored categories, she will be fired. And if that happens, she will be forced to look for another job in the electronic mills of the new economy.

Sharon Danann is the former research director of 9to5, Working Women Education Fund, and author of the report "Stories of Mistrust and Manipulation: The Electronic Monitoring of the American Workforce."

FALL · 1990 CATALOGUE SHOWCASE

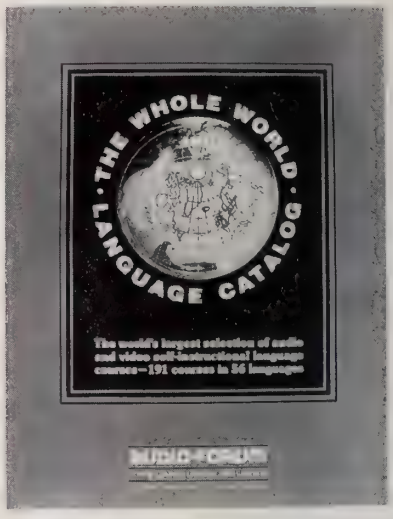
Remember holiday shopping last year? Remember braving tempestuous weather and unruly crowds? This year, start your holiday shopping comfortably, sanely—at home. The following pages offer an amazing array of fine catalogues. From the traditional to the hard-to-find, the Fall 1990 Catalogue Showcase has gifts that are certain to delight even the most difficult name on your list.

Simply fill in your selections using either the order envelope or the coupon on the last page of this section. Please allow six to eight weeks for delivery.



Arts and Designs of Japan

Hours by appointment only. Specialists in traditional Japanese woodblock prints. One of the most exclusive dealers in the U.S. Extensive stock, subjects, and artists illustrated in catalogues with full descriptions and prices. Box 22075A, San Francisco, CA 94122. (415) 759-6233. Current catalogue (#12), $6; current catalogue plus one earlier catalogue (#11 & #12), $10.



Foreign Language Self-Instructional Book/Cassette Courses

Choose from 190 courses in 56 languages. Comprehensive courses designed for learning on your own, developed for State Department personnel. Also, brief courses for travelers and "No-Time" courses—ideal for learning while driving, etc. They really work! 32-page catalogue, $1, refundable with order.



Satisfying book lovers since 1873, this unique catalogue from Barnes & Noble—"the world's largest bookstore"—brings you hundreds of hardcover book bargains and current paperbacks in every category, rare and out-of-print editions, records and tapes, videocassettes, desk accessories, and gifts, plus exclusive offers available by mail only from Barnes & Noble—with savings up to 80 percent off publishers' prices. 30-day, money-back guarantee. U.S. only. $1.

BOOKS ON TAPE®

World's Largest Selection of Audio Books



Reg. U.S. Pat. & T.M. Off.

- **Best Sellers on Cassette**
- **Full-length Readings**
- **Call for Free Brochure**

Box 7900-H, Newport Beach, CA 92658

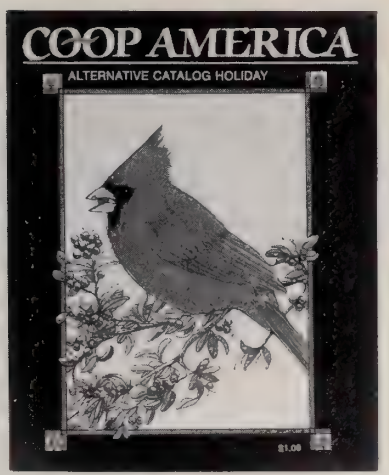
(800) 626-3333

Classic Neckcloths Ltd.
NEW YORK



CUSTOM-MADE NECKWEAR

Hand-fashioned ties, bow-ties, ascots and cummerbunds for the discerning gentleman. You will be introduced to an elegant selection of shapes and sizes in a tasteful collection of pure silks imported from France and Italy. All items are made to order with top quality interlinings and all silk finishings. Should you prefer an accessory made to your unique specifications, you may send a model which we will duplicate with the highest of standards.
Style catalogue with fabric samples, $2.50.



Through the *CO-OP America Catalog,* you get beautiful, quality products *and* your purchases work for peace, cooperation, and a healthy environment. Mexican handblown glassware, Native American and African jewelry, organic-food gift baskets, Appalachian quilts, recycled-paper holiday cards, handwoven clothing, plus water- and energy-saving devices, and much more. All from socially and environmentally responsible businesses—guaranteed. $2.

Crate&Barrel
Crate&Barrel
Crate&Barrel
Crate&Barrel
Crate&Barrel
Crate&Barrel
Crate&Barrel
Crate&Barrel

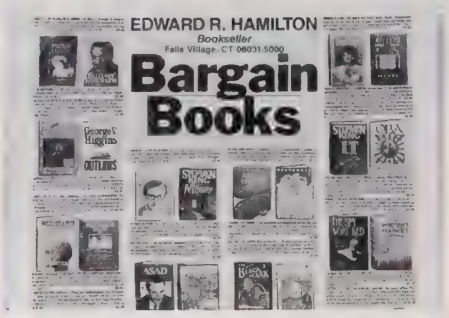
Colorful, unique, contemporary home furnishings, accessories, and gifts, many of them exclusive to Crate & Barrel, including dinnerware, cookware, stemware, barware, Christmas entertaining items, and children's gifts. One year for just $2.



Here's where you'll find the information you need to buy audio and video equipment. In over 100 pages, the Crutchfield catalogue brings you the best from Sony, Kenwood, Pioneer, Bose, and many others. Every component is fully described and explained. And you'll really appreciate our exclusive comparison charts, consumer tips, and helpful editorials, along with our low discount prices. Send $1 for your copy today.

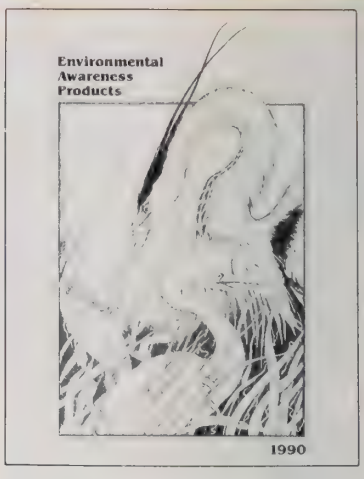


Deva is a network of friends and neighbors who fashion elegantly simple clothes for men and women. Everything we offer is crafted of pure cotton in luscious earth and sky colors. Our fabrics are preshrunk, and thanks to their softly crinkled texture, they may be safely machine-washed and will never need ironing. Comfort, durability, and gentle prices keynote our collection. Send $1 for our catalogue and fabric samples.



Bargain Books

Overstocks, remainders, imports from all major publishers, at savings from 50 percent to 80 percent. Over 3,000 titles in each issue, including about 600 new arrivals every month. Biography, history, fiction, art, literature, politics, health, nature, gardening, cooking, and more—everything from yesterday's bestsellers to titles you never knew existed. Catalogue is free from Edward Hamilton.



Environmental Awareness Products

Show your concern for the world around you by wearing clothing and jewelry from Environmental Awareness Products. We specialize in screen-printed clothing, sterling and 14K gold jewelry, and natural-sounding recordings that have Earth-healing messages. Our 32-page full-color catalogue displays designs focusing on endangered wildlife, Native American culture, creation-centered spirituality, peace, and other environmental themes. All our products are top quality, reflecting respect for our customers and the Earth. Your satisfaction guaranteed. $1.

BOSE EXPRESS MUSIC CATALOG

The first complete record store in a catalogue. Now you can shop from home for any CD, tape, LP, or video. Our 240 pages (50,000 listings) of rock, jazz, and classical titles are the world's most complete record source. Subscribers get the 1990 catalogue and updates with new releases and specials, plus $50 in merchandise credits. One year, $6 (refundable)

THE FOLIO SOCIETY

The Folio Society, founded in 1947, is England's leading publisher of finely printed books. Individually designed with colorful bindings, illustrations, and slipcases, these classic and modern masterpieces of history, memoirs, travel, fiction, poetry, and humor offer unusual treasures for readers and collectors. Exclusively from Folio. Send for prospectus, with valuable free edition offered. Free.

THE GREAT ALASKA Catalog

Unique gifts reflect the spirit of America's last true wilderness. A wide selection of quality products includes videos, T-shirts, posters, prints, native handicrafts, smoked salmon, contemporary and traditional jewelry, adult and children's books, and much more . . .

If you're an Alaska enthusiast or just looking for that special gift, *The Great Alaska Catalog* has what you're looking for in quality, service, and products. Beautiful full-color catalogue is delightful reading. Send $1 for a year's subscription.

GREAT PRINTS COLLECTION

ur own "personal gallery"! Beautiful, signed nd numbered, limited-edition prints from 25 ternationally collected artists. This glorious ll-color catalogue offers everything from Im-ressionism to realism, landscapes to florals. riced from $90 to $250, each print comes with certificate of authenticity and a money-back uarantee. Your choice of unframed or ready--hang museum-quality framing. Please re-uest your *Great Prints Collection* catalogue on! $1.



THE SEXUALITY LIBRARY · GOOD VIBRATIONS

The Sexuality Library. An unprecedented catalogue of hard to find books about sex that won't insult your intelligence. Enlightening advice, electrifying erotica, and more. Readers of all life-styles will find these books provocative and informative. $2.

Good Vibrations: Toys and Books for Grown-ups. Tasteful and irreverent, our wonderfully liberating and encouraging catalogue features a selection of high-quality articles for singular and shared pleasure. $2.

Hammacher Schlemmer

Hammacher Schlemmer has been offering customers unique, high-quality products for over 142 years. Shop at home for the latest in travel, household appliances, electronics, recreation, personal care, and more. Included are dozens of products that are one of a kind or tested to be the best of a category. $3 for a year of catalogues.

HANG·EM·HIGH DESIGNS

inos and Rabbits hanging from strings? ckos and Buzzards and other weird things? a Monsters, Sardines, and green-legged awns? Roadrunners, Gators. . . . *Hey, what's ing on?*

e've added many new beasts to our Christ-as-ornament zoo, and they're wilder than er. Designed by sculptor Robert Tolone, each nament is handcarved from solid hardwood nd handpainted with artist-quality paints. Our naments are created entirely by hand using e finest material available. Please call for a ee catalogue. (800) 888-6842.



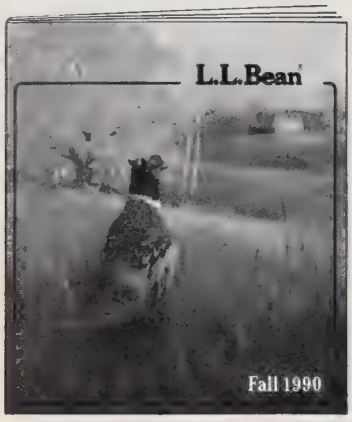
JAPAN COLLECTION

Discover the magic of Japan in the *Japan Collection* from the Ronin Gallery, which has the largest collection of fine Japanese art in the United States. This is a unique 48-page holiday catalogue of rare 17th- to 20th-century woodblock prints, crafts, netsuke, pottery, imari, posters, cards, books, and other unusual gift and decorating ideas from Japan. Send $5 for a two-year subscription, or visit our gallery at 605 Madison Ave., New York, NY 10022. (212) 688-0188.

THE KEY NOTE MUSIC • GROUP

Our unique compact disc "Newsletter-Catalogue" is your shopping alternative to the "Top 40" mind-set of record stores and clubs. Each issue reviews the best new CD releases—including unusual and hard to find—in classical, jazz, folk, blues, and rock. We cover over 260 labels. More than 300 new titles in each issue, all at below-list prices. One-year subscription (6 issues), $5 (refunded with first CD purchase).

L.L.Bean®



Free fall catalogue. Features active and casual wear, fall sporting equipment, furnishings, and accessories for home and camp. All reasonably priced and backed by our 100 percent guarantee of complete satisfaction. We offer toll-free telephone services.

THE
METROPOLITAN
MUSEUM OF ART



Explore the Metropolitan Museum of Art's 1990 Christmas catalogue. Over 500 unusual and distinguished presents, the majority of which are available only from the museum. Jewelry, decorative works of art, Christmas cards and Christmas ornaments, notecards, posters, art books, and a selection of presents for children. Catalogue, $1.



MUSEUM OF FINE ARTS
BOSTON

Discover the Museum of Fine Arts, Boston, by mail. Send for the museum's new fall catalogue and explore 96 full-color pages of unique gifts, reproduced from our renowned collection. You'll find jewelry, scarves, sculpture, glassware, posters, books, notecards, children's educational games, and more. Send $2 for a year's subscription to our catalogue.

Neiman Marcus

All your holiday fantasies come to life in the new 1990 *Neiman Marcus Christmas Book.* Over 100 colorful pages. Uncommon fashions, fanciful delights, another outrageous "His & Hers" gift. Order your copy now for just $5, applicable toward your first credit purchase from the Christmas book (foreign copy, $10)



Swedish
Designed
Clothing of
Natural Fibers
and Colors

SAFFRAN

Catalog ... $3.00 (refundable w/purchase)

P.O. Box 16478, St. Paul, MN 55116

☎ (612) 292-0599



Tilley
Endurables

PREPARE FOR
ADVENTURE

Our Mission:
To Make the Best Travel and Adventure Clothing in the World

Tilley Endurables' clothing has secret passport pockets and "Give 'em hell!" washing instructions. These smart-looking, tailored, comfortable clothes are worn in America's Cup races, on safari, on European tours, while mowing the lawn, *and by hosts on national television programs!* Women's sizes 4 to 24; 28" to 52" for men. Our $3 catalogue is *free* to *Harper's Magazine* readers.





WELLINGTON JEWELS

Wellington Simulated Diamonds have the look, brilliance, and clarity of the finest genuine diamonds at a fraction of the cost. Wellingtons are available in every shape and size, and each jewel is pure white and flawless with perfectly cut 58 facets mounted in 14K or 18K gold designer settings. Wellingtons are now also available in canary color. Rings, earrings, pendants, bracelets, and baubles for all occasions. Send for my new catalogue. Free.



WIRELESS

The Gift Catalogue of Neat Stuff for Nice Folks

Translated from the Latin, *carpe diem* means "seize the day." An upbeat shirt from Wireless, the catalogue for everyone looking for fun, hard-to-find gifts. T-shirts, sweatshirts, watches, vintage radio shows, videos, memorabilia, cassettes and compact discs, books—everything for your gift list. One-year catalogue subscription, only $1.

THE WORLD'S BEST CATALOGS

If you love to discover new catalogues you must have this book! It is filled with exclusive catalogues from the U.S.A., Canada, Europe, and Asia. You'll find thousands of wonderful products from every corner of the world and you'll enjoy special savings by buying direct from importers and factories all over the globe. Don't miss this "ultimate catalogue of catalogues." The cover price on *The World's Best Catalogs* is $6, but as a special introductory offer to catalogue shoppers you can order it *free!*

HARPER'S

THE FALL 1990 CATALOGUE SHOWCASE

To order, circle the numbers of the catalogues you wish to receive. Enclose a check or money order made payable to Harper's Magazine. Send order form and payment to Harper's Magazine, Fall Catalogue Showcase, P.O. Box 5232, Pittsfield, MA 01203-9952. Please allow six to eight weeks for delivery.

1. Arts and Designs of Japan (#12) $6.00
2. Arts and Designs of Japan (#11 & #12) $10.00
3. Audio-Forum $1.00
4. Barnes & Noble $1.00
5. Books on Tape ..... FREE
6. Classic Neckcloths Ltd. $2.50
7. CO-OP America $2.00
8. Crate & Barrel $2.00
9. Crutchfield Stereos $1.00
10. Deva $1.00
11. Edward R. Hamilton Booksellers ..... FREE
12. Environmental Awareness Products $1.00
13. Express Music Catalog $6.00
14. The Folio Society ..... FREE
15. The Great Alaska Catalog $1.00
16. Great Prints Collection $1.00
17. Good Vibrations $2.00
18. Hammacher Schlemmer $3.00
19. Hang 'Em High Designs ..... FREE
20. Japan Collection $5.00
21. The Key Note Music Group $5.00
22. L.L. Bean ..... FREE
23. The Metropolitan Museum of Art $1.00
24. The Museum of Fine Arts, Boston $2.00
25. Neiman Marcus $5.00
26. Saffran $3.00
27. The Sexuality Library $2.00
28. Tilley Endurables ..... FREE
29. Wellington Jewels ..... FREE
30. Wireless $1.00
31. The World's Best Catalogs ..... FREE

+ $1.00 Postage/Handling Fee _____

GRAND TOTAL $ _____

Mr./Ms _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____ Amount Enclosed $ _____

THIS OFFER EXPIRES OCTOBER 31, 1990 PLEASE ALLOW SIX TO EIGHT WEEKS FOR DELIVERY

WINGED

The creatures on my mind

By Ursula K. Le Guin

I. The Beetle

When I stayed for a week in New Orleans, out near Tulane, I had an apartment with a balcony. It wasn't one of those cast-iron-lace showpieces of the French Quarter, but a deep, wood-railed balcony made for sitting outside in privacy, just the kind of place I like. But when I first stepped out on it, the first thing I saw was a huge beetle. It lay on its back directly under the light fixture. I thought it was dead, then saw its legs twitch and twitch again. No doubt it had been attracted by the light the night before, and had flown into it, and damaged itself mortally.



Big insects horrify me. As a child I feared moths and spiders, but adolescence cured me, as if those fears evaporated in the stew of hormones. But I never got enough hormones to make me easy with the large, hard-shelled insects: wood roaches, June bugs, mantises, cicadas. This beetle was a couple of inches long; its abdomen was ribbed, its legs long and jointed; it was dull reddish brown; it was dying. I felt a little sick seeing it lie there twitching, enough to keep me from sitting out on the balcony that first day.

Next morning, ashamed of my queasiness, I went out with the broom to sweep it away. But it was still twitching its legs and antennae, still dying. With the end of the broom handle I pushed it very gently a little farther toward the corner of the balcony, and then I sat to read and make notes in the wicker chair in the other corner, turned away from the beetle because its movements drew my eyes. My intense consciousness of it seemed to have something to do with my strangeness in that strange city, New Orleans, and my sense of being on the edge of the tropics—a hot, damp, swarming, fetid, luxuriant existence—as if my unease took the beetle as its visible sign. Why else did I think of it so much? I weighed maybe two thousand times what it weighed, and lived in a perceptual world utterly alien from its world. My feelings were quite out of proportion.

And if I had any courage or common sense, I kept telling myself, I'd step on the poor damned creature and put it out of its misery. We don't know what a beetle may or may not suffer, but it was, in the proper sense of the word, in agony, and the agony had gone on two nights and two days now. I put on my leather-soled loafers. But then I couldn't do it. It would crunch, ooze, squirt under my shoe. Could I hit it with the broom handle? No, I couldn't. I have had a cat with leukemia put down, and have stayed with a cat while he died; I think that if I were hungry, if I had reason to, I could kill for food, wring a chicken's neck, as my grandmothers did, with no more guilt and no less fellow feeling than they. My inability to kill this creature had nothing ethical about it, and no kindness in it. It was mere squeamishness. It was a little rotten place in me, like the soft brown spots in fruit: a sympathy that came not from respect but from loathing. It was a responsibility that would not act. It was guilt itself.

On the third morning the beetle was motionless, shrunken, dead. I got the broom again and swept it into the gutter of the balcony among dry leaves. And there it still is in the gutter of my mind, among dry leaves, a tiny dry husk, a ghost.

II. The Sparrow

In the humid New England summer the small cooling plant ran all day, making a deep, loud noise. Around the throbbing machinery was a frame of coarse wire net. I thought the bird was

Ursula K. Le Guin's most recent book is Dancing at the Edge of the World, *a collection of essays.*

Illustration by Gwyn Stramler

outside that wire net, then I hoped it was, then I wished it was. It was moving back and forth with the regularity of the trapped: the zoo animal that paces twelve feet east and twelve feet west and twelve feet east and twelve feet west, hour after hour; the heartbeat of the prisoner in the cell before the torture; the unending recurrence; the silent, steady panic. Back and forth, steadily fluttering between two wooden uprights just above a beam that supported the wire screen: a sparrow, ordinary, dusty, scrappy. I've seen sparrows fighting over territory till the feathers fly, and fucking cheerfully on telephone wires, and in winter gathering in trees in crowds like dirty little Christmas ornaments and talking all together like noisy children, chirp, charp, chirp, charp! But this sparrow was alone, and back and forth it went in terrible silence, trapped in wire and fear. What could I do? There was a door to the wire cage, but it was padlocked. I went on. I tell you I felt that bird beat its wings right here, here under my breastbone in the hollow of my heart. I said in my mind, Is it my fault? Did I build the cage? Just because I happened to see it, is it my sparrow? But my heart was low already, and I knew now that I would be down, down like a bird whose wings won't bear it up, a starving bird.

Then on the path I saw the man, one of the campus managers. The bird's fear gave me courage to speak. "I'm so sorry to bother you," I said. "I'm just visiting here at the librarians conference—we met the other day in the office. I didn't know what to do, because there's a bird that got into the cooling plant there, inside the screen, and it can't get out." That was enough, too much, but I had to go on. "The noise of the machinery, I think the noise confuses it, and I didn't know what to do. I'm sorry." Why did I apologize? For what?

"Have a look," he said, not smiling, not frowning.

He turned and came with me. He saw the bird beating back and forth, back and forth in silence. He unlocked the padlock. He had the key.

The bird didn't see the door open behind it. It kept beating back and forth along the screen. I found a little stick on the path and threw it against the outside of the screen to frighten the bird into breaking its pattern. It went the wrong way, deeper into the cage, toward the machinery. I threw another stick, hard, and the bird veered and then turned and flew out. I watched the open door, I saw it fly.

The man and I closed the door. He locked it. "Be getting on," he said, not smiling, not frowning, and went on his way, a man with a lot on his mind, a hardworking man. But did he have no joy in it? That's what I think about now. Did he have the key, the power to set free, the will to do it, but no joy in doing it? It is his soul I think about now, if that is the word for it, the spirit, that sparrow.

III. The Gull

They were winged, all the creatures on my mind.

This one is hard to tell about. It was a seagull. Gulls on Klatsand Beach, on any North Pacific shore, are all alike in their two kinds: white adults with black wingtips and yellow bills; and yearlings, adult-sized but with delicately figured brown features. They soar and cry, swoop, glide, dive, squabble, and grab; they stand in their multitudes at evening in the sunset shallows of the creek mouth before they rise in silence to fly out to sea, where they will sleep the night afloat on waves far out beyond the breakers, like a fleet of small white ships with sails furled and no riding lights. Gulls eat anything, gulls clean the beach, gulls eat dead gulls. There are no individual gulls. They are magnificent flyers, big, clean, strong birds, rapacious, suspicious, fearless. Sometimes as they ride the wind I have seen them as part of the wind and the sea, exactly as the foam, the sand, the fog is part of it all, all one, and in such moments of vision I have truly seen the gulls.

But this was one gull, an individual, for it stood alone near the low-tide water's edge with a broken wing. I saw first that the left wing dragged, then saw the naked bone jutting like an ivory knife up from blood-rusted feathers. Something had attacked it, something that could half tear away a wing, maybe a shark when it dove to catch a fish. It stood there. As I came nearer, it saw me. It gave no sign. It did not sidle away, as gulls do when you walk toward them, and then fly if you keep coming on. I stopped. It stood, its flat red feet in the shallow water of a tidal lagoon above the breakers. The tide was on the turn, returning. It stood and waited for the sea.

The idea that worried me was that a dog might find it before the sea did. Dogs roam that long beach. A dog chases gulls, barking and rushing, excited; the gulls fly up in a rush of wings; the dog trots back, maybe a little hangdog, to its owner strolling far down the beach. But a gull that could not fly and the smell of blood would put a dog into a frenzy of barking, lunging, teasing, torturing. I imagined that. My imagination makes me human and makes me a fool; it gives me all the world and exiles me from it. The gull stood waiting for the dog, for the other gulls, for the tide, for what came, living its life completely until death. Its eye looked straight through me, seeing truly, seeing nothing but the sea, the sand, the wind. ■

It is still there
in the gutter
of my mind,
a tiny dry husk,
a ghost

BORDERLINE CASES

The violent passage across the Rio Grande

By Earl Shorris

Border rats, my mother used to call us. She meant it as a joke, but there was some truth in what she said, for my family has lived along the Mexican border, in Arizona and Texas, since the 1940s. I am the only one who went away. And that was a long time ago.

Lately, there has been news from the border. The politics of Central America play out in the papers, repercussions are said to be felt along the Rio Grande, but I do not know what the reporters mean; there is no dust in the teeth of the stories. I decided to go back, to find out what had happened to home.

Returning, traveling 2,000 miles west from the East Texas Gulf Coast —along the Rio Grande and then through the desert to the Pacific— I expected the remembered place, where the rich country and the poor met in an ironic embrace of hope and commerce. Instead, I came across the dark side of home: a long line of violence and needless cruelty, beginning in a cluster of concentration camps and ending at Tijuana in an open sewer.

The border had never been a gentle place. But the nature of its rages has changed. In the past, violence had the good manners to stay off Main Street. Now I saw signs of it everywhere. It is the view from the living room of my sister's house. Between her windows and the nearby canyons of the Sierra Madre a chain-link fence topped with barbed wire has been erected, for when the sun goes down, crowds of desperate people come across the river and through the canyons to rob the houses and steal the cars of the rich.

The war between the U.S. Immigration and Naturalization Service and the tens of thousands of people without papers who come across the border every day is a brutal business done to no one's credit. The INS's Border Patrol is a failed police agency, a mismanaged collection of 3,800 sour agents who have no effect on the international drug trade and whose presence barely slows the rate of illegal crossings into the United States. (According to INS publicists, the agents capture at least one third of all people who enter the country illegally; if so, the border must be a busy place, for there may be as many as 10 million undocumented people in the United States.)

When I was a young man living along the border, murder was a modest business done between rivals and lovers behind closed doors. Now hundreds of bodies are found along the line every year. The deaths take place in public, as if murder had lost its shame. Most of those who die have no documents. Local police and Border Patrol agents kill some of them. Others die trying to cross the freeways under the protection of night. So many have been run down in and around San Diego that California now posts signs advising drivers to watch out for people crossing.

Bandits and *cholos* (young hoodlums) do most of the killing. That's the rumor, and in this case I think rumor is a good detective. A high-school kid in Chula Vista, California, told me that whenever the *cholos* from his school need money, they look for undocumented people, because they are so easy to rob. And sometimes, he said, the *cholos* hunt immigrants, especially the Indians who live in burrows out in the hills east of Oceanside, just for fun.

No one knows for certain how many are killed; the unknown dead lie somewhere in the desert. No one counts the useless cruelties, the physical and psychological beatings of the border. I have no numbers to offer. My own history puts me in danger of overstating the case. The best I can do is give you a few samples of what one border rat saw when he went home.

Brownsville, the Texas Key shelter. I first saw the Nicaraguan woman coming across the lawn from the south security post. She walked quickly, at a shopkeeper's purposeful pace. Her skirt, which was still wet at

Earl Shorris, a contributing editor to Harper's Magazine, is at work on a book about Latinos in the United States.

the hem from crossing the river, was too long, and her low-heeled pumps were stretched out of shape by the journey, gapped at the instep. She was as round as a barrel and as proper as geometry. Her glasses were rimless, fixed to her nose by wire and will. Her hair was light brown and blond and gray, pulled back tightly, gathered at the neck, trailing halfway down her back.

Without stopping to ask directions, she headed straight for the "intake desk." The young man on duty welcomed her and began filling out the usual documents.

She gave her name and date of birth: January 5, 1933. Although she was no more than four and a half feet tall, she seemed bigger, for she stood very straight, still a member of the great company of sergeants, the Latin American bourgeoisie.

"*Su destino?*" he asked.

Miami. My son is in Miami.

We'll help you to telephone him. Do you know his number?

"*Me robaron en el camino,*" she said. The Spanish consonants squeezed her face into an infant's grimace. Tears came. The bandits had taken everything, she said. Even the paper that had her son's number.



Beatriz, the shift supervisor, came out of an inner office. She was a foot taller than the Nicaraguan lady, and heavy. With one great arm Beatriz hugged the little woman. She held her close and stroked her arm; she cradled her. Then she led her down the corridor to the nurse's aide on duty. In the security of white uniforms and the smell of antiseptics, the little lady told of her experience on the other side of the border, of the men who had violated her, of how she had wept and bled and wandered for a month, alone at first, then working here and there while the physical wounds healed and the shame receded and she made herself ready to try again to cross the river.

After the woman left the examining room, the nurse's aide, whose heart knows no limits but who is as crude as a used truck, made jokes about rape. Then, for no apparent reason, her eyes narrowed and her face turned cold. She said that there are places in Mexico on the way to the border where every woman who passes through is raped. She shook her head. There is no way to know how many refugee women had been raped. Half of them? Three fourths? The Nicaraguan woman was a city dweller, she could talk about her experience. Modesty makes such frankness impossible in an Indian.

Bayview, Texas, the Immigration and Naturalization Service Processing Center. The camp lies well to the north of the Rio Grande, covering 317 acres in the flatlands beside the Gulf of Mexico. At the end of a long skein of narrow unmarked roads it appears abruptly, as if the horizon had parted to reveal the widely separated buildings, partially obliterated by the glare of the sun. Only a small sign identifies the place known as El Corralón, the big corral, the great animal pen, the concentration camp.

Two chain-link fences, topped with barbed wire and separated by a corridor of sand and brown grass, surround the camp. Television cameras watch the corridor and the corners, look into the barracks and the exercise yards; the entire camp is under constant electronic surveillance.

Bright orange jumpsuits identify the prisoners, all the prisoners alike: men and women, Guatemalans, Hondurans, Salvadorans, Nicaraguans (Contras, Sandinistas, Somocistas), young, old, criminals, schoolteachers, drug dealers, union organizers, shopkeepers, peasants. The first rule of El Corralón is the rule of we and they—the aliens wear orange. Since they all look alike, they appear to be nobody; yet they glow like traffic signs or like ripe fruit among green leaves, so they have no privacy. They are observed but unknown. Aliens.

They come by the busload. And wait. In the bus and then in long lines. Each person's name becomes a shout, an electronic rumbling on the public-address system, a handle, no

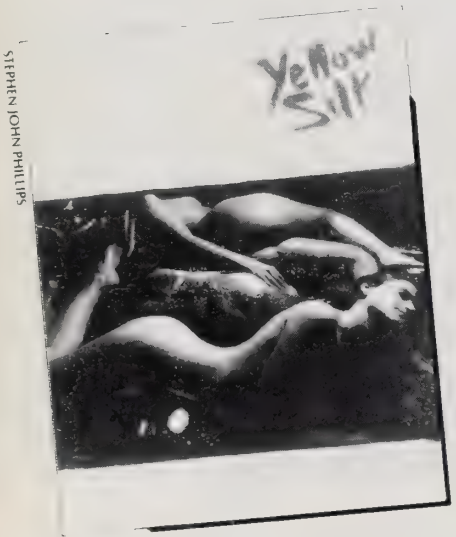
Photograph by Alex Webb / Magnum

"If you've been searching for something to enhance the sensual side of your life... Yellow Silk offers fiction, poetry, art, reminiscences, and reviews of material that celebrate the erotic in a way that manages to be both tasteful and juicy. The writing ranges from earthy and funny to tender and thoughtful, and the art is exquisite. Highly recommended."

Neshama Franklin
Medical Self-Care

Yellow Silk

JOURNAL OF EROTIC ARTS



STEPHEN JOHN PHILLIPS

"All persuasions; no brutality."

William Kotzwinkle • Marge Piercy • David Mamet • Susan Griffin • Octavio Paz • Tee Corinne • W.S. Merwin • Mayumi Oda • Eric Gill • Marilyn Hacker • William Packard • Judy Dater • Robert Silverberg • Ntozake Shange • Ivan Argüelles • Jane Hirshfield • Gary Soto

YS, P.O. Box 6374, Albany, CA 94706
$24/year • Quarterly

longer a name, a thing by which the handler takes hold. They come wearing tennis shoes, T-shirts, blouses still redolent of cooking fires, blue jeans, embroideries. The camp commander says he can tell a person's country of origin by his clothing. The guards take the clothing away first. Public showers and examinations follow. Each person submits his body for inspection, feels a stranger push and part his hair in search of lice.

Then nothing. The days are given to waiting. Some prisoners clean the barracks, some do the laundry; they work to get through the days. But the days go on too long. It is a prison without sentences; one can post a bond of $1,500 to $3,000 and be discharged in two or three days. But people without money can remain for months and months while the courts consider their appeals for political asylum.

Outside their barracks, two women in orange jumpsuits lay in the dust and dead grass, resting their heads on a concrete walkway. They had been in El Corralón for a long time. One spoke lazily to the camp commander as he walked by, asking about her case. He had no news. He smiled politely. His gleaming boots, the knife-crease of his trousers passed within inches of her head.

Trouble comes, the camp commander said, when anxiety takes over. After a hearing before a panel of INS agents, troublemakers are put into isolation cells. They have no right to counsel, there is no due process.

Human rights groups scrutinize El Corralón, but always from outside, basing their work on love and hearsay. They have sued in the federal courts and won relief for Salvadoran refugees in *Orantes* v. *Thornburgh*, but the papers on which the rights of prisoners are printed cannot compensate for the capriciousness of the federal immigration judges. These men, the lowest order of federal judges, hear the pleas of prisoners who seek asylum. In the little courtrooms of the camp there are no juries and often no lawyers, just the prisoner, an interpreter, a tape recorder, and a bored judge.

One afternoon I watched a Honduran refugee plead before a thin, balding judge. The Honduran said he had been involved in organizing labor in his country when three men approached him on the street one day and whispered to him to stay out of the labor movement.

The interpreter translated.

What were their names? the judge wanted to know.

The interpreter translated.

The Honduran said he didn't know. It was dark, the men had stood behind him.

You don't even know their names, the immigration judge asked, and yet you left your country because they talked to you on the street? He punished the pleading man with sarcasm.

The Honduran tried to explain that such men do not give their names.

The judge rolled his eyes and groaned.

It seemed the Honduran would be deported, but no one could be certain. The judges administer policy, not law, and U.S. immigration policy changes frequently and without warning. Generally, those fleeing countries in which the government is supported by the United States—El Salvador, Honduras, Guatemala—find it difficult to gain asylum. On the other hand, many Nicaraguans who claim to have fled from the Sandinistas complain that the U.S. government has treated them unfairly by refusing to grant asylum, even though one quarter of all Nicaraguans seeking asylum last year were granted entry, a high percentage when compared with other Central American countries. When the number of refugees increases, the percentage of those granted asylum seems to decrease. How the defeat of the Sandinistas will affect the Nicaraguans is not known. Can price rules, not law. Trouble comes, the camp commander said, when anxiety takes over.

For a few months at the end of 1989 it was INS policy to move people quickly out of El Corralón, releasing them on bond or their own recognizance. The policy changed in the spring when the number of refugees increased. To protect the borders of the United States, the INS said, it would follow a new policy. Releases would stop. Hearings would be speeded up. Big tents, like those used fo

evival meetings, would be set up on he grounds. The population of El Porralón, which was designed to hold ,200 adult males and females, would e expanded. The new limit would be 0,000.

Crowding, Primo Levi wrote, was one of the useless cruelties of the camps he knew.

San Benito, *the Texas Key shelter for efugee families.* Hundreds of men, omen, and their children live to-ether in one great room. No walls, o partitions, not more than a few eet of space separates the families. ach family is a clump on the open oor, and every clump represents an ttempt to make a room of cardboard oxes, footlockers, any opaque ob-ect. All fail; there is no place where baby can sleep unmolested in the fternoon, nor is there any structure o contain whispers, dreams, or an act f love.

The human and electronic voices f San Benito rise to the rafters of the arnlike building and roll around here, gaining power; the naked, hite wooden walls give back nothing ut noise. A public-address system quawks above the din. It is the sound f the camps. After a while the noise nd the anonymity of incessantly pub-c life cracks the constructs of reason. As the months go by, some people ose the ability to sleep, others com-lain of bad dreams. Uncontrollable nxiety possesses one member of the mily and infects all the rest.

The Martínez family—six tiny peo-le from Guatemala, looking like arkly Oriental dolls, the mother ith a touch of rouge on her cocoa-olored cheeks—live in a huddle of oxes on the floor of the shelter. They ave no relatives in the United States nd no money. The $1,500 to $3,000 ond is an insurmountable barrier for hem; they will have to wait in San enito until the INS judges their re-uest for political asylum.

On the way to the border they were obbed twice. After the first robbery hey got more money from home, but ith only a tiny stake they could not fford a "coyote," someone to guide hem through the bandits along the Rio Grande and into the United States. They were surrounded by men

REMEMBER the 1980's!



☆ *Remember* the net worth of Donald Trump per pound.

☆ *Remember* the average number of corporate mergers per business day during the 1980's.

☆ *Remember* how many children said that Pee-wee Herman was "highly qualified" to be president.

☆ **Get HARPER'S INDEX TO THE 1980's,** a special, expanded version of Harper's Index that sums up the last decade. This listing of more than eighty surprising numbers, facts, figures, and rankings originally appeared in the January issue of *Harper's Magazine.* Illustrated full-color reprints are now available.

YES! send me_____reprint(s) of HARPER'S INDEX TO THE 1980's. $4 first copy; $3 each additional copy. Includes postage & handling.

I've enclosed $_____

Name _____

Address _____

City/State/Zip _____

Mail your check payable to Harper's Magazine and this coupon to: Promotion Department, Harper's Magazine 666 Broadway, NY, NY 10012

Someday you may want to die.

Support the right of the terminally ill to die with dignity. Call for information.

THE HEMLOCK SOCIETY

1-800-247-7421

P.O. Box 11830
Eugene, OR 97440

New fitness prescription for the '90s.

Add strength to your life.

Looking, feeling and being the best you can be.

NordicTrack has just introduced the Nordic Fitness Chair, a revolutionary concept that allows you to add strength training to your exercise program, and helps you achieve Balanced Fitness — the new fitness standard for the '90s.

The Nordic Fitness Chair will change the way you look, and the way you think about fitness.

You work against isokinetic resistance to tone, strengthen and condition the muscles in your upper body. The Nordic Fitness Chair enriches your life by allowing you to develop your muscle coordination and control plus improved personal performance.

6 exercises. 3 times a week. That's all it takes.

The Nordic Fitness Chair's "Basic 6" workout takes only minutes a day, 3 times a week, so it will fit into even the busiest schedule.

Balanced Fitness is within easy reach. Call 1-800-848-7786.



A HEALTH-CLUB WORKOUT IN THE COMFORT OF THE NORDIC FITNESS CHAIR.



NORDICFITNESSCHAIR™
from NordicTrack

Send for Free Brochure & Video

Call Toll Free in U.S. and Canada
1-800-848-7786

❑ Please send me a free brochure
❑ Also a free video tape

Name _____

Street _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

Phone ( ) _____

NordicTrack, 141C Jonathan Blvd N., Chaska, MN 55318
874H0 A CML Company

on horseback armed with machetes. One of them grabbed the youngest Martínez child and raised his machete over her head. He demanded everything—money, rings, earrings, belts, shoes—in exchange for the girl's life. *Hasta sus zapatos,* they say about the bandits who work the border: They take everything from the innocents, right down to their shoes.

So Señor Martínez unbuttoned his trousers and reached inside his underwear to the secret pocket his wife had sewn for him there and gave the bandits everything. He saved only the paper the guerrillas had delivered to him in his village, demanding that he join them, for he knew that the paper—which contained a threat from the communists—was his hope for political asylum, his evidence.

He showed me the paper, he read from it, but he could not concentrate on politics; the robbery occupied his mind, the men on horseback, the machetes. The bandits had made them all lie face down on the ground. Martínez remembers the machetes, his child. "I would die for my children," he said again and again, as if this willingness to die had become his reason for existence.

Along the Rio Grande near Brownsville. Sergio Ramírez, a man who sits like a hunting animal, looked through the window, searching for footprints, discarded clothing, the plastic bags in which emigrants carry dry clothing while crossing the river. As the van moved along the levee beneath the bridge to Matamoros, Ramírez saw two men half hidden in the brush beneath steel supports. Frank López, his partner, drove the van a few yards downriver. Ramírez climbed the steep side of the bank, loosening his .357 magnum in its holster. He approached the men, put them up against the side of the embankment, patted them down, found nothing.

"Glue sniffers," he told his partner. "It was all over their face. If I'd of known, I would have told you to come with me."

"Those bastards are superhuman," López said to me. "I've seen three, four men beat the shit out of one of them, still couldn't subdue him."

They were sure the glue sniffers had hidden weapons somewhere in the grasses under the bridge; they knew that before the night was over someone crossing the river would be caught and driven up into the shadows where the bandits do their work. But they could not wait.

Farther down the river, where many people pay fifty cents to a man who brings them across in a rubber raft, we passed a place where the rocks were still stained with the blood of an emigrant who had resisted the bandits. López himself worries about the bandits, especially after dark, when the roaring, rattling Border Patrol van makes a good target. Sometimes the bandits stand on the opposite bank of the river, he said, showing their weapons to *La Migra* and laughing.

"*La Migra,*" he said, "*la pinche Migra.*" He paused, as if to turn the insult over in his mind, to examine all the aspects of it, to taste the venom: "*Pinche Migra.*" Fucking Immigration.

Back in the city, López and Ramírez drove through the downtown streets near the river. The fixtureless storefronts selling secondhand clothing by the pound and the cheap jewelry and appliance stores had closed. In the dark, the streets belonged to the Mexican transvestites, men who cross the river carrying their costumes and makeup in waterproof bags, then dress and go to work in the streets. Ramírez called out the window to them, "*Oye, chula,* how can someone so ugly do any business?"

"*Orale,* guy, let's go."

The transvestites have no papers, but no one arrests them, no one touches them: "They're unpredictable," Ramírez said. "They scratch and bite, and they might have AIDS."

The shift was quiet, slow for a weekend night, until someone crossed the river and set off one of the many seismic sensors. The dispatcher gave the sector number over the radio. López drove to a building near the highway and parked the van behind it. Ramírez climbed out and walked to the edge of the building, moving carefully, staying in the shadows. He stuck his head out quickly to look around the side. Nothing. He knew someone was coming: a trembling refugee? a group of drug runners carrying automatic weapons? The sensor gave no indication. It registers a footfall. Something heavier than a dog. No more information than that. He waited, looked, and looked again.

Then: "*Arriba las manos!* Up against the wall. Shut up! Shut up!"

Ramírez screamed at the shapes, kept on screaming, shining his flashlight, pushing them, pushing, screaming. There were three of them, and they were just boys. Ramírez shone his light on the seat of their pants. It showed the outline of their underwear, which was still wet from crossing the river. López drove up in the van and they put the boys inside. There was no conversation. López drove down to the river. At the bridge back to Mexico, Ramírez let them out. He spent a moment with them in front of the truck, making empty threats, then herded them across.

Ramírez says that when he picks up people he calls "wets," they often appeal to him, one Latino to another, to let them go. He never does. They are not Americans, he says; he has no feeling for them, no connection to them; he particularly despises the refugees from El Salvador who refuse to fight for their country. In considering this it is useful to know that Sergio Ramírez was born in Baja California, the son of a man who entered the United States illegally.

Pharr, Texas, Colonia Las Milpas. As many as 100,000 people live in unincorporated communities called "colonias" along the border. Most of the colonias have no sewerage or running water. Perhaps the most eminent of the people who live in the colonias, surely the most dramatic, is a seventy-year-old woman who was a schoolteacher in Mexico some generations ago, Carmen Anaya. She is an accomplished orator, a woman whose voice modulates from a whisper to a rage of indignation in the space of a sentence:

"There was a heavy rain. Because we have no drainage and no sewers, there was no place for the water to go. It came up to the houses, which were level to the street. The *casitas* [outhouses] were flooded. The worms and the black water came out. The worms crawled up the walls of the houses to

ne windows.

"The children walked and played n the black water. The filth caused nem to get sick, rashes broke out on neir skin. When I saw this, I went to own and told the people who are re-ponsible for sewers and drains to ome and see what had happened.

"When they arrived, I said to nem, 'Get into it. Get out of your ars and put yourselves in it.'

"One showed me his boots, his ne new boots. He said that he did ot want to walk in the filth with is fine new boots. He cared more for his boots than the children."

El Paso, along the river. In the vans sed by the Border Patrol at El Paso, he backseats have been removed. Undocumented people sit or crouch n the floor, sometimes for hours, while the agents do their work, racing hrough the streets and out along the ough, rutted roads near the river, hasing more Mexicans.

For many years, teams of Border Patrol agents and local police burst into antinas frequented by Latinos in South El Paso, near the border, lined p the patrons, and demanded to see roof of citizenship. Native-born Americans of Mexican descent were often arrested, piled into Border Patrol vans, and held in prison cells until they could prove their citizenship. The practice slowed after civil rights awyers won an injunction in a U.S. District Court.

According to the Binational Center for Human Rights, the Mexican consul in El Paso claimed there were 2,000 abuses of human rights in the tate of Texas in 1988 alone. All the victims were Mexicans or Mexican-Americans. The majority of abuses ook place along the border.

Border Patrol agents say that the reatment of undocumented people along the Texas border is more humane than in California. "Why do people criticize us?" one of them asked me. "We're just doing our job. We don't bring all these people here. It's a political problem."

Vista, California, the canyons southeast of town. When we broke out of the wooded area and began climbing, there was suddenly the blue-white light of the undiminished moon. We could see everything—the hills, the tomato field ahead and above, and more woods. Sergio Mendez led the way, climbing quickly to the level of the tomato field. We crossed over the low plastic fence that bordered the field and walked across the rows. After the field, which was on one of the few flat places, we came to a steep drop. At first we tried to climb down, but we quickly realized that it was impassable, a tiny canyon. Mendez turned west, looking for a place to cross or descend. In his fleece-lined denim jacket and workman's pants, he was a cube of a man, thick and strong, an *indígeno,* he called himself, of the Mixtecs—the Cloud People, whose civilization flourished in Oaxaca a thousand years ago. His fingers were short, but his hand was so wide and thick that I could not grasp it properly when we helped each other down the side of the hill.

He moved quickly, he knew the way, although there was now no trail or other marking that I could see in the moonlight. At another place, deeper in the trees, he saw a passable place and we climbed down. Mendez went first, finding the hand and footholds. I came after, trying to pick the same places. There was a little jump at the end into the soft dirt of the woods.

Then we moved through a deeply wooded area, following a clearly defined path. I heard voices and smelled a cooking fire somewhere down the hill. Mendez moved faster, certain of his bearings. It was dark among the trees where the moonlight did not penetrate. The dogs rushed out at us there, snarling and barking. There were three, possibly four dogs. They surrounded Mendez, who hissed at them and called ahead in a soft voice to people he thought might know him.

A man came out of the darkness to silence the dogs. Mendez and I followed him down the hill to the lean-to where the smell of the cooking fires originated. Five men sat inside the lean-to, which was warmed by two fires inside metal drums. There was no light but a candle flame and the little glow of the fires in the drums. The

'Listen, my momma may have raised a mean child, but she raised no hypocrites.'



—Molly Ivins, The Progressive

Molly Ivins on the Bush Administration:

"We do have some minimal standards for citizenship. Real Texans do not wear blue slacks with little green whales all over them. Real Texans do not refer to trouble as 'deep doo-doo.' George Bush has a hard time passing."
The Progressive, March 1988.

"Deep down, George Bush is shallow."
The Progressive, March 1989.

"While people rejoiced the world over at the end of the Cold War, the United States under George Bush seems destined to be the last country in the neighborhood to be dipped for ticks."
The Progressive, January 1990.

You'll get Molly Ivins's humor and a whole lot more when you subscribe to The Progressive . . . Investigative reporting . . . Hardhitting editorials . . . Incisive interviews . . . And great columnists like Molly Ivins.

☐ Make me laugh, Molly.

Send me a half-price subscription to The Progressive for only $18.

Name (please print)

Address, Apt.

City

State, Zip

☐ My payment is enclosed.
☐ Bill me later.
☐ Charge my credit card.
☐ *MasterCard* ☐ *Visa*

Acct. No. Exp. Date

Cardholder's Signature

Complete this form and mail to:

the Progressive
P.O. Box 421, Mt. Morris, IL 61054-0421
Or call toll-free:
Nationwide: **1-800-435-0715**
In Illinois: **1-800-892-0753**

5HPB

men did not sleep in the lean-to. It was a place for cooking and talking. They slept farther out on the hill, in places they had dug into the ground; not in caves but in burrows, holes dug at the base of a tree.

There were two older men and three young ones. The young ones did not have papers, which made them nervous at first. They stayed back, at the edge of the candlelight. Mendez spoke of his business, of laws and rights, of the need to preserve the Mixtec culture; then the men and I talked.

Tens of thousands of Mixtec Indians have come from the villages of Oaxaca to work and live in Baja California and in the towns across the border. Mendez said they are despised in Mexico and in the United States because they are small and very dark-skinned. In Mexico they have become the labor force of the Valle de San Quintín, the gigantic complex of Japanese-owned truck farms, where people live inside barbed-wire enclosed compounds, eighteen to a room, existing in something he described as slavery or what others have told him is a concentration camp. On the U.S. side, the Mixtecs live in constant fear of attack from *cholos* or white racists. Not far from where we were sitting, a Mixtec had been found with his throat cut. Down on the main road, in back of a grocery store, two Mixtecs had been grabbed from behind, blindfolded, robbed, and beaten.

Between July 31 and August 14 of 1989, seven murders, shootings, and stabbings of migrant workers were reported to police in the little cluster of farm towns in San Diego County. It is the way of life here, the risk men run to earn enough money to send home to their families in Oaxaca or Baja California. Generally, they suffer in secret, silent except among themselves. If they are sick, the hospitals turn them away; if they are robbed or beaten or shot, the police turn them over to the Border Patrol. None of these men speaks English, many are more comfortable in Mixteco than Spanish.

The men inside the lean-to said that when they go out to work during the day, they sometimes come back to find that the *cholos* have been there, and everything of value is gone. Even so, they are glad to be alive and whole. They make the only possible adjustment: If they cannot defend their personal belongings, they will have none. They live for winter, when they can go home.

I asked them why they did not bring their families across the border. One man answered by describing his village in Oaxaca. Another man said he did not want his children to live in the United States because there was nothing here for them but drugs, violence, and rock and roll.

San Ysidro, the U.S. side of the border. A twenty-three-year-old Mexican man was shot by a Border Patrol agent, who said the man had thrown a rock at him. In his defense the man said that he had picked up the rock and threatened the agent after the agent grabbed his pregnant wife by the hair, pulled her down to the ground, and stepped on her belly. A jury in a U.S. District Court found the wounded man not guilty of throwing a rock.

Fifteen years ago the Border Patrol began hiring Mexican-Americans. Instead of changing the agency's racist attitudes, it added the more brutal racism of the dark-skinned overseer, the one who proves to his white masters that he is loyal and who separates himself from his own people by brutalizing them. Everywhere along the California border the response to violence has been to create more violence. The Border Crime Prevention Unit formed jointly by the San Diego Police and the Border Patrol shot twenty-six people, all Mexican citizens, in its first five years. Nineteen of them died. The level of violence connected with the unit is astonishing; in less than six years of operation the entire unit has been suspended twice, both times after a rash of killings.

The battle has gone on so long the roles of the police and the bandits have blurred. Here, at the edges of the countries, the social order no longer holds.

Tijuana, Baja California, Cañón Zapata. A long, deeply rutted road leads down into the canyon. It is strewn with garbage, made almost impassable by stones and by sudden breaks in the steep slope. On the left, the houses of the old colonia have been constructed in a style peculiar to Tijuana: The backs rest against the slope of the hill and the fronts are held level by foundations made of discarded automobile tires.

On the right, as the road falls sharply down through the rounded hills, the shell of an automobile, covered with rust from the roof to the base of the fenders, sits starkly against the north sky, orange and monumental.

No line, no fence, no river marks the boundary between the United States and Mexico here—only a row of small stones halfway down the side of one of the hills. By late afternoon, seventy-five or a hundred people had gathered. More filtered down through the hills and between the houses as the daylight weakened. Tables and cooking fires had been set up in the flat places on the hill. Women dressed against the cold in layers of clothing cooked fried chicken, beans, hot coffee. A peddler wandered among the waiting people selling blankets, scarves, beans, and small bottles of tequila.

The only customers were the people without papers; they are everybody's customers, everybody's prey; they belong to the coyotes—who guide them to the other side of the river for $100 or all the way to Los Angeles for $350—and to the glove sellers and tequila peddlers and coffee and chicken sellers, even to the waifs who walk the hills selling Chiclets. If the emigrants try to cross without a coyote and they have bad luck, they will become customers of the *cholos*, who will leave them picked clean, barefoot, beaten, and raped, able only to crawl back into Mexico.

As the sun went down behind the hills, leaving parts of the canyon in sudden shadow, people began looking over at the long ridge to the north, to the place called the soccer field, where Border Patrol agents waited in a pale green van and a four-wheel-drive truck, watching, waiting for the first of the emigrants to file down the path between the hills into the deep shadows of the floor of the canyon

om which they would make their in.

The emigrants stood or sat in small oups, waiting until it was time to go. lthough the number of people on ne hills increased rapidly with the oming of the dark, there was very lite noise. Only those who were not oing across spoke; all the rest were uiet, waiting.

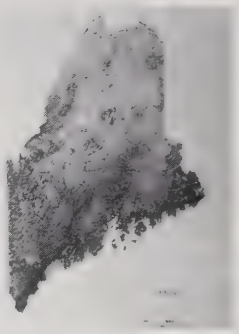
The coyotes appeared then, counting their chickens. Somewhere down the darkness the *cholos* waited. The migrants knew this was the existenal place, without law or family, outde the rules of order, beyond rediction. A young woman made okes, insouciant in the dangerous oment. She had put on makeup and ad her hair done before crossing the ne; she wore white tennis shoes. Beide her, three more women huddled nside their blankets. One was terried. She said she knew no one on the ther side, she had no job, no place to o. I wrote out the name of a sanctuy in Los Angeles. "If you get that r," I said, "you can rest there for a w days and get something to eat. his is my name. The priest is my iend." She took the paper and foldd it and reached inside her blanket to ide it in her blouse. She cried a little ver the paper. Then she drew the lanket tightly around herself, as if it ould shield her from what was to ome.

The danger is real. By the time they et across the border into the United tates, most of the emigrants will ave been robbed, beaten, extorted, r raped by bandits or Mexican olice. The Binational Center for luman Rights in Tijuana puts the ercentage of such victims at sixty-ve.

At dark a man in a shiny warm-up acket, his wife, and three children tarted down the narrow path into the eepest part of the canyon. The woman carried a baby slung across her back n a rebozo. All the others carried lastic grocery bags. Up on the hill he coyotes nodded to their customers o get ready. Near the stones that nark the boundary, the woman who new no one on the other side folded p her blanket and prepared to go. The emigrants went quietly, moving

Continued on page 7

MAINE WALL MAP.
IN FULL COLOR 36″×48″



Exquisitely detailed
$45 laminated (available plain $20)
Shipping $5.00
2nd Day Air $10.00
Visa, MC, Amex
1-800-237-0798

Raven Maps & Images
34 N. Central • Medford, Oregon 97501

Want to locate a MISSING SPOUSE, PARENT, FRIEND, or DEBTOR? The "HOW TO FIND MISSING PERSONS MANUAL" will let you do it FAST, from within the privacy of your home. Earn money locating for others. Free consultation for one (1) year. Send $79.95 to:
FINANCIAL TRAINING INSTITUTE, INC.
5100 WEST 164th STREET SUITE 21
CLEVELAND, OH 44142



LIBIDO

The Journal of Sex and Sensibility

. . . . . .

Intelligent Erotica for People Who Think

. . . . . .

Quarterly $20 Sample $6
Outside USA $30

Chicago, IL 60614 P.O. Box 146721

SOLUTION TO THE JULY PUZZLE

I	K	K	M	Q	V	S	C	R	O	L	L	
N	E	O	Q	U	A	I	L	E	D	O	K	
D	E	W	F	A	L	L	A	F	A	U	X	
E	N	T	R	Y	S	Y	C	A	B	I	N	
E	C	O	F	R	E	A	K	S	A	S	W	
D	O	W	E	R	S	P	E	T	R	E	L	
S	O	I	R	E	E	T	R	E	B	L	E	
W	T	N	R	D	E	B	O	N	A	I	R	
D	I	G	I	T	A	L	S	O	R	A	S	
J	O	L	T	A	G	O	N	D	O	L	A	
Q	S	R	E	P	R	O	O	F	U	I	T	
L	E	S	S	E	E	M	W	V	S	T	Z	

M	U	S	I	C	O	T	H	E	R	A	P	Y
B	D	F	G	J	K	L	N	Q	Y	W	X	Z

NOTES FOR "CODE 13"

ACROSS: 1. G(allery)-(OOB-ER, reversal); 6. SC-ROLL; 11. QUA-i-LED; 12. DEWFAL (anagram)-L(ibretto); 13. FAUX, "foe"; 14. E-N-TRY; 15. CA-BIN; 17. E-C(O)FREA-K, anagram of "farce"; 19. DOW(E)RS, anagram; 21. PET-REL; 22. SO-I-REE (I); 24. (eng) ELBERT, reversed; 26. DEB (reversal)-ON-AIR; 29. DIG IT; 30. SORAS, hidden; 32. JO(. . . L)T; 33. GON(e)-DO-LA; 34. RE-(P)ROOF; 35. LES-SEE; 36. BAR-FLY. DOWN: 1. INDEED, anagram; 2. KEEN, two meanings; 3. KO-W-TO-WING; 4. QUAY, "key"; 5. VALSE, hidden in reverse; 6. A-V-L-IS reversed; 7. C. . . .-LACKER; 8. REFAS(anagram)-TEN; 9. LOUISE, anagram; 10. TOPHET, anagram; 16. BARBAROUS, "barber us"; 18. FER-(RITE)S, anagram of "fres(h)"; 20. RED TAPE, two meanings; 22. FA(UCE, anagram)T; 23. OTIOS (anagram)-(be)E(thoven); 25. ERSAT (anagram)-(wi)Z; 27. EAGRE, anagram; 28. B(L. . .)OOM; 30. SNOW, hidden in reverse; 31. ALIT, hidden.

SOLUTION TO JULY DOUBLE ACROSTIC (NO. 91). WILLIAM ZINSSER WRITING TO LEARN Perelman . . . had more than the usual share . . . of depression. . . . Yet for fifty years he went to his typewriter . . . and took his readers on roller-coaster rides of such dizzying swoops that they blew all our troubles away. Surely a writer having such a good time was a man without a care in the world.

CONTEST RULES: Send the quotation, the name of the author, and the title of the work, together with your name and address, to Double Acrostic No. 92, *Harper's Magazine*, 666 Broadway, New York, N.Y. 10012. If you already subscribe to *Harper's*, please include a copy of your latest mailing label. Entries must be received by August 8. Senders of the first three correct solutions opened at random will receive one-year subscriptions to *Harper's Magazine*. The solution will be printed in the September issue. Winners of Double Acrostic No. 90 are Carolyn Coman, Thornhill, Ontario, Canada; Fran Callahan, Chester, Vermont; and Elliott Zuckerman, Annapolis, Maryland.

CLASSIFIED

BUSINESS OPPORTUNITIES

Read books for pay. Call (900) 847-7700 (99¢/min.), or write: PASE-RM1, 161 Lincolnway, North Aurora, Ill. 60542.

How to sell by mail order. Send $10 to 137 West Richert, Clovis, Calif. 93612.

Get paid for mailing letters. Write: PASE-WK6, 161 Lincolnway, North Aurora, Ill. 60542.

Typists, office workers, home secretaries: $15 hourly. Spare time. Write: Advertising, Box 104-HM, Island Park, N.Y. 11558.

ART

Unique item of art. Handwoven bookmarker from quality papers: $3.95 each. Dawn Graphics, 2124 Kittredge, Suite 181, Berkeley, Calif. 94704.

Preserve your memories. Have your portrait hand-painted in oil on canvas. Highly skilled artist will work from photograph. Also, Old Masters reproductions in oil and designs according to your specifications. Free catalogue: International Fine Arts Gallery, P.O. Box 2575, Postal Station P, Thunder Bay, Ontario P7B 5G1, Canada; or fax (807) 344-4840.

REAL ESTATE

Repossessed VA and HUD homes available from government for $1 without credit check. You repair. Also, tax-delinquent foreclosures. Call (805) 682-7555, ext. H-1716 for repo list in your area.

LITERARY SERVICES

Looking for a publisher? Learn how you can have your book published, promoted, and distributed. Send for free booklet: HP-2, Vantage Press, 516 W. 34th Street, New York, N.Y. 10001.

BOOKS

Eureka Bookfinder. Send wants: 2024-H Harris Street, Eureka, Calif. 95501.

Locating out-of-print books our specialty. Avonlea Books, Box 74E, White Plains, N.Y. 10602. (914) 946-5923.

Old-book scout locates out-of-print books. Write: Greenmantle, P.O. Box 1178HP, Culpeper, Va. 22701.

Booklover's smorgasbord. Free catalogue. Iron Kettle Books, Hancock Road, Williamstown, Mass. 01267.

Anarchist Cookbook available again: $22, postpaid. Barricade Books, Box 1401-E, Secaucus, N.J. 07096.

Some Principles of Evolution subscribes to unifying theory explaining baldness, blonds and brunettes, dark and light eyes, extinctions, ice ages, colored fall foliage. $48.90 from author. Floyd Vermette, 1850 Abbott Road, #D-6, East Lansing, Mich. 48823.

Obtain your books (new or in-print) easily, pleasantly, reliably—with one soothing call to Minnesota. Tell us what you need; we ship immediately or will special-order. Gringolet Bookstore, Minneapolis, Minn. (800) 468-4347.

Ghostwriting. Papers to company histories. Wordsmiths, Box 5882-B, Chicago, Ill. 60680.

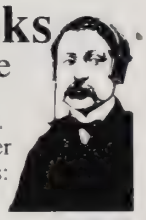
Manuscripts wanted, all types. Publisher with 70-year tradition. (800) 695-9599.

Book unfindable? The *New York Times* recommends this books tracker. Contact: Jeryl Metz, 697 West End Avenue, #13A, New York, N.Y. 10025. (212) 864-3055.

Canadian Books: Used, out-of-print, paperbacks, hardbacks. Any Canadiana, Arctic, or sea books. Wells Group, 958 Page Avenue, Victoria, B.C. V9B 2M6, Canada.

Demeaning of Words. Hilarious, multivalent definitions. Send $5.95 to A.O. Goldsmith, 405 West Washington, Kennett, Mo. 63857.

Recorded Books
Unabridged on cassette
Listen to bestsellers, mysteries, histories & more while you drive. Call now for a free catalog of over 450 easy-to-rent Recorded Books: **1(800) 638-1304.**



Book for sale: *A Peace Within: Diary of a Schizophrenic.* Story of a survivor. Send $20, check or money order, to Ann Uyehara, 1335 Wilder Avenue, #207, Honolulu, Hawaii 96822.

ASSOCIATIONS

Bertrand Russell Society. Information: HM, RD 1, Box 409, Coopersburg, Pa. 18036.

Knighthoods for gentlemen, honors for ladies. Brochure, $3. Nobilitat-H, 316 Edward Street, Victoria, B.C. V9A 3E6, Canada.

MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS

Panpipes/flutes, over 250 varieties, many ages/cultures. Catalogue, $2. Lew Price, Box 1558 (R), Fair Oaks, Calif. 95628.

GENEALOGY

Irish genealogy. Write: Hibernian Research Ltd., 22 Windsor Road, Dublin 6, Ireland. Call (353) 1-966-522 (24 hours).

VACATION RENTALS

Hawaiian Islands—Molokai, Kaluakoi resort. Polynesian studio with kitchen. $50 per night. (800) 225-7978 or (800) 950-5541.

MERCHANDISE

Naturist videos. $2, SASE. NAT-FAM (HA), Box 838, Venice, Calif. 90294.

Condoms by mail. Avoid condom purc
anxiety syndrome (CPAS). Write for
color brochure or send $4 for discreetly p
aged samples. Money-back guarantee.
gro Specialties, Box 21881, Baton R
La. 70894.

Your name in Japanese on parchment.
able for framing: $10. Fashion hair b
elegant fabrics: $8. Zodiac pendants,
plated, free chain: $10. Yumiko, 250 N
east 107 Street, Miami, Fla. 33161.

Design it yourself. Create your own sta
ery, cards, brochure. Four gridded la
boards. Thorough instructions; $12 c
plete. Blue Hen Graphics, 3 Great J
Street, New York, N.Y. 10012.

Literate T-shirt. "I think therefore I r
(front). "I read therefore I think" (back
to XXL. White and pastels. Specify two
or choices; $16 ppd. McPherson & C
P.O. Box 1126, Kingston, N.Y. 12401.

Old-time radio on cassettes. Send for
list. Old-time radio, 706 Northstar,
Antonio, Tex. 78216.

EDUCATION

Research papers: 18,278 papers availabl
all academic subjects. Rush $2 for 306-p
catalogue. Custom writing also availa
Research, 11322 Idaho, No. 306HB,
Angeles, Calif. 90025. Toll-free hot l
(800) 351-0222; in Calif., (213) 477-82

Study Chinese at home. Free broch
Write: AICS, Box 453, Charles Town,
Va. 25414.

Superlearning. Triple learning sp
through music. Languages, data. Maxi
memory, potentials. Stressless. Free exce
catalogue. Superlearning, 290 W. 11th,
105-H6, Vancouver, B.C. V6H 1
Canada.

Off-campus BBA/MBA. Southern Cali
nia University for Professional Stud
Dept. H, P.O. Box 162, Cypress, C
90630. (800) 22S-CUPS.

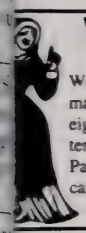
British licentiates in arts or sciences
higher diplomas in management, psych
gy, or philosophy. For details of these
other programs, send $9 to European
grams, Somerset University, Ilminster, S
erset TA19 OBQ, England.

SPEAK FRENCH OR ANY LANGUAG
AS U.S. DIPLOMATS DO
Self-study audiocassette courses developed
U.S. State Dept. now at **savings up to 60%!** C
or write for FREE catalog **1-800-722-6394.**
AUDIO-LANGUAGE INSTITUTE
516 Fifth Avenue, Dept.H11Suite 507, NY, NY 100

Indianapolis Christian University
affordable, accredited, and convenient
respondence degree programs. Low mont
payments. (317) 466-9187.

CLASSIFIED RATES: Minimum ten words. One time, $2.20 per word; three times, $2.10 per word; six times, $2.00 per word; twelve times, $1.85 per wo
Telephone numbers count as two words, as do box numbers. ZIP codes count as one word. CLASSIFIED DISPLAY: Minimum one inch. One time, $130
column inch, three times, $125 per column inch; six times, $120 per column inch; twelve times, $105 per column inch. The closing for classified copy is
first of the month two months prior to issue date. Prepayment is required. Make checks payable to *Harper's Magazine* and send to Harper's Classified,
Broadway, New York, N.Y. 10012. Include telephone number on all correspondence. Address inquiries to Andrew Walko, Classified Advertising Manag

helor's, Master's, Doctorate. Guide to eges offering nonresidential degree pro- ns through independent home study. Ac- lited, economical, accelerated programs. dit given for prior accomplishments and k experience. Free detailed brochure. te: Doctor John Bear, P.O. Box 826-H1, icia, Calif. 94510.



Want to brush up on a foreign language?

With AUDIO-FORUM's intermediate and advanced materials, it's easy to maintain and sharpen your foreign language skills. We offer foreign-language mystery dramas, music, games, dialogues recorded in Paris and more. Call 1-800-243-1234 for FREE 32-p. catalog, or write: **AUDIO-FORUM®** Dept. 641, Guilford, CT 06437

dy Spanish in Guatemala. Family living. SA, Box 11264, Milwaukee, Wis. 11. (414) 372-5570.

ly approved university degrees. Econom- home study for bachelor's, master's, and D. degrees, fully approved by California te Dept. of Education. Prestigious faculty nsels for independent-study and life-ex- ience credits (5,100 enrolled students, faculty). Free information: Richard ws, M.D. (Harvard), President, Colum- Pacific University, Dept. 2F98, 1415 rd Street, San Rafael, Calif. 94901. 0) 227-0119; in Calif., (800) 552-5522 415) 459-1650.

w to master another language. Let Euro- n experts teach you. Valid for any lan- ge. SASE for free information. Cal, P.O. 1915, Lowell, Mass. 01853.

LIE DETECTION

e art and certainty of discerning honesty deception. Successful "mind reading" the layperson. Learn noncoercive, effec- e, nonmechanical, powerful, covert tech- ues used to replace polygraph, etc., in ernmental and civilian applications. d $14.95 to LIE-CUES, Box 2313-H, apel Hill, N.C. 27514.

GOURMET

the best. Iowa-grown choice beef and k cuts. Via UPS. Wrapped for your freez- r theirs. Guaranteed. Rector's Heartland ds. (800) 446-9711.

e Bread Box Cookbook: 100 recipes from years of baking bread for the Sierra Madre Fair. From pineapple macadamia nut to nish puff to sunflower raisin to pooris. ceeds support Gooden School. Send $9 Bread, Gooden School, 192 North Bald- n Avenue, Sierre Madre, Calif. 91024.

tdoor Entertainment Guide. Barbecue s, menus, recipes, including summer ktails, secret shish-kebab sauce, fresh it desserts, more. Send $3 and SASE to co, P.O. Box 2204, Coronado, Calif. 118.

ttage cheese lovers. Four-generation ld World" torte recipes. If you love esecake, this is for you. Send $3 to PAF, East Franklin, Winchester, Ind. 47394.

PUBLICATIONS

oof Jesus fictional. Scholarly proof Flavius ephus created fictional Jesus, gospels: For details send SASE to Abelard, Box 52-H, Kent, Wash. 98064.

The People. Marxist biweekly since 1891. Four months/$1, one year/$4. *The People* (H), Box 50218, Palo Alto, Calif. 94303.

HOW TO PUBLISH YOUR BOOK

Join our successful authors in a complete and reliable publishing program: publicity, advertising, handsome books. Speedy, efficient service. Send for FREE manuscript report & copy of Publish Your Book.

CARLTON PRESS Dept. HZT
11 West 32 St., New York 10001

Phallic elements in religion. Enlightening, authoritative commentary. Send $4 to Independent Publications, Box 102, Ridgefield, N.J. 07657.

The Quayle Quarterly

Keep a watchful eye on The Man Who Could Be President. Don't underestimate Dan Quayle - he's being groomed for the No. 1 spot. News, commentary, cartoons, humor. Send $12 for 1 yr ($3.95 for sample).

Box 8593-H Brewster Sta., Bridgeport CT 06605

GIFTS

The Fountain Pin™ is the perfect gift for the writer in your life. Sterling pin, $48 ppd; or send SASE for brochure: Penultimate, P.O. Box 582, Cambridge, Mass. 02139.

ECOLOGICAL SAVIORS/EPOCHAL BRAINSTORMS

4. *Pres. Bush* — Kick ozone, talk fuels & study polls
3. *Cadillac* — A half shut-off for double-size engines
2. *Einstein* — Brake rarely, inertia costs; plan ahead
1. *Me* — Bike or walk some, no?

Topical 2x4 **Metal Plaques** for the less complacent (Gifts, Greeting Card encl. commentary. Auto dash perks & paeans)

Also: I Brake for Bugs, Mosquitos & Worms ... they have friends too + Tribute to The Keating 5 (Senators), others. $5.50, 3 for $12. Recessed on 4x5 walnut or marble, add $9.50. Or *your* text. MC-Visa: 7-11 p.m. 415-527-2237. Plax-Whirled, 1260 Hopkins, Berkeley, CA 94702

Penis poster (23"×35") depicts 12 animal penises (man to whale). Scientific novelty. $10 ppd. to Poster K, Box 673, Bloomington, Ind. 47402.

WHERE THE HELL IS GLASNOST?

or Azerbaijan?
Ne Znaesh? (Don't Know?)
FIND THEM ON THIS 25" x 38"

WALL MAP of the USSR

Astound your friends with Russian Province Names.
Only $5.95. Send cash, check or money order to:

Yuri Mayerchak
3200 63rd Avenue N.
Brooklyn Center, MN
55429

TRAVEL

Soviet homestays. Two weeks, two cities, two English-speaking families. Exotic home-cooked meals. Share ideas and issues. Travelling Shoes, Box 4410, Laguna Beach, Calif. 92652. (714) 752-9036.

Roam the world by freighter. Deluxe, inexpensive, exciting. TravLtips Association, Box 218B1, Flushing, N.Y. 11358. (800) 872-8584.

Volunteer work abroad. Two- to three-week village projects in India, Tanzania, Guatemala, Western Samoa, Mexico, and Paraguay. Brochure: Global Volunteers, 2000 American National Bank Building, St. Paul, Minn. 55101.

Join 25 frequent-flier, hotel-stay, and car-rental programs instantly. Free travel benefits immediately; $20 for first member, $10 for second, $5 for each additional. Send names to FreeFlier, Bowling Green Station, Box 844, New York, N.Y. 10274-0844.

PERSONALS

Extraordinary psychic counselor. Randal Clayton Bradford. Energy enhancement/healing. Phone consultations. Visa/MC/AmEx. (213) 820-5281 or (213) REALITY.

Classical Music Lovers' Exchange. Nationwide link between unattached music lovers. Box 31, Pelham, N.Y. 10803. (800) 233-CMLS.

Meet women worldwide. Free 24-page catalogue. America's most respected correspondence service. Cherry Blossom, 190 HR Rainbow Ridge, Kapaau, Hawaii 96755. (808) 961-2114, anytime.

Single Booklovers gets cultured singles of all ages acquainted. Established 1970. Nationwide. Write: Box 117, Gradyville, Pa. 19039, or call (215) 358-5049.

Cultured singles, nationwide. Older women/younger men; younger women/older men. Send LSASE to Anachron, Box H-326, New York, N.Y. 11367.

Scandinavia, Poland, USSR, South America: Worldwide correspondence for sincere, unattached, educated members. Scanna, P.O. Box 4-HP, Pittsford, N.Y. 14534. Call (716) 586-3170.

Beautiful Oriental ladies seek American men for friendship, romance/marriage. Free info: Starlight Communications, P.O. Box 203, Bad Axe, Mich. 48413; or call (517) 856-4992.

Artistic Connections. Linking single lovers of the arts across the nation: music, art, literature, film, dance, drama, photography. Write: AC, Box 116, Chatham, N.J. 07928.

Adult Travel Club. Bangkok, Thailand, nightlife tour. Penpals. (714) 455-3696.

Attractive Oriental ladies seeking correspondence, marriage. Presentations by American/Asian couple. Asian Experience, Box 1214JA, Novato, Calif. 94948.

At the Gate. Meet singles sharing values on peace, ecology, personal growth, and human rights. Free details. Box 09506-HP, Columbus, Ohio 43209.

Asian women desire romance. Overseas, sincere, attractive. World's No. 1 service. Free details, photos. Sunshine International Correspondence, Box 5500-NA, Kailua-Kona, Hawaii 96745. (808) 325-7707.

Overseas ladies seek lifemates. Free videos. Box 549-H, Dublin, Va. 24084. (703) 674-GIRL.

Poetry Lovers International introduces cultivated single adults, all ages. Write: Box 11652-H, Houston, Tex. 77293.

CLASSIFIED

Beautiful Latin, Asian ladies seek friendship, marriage. Free photo brochure. Latins, Box 1716-HR, Chula Vista, Calif. 92012. (619) 425-1867.

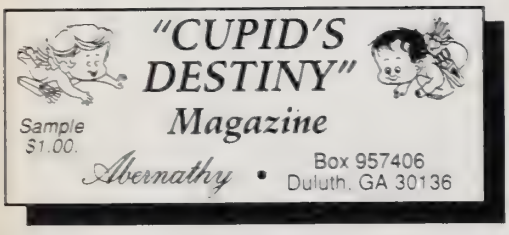
Unusual, passionate man, 50, sons, 15, 6, seeks temporary/permanent mate/mother in solar house in woods. Pudd'n'head, Box 413, Brownsville, Ky. 42210. (502) 597-2188.

Filipino ladies, attractive, sincere, and educated, seek friendship, marriage. Complete bio data with photos. Discreet, affordable service. Friendship U.S.A., P.O. Box 24348H, Lexington, Ky. 40524.

Philippine ladies on video. VIP, Box 1815, Brookline, Mass. (617) 734-5851.

New friends, new romance, new love. International contacts. Low fees. Join us. Ideal Companion, P.O. Box 7697-HRPS, Albuquerque, N.M. 87194.

Meet U.S.A. singles by phone/mail. M. Fischer Club, Box 2152-HA, Loves Park, Ill. 61130.



Japanese women seek friendship/marriage. Other Orientals too. Pacific Century Correspondence, 110 Pacific 208K, San Francisco, Calif. 94111. (816) 924-1668.

Free magazine. One hundred color photos of Thai women seeking life-partners. Addresses: $39.95. P.O. Box 11495, Honolulu, Hawaii 96828. (800) 345-THAI.

Meet beautiful women. We supply photos, names, and addresses. Send for free details. Merit, Box 74758-H, Los Angeles, Calif. 90004.

Meet Christian singles. Nationwide. Phone or mail introductions. No fee, donations only. Write: Box 90-20-WE, Van Nuys, Calif. 91409.

Prettier Asian women, lower subscribership than competitors; 250 free photos. American-Asian Couples, P.O. Box 23615-H, San Jose, Calif. 95153. (408) 578-2001.

Seeking a man who can fix anything, feels his dreams, conveys passion/caring, and understands despair. DWF, 37, 5'7", slim, reasonably attractive, loving, intense, musical, and handy. Have four tidy, affectionate feline companions. P.O. Box 91213, Santa Barbara, Calif. 93190-1213.

Hate an empty mailbox? Receive letters from all over the world. Inexpensive, enjoyable, lifelong hobby. Send LSASE for details. Letters Everywhere, Dept. HP, P.O. Box 218, Watertown, Mass. 02272-0218.

Continued from page 75

like animals through the night, atavistic shapes, bent low to the ground, neolithic runners in postmodern shoes.

Tijuana, Baja California, Salón del Pueblo. The ugliest town had put on a gaudy dress. Neon and mirrors decorate the downtown streets; the richest citizens attend shopping malls filled with chain stores from across the border; a cultural center, like the one in Ciudad Juárez, with shops and theaters, ingests tourists; the rich, newly arrived from Mexico City, live in high-rise apartments and hilltop houses in parts of the city known as the elegant zones. The street vendors, Indian women from Oaxaca, have been removed from the areas the tourists frequent—they are too Mexican, the merchants say, too poor, too short, too dark.

Tijuana is a boomtown, the boosters claim, selling 1 percent unemployment, a million and a half inhabitants, and a glorious future. The annual meeting of the Border Commission on Human Rights held last March revealed a different picture. It began with reports by the delegates, all of them from human rights organizations working along the border. Roberto Martínez, of the American Friends Service Committee Border Program in San Diego, and Victor Clark Alfaro, of the Binational Center for Human Rights in Tijuana, chaired the meeting. The delegates spoke, rolling out their litanies of people detained, arrested, tortured, killed. Could the figures be true? One hundred and nine documented cases of the torture of children by Mexican police in Tijuana. Eight hundred and twenty-six "disappeared" people in Mexico. Fifteen hundred dead along the California border between 1984 and 1989.

It was mostly understatement, they said; the statistics are no good. Undocumented people in the United States do not go to the police to make complaints; they are afraid of being deported. Central American refugees in Mexico cannot wait for six or ten months until a bandit or rapist comes to trial; they are going north.

The next day the revelations and accusations made at the meeting were front-page news in Mexico, where the government is said to control the media. Not one word about the commission appeared in a leading paper in the United States. The border remains unconsidered. There is still no policy which would permit an orderly entry and exit for those who come to work or shop but not to immigrate. Nor is there any way for people to seek temporary asylum here, to live and work without fear until conditions at home improve. To distinguish between sojourners and immigrants would be a step in the direction of a truly civil society on the U.S. side of the border. In Mexico, the innocent poor will have to defend themselves. ■

August Index Sources

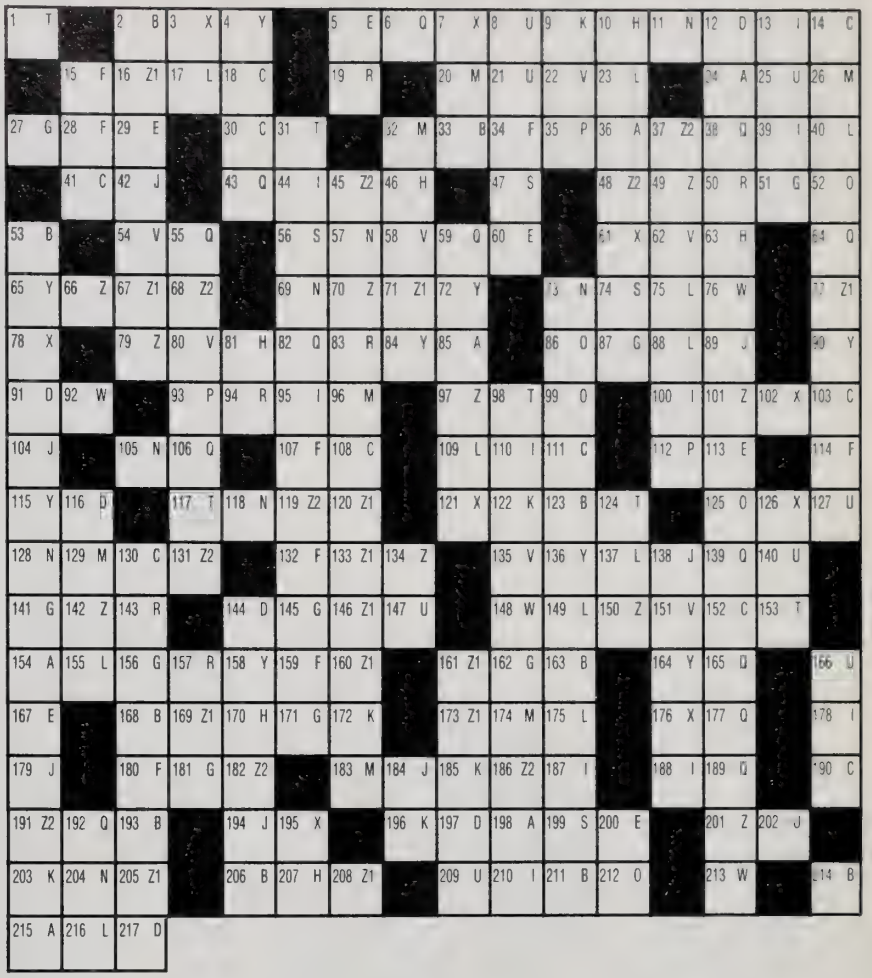
1 American Civil Liberties Union (N.Y.C.); **2** U.S. Secret Service (Phoenix); **3** U.S. General Services Administration; **4** *Harper's* research; **5** *Washington Post*–ABC News poll; **6,7** U.S. Congressional Arms Control and Foreign Policy Caucus; **8** South African Police Headquarters (Pretoria); **9** *U.S. News & World Report* (Washington)/TASS (Moscow); **10** Perestroika Joint Venture (Moscow)/Edward S. Gordon Co. (N.Y.C.); **11** Bond Investors Association (Miami Lakes, Fla.); **12** Bond Investors Association/American Council of Life Insurance (Washington); **13** IDS Financial Services (Minneapolis); **14** George Benston, Emory University (Atlanta); **15** U.S. Treasury Dept./U.S. Office of Thrift Supervision; **16** *Survey of American Habits,* by Barry Sinrod and Mel Poretz (Price Stern Sloan, Los Angeles); **17,18** RAND Corp. (Santa Monica, Calif.); **19,20** *Spy* magazine (N.Y.C.); **21** Rolls-Royce Motor Cars Ltd. (Cheshire, England); **22** R. L. Polk & Co. (Detroit); **23** Veco International (Anchorage); **24** Barry Commoner, Center for the Biology of Natural Systems, Queens College (N.Y.C.); **25** Revitalization Agency (Niagara Falls, N.Y.); **26** Byelorussian Soviet Socialist Republic Mission to the United Nations (N.Y.C.); **27,28** Defense Budget Project (Washington)/National Security Archive (Washington); **29,30** U.S. Dept. of Justice; **31** Mary P. Koss, University of Arizona (Tucson); **32,33** American Medical Association (Chicago)/U.S. Census Bureau/National Center for Health Statistics (Hyattsville, Md.); **34** Intercongressional Commission of Justice and Peace (Bogotá, Colombia); **35** World Health Organization Global Program on AIDS (Geneva); **36** U.S. Air Force; **37** Bruce Fogle, Portman Veterinary Clinic (London); **38** Christian Guilleminault, Stanford University Sleep Disorder Clinic (Stanford, Calif.); **39** Shanghai Sex Sociological Research Center.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC NO. 92

by Thomas H. Middleton

The diagram, when filled in, will contain a quotation from a published work. The numbered squares in the diagram correspond to the numbered blanks under the WORDS. The WORDS form an acrostic: The first letter of each spells the name of the author and the title of the work from which the quotation is taken.

The letter in the upper right-hand corner of each square indicates the WORD containing the letter to be entered in that square. Contest rules and the solution to last month's puzzle appear on page 75.



CLUES

A. Elephant driver in India — 24 215 154 36 198 / 85

B. 1899 Henry James novel (2 wds. after *The*) — 168 214 211 2 123 / 53 163 206 193 / 33

C. Head of a banking family, played by George Arliss in a 1934 film — 152 111 108 18 190 / 130 41 30 103 / 14

D. Hard to explain, puzzling — 217 91 197 12 144 116

E. Tried, experienced — 167 5 60 113 29 200

F. Sudden, violent cold wind of far northern or southern latitudes — 15 28 34 159 107 180 114 132

G. Frog or toad, e.g. — 181 156 27 145 171 51 87 141 / 162

H. "Of all the thoughts of God that are / Borne ____ unto souls afar" (E.B. Browning, "The Sleep") — 10 207 46 170 81 63

I. Sometimes (3 wds.) — 39 110 100 210 95 187 188 178 / 13 44

J. "Are they ____ of Abraham? so am I," says Paul (2 wds., II Cor. 11:22) — 138 194 89 184 179 42 104

K. Former city, Hupeh Prov., called "The Pittsburgh of China" — 122 9 172 185 203 196

L. Legal right — 40 149 17 155 175 216 75 88 / 23 137 109

M. Enlarge, increase — 183 174 26 32 96 129 20

N. Not appropriate — 57 11 69 204 118 73 128 105

O. Mount — 125 86 52 212 99

P. Check, damages, bad news — 93 112 35

Q. "For a stone of stumbling and for a ____" (3 wds., Isaiah 8:14) — 38 165 6 43 106 82 189 177 / 55 139 192 64 59

R. Entertained, beguiled — 19 50 94 157 83 143

S. Thin strip of wood — 199 47 56 74

T. Earnest, engrossed — 1 98 124 153 31 117

U. Servile fawning — 25 140 8 127 21 209 166 202 / 147

V. 1940 Nelson Eddy–Jeanette MacDonald film (2 wds.) — 62 80 135 22 151 54 58

W. Alcoholic liquor of fermented honey and water — 76 148 213 92

X. Former duchy and kingdom, SW France — 61 7 102 126 121 3 176 78 / 195

Y. Boastful talk — 72 136 4 84 65 115 90 164 / 158

Z. Quarrelsome, belligerent, contentious — 79 49 201 142 97 150 70 101 / 66 134

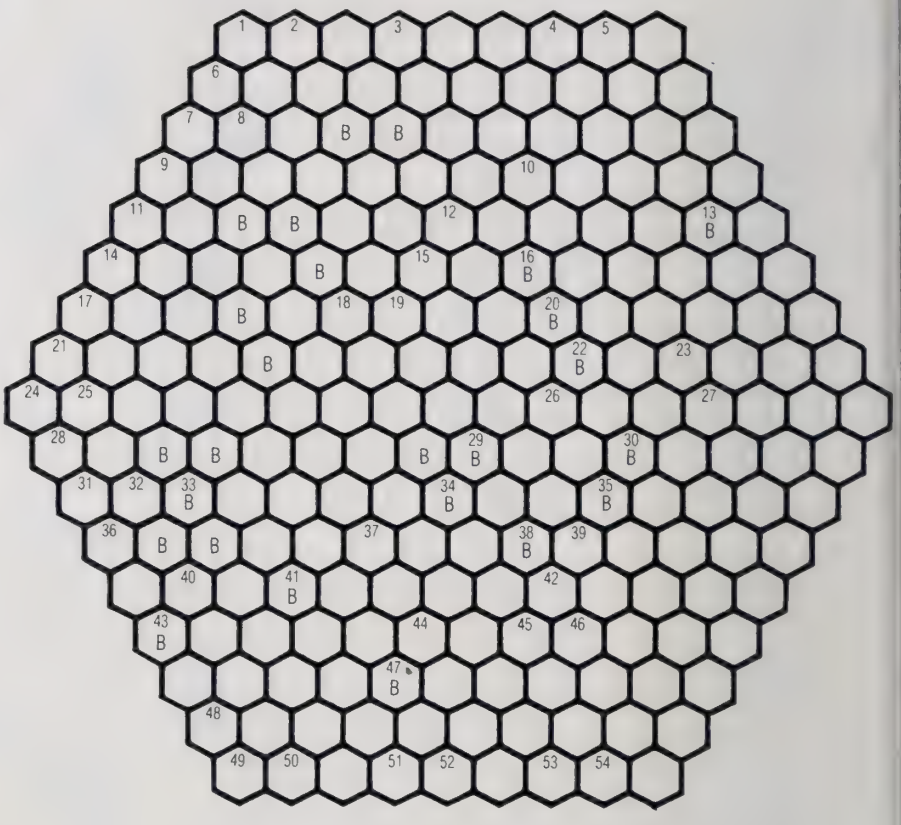
Z1. Untiring — 16 71 208 146 160 161 205 77 / 169 133 173 67 120

Z2. The Furies — 131 37 119 186 48 191 68 45 / 182

PUZZLE

Bee Hive

by E. R. Galli and Richard Maltby Jr.



All the bees are in place in the diagram, so there is no need to include them in the subsidiary portion of the clues (anagram, reversal, etc.). For instance, if the clue answer were MACABRE, the subsidiary indications would treat only MACARE: "Mother, anxiety is gruesome (7)." This also applies to the ten italicized clues, but their answers are thematic, so the definition portion of their clues is also omitted. All clue answers are to be entered from left to right, running Up, Across, or Down, as indicated by initial letter. The solver must also complete the perimeter of the diagram, which contains a thematic quotation and its author (3,8,2,5,4,3,7,3,3—1,9), running clockwise from 1.

Clue answers include four capitalized words. Several of the thematic answers are uncommon. The solution to last month's puzzle appears on page 75.

1D. British snack? It's ripping (7)
2D. *One is in such backward surroundings (8)*
3D. *Listen to the mobs (5)*
4D. I try to capture a Shakespearean character (4)
5D. Group too big for river in India? Just the opposite! (4)
6A. It's a pronoun, conjunction, adverb, and adjective, therein being a result of confusion (7)
7D. Circling around, circle and circle around it (8)
8A. Regaling, but not about to be spouting nonsense (8)
8D. Suspension frame? That is used in Gran Turismo (6)
9D. East European finishes Kirschwasser (4)
10A. Spirited Oriental game held in past (5, *hyph.*)
11A. Nerd, and trouble he's in (7)
12D. Shed found in Elizabethan garden (6)
13D. *English and aristocratic (6)*
14D. In big success, receiving one check (7)
15A. Pole thrown by Scots, a strange race (5)
15U. Church singers love one right after church (5)
16U. Poor man, in anger, turned over about $1,000 (6)
17A. Handle Tyson, finally, in knockout (4)
18U. Terribly senile Democrat put away on the farm (7)
19A. Cut short the sticky stuff, Rev (3)
20U. Take half of eggs, add one, and beat it (6)
20A. Three eggs and some tuna (6)
21A. Lives together in Taho (*sic*) resort (8)
22U. *Newspaper in Old English (6)*
23A. Look, running is for a simpleton (4)
24A. He nips miss, possibly displaying this? (10)
25U. Dealer goes through claim on GE repairs (6)
26A. *Part of phenomenal comeback (7)*
27U. Flying insect upset cat and husband (4)
28A. Using an epithet for manure takes one in (7)
29A. *Make a mistake replacing male in army (8)*
30U. Somehow I feel this!. . . (6)
31U. *. . . it's bliss (9)*
32D. Glowing with a misplaced zeal (6)
33A. Use some fusilli in shellfish soup (7, *hyph.*)
34D. Had dinner in old unfinished seaside stopover (6)
35A. Class grass (5)
35D. W. African country brings baseball team back (5)
36A. Crash diet made, ultimately, a period of decline (7, *two words*)
37U. Claim Caesar overturned (4)
38U. Making money, one hears, is exhausting (7)
39D. Quietly performed by Miss Zadora? No (5)
40A. *"Look" article about old priest* (7)
41U. Ship bottoms, almost. . . leg is broken (6)
42A. Siren could produce flush (5)
43A. *Hamilton and Adams in brief (6)*
44D. One's attitude? Half of mine is twisted (4)
45A. Some Southeast Asians (answer is included in this) (5)
46D. Swindler's heading off the police (4)
47A. Ill humor, being possessed by evil eye (4)
48A. Those running the company? He'd name engineers (7)
49U. Stiff seen decomposing after some time (5)
50U. The French beat back native (5)
51U. Put out when leisure is upset (4)
52U. Chisel Welshman, for instance (4)
53U. *Hero's lament? (8)*
54U. Isn't CARE distributing small container (8)

Contest Rules: Send completed diagram with name and address to "Bee Hive," *Harper's Magazine*, 666 Broadway, New York, N.Y. 10012. If you already subscribe to *Harper's*, please include a copy of your latest mailing label. Senders of the first three correct solutions opened at random will receive one-year subscriptions to *Harper's Magazine*. Winners' names will be printed in the October issue. Winners of the June puzzle, "Abecedarian," are Julie King, Pullman, Washington; Shirley Elliott, Brewster, Massachusetts; and Steve Simons, Hollis, New Hampshire.

© Bell Atlantic, 1990



To some kids this is a new source of electricity.

To most kids it's a lime.

But to kids and teachers in Bell Atlantic-sponsored school science programs, its chemical content and caloric values can produce electrical energy.

At Bell Atlantic, we believe in giving kids new ways to look at the world.

Which is why our employees volunteer in school science programs. And why the Bell Atlantic Charitable Foundation and Bell Atlantic companies partner with organizations like the American Association for the Advancement of Science to sponsor science programs for both kids and their teachers.

We believe if we spark their interest in science today, our children will be able to create a better world for tomorrow.

Bell Atlantic
We're More Than Just Talk.™

THE PERFECT RECESS

Re·cess (Webster): A break from activity for rest or relaxation.
Re·cess (Parliament): A unique filter for extra smooth taste and low tar enjoyment.



PARLIAMENT
Lights

9 mg "tar," 0.7 mg nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC method.

SURGEON GENERAL'S WARNING: Quitting Smoking Now Greatly Reduces Serious Risks to Your Health.

© Philip Morris Inc 1990

Christopher Lasch: Less News, More Argument!

SEPTEMBER 1990
$2.50

HARPER'S



CHRONICLE OF A DEBACLE FORETOLD
How Deregulation Begat the S&L Scandal
By L. J. Davis

BURLINGAME
OCT 7 - 1991
LIBRARY

WHAT PRICE PANAMA?
A Visit to a Barrio Destroyed by U.S. Forces
By Francisco Goldman

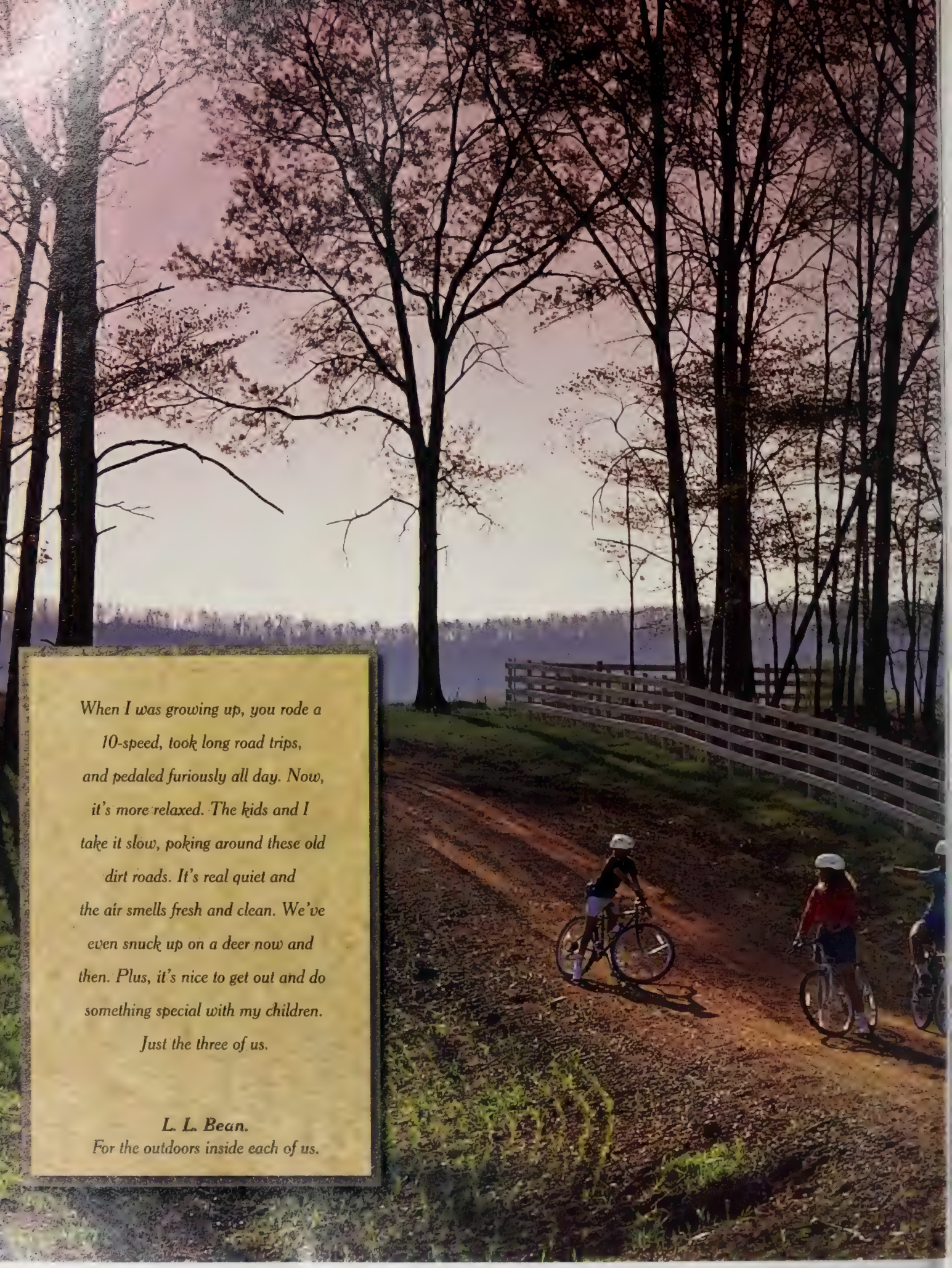
THAT OLD 'PICAYUNE-MOON'
Off His Chest, From His Heart: The Mayor Responds
By Garrison Keillor

JUNO OF THE VEII
A story by Guy Davenport

Also: Josef Joffe, Hans [illegible] Enzensberger, and Lewis H. La[illegible]ham on the [illegible]y of free enterprise


FILTER CIGARETTES
Marlboro
Marlb


SURGEON GENERAL'S WARNING: Smoking By Pregnant Women May Result in Fetal Injury, Premature Birth, And Low Birth Weight.



When I was growing up, you rode a 10-speed, took long road trips, and pedaled furiously all day. Now, it's more relaxed. The kids and I take it slow, poking around these old dirt roads. It's real quiet and the air smells fresh and clean. We've even snuck up on a deer now and then. Plus, it's nice to get out and do something special with my children. Just the three of us.

L. L. Bean.
For the outdoors inside each of us.

For 78 years, L. L. Bean has offered durable, practical products for men and women who love the outdoors. Our catalog includes active and casual apparel, footwear, equipment and accessories. All fully guaranteed and honestly priced. If you'd like a copy, please call 1-800-548-4307 anytime.

L.L.Bean
FREEPORT, MAINE

HARPER'S

FOUNDED IN 1850 / VOL. 281, NO. 1684
SEPTEMBER 1990

Letters 4
Shelby Steele's black America — *Kenneth S. Tollett, Adam Parker*

Notebook 7
The visible hand — *Lewis H. Lapham*

Harper's Index 15

Readings 17
The Lost Art of Political Argument — *Christopher Lasch*
Beijing's China Card — *State Education Commission of China*
Germany After NATO — *Josef Joffe*
A Very Rainbow Coalition — *John E. Brandenburg*
"Short History of the Bourgeoisie" — *a poem by Hans Magnus Enzensberger*
"Juno of the Veii" — *a story by Guy Davenport*
And . . . — *Benjamin Fondane, Craig A. Francis Jr.,* Dykes, Disability & Stuff *newsletter*

Report 50
CHRONICLE OF A DEBACLE FORETOLD — *L. J. Davis*
How deregulation begat the S&L scandal

Miscellany 68
THAT OLD 'PICAYUNE-MOON' — *Garrison Keillor*
Off his chest, from his heart: The mayor responds

Panama City Letter 71
WHAT PRICE PANAMA? — *Francisco Goldman*
A visit to a barrio destroyed by U.S. forces

Acrostic 79 *Thomas H. Middleton*

Puzzle 80 *E. R. Galli and Richard Maltby Jr.*

Cover: Illustration by Ronald Searle

Harper's Magazine is owned and published monthly by Harper's Magazine Foundation, 666 Broadway, New York, New York 10012. Allen Austill, Chairman.

Copyright ©1990 by the Harper's Magazine Foundation. All rights reserved. The trademark *Harper's* is used by Harper's Magazine Foundation under license and is a registered trademark owned by Harper & Row Publishers, Inc. The trademark *Harper's Index* is a registered trademark owned by the Harper's Magazine Foundation.

Printed in the U.S. Second-class postage paid at New York, New York. In Canada, second-class postage paid at Mississauga, Ontario. POSTMASTER: Send all address changes to *Harper's Magazine*, Post Office Box 1937, Marion, OH 43305. ISSN0017-789X. CHANGE OF ADDRESS: Please provide both address from last issue and new address. Allow six weeks advance notice. SUBSCRIPTIONS: $18 one year. Canada and U.S. possessions, add $2; other foreign, add $20 per year. Send orders to *Harper's Magazine*, P.O. Box 1937, Marion, OH 43305. SUBSCRIPTION PROBLEMS: Write *Harper's Magazine*, P.O. Box 1937, Marion, OH 43305, or call (800) 347-6969; Canada (614) 382-3322, M-F, 8 A.M.–4:30 P.M., Eastern time. All requests for PERMISSIONS and REPRINTS must be made in writing to *Harper's Magazine*, 666 Broadway, New York, NY 10012. *Harper's Magazine* will not consider or return unsolicited nonfiction manuscripts that have not been preceded by a written query. *Harper's* will consider unsolicited fiction. Unsolicited poetry will not be considered or returned. No queries or manuscripts will be considered unless they are accompanied by a self-addressed, stamped envelope.

HARPER'S

Editor
Lewis H. Lapham
Executive Editor
Michael Pollan
Senior Editors
Gerald Marzorati, Jack Hitt
Managing Editor
Ellen Rosenbush
Art Director
Deborah Rust
Associate Editors
Charis W. Conn, Ilena Silverman, Colin Harrison
Assistant Editors
Elliott Rabin, Paul Tough
Assistant to the Editor
Ann K. Stern
Interns
Sarah Burnes, Frank Koughan, Deidre McFadyen

Contributing Editors
L. J. Davis, Mark Edmundson, Darcy Frey, Francisco Goldman, Vicki Hearne, Craig S. Karpel, Barry Lopez, Peter Marin, George Plimpton, Bob Shacochis, Earl Shorris, Jacqueline Simon, Eric Treisman, Philip Weiss, Tom Wolfe
Washington Editor
Christopher Hitchens

John R. MacArthur, *President and Publisher*

Vice President and General Manager
Jeanne Dubi
Vice President, Corporate and Public Affairs
Ellen Ryder
Vice President, Circulation
Lynn Carlson
Circulation Assistant
Judith Brienza
Assistant to the Publisher
Diane Kraft
Receptionist/Advertising Assistant
Noreen Assing
Staff
Joseph Malits, Frank DiBartolo

ADVERTISING SALES
666 Broadway, New York, New York 10012
(212) 614-6500
Vice President, Advertising Director
Mary Anne Malley
Account Representatives
Evan Green, *West Coast Manager*
Debra Goldberg, Lisa Kay Greissinger, Kenneth Nova
Advertising Coordinator, Andrew Walko

LETTERS

Shelby Steele's Black America

Shelby Steele's essay "Ghettoized by Black Unity" [Readings, May] continues his series of elegantly crafted articles that enlightened but insensitive white readers enjoy reading but do not need to read and that highly educated black readers do not enjoy reading but many need to read. Steele's description of inferiority anxiety as "an unconscious fear that the notion that we are inferior may, in fact, be true" accurately identifies the psychic and existential reality of the black experience so far as it goes. Unfortunately, the inferiority problem is more than an anxiety. It is a deep feeling that creates a burden oftentimes more unconscious than conscious.

Steele operates on an assumption many of us in academia hold dear; namely, that if we know the truth, the truth will set us free. Unfortunately, that is not always true. As a friend of mine told me some years ago, finding out he wanted to sleep with his mother during his childhood was neither liberating nor therapeutic.

The existential sadness of the black experience is that "inferiority anxiety" and related problems of self-identity probably can be corrected only by external forces that provide esteem and satisfaction. The short-term answer to the black predicament, particularly in the ghettos, is the return of a critical mass of w ing- , middle- , and upper-class b to the inner cities, thus resto black unity to these communitie fostering and reinforcing inte mingling.

Kenneth S. Tollett
Howard University
Washington, D.C.

Amen to the thoughts of Sh Steele. I am a black man bor 1940. During the fevered Sixti believed that a great deal of b rhetoric was characterized by histrionic dishonesty. It is simply honest not to admit that, with removal of the legal apparatus precluded the enjoyment by blac the whole body of civil privileges protections, an entire range of p bilities now lies open for the taki

It is time for blacks to join game, the play, the fray, the mar place. Put on a tie; learn to sp read, and write standard Engl learn the utility of math, logic, planning; eschew drugs, violen and teenage prostitution; practice strategy of delayed gratification; g work and get in debt. The incess use of the vocabulary of victimizat serves only to sue whites for guilt to endow blacks with excuses.

Ironically, many blacks don't r ize that the world is not a perfect pl for whites. As a person who has tr eled in Europe, Asia, and Africa know that the United States is, by t the easiest place to build a reward life, with effort. One need only c

Harper's Magazine welcomes Letters to the Editor. Short letters are more likely to be published, and all letters are subject to editing. Letters must be typed double-spaced; volume precludes individual acknowledgment.

· disproportionate achievements of
ious immigrant groups to prove it.

hard A. Oliver
s Angeles

Shelby Steele is lucky. He's made
He is—as he himself would say—a
veloped individual who has em-
aced opportunity. This, he claims,
"the only way we will see the ad-
ncement of black people in this
untry." But I have a problem with
is view. It's too simple. More and
ore, black leaders—members of the
ddle and upper-middle classes—
int to education, self-sufficiency,
d self-help. Stop moaning, they
y, and lift *yourself* up.

Fine. Good. But, I humbly declare,
s easier said than done. Seizing op-
rtunity, Steele says, is riskier for the
ack American because of his or her
nferiority anxiety." But Steele fails
make clear the fact that blacks
ave, through the centuries, been
nditioned by whites to believe
emselves to be inferior. So why
ould they stop considering them-
lves victims, as Steele proposes?
his view, he says, "implies that op-
rtunity itself is something to be
ven instead of taken." For many
ople—especially those who are op-
essed—opportunity *is* given. Cer-
inly the white American power
ructure (still and ever dominant)
ys this, despite America's silly and
isleading slogans to the contrary.

But we must be careful not to mag-
fy "our oppression and [diminish]
ur sense of possibility." This, accord-
g to Steele, "amounts to a self-
otective collectivism that focuses
black unity instead of individual
itiative." With this statement,
eele hits on the black American's
imary dilemma—one with no
lution: Does he maintain and rein-
rce black solidarity and national-
m, encourage the uplift of black
merica through unification and
lf-sufficiency, demanding, at least
guratively, a black homeland? Or
oes he assimilate, play the capitalist
.e., white) game? If you can't beat
m, join 'em, right?

Steele obviously votes for the lat-
r. And he's quick to point out his
easiness with the notion that this

Ed Rihacek, "Gone Primitive," courtesy of Somerhill Gallery



GONE PRIMITIVE

Savage Intellects, Modern Lives
MARIANNA TORGOVNICK

"A fireworks of a book.
An extraordinary account of the ways in which race, gender, and a terrible romance with 'the primitive' have structured Western culture.
—Catharine R. Stimpson

"Deserves a wide audience.
...Torgovnick writes with verve, lucidity, and intelligence about a complex array of issues at the heart of Western modernity, yea, post-modernity.
—Henry Louis Gates, Jr.

"A superb book...
a kind of gift to its own culture, a guide to the perplexed."
—Arthur Danto, *New York Times Book Review*

Illus. $24.95

The University of Chicago Press
At bookstores, or call: 1-800-621-2736. In Illinois: 312-568-1550

End mess and clutter and always have your magazines at hand, with . . .

Designer's Magazine Rack only $34.95*

But read this ad for an even better deal!



• *The* Designer's Magazine Rack *comes in its very attractive matte-black standard execution. A* Brass Magazine Rack *(tubing in shiny brass with natural color canvas compartments) is also available. It costs $10 more. $44.95. You also get the special 3-for-2 deal for the brass execution.*

It's one of the minor nuisances of every household or office: You are swamped with magazines—they arrive every week and every month, and you don't want to throw them away before you and everybody else has read them. But where to put them in the meantime? There has never been a fully satisfactory solution. Our *Designer's Magazine Rack* solves this problem in a neat and attractive way. It's two pieces of subtly bent black-matte steel tubing and three capacious black canvas compartments, supported by slender steel struts between. The *Designer's Magazine Rack,* in its unobtrusive graceful design, insinuates itself in any environment and decor—both at home and in the office. You display your magazines and have them immediately at hand. There will be no more mess, no more clutter. The *Designer's Magazine Rack* is 22" high, 16" wide, and 18" deep. You assemble it in less than five minutes, with just a screwdriver.

We import these *Racks* in container lots and can therefore offer them at the attractive price of just $34.95. But we have an even better deal: ***Buy two for $69.90, and we'll send you a third one, with our compliments—absolutely FREE!*** End mess and clutter, add a touch of beauty, and stop hunting for your magazines. Have them at hand with the *Designer's Magazine Rack.* Order these attractive home/office accessories today!

FOR FASTEST SERVICE, ORDER
TOLL FREE (800) 882-3050
24 hours a day, 7 days a week

Please give order **Code #1237A456** for the black, and **Code #1239A456** for the brass execution. If you prefer, mail check or card authorization and expiration. We need daytime phone number for all orders and issuing bank for charge orders. Add shipping/insurance: $4.95 for one; $6.95 for three

Add sales tax for CA delivery. You have 30-day return and one-year warranty. We do not refund shipping charges.

since 1967
haverhills®
131 Townsend Street, San Francisco, CA 94107

¡Speak Spanish like a diplomat!®

What sort of people need to learn a foreign language as quickly and effectively as possible? *Foreign service personnel,* that's who. Members of America's diplomatic corps are assigned to U.S. embassies abroad, where they must be able to converse fluently in every situation.

Now you can learn to speak Spanish just as these diplomatic personnel do — with the Foreign Service Institute's Programmatic Spanish Courses. You'll learn Latin American Spanish recorded by native speakers.

The U.S. Department of State has spent thousands of dollars developing this course. It's by far *the most effective way* to learn Spanish at your own convenience and at your own pace.

The course consists of a series of cassettes and accompanying textbook. Simply follow the spoken and written instructions, listening and repeating. By the end of the course, you'll be learning and speaking entirely in Spanish!

This course turns your cassette player into a "teaching machine." With its unique "programmatic" learning method, you set your own pace — testing yourself, correcting errors, reinforcing accurate responses.

The FSI's Programmatic Spanish Course comes in two volumes, each shipped in a handsome library binder. Order either, or save 10% by ordering both:

☐ **Volume I: Basic.** 12 cassettes (17 hr.), manual, and 464-p. text, $175.
☐ **Volume II: Intermediate.** 8 cassettes (12 hr.), manual, and 614-p. text, $145.
(CT residents add sales tax)

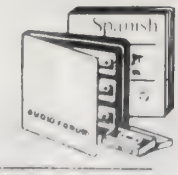
TO ORDER BY PHONE, PLEASE CALL TOLL-FREE NUMBER: **1-800-243-1234.**

To order by mail, clip this ad and send with your name and address, and a check or money order - or charge to your credit card (AmEx, VISA, MasterCard, Diners) by enclosing card number, expiration date, and your signature.

The Foreign Service Institute's Spanish course is unconditionally guaranteed. Try it for three weeks. If you're not convinced it's the fastest, easiest, most painless way to learn Spanish, return it and we'll refund every penny you paid. Order today!

190 courses in 55 other languages also available. Write for free catalog. Our 18th year.

Audio-Forum
Room M911
96 Broad St.
Guilford, CT 06437
(203) 453-9794



AUDIO-FORUM
THE LANGUAGE SOURCE

"may, in fact, jeopardize one's 'blackness,' make one somehow less black." But, I ask, why shouldn't a ghettoized black youth—able only to grasp at straws, since opportunity is sorely lacking—view the successful black man or woman as less black? After all, how did he or she get that nice suit? Doesn't he or she spend more time in the white world than this impoverished youth? And why shouldn't this inner-city dweller reject the part of society that, in no uncertain terms, rejects him? Ah, but we must be careful, for this "is actually a repressive identity that generates a victimized self-image, curbs individualism and initiative, diminishes our sense of possibility, and contributes to our demoralization and inertia." So, according to Steele, the victim is victimized by himself; it's his own fault. Hmmm.

Steele goes on to say that "uplift can only come when . . . blacks seize the possibilities . . . and use them to move themselves forward." This is so class-conscious it makes me sick.

In a capitalist society, for there to exist an upper class, there must also exist an underclass; for there to be employment and competition, there must also be unemployment and violence. It's an unwritten law. Now, it just so happens that a large portion of the underclass in America is black. But Steele seems to think that if our black leaders (members of the middle and upper-middle classes) "tell us of the freedom and opportunity they have discovered . . . tell us what they tell their own children . . . : to study hard, to pursue their dreams with discipline and effort, to be responsible for themselves, to have concern for others, to cherish their race," then all will fall into place; the impoverished will raise themselves up and move into Steele's neighborhood. Frankly, it sounds like something the Cleavers would have said back in the televisionland of the Fifties: idealistic and, well, kind of Republican.

"I believe," declares Steele, "that black Americans are freer today than ever before. . . . This is a reality." I declare, however, that nothing has essentially changed. And, in some respects, the condition of black America is worse. Big business targets blacks as conspicuous consumers, encouraging a kind of materialism th quite literally kills. The governme fights its ridiculous drug war on bla streets—a war destined to accompli nothing but the destruction of inn city youths (certainly, drugs will main illegal, for there's too mu money to be made by the bigwigs the top—government officials, ban ers, police officers, etc.—most whom are white). Homelessness worse than ever; educational opport nity is greatly diminished; and affor able, quality health care is less a less available, shortening the lives many black Americans.

My response to Shelby Steele happiness—a happiness that h manufactured an insufficient and id alistic solution to black America predicament—is to encourage blac to keep up the fight. For there still e ists a powerful opponent, an opp nent that may never—sad to say—b vanquished. Yes, a place can a must be found for all black American in this troubled society, but it will b seized only by insisting upon sel motivation *and* equitable domest policy. The rap group Public Enem has sound advice: We must "fight th powers that be."

Adam Parker
Brooklyn, N.Y.

Greed in Baseball

Francis Wilkinson's annotation o the Louisville Slugger ["Wood, Tha It Be True," June] reveals as muc about his acrid attitude as it doe about the bat. *Of course* the game i big business, as he writes, yet the "epi demic of greed" is not confined to th players. Club owners, TV sports per sonnel, and corporate sponsors mus share the responsibility for baseball' growing obsession with the type o statistics that are preceded by dolla signs. True fans of the sport prefer no to dwell on the cost of the nationa pastime. What well-known enter tainer or sports figure in this country i *not* overpaid? Instead, it is enough fo fans that the boys of summer continue to provide the unique entertainment of the grand old game.

H. Keith Wicker
Paducah, Ky.

NOTEBOOK

The visible hand

By Lewis H. Lapham

oney, which represents the prose of e, and which is hardly spoken of in par- rs without an apology, is, in its effects nd laws, as beautiful as roses.

—Ralph Waldo Emerson

The mechanics of the savings and an swindle become somewhat easier o understand if the reader remembers o bear in mind the comparison to the nancial workings of a Soviet collec- ve farm or a Bulgarian steel mill. he operative economic principle as socialist, not capitalist; the mon- y came and went for reasons that ere political and ideological, not be- ause it obeyed the rules of supply and emand.

The story of the swindle set forth in his month's issue of the magazine "Chronicle of a Debacle Foretold," age 50) makes a mockery of the ational prayer to the idols of free en- erprise. Instead of Adam Smith's be- ign and mysterious "invisible hand," hat appears behind the curtain of raud is the all-too-visible and familiar and of venal and incompetent bu- eaucracy. As follows:

The American government con- erred an urgent subsidy on an indus- ry that certainly would have gone ankrupt if it had been left to the de- ision of anything as treacherous as a ree market. In return for the subsi- y, the grateful recipients (in Texas nd California, as in Belorussia or the Jkraine) professed their fervent loy- lty to the socioeconomic cant that njoyed the blessing of the party in ower. Whenever called upon to do o (in after-dinner speeches, while naking campaign contributions, in etters to the editor of the *Wall Street ournal*), they expressed their belief n the joys of "risk taking" and the wonders of "entrepreneurship."

Because everybody tacitly acknowledged the political text of the subsidy, the government neglected to insist on a strict accounting, and the newly minted bankers obligingly clothed the nakedness of their stupidity and greed in the false reports of unalloyed success.

Understood as the rule rather than the exception, and measured by any standard other than its handsome cost (currently estimated at $500 billion over the next thirty or forty years), the swindle was in no way abnormal or un-American. By and large, and certainly in its primary and steadier movements, the national economy depends not only on systematic price-fixing and noncompetitive bidding but also on the guarantee of government intervention. The theory of the free market works at the margins of the economy—among cabdrivers and the owners of pizza parlors, for small businessmen who make the mistake of borrowing $20,000 instead of $20 million—but the central pillars of the American enterprise rest firmly on the foundation stones of state subsidy.

The federal treasury at the moment supplies 45 percent of the nation's income. Nearly three in every ten Americans live in a household receiving direct payments from the government; four of the remaining seven probably work for an enterprise dependent on the federal dole. The government subsidizes the growing of the nation's crops ($15 billion a year to the farmers) as well as the building of the nation's houses and the maintenance of the nation's roads. The television networks receive from the FCC the license that grants them (free of charge and without any risk) the use of the broadcasting frequencies. The commercial banks borrow money from the federal government at an interest rate two or three points below the rate they charge their best customers.

The politicians dress up the deals in the language of law or policy, but they're in the business of brokering the tax revenue. What keeps them in office is not their talent for oratory but their skill at redistributing the national income in a way that rewards their constituents, clients, patrons, and friends. They trade in every known commodity—school lunches, tax exemptions, water and mineral rights, aluminum siding, dairy subsidies, pension benefits, highway contracts, prison uniforms—and they work the levers of government like gamblers pulling at slot machines. Explicating the point some years ago for the benefit of a touring civics class, William Greider, then an assistant managing editor of the *Washington Post* and more recently the author of *Secrets of the Temple*, the definitive study of the Federal Reserve System, described the acts of "buying, selling, swapping and hustling" as the fundamental means of expression occupying what he called "the poetic center" of the national capital.

As with the subsidizing of the farms and the defense industry, so also with paying off the bad debt acquired by savings and loan associations. Except for the taxpayers (who, as always, didn't know what was being promised in their name), nobody took the slightest risk. Always and whenever possible, the participants in the swindle zealously adhered to the fundamental American principles of "no money down" and "something for nothing."

The same economic maxims guided

OLD *and* NEW POEMS

DONALD HALL

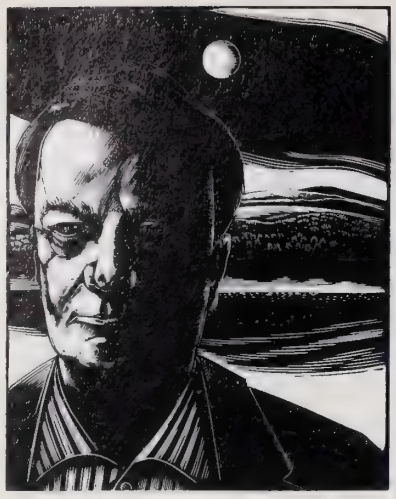


Illustration: Michael McCurdy

"A superb introduction to newcomers and a sumptuous offering to familiars . . . Our delight is in following an exceptional poet's growth and depth as he emerges with a richly playful but consummately serious voice."

— *Publishers Weekly*

Praise for Donald Hall:

"There is something immensely intelligent, generous and disciplined about him, and many of the gifts he has given are not yet recognized as gifts."

— Robert Bly in *The Day I Was Older*

"He's made himself into one of the best poets we've had."

— W. D. Snodgrass in *The Day I Was Older*

TICKNOR & FIELDS 215 Park Avenue South New York, New York 10003

JETOUR



Hong Kong and Japan

Let JETOUR escort you to this mystical land. Twenty years experience. A network of Asian tour offices ...JETLINE telephone service to assist with business appointments or questions. JETOUR is your best guide to the Orient for business or pleasure. Guaranteed departures.

Call your travel agent or call JETOUR Toll Free 800-367-2380

UST A $5 MILLION CONSUMER PROTECTION

AmericanAirlines

Something special in the air.™

the settling of the old American frontier and the amassing of the gaudiest fortunes synonymous with the decade of the Reagan prosperity. Sometimes it was the leveraged buy-out deal; sometimes it was the Wall Street practice of "insider trading"; sometimes it was a revision of the tax law or a contract bestowed by the Department of Housing and Urban Development. At HUD, the resident shills didn't even bother to pretend that they were playing with anything other than a marked deck. If the real-estate developer knew the right people in the administration, then he received the contract. If not, not. Explaining the procedure to a congressional committee investigating the extent of the fraud, DuBois L. Gilliam, formerly a deputy assistant secretary at HUD and now one of the few government officials serving a term in prison, described his public offices as "... the best political machine I've ever seen. We dealt strictly in politics."

Given the dependence of the economy on the grace and favor of Washington, I never know why the apologists for the American merchant class preach so many sermons on the sacred text of the "free market." Maybe it's because they know that they must make up in religious fervor what they lack in evidence.

During the course of the summer, at the same time that I was reading daily bulletins from the frontiers of the savings and loan swindle, I also had occasion to read the Spring issue of *Policy Review*, a quarterly journal published by The Heritage Foundation that embodies the orthodox wisdom of the Republican Party, the larger corporations, and the Wall Street banks. Under the title "The Vision Thing: Conservativism for the Nineties," the editors presented brief essays by no fewer than thirty-nine well-known voices of the conservative conscience, among them Russell Kirk, Senator Jesse Helms, Fred Barnes, Phyllis Schlafly, Fred C. Iklé, Ken Tomlinson, former governor Pete du Pont, William E. Simon, and Pat Robertson.

They recited the national economic creed in the sweet soprano voices of a choir of castrati, and on reading their improving lessons, I was struck

YOUR SEARCH FOR A PERFECT CUP OF COFFEE ENDED IN GÄVLE, SWEDEN MORE THAN 100 YEARS AGO.





Victor Th. Engwall

A great cup of coffee is a revelation. Once you've tasted it—perhaps on a trip abroad—you've experienced one of life's true pleasures. But hard as you search, you can't seem to find that superb taste again. Even the coffee in gourmet shops doesn't quite live up.

Fortunately, a Swede named Victor Theodor Engwall felt the same way. In 1853, as he watched ships piled high with bags of coffee sail into the port of Gävle, he vowed to create the perfect cup of coffee. It soon became an obsession.

Month after month, he experimented: roasting, testing, tasting until at last he created Gevalia® Kaffe, a blend of perfection. Rich, full-bodied, without bitterness. As good in the cup as fine coffee smells at the moment of grinding.

They say that one chilly day King Gustav V sailed into Gävle and tasted it. So impressed was he that he awarded Gevalia the Royal Seal of Approval.

Today, Gevalia is Sweden's most popular coffee. That's quite an achievement since Swedes feel as passionately about coffee as the French do fine wine. They know how crucial each bean is to the delicate balance of flavors.



Kenyan AA, Costa Rican, Guatemalan—it takes up to 6 varieties of the rarest *arabica* beans to create the high flavor notes, the delicate nuances, the fine aromatics in Gevalia.

There's yet another secret to Gevalia's flavor: its impeccable freshness. Roasted faster, it's then vacuum sealed faster—within seconds. Because even the finest whole beans rapidly grow stale when exposed to air, as in gourmet shop bins.

REGULAR & NATURALLY DECAFFEINATED



Whole Bean.



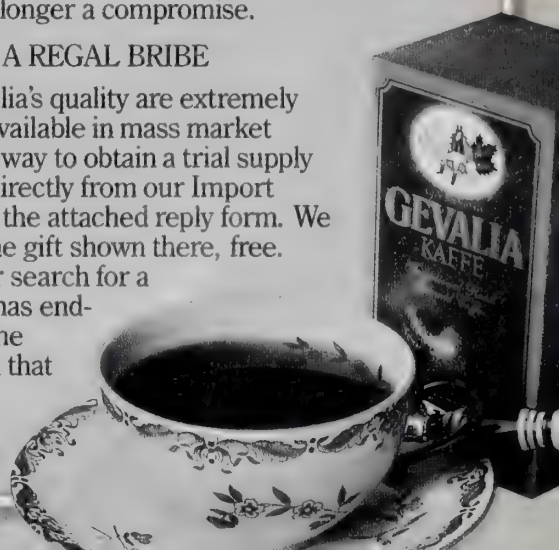
Ground.

Gevalia Kaffe comes whole bean or ground in a variety of full-bodied roasts. But perhaps the biggest revelation is Gevalia Decaffeinated. Caffeine is removed naturally by gently soaking the beans in water, then treating them with the same elements that put the effervescence in sparkling water. The result: full coffee flavor. Drinking decaffeinated is no longer a compromise.

A REGAL BRIBE

As beans of Gevalia's quality are extremely expensive and not available in mass market quantities, the only way to obtain a trial supply of Gevalia Kaffe is directly from our Import Service. Just fill out the attached reply form. We will also send you the gift shown there, free.

Now, at last, your search for a great cup of coffee has ended here in Gävle. The Swedes have known that for years.



GEVALIA KAFFE A SWEDISH OBSESSION

©1990 Vict Th Engwall & Co If reply form is missing for details write to Gevalia Kaffe Import ... PO Box 11424 Des Moines IA 50336 Or call 1-800-678-2687.

Brighter kids for under $2.00 a month



Reading CRICKET magazine helps children have more adventurous minds and active imaginations. CRICKET is for very special children. Children who are curious about their world. Children who love to read. *Children just like yours!*

$14.95 for an EIGHT-ISSUE TRIAL subscription. Send no money. We will bill you later. *Save over $15.00 off the regular twelve-issue price!* Order now by calling toll free or by sending us the coupon below.

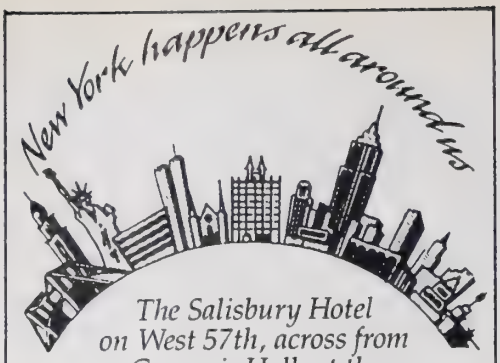
Name_____

Address_____

City, State, Zip_____

1-800-BUG PALS (1-800-284-7257, Ext. 5C)
CRICKET, Box 52933, Boulder, CO 80322

Cricket 5HMM6



The Salisbury Hotel on West 57th, across from Carnegie Hall, at the crossroads of New York City.

Whatever your pleasure, whatever your business, you're at the center of everything that's going on in New York City.

In the shadow of skyscrapers and stage doors, The Salisbury offers you 320 spacious air conditioned rooms, elegantly decorated, and courteous old world room service. All at a price you can afford.

Single accommodations $108-$118. Doubles $118-$128. Suites $175-$295*. Corporate, weekend and group rates upon request. Meeting/ banquet facilities are available.

Salisbury HOTEL

123 West 57th Street
New York, New York 10019 U.S.A.
For reservations or brochure:
• toll-free (800) 223-0680 • NYC (212) 246-1300
Cable SALISHOT • International Telex 668366
*Taxes and gratuities not included.

Increase your hearing range by a factor of at least 10×, with . . .

BionicEar IV only $29.95*

But read this ad for an even better deal!



•Bionic Ear IV *is the state of the art in sound amplification. Besides its many other applications, it is a boon to the hard of hearing, a marvelous help in the theatre or for low-volume TV listening. It comes with a full complement of attachments. The 9V battery is not included.*

The instructions to the *BionicEar IV* caution you to have the control on "very low" when you first try the instrument. If you do not, it could scare the daylights out of you. The thing is truly astonishing and in a way almost unbelievable, until you try it and convince yourself. Put *BionicEar IV* in your shirt pocket and realize to your amazement that you can hear whispered conversations up to 50 feet away, a pin drop 10 feet away, and even hear what people are talking about in the next room. A walk through the woods will reveal birds, deer, squirrels and even little crawly things that you never would have known about otherwise. It really increases your range of hearing by at least 10×!

Rodelvox BionicEar IV comes with a full complement of attachments: Belt/Pocket Clip, Bud-Style Earphones, and 20' Headphone Cord (for TV). Batteries are not included.

We are the exclusive importers of Rodelvox electronic instruments and can therefore bring you this startling product for just $29.95. National catalog houses sell almost identical devices for $59.95 or more. But, we have an even better deal: ***Buy two for $59.90, and we'll send you a third one, with our compliments—absolutely FREE!*** Enhance your range of perception, hear things you never heard before, and find out things you couldn't know otherwise. Get your *Rodelvox BionicEar IV* today!

FOR FASTEST SERVICE, ORDER
TOLL FREE (800) 882-3050
24 hours a day, 7 days a week

Please use order Code #4211A455. If you prefer, mail check or card authorization and expiration. We need daytime phone # for all orders and issuing bank for charge orders. Add shipping/insurance $4.95 for one, $5.95 for three. Add sales tax for CA delivery. You have 30-day return and one year warranty. We do not refund shipping charges.

For quantity orders (100+), call Ernest Gerard, our Wholesale/Premium Manager at (415) 543-6570 or write him at the address below.

since 1967
haverhills®
131 Townsend Street, San Francisco, CA 94107

by the collective tone of inane complacence. It was as if I had been invited to an ideological variant of the Mad Hatter's tea party staged at an expensive conference center in Aspen or Palm Springs. I could imagine the guests dressed for croquet or golf, seated in white wicker chairs, admiring the postcard views of the sea or the mountains, busily arranging and rearranging their briefing papers, exchanging idiot solemnities with the aplomb of a club steward handing around the potted shrimp. Many of them had furnished the claptrap economic theory that justified the raids on the federal treasury during the heyday of the Reagan administration, but none of them seemed to have noticed the corollary damage done to the society's hope for the future. Nobody said a word about the debt, about the HUD or savings and loan swindles, about the numerous public officials indicted for theft or fraud, about the racial divisions in what's left of the American democracy, about the mismanagement of the military budget, about the squalor of the nation's cities and the wreckage of the nation's schools.

Everybody talked instead about the triumph of new money, which proved what one of their number described as the "moral superiority of the free economy over statism." Occasionally, they differed among themselves on what they regarded as minor points of doctrine (most notably with regard to the still troubling and unsettled questions of education and the environment), but on the principal articles of capitalist faith ("the free market," "economic liberty," "the commonwealth of freedom," etc., etc.) all present expressed their calm and beatific agreement.

I read the anthology of self-congratulation with the mounting suspicion that it might have been intended as a parody. So many of the remarks were so far removed from the realms of experience that I began to wonder if any of the ladies and gentlemen in the lawn chairs had ever met a defense contractor, watched network television, traveled to New York or Miami, seen a slum, or read an insurance claim. Every now and then one of their company admitted to having

ad something nasty in the newspa-
ers or having heard—at a less refined
nference—a really awful rumor
bout illiteracy or crime or deviant
xual practice), but if the rumors
ere true (which probably they were
ot), then undoubtedly it was the
ult of the "imperial Congress" or the
spiritual decay" said to be rotting the
ioral tissue of the nation's popular
ngs.

Nor did many of the guests of the
mposium seem to have the least idea
f what it might mean to sell their la-
or in a competitive market. Of the
hirty-nine seers in residence, only a
ery few could be expected to pay
heir own bills. The majority owed
heir livings to some sort of subsidy or
ole, either as politicians drawing an
llowance of public money or as min-
sters of tax-exempt foundations rely-
ng on the largess of their corporate
atrons.

The absurd humor of the perfor-
nance in *Policy Review* was elaborated
y George Bush in late June when he
taged a show of fiscal conscience in the great hall of the Justice Department building in Washington. Wishing to express his alarm about the savings and loan swindle, Mr. Bush appeared against the backdrop of American flags, seconded by the marine band playing "God Bless America" and "Hail to the Chief." To an audience of United States attorneys Mr. Bush said, "These cheats have cost us billions, and they will pay us back with their dollars, and they will pay us back with years of their lives."

But the cheats always cost us billions. That is one of the great objects of the great American dream, and the reader who continues to cherish doubts on the point has only to consult the life and works of Donald Trump or reflect on the aerodynamic pretensions of the Stealth bomber. If Mr. Bush were to pursue his vengeance across the whole table of organization of American business enterprise, he would find that an embarrassing number of his golfing companions had declared bankruptcy or had gone suddenly to jail. Like the friends of the March Hare and the Mad Hatter placidly trading economic theories over cups of tax-deductible tea, Mr. Bush chooses to know as little as possible about the workings of the American economy. He prefers the mystical vision of "the free market" to the secular, workaday chores of the payoff, the kickback, the political favor, and the cost overrun. If the distinction interested him, he could apply for an explanation to his son, Neil, a director of a bankrupt savings and loan association in Denver who granted himself opulent lines of credit (as much as $900,000) at virtually no cost.

The boy is obviously a born entrepreneur, and if the father took the time to study the son's arithmetic, I am sure that as a politician quick to follow a popular trend he would discover that his fellow countrymen have a profound aversion for anything that remotely resembles a free market or an honest risk. What they know and like is the rigged price, the safe monopoly, and the sure percentage. ■



How to Choose A Scotch to Impress Your Dad.

Maturity. Sophistication. Taste. All characteristics much admired in fathers, and coincidentally, in fine Scotch. Specifically, in Ballantine's Finest, a smooth, mellow, yet full-flavored blend. Matured in oak. Blended with sophistication. True Scotch taste present and accounted for in every sip.

Very impressive.



Ballantine's
THE TRUE TASTE OF SCOTCH™

Ballantine's Blended Scotch Whisky, 43% Alc./Vol. (86 proof) ©1990 Maidstone Wine & Spirits Inc., Los Angeles, CA

How to Choose A Scotch to Impress Your Father-in-law.

ou actually like your father-in-law.

When you come over, he's pleased to see ou, and not just because you've brought his aughter. He's interested in your work, your rden, even your opinion. He shows you his test project and solicits your advice (although e ignores it later).

And he pours you a nice glass of Scotch ithout waiting for you to ask. His brand? allantine's Finest. A sophisticated blend of 2 superb single malt Scotch whiskies and e most popular Scotch in Europe.

A real gentleman, your father-in-law.

So the next time you visit, make the right pression by employing the Golden Rule. long with his daughter, bring him a bottle f Ballantine's Finest.

When you touch glasses, murmuring an ppreciative toast, savor the moment contem- lating the woman whose life you share. Then ft the golden spirit and drink in the smooth, ellow flavor with a hint of peat and a breath f smoke.

You'll both be glad that you married into e clan.

Ballantine's
THE TRUE TASTE OF SCOTCH™

How to Choose A Scotch to Impress Your Taste Buds.

In the homes, pubs and hotel bars of Scotland there is a time-honored ritual, handed down from father to son, for the enjoyment of Scotch whisky. It involves clean glasses, moderate amounts of the amber nectar, and a penchant for spirited conversation. The latter being just as essential as either of the former. Once the drinks are poured and pleasantries exchanged, the typical debate begins.

Ballantine's Finest: Good taste installed and maintained.

One rather opinionated participant firmly maintains that the best single malt Scotch whisky comes from the Highlands. Another is adamant in support of the Orkney Island whiskies from the far north. For another, nothing but a softer, sweeter Lowland malt will do, while a staunch advocate of the bold, peaty flavor of Islay insists on being heard. Being Scots, each remains convinced that his opinion is correct, in perpetuity. Of course, when all is said and done, many prefer a blended Scotch like Ballantine's Finest. Because Ballantine's blends 42 of the top single malts from all over Scotland, the taste of the Finest tends to resolve disputes in a most diplomatic manner.

The Royal Scottish Debating Society. Learn from the experts.

If your favorite establishment doesn't yet serve Ballantine's, drop us a line.

But how is the well-intentioned American, who is not born in a land of peat and heather, to form an opinion about Scotch? A good place to start is right in your own home. First, free yourself from distractions. Now pour a healthy shot of Ballantine's and let your senses take over.

Can you detect the subtle fragrance of heather?

Swirl it around, feeling the heft of the glass as the golden liquid shifts from side to side. Notice the malty aroma, and a fragrance reminiscent of vanilla. It's interesting to note that 90% of your sense of taste is centered not in the tongue or mouth, but in the nose. In fact, Ballantine's blenders, the legendary men who create and preserve the Finest, test hundreds of single malts and blends on a daily basis. And they do it with their noses.

Now add a little water and hold it up to the light. It's a beautiful sight as the clear water and golden Scotch mingle together in a shimmering waltz of higher chemistry. Your anticipation builds. Lift the glass and take a sip. The first thing you may notice is a cool, slightly sweet taste. Let the smooth liquid float on your tongue for a moment before swallowing. Then a mellow whiff of peat makes its presence known, and finally, a soft brush of smoke in the finish. It's as if all the virtues of all the wonderful, diverse, eccentric Scotch whiskies landed in your glass at once.

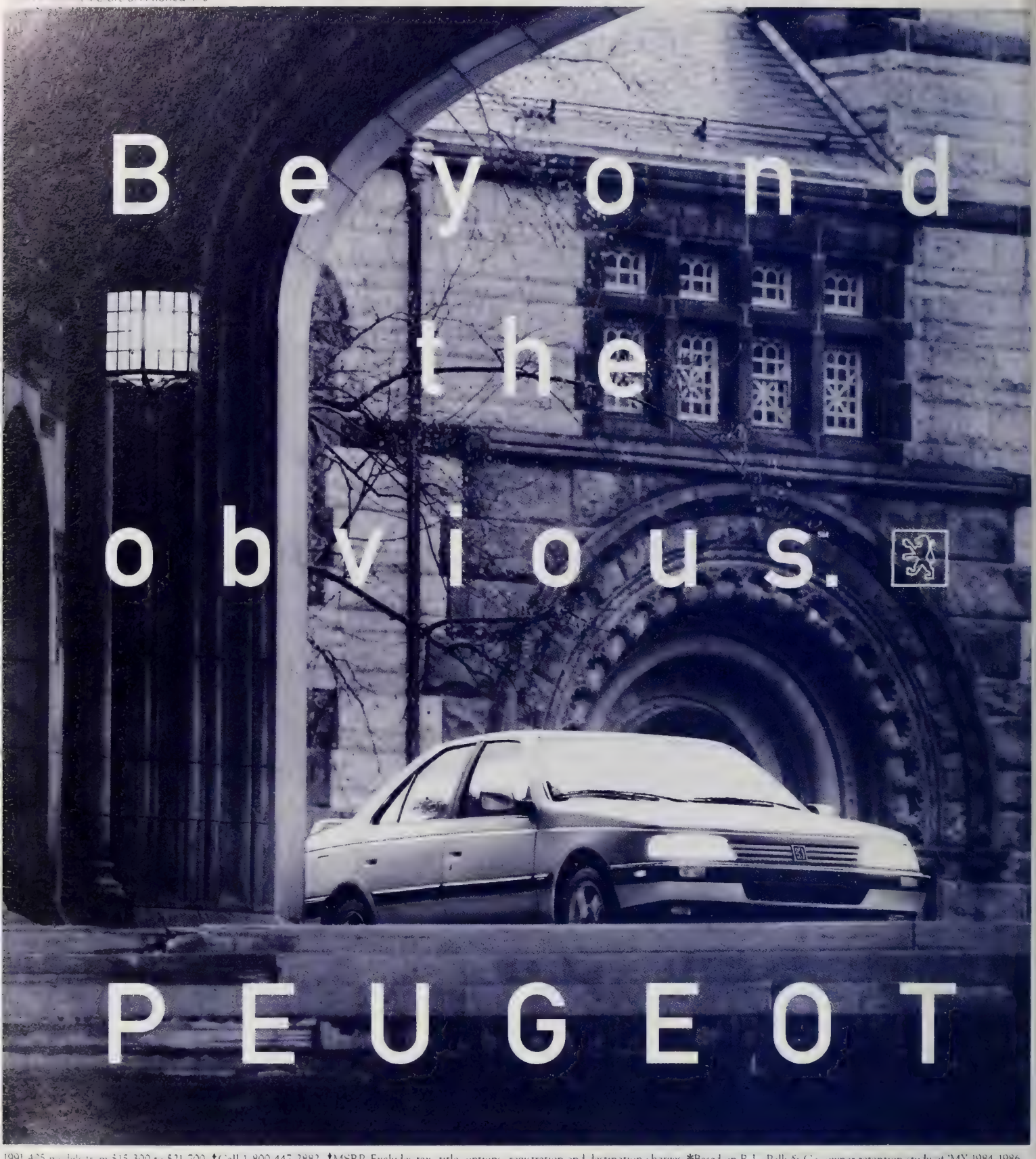
Even though your nose might be the final authority, we'll understand if your taste buds are also impressed.

Please write. We welcome all correspondence.

Write to: Ballantine's P.O. Box 8925 Universal City, CA 91608.

Ballantine's
THE TRUE TASTE OF SCOTCH™

t Motors of America, Inc



1991 405 models range from $15,300 to $21,700. †Call 1-800-447-2882. ‡MSRP. Excludes tax, title, options, registration and destination charges. *Based on R.L. Polk & Co. owner retention study of MY 1984-1986.

After more than a century of building fine automobiles, Peugeot creates cars so well-conceived that some of the best qualities of the car may not be apparent at a glance.

But those willing to take the time to look more closely will find themselves richly rewarded. With a distinctive European automobile whose rare combination of intelligent engineering, legendary driving comfort and enduring style has won the acclaim of automotive enthusiasts the world over.

All of which only begins to explain why people who own Peugeots keep them longer than most import cars on the road.*

Evidently, once you've looked beyond the obvious, it is difficult to see anything less.

HARPER'S INDEX

Estimated amount stolen from federally insured financial institutions by bank robbers in 1989 : $50,000,000
Estimated amount stolen from these institutions through bank fraud and embezzlement in 1989 : $1,000,000,000
Number of times Ronald Reagan has publicly mentioned the savings and loan crisis : 0 (see page 64)
Portion of network news coverage of the 1988 presidential campaign that focused on the role of television imagery : 1/2
Amount Peru's president-elect, Alberto Fujimori, spent on his campaign, per vote : 2¢
Percentage of Peru's coca crop destroyed by U.S.-assisted forces last year : 1
Percentage destroyed by insects : 20
Estimated portion of the street price of crack in New York City that goes to growers, processors, and importers : 1/7
Reward the Colombian army offered last spring for the capture of Medellín drug lord Pablo Escobar : $400,000
Reward Escobar offered for "the head" of Colombia's investigative-police chief : $1,000,000
Amount the U.S. Army spent last year on recreational target-practice programs for civilians : $5,000,000
Number of sizes of women's dress-uniform shirts offered by the U.S. Army : 48
Percentage of male farmers in Iowa who own a pair of bib overalls : 41
Change, since 1972, in the percentage of employed American men who have an employer-financed pension plan : −5
Change in the percentage of employed American women who do : +5
Estimated amount the national debt will increase in the time it takes to read this line : $33,000
Percentage change, since 1987, in the cost of a seat on the New York Stock Exchange : −38
Amount a paper shredder owned by Drexel Burnham was sold for at an auction of the company's assets in June : $450
Price of CyberVac, a self-navigating robotic vacuum cleaner, from Cyberworks of Ontario, Canada : $10,500
Number of veterinary operations assisted this year by Robodoc, a surgical robot : 6
Number of people who can be tested for radiation exposure in one day on France's "hospital train" : 5,000 (see page 30)
Number of U.S. factories that pose a "high risk" of cancer to nearby residents, according to the EPA : 149
Number of these factories the EPA has asked to "voluntarily" reduce their hazardous emissions : 12
Chances that a private-sector work-related illness reported in 1988 was caused by repetitive motion disorder : 1 in 2
Chances that an American "always feels rushed" : 1 in 3
Percentage of men who are chronically constipated : 12
Percentage of women who are : 23
Minimum amount of saturated fat that Julia Child says she makes an effort to consume each day, in tablespoons : 2
Number of snails that animal-rights activists liberated from a snail farm in England last March : 153,000
Federal housing funds spent by New Jersey's Passaic Housing Authority in 1988 and 1989 to feed stray cats : $14,865
Number of calls the Illinois Animal Poison Information Center received last year regarding pets swallowing marijuana : 68
Gallons of poison the New York State Conservation Department will use this fall to kill fish that displace trout : 271
Estimated percentage of insect species worldwide that have not yet been identified : 90
Estimated number of people per square mile during peak season in the Yosemite Valley : 3,320
Number of people per square mile in Houston : 2,986
Rickshaws the city of Jakarta, Indonesia, has dumped into the ocean since 1985 to reduce traffic congestion : 100,000
Number of people in New York City who jump subway turnstiles, per minute : 105
Amount the New York City Transit Authority has spent this year on psychological counseling for its executives : $11,500
Maximum amount a Los Angeles taxi company can be fined if its drivers are found wearing anything plaid : $1,500

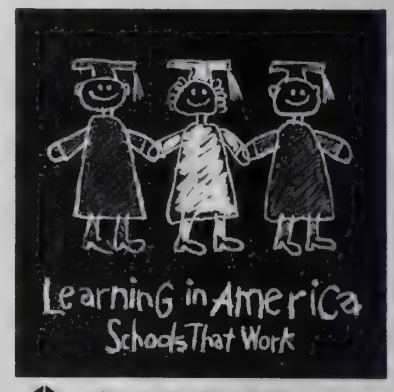
Figures cited are the latest available as of July 1990. Sources are listed on page 78.
"Harper's Index" is a registered trademark.

If they fail in the 20th Century, America fails in the 21st Century.

In spite of what the world might think of the quality of our schools or what we might think of them, not all American schools are troubled or failing.

Many succeed. Some are models of high achievement. **Learning in America, Schools That Work,** demonstrates how four different grade schools became and stay successful. Not with money, but with roll-up-your-sleeves dedication and creativity.

Learning in America is important viewing for every concerned parent, teacher and school administrator.



Learning in America, Schools That Work.

CHRYSLER CORPORATION
CHRYSLER · PLYMOUTH · DODGE · DODGE TRUCKS · JEEP® · EAGLE



Public Broadcasting System, Wednesday, September 5th

Check your local listing for time.

The Chrysler Corporation is the sole underwriter.

READINGS

[Essay]

THE LOST ART OF POLITICAL ARGUMENT

From "Journalism, Publicity, and the Lost Art of Argument," by Christopher Lasch, in the Spring 1990 issue of the Gannett Center Journal, *published by the Gannett Center for Media Studies at Columbia University. Lasch teaches history at the University of Rochester. His new book,* The True and Only Heaven: Progress and Its Critics, *will be published this winter by Norton.*

Let us begin with a simple proposition: What democracy requires is public debate, not information. Of course it needs information too, but the kind of information it needs can be generated only by vigorous popular debate. We do not know what we need to know until we ask the right questions, and we can identify the right questions only by subjecting our own ideas about the world to the test of public controversy. Information, usually seen as the precondition of debate, is better understood as its by-product. When we get into arguments that focus and fully engage our attention, we become avid seekers of relevant information. Otherwise, we take in information passively—if we take it in at all.

From these considerations it follows that the job of the press is to encourage debate, not to supply the public with information. But as things now stand the press generates information in abundance, and nobody pays any attention. It is no secret that the public knows less about public affairs than it used to know. Millions of Americans cannot begin to tell you what is in the Bill of Rights, what Congress does, what the Constitution says about the powers of the presidency, how the party system emerged or how it operates. Ignorance of public affairs is commonly attributed to the failure of the public schools, and only secondarily to the failure of the press to inform. But since the public no longer participates in debates on national issues, it has no reason to be better informed. When debate becomes a lost art, information makes no impression.

Let us ask why debate has become a lost art. The answer may surprise: Debate began to decline around the turn of the century, when the press became more "responsible," more professional, more conscious of its civic obligations. In the early nineteenth century the press was fiercely partisan. Until the middle of the century papers were often financed by political parties. Even when they became more independent of parties they did not embrace the ideal of objectivity or neutrality. In 1841 Horace Greeley launched his *New York Tribune* with the announcement that it would be a "journal removed alike from servile partisanship on the one hand and from gagged, mincing neutrality on the other." Strong-minded editors like Greeley, James Gordon Bennett, E. L. Godkin, and Samuel Bowles did not attempt to conceal their own views or to impose a strict separation of news and editorial content. Their papers were journals of opinion in which the reader expected to find a definite point of view, together with unrelenting criticism of opposing points of view.

It is no accident that journalism of this kind

[Quiz]

FEDERAL FUNDING: FOR ART'S SAKE?

From "Well Endowed or Just Hung Separately," by Tom Carson, in the June 29–July 5 issue of the L.A. Weekly. *Carson is a* Weekly *staff reporter.*

For the purposes of the following questionnaire, assume that you are a believer in the First Amendment and a strong supporter of government funding for the arts, specifically including art that may distress some segments of the population. You consider yourself opposed to any form of censorship. You believe that Jesse Helms is a demagogue.

1. Briefly explain in what way it does credit to Robert Mapplethorpe's memory to behave as if conservatives have no reason to be provoked and offended by his art. Two points.

2. How would you respond if Andrew Dice Clay got an NEA grant? Axl Rose? Public Enemy? Five points.

3. Government subsidy of the arts is an established practice in, among other countries, France. For two points each, name
(a) three subversive French theater companies;
(b) two innovative French choreographers;
(c) five living French painters.

4. Pretend you are Louis-Ferdinand Céline. The book you are working on, *Death on the Installment Plan,* is a violent and nihilistic denunciation of everything the society around you holds dear. Write an application for a government grant to finish it. Six points.

5. Have a dream. In the dream, you are describing to Pushkin, Stendhal, Swift, and Brecht your shock and dismay that a government should actually try to politicize its arts-funding process. For five points, try to make yourself heard over their laughter.

6. "Only government . . . can guarantee free and innovative art," Robert Brustein wrote in *The New Republic* last year. For five points, poll a welfare mother, a Nicaraguan, a pregnant teenager, and a Sioux on how sanguine this hypothesis makes them feel about the future of American art. For bonus points, write a short essay on "Our Friend, the Government."

flourished during the period from 1830 to 1900, when popular participation in politics was at its height. Eighty percent of the eligible voters typically went to the polls in presidential elections. (After 1900 the percentage began to decline sharply.) Torchlight parades, mass rallies, and gladiatorial contests of oratory made nineteenth-century politics an object of consuming popular interest.

In the midst of such politics, nineteenth-century journalism served as an extension of the town meeting. It created a public forum in which the issues of the day were hotly debated. Newspapers not only reported political controversies but participated in them, drawing in their readers as well. And print culture rested on the remnants of an oral tradition: Printed language was still shaped by the rhythms and requirements of the spoken word, in particular by the conventions of verbal argumentation. Print served to create a larger forum for the spoken word, not yet to displace or reshape it.

The "best men," as they liked to think of themselves, were never altogether happy with this state of affairs, and by the 1870s and 1880s their low opinion of politics had come to be widely shared by the educated classes. The scandals of the Gilded Age gave party politics a bad name. Genteel reformers—"mugwumps," to their enemies—demanded a professionalization of politics, designed to free the civil service from party control and to replace political appointees with trained experts.

The drive to clean up politics gained momentum in the Progressive era. Under the leadership of Theodore Roosevelt, Woodrow Wilson, Robert La Follette, and William Jennings Bryan, the Progressives preached "efficiency," "good government," "bipartisanship," and the "scientific management" of public affairs, and declared war on "bossism." These reformers had little use for public debate. Most political questions were too complex, in their view, to be submitted to popular judgment. They liked to contrast the scientific expert with the orator—the latter a useless windbag whose rantings only confused the public mind.

Professionalism in politics meant professionalism in journalism. The connection between the two was spelled out by Walter Lippmann in the Twenties, in a series of books that provided a founding charter for modern journalism—an elaborate rationale for a journalism guided by the new idea of professional objectivity. Lippmann held up standards by which the press is still judged.

In Lippmann's view, democracy did not require that people literally govern themselves.



'Twin Backyards, Ocean City, New Jersey," by David Graham. From American Beauty, *an exhibition of Graham's photographs that was held at the Moore College of Art and Design's Levy Gallery in Philadelphia last spring. The show travels to Pennsylvania's Reading Public Museum in December.*

Questions of substance should be decided by knowledgeable administrators whose access to reliable information immunized them against the emotional "symbols" and "stereotypes" that dominated public debate. The public, according to Lippmann, was incompetent to govern itself and did not even care to do so.

At one time this may not have been the case, but now, in the "wide and unpredictable environment" of the modern world, the old ideal of citizenship was obsolete. A complex industrial society required a government carried on by officials who would necessarily be guided—since any form of direct democracy was now impossible—by either public opinion or expert knowledge. Public opinion was unreliable because it could be united only by an appeal to slogans and "symbolic pictures." Lippmann's distrust of public opinion rested on the epistemological distinction between truth and mere opinion. Truth, as he conceived it, grew out of disinterested scientific inquiry; everything else was ideology. Public debate was at best a disagreeable necessity. Ideally, it would not take place at all; decisions would be based on scientific "standards of measurement" alone.

The role of the press, as Lippmann saw it, was to circulate information, not to encourage argument. The relationship between information and argument was antagonistic, not complementary. He did not take the position that argumentation was a necessary outcome of reliable information; on the contrary, his point was that information precluded argument, made argument unnecessary. Arguments were what took place in the absence of reliable information.

Lippmann had forgotten what he learned (or should have learned) from William James and John Dewey: that our search for reliable information is itself guided by the questions that arise during arguments about a given course of action. It is only by subjecting our preferences and projects to the test of debate that we come to understand what we know and what we still need to learn. Until we have to defend our opinions in public, they remain opinions in Lippmann's pejorative sense—half-formed convictions based on random impressions and unexamined assumptions. It is the act of articulating and defending our views that lifts them out of the category of "opinions," gives them shape and definition, and makes it possible for others to recognize them as a description of their own experience as well. In short, we come to know our own minds only by explaining ourselves to others.

The attempt to bring others around to our own point of view carries the risk, of course,

that we may adopt their point of view instead. We have to enter imaginatively into our opponents' arguments, if only for the purpose of refuting them, and we may end up being persuaded by those we sought to persuade. Argument is risky and unpredictable—and therefore educational. Most of us tend to think of it (as Lippmann thought of it) as a clash of rival dogmas, a shouting match in which neither side gives any ground. But arguments are not won by shouting down opponents. They are won by changing opponents' minds.

If we insist on argument as the essence of education, we will defend democracy not as the most efficient but as the most educational form of government—one that extends the circle of debate as widely as possible and thus forces all citizens to articulate their views, to put their views at risk, and to cultivate the virtues of eloquence, clarity of thought and expression, and sound judgment. From this point of view, the press has the potential to serve as the equivalent of the town meeting.

This is what Dewey argued, in effect—though not, unfortunately, very clearly—in *The Public and Its Problems* (1927), a book written in reply to Lippmann's disparaging studies of public opinion. Lippmann's distinction between truth and information rested on a "spectator theory of knowledge," as James W. Carey explains in his recently published book, *Communication as Culture*. As Lippmann understood these matters, knowledge is what we get when an observer, preferably a scientifically trained observer, provides us with a copy of reality that we can all recognize. Dewey, on the other hand, knew that even scientists argue among themselves. He held that the knowledge needed by any community—whether it is a community of scientific inquirers or a political community—emerges only from "dialogue" and "direct give and take."

It is significant, as Carey points out, that Dewey's analysis of communication stressed the ear rather than the eye. "Conversation," Dewey wrote, "has a vital import lacking in the fixed and frozen words of written speech. . . . The connections of the ear with vital and outgoing thought and emotion are immensely closer and more varied than those of the eye. Vision is a spectator; hearing is a participator."

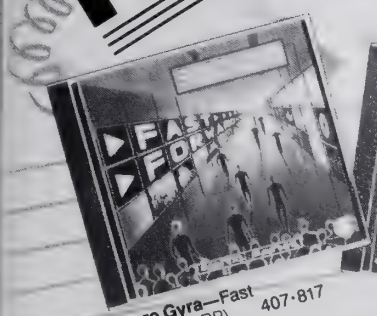
The proper role of the press is to extend the scope of debate by supplementing the spoken word with the written word. The written word is indeed a poor substitute for the spoken word; nevertheless, it can serve as an acceptable substitute as long as written speech takes spoken speech (and not, say, mathematics) as its model. According to Lippmann, the press was unreliable because it could never give us accurate representations of reality, only "symbolic pictures" and stereotypes. Dewey's analysis implied a more penetrating line of criticism. As Carey puts it, "The press, by seeing its role as that of informing the public, abandons its role as an agency for carrying on the conversation of our culture." Having embraced Lippmann's ideal of objectivity, the press no longer serves to cultivate "certain vital habits" in the community—"the ability to follow an argument, grasp the point of view of another, expand the boundaries of understanding, debate the alternative purposes that might be pursued."

The rise of the advertising and public-relations industries, side by side, helps to explain why the press abdicated its most important function—enlarging the public forum—at the same time that it became more "responsible." A responsible press, as opposed to a partisan or opinionated one, attracted the kind of readers advertisers were eager to reach: well-heeled readers, most of whom probably thought of themselves as independent voters. These readers wanted to be assured that they were reading all the news that was fit to print, not an editor's idiosyncratic and no doubt biased view of things. Responsibility came to be equated with the avoidance of controversy because advertisers were willing to pay for it. Some advertisers were also willing to pay for sensationalism, though on the whole they preferred a respectable readership to sheer numbers. What they clearly did not prefer was "opinion"—not because they were impressed with Lippmann's philosophical arguments but because opinionated reporting did not guarantee the right audience. No doubt they also hoped that an aura of objectivity, the hallmark of responsible journalism, would rub off on the advertisements that surrounded increasingly slender columns of print.

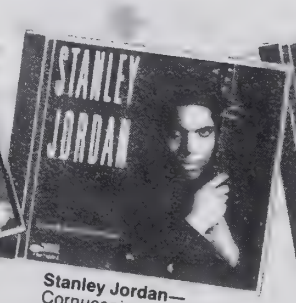
In a curious historical twist, advertising, publicity, and other forms of commercial persuasion themselves came to be disguised as information and, eventually, to substitute for open debate. "Hidden persuaders" (as Vance Packard called them) replaced the old-time editors, essayists, and orators who made no secret of their partisanship. And information and publicity became increasingly indistinguishable. Today, most of the "news" in our newspapers consists of items churned out by press agencies and public-relations offices and then regurgitated intact by the "objective" organs of journalism.

The decline of the partisan press and the rise of a new type of journalism professing rigorous standards of objectivity do not assure a steady supply of usable information. Unless information is generated by sustained public debate,

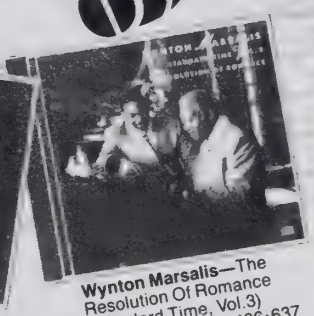
All this Jazz



Spyro Gyra—Fast Forward (GRP) 407·817



Stanley Jordan—Cornucopia (Blue Note) 387·142



Wynton Marsalis—The Resolution Of Romance (Standard Time, Vol.3) (Columbia) 406·637

ANY 8 CDs FOR ONLY 1¢

with membership in the Club. See details below.

PLUS A CHANCE TO GET ONE MORE CD—FREE!

CLASSICAL SOUNDS

Vladimir Horowitz—The Last Recording (Sony Classical) 405·985

Best Of The Canadian Brass (CBS) 401·596

Murray Perahia, Piano—Chopin: Piano Concertos Nos. 1 & 2 Israel Phil./ Zubin Mehta Conductor (SOCL) 403·337

Roger Norrington—Early Romantic Overtures London Classical Players (Angel) 406·090

The Boston Pops Orchestra—Music Of The Night Pops On Broadway 1990 John Williams, Conductor (SOCL) 405·993

Yo-Yo Ma—Great Cello Concertos (CBS Master) 401·604/391·607

Isaac Stern-Humoresque —Favorite Violin Encores (CBS Master.) 405·720

Dvorak: Violin Concerto; Romance; Carnival Over. Midori; Mehta, NY Phil. (CBS Master.) 386·573

Zubin Mehta, Cond.—New Year's Concert 1990 Weiner Philharmoniker (SOCL) 407·189

Kathleen Battle—Handel: Arias Academy Of St. Martin In-The-Fields Neville Marriner (Angel) 407·155

Jay Hoggard—Overview (Muse) 408·211

Dave Valentin & Herbie Mann—Two Amigos (GRP) 408·096

Tom Scott—Them Changes (GRP) 408·088

Larry Carlton—Collection (GRP) 407·825

Courtney Pine—The Vision's Tale (ANTI) 407·494

Don Grusin—Raven (GRP) 407·452

Jack DeJohnette—Parallel Realities (MCA) 407·270

Charles Mingus—Epitaph (Columbia) 406·660/396·663

McCoy Tyner—Things Ain't What They Used To Be (Blue Note) 406·462

Randy Brecker—Toe To Toe (MCA) 406·355

David Sanborn—Close Up (Warner Bros.) 370·304

Bobby McFerrin—Simple Pleasures (EMI) 369·306

Basia—Time And Tide (Epic) 368·043

Lee Ritenour—Stolen Moments (GRP) 406·280

The Rippingtons—Moonlighting (GRP) 406·272

Flim & The B.B.'s—New Pants (Warner Bros.) 406·017

Patti Austin—Love Is Gonna Getcha (GRP) 405·951

John Scofield—Time On My Hands (Blue Note) 405·928

Najee—Tokyo Blue (EMI America) 405·910

The Gary Burton Quartet —Reunion (GRP) 405·118

Joey DeFrancesco—Where Were You? (Columbia) 404·939

Rich Margitza—Color (Blue Note) 404·764

Charnett Moffett—Beauty Within (Blue Note) 404·756

Oscar Peterson—The Trio (Pablo) 367·268

The Manhattan Transfer —Brasil (Atlantic) 363·648

Duke Ellington Orch.—Digital Duke (GRP) 357·350

Michel Petrucciani—Music (Blue Note) 404·624

Chick Corea Elektric Band—Inside Out (GRP) 404·574

George Howard—Personal (MCA) 404·558

Dianne Reeves—Never Too Far (EMI) 404·517

Frank Morgan—Mood Indigo (ANTI) 404·152

Mike Stern—Jigsaw (Atlantic Jazz) 403·493

Eddie Gomez—Street Smart (Columbia) 403·360

Stanley Clarke/George Duke—3 (Epic) 403·352

George Benson—The Best Of George Benson Original CTI Recordings (CBS Associated) 403·246

Dave Grusin—The Fabulous Baker Boys Soundtrack (GRP) 402·958

Randy Crawford—Rich And Poor (Warner Bros.) 401·950

Dizzy Gillespie—The Symphony Sessions August 25, 1989 (Pro Jazz) 401·943

David Benoit—Waiting For Spring (GRP) 401·901

Basia—London Warsaw New York (Epic) 401·752

Kenny G Live (Arista) 401·505

Happy Aniversary, Charlie Brown—Various Artists (GRP) 400·846

Strait No Chaser—Music from the Motion Picture Thelonious Monk (Columbia) 400·614

Dave Grusin—Migration (GRP) 400·044

Chuck Mangione—The Best Of Chuck Mangione (A&M) 340·547

Branford Marsalis—Trio Jeepy (Columbia) 381·830

Miles Davis—Amandla (Warner Bros.) 381·756

Michel Camilo—On Fire (Epic) 389·999

Earl Klugh—Solo Guitar (Warner Bros.) 389·932

Nancy Wilson—Lady With A Song (Columbia) 389·692

Quincy Jones—Back On The Block (Qwest Warner Bros.) 389·577

Lou Rawls—At Last (Blue Note) 387·589

Victor Bailey—Bottom's Up (Atlantic Jazz) 387·464

Freddie Hubbard—Times are Changing (Blue Note) 387·449

Stanley Turrentine—La Place (Blue Note) 387·159

Harry Connick,Jr. When Harry Met Sally—Music From The Motion Picture (Columbia) 386·821

George Benson—Tenderly (Warner Bros.) 384·214

Dr. John—In A Sentimental Mood (Warner Bros.) 384·040

Diane Schuur—Collection (GRP) 383·919

Pat Metheny Group—Letter From Home (Geffen) 383·901

Jean Luc Ponty—Storytelling (Columbia) 383·521

Grover Washington, Jr.—Time Out Of Mind (Columbia) 383·539

Steps Ahead—N.Y.C. (Intuition) 381·681

Kirk Whalum—The Promise (Columbia) 380·436

Hiroshima—East (Epic) 379·321

Dave Grusin Collection (GRP) 378·398

Joe Sample—Spellbound (Warner Bros.) 378·224

Al Jarreau—Heart's Horizon (Reprise) 376·186

Bird—Original Motion Picture Soundtrack (Columbia) 373·332

Bob James—Ivory Coast (Warner Bros.) 372·789

Take 6 (Reprise) 372·680

LEGENDARY JAZZ PERFORMANCES

Chet Baker—Let's Get Lost, The Best Of Chet Baker Sings (CAPJ) 407·486



Charlie Parker—Bird/The Savoy Recordings, Vol. 1 (Savoy Jazz) 383·950

The Dave Brubeck Quartet—Time Out (CL Jazz Masterpieces) 353·060

Benny Goodman—Sextet-Slipped Disc 1945-46 (CL Jazz Masterpieces) 377·531

Billie Holiday—Lady In Satin (CL Jazz Masterpieces) 353·151

The Best Of Chess Jazz —Various Artists (Chess) 363·937

Charles Mingus—Mingus Ah Um (CI Jazz Masterpieces) 354·795

Great Moments In Jazz—Various Artists (Atlantic) 376·582/396·580

Ray Charles and Betty Carter (Dunhill CD Classics) 376·293

Ornette Coleman—The Shape of Jazz to Come (Atlantic) 371·641

Duke Ellington Orch. & Count Basie Orch.—First Time The Count Meets The Duke (CL Jazz Masterpieces) 353·078

Louis Armstrong And His All-Stars—Satch Plays Fats (CL Jazz Masterpieces) 353·169



Miles Davis—Kind of Blue (CL Jazz Masterpieces) 353·045

Thelonious Monk—The Genius Of Modern Music Vol.1 (Blue Note) 407·445

Nat King Cole—Nat King Cole And The King Cole Trio (Savoy Jazz) 400·648

John Coltrane—Giant Steps (Atlantic) 371·591

HERE'S HOW TO GET YOUR 8 CDs FOR 1¢...

- **Just mail the coupon** and we'll send your 8 CDs, together with a bill for 1¢, plus shipping and handling.
- **You agree** to buy just six more selections in the next three years, at regular Club prices (currently $12.98 to $15.98, plus shipping and handling)–and you may cancel membership at any time after doing so.
- **Free Music Magazine** sent every four weeks (up to 13 times a year), describing the Regular Selection for your listening interest, plus hundreds of alternates. And Special Selection mailings up to six times a year (total of up to 19 buying opportunities).
- **Buy only what you want!** If you want the Regular or Special Selection, do nothing–it will be sent automatically. If you'd prefer an alternate selection, or none at all, just mail the response card always provided by the date specified.
- **You always have 10 days to decide;** if not, you may return the Selection at our expense
- **Half-Price Bonus Plan.** If you continue your membership after fulfilling your obligation, you'll be eligible for our money-saving bonus plan. It lets you buy one CD at half-price for each CD you buy at regular Club price.
- **10-Day Free Trial.** We'll send details of the Club's operation with your introductory package. If not satisfied, return everything within 10 days with no further obligation.
- **Extra Bonus Offer:** you may take one additional CD right now at the super-low price of only $6.95–and you are then entitled to take an extra CD as a bonus FREE! And you'll receive your discounted CD and your bonus CD with your 8 introductory selections--**a total of 10 CDs in all!**

Selections with two numbers contain 2 CDs and count as one.

© 1990 CBS Records Inc.

COLUMBIA HOUSE: Terre Haute, IN 47811

COLUMBIA HOUSE, 1400 N. Fruitridge Ave.
P.O. Box 1129, Terre Haute, Indiana 47811-1129

252/F90

Please accept my membership application under the terms outlined in this advertisement. Send me the 8 Compact Discs listed here and bill me 1¢ plus shipping and handling for all eight. I agree to buy six more selections at regular Club prices in the coming three years—and may cancel my membership at any time after doing so.

SEND ME THESE 8 CDs FOR 1¢ (write in numbers below):

My main musical interest is (check one): *(But I may always choose from any category)*

☐ **Jazz** *Wynton Marsalis, Spyro Gyra*

☐ **Soft Rock** *Michael Bolton, Fleetwood Mac*

☐ **Classical** *Vladimir Horowitz, Kathleen Battle*

Mr.
Mrs.
Miss (Print First Name — Initial — Last Name)

Address _____ Apt. _____

City _____

State _____ Zip _____

Do you have a VCR? (10.4) ☐ Yes ☐ No **VQX/F6**

Do you have a credit card? (10.3) ☐ Yes ☐ No **VQY/59**

☐ **Extra Bonus Offer:** also send me this CD for which I will be billed an additional $6.95.

...and I'm entitled to this extra CD FREE!

Send no money now. We'll bill you after you accept at least one selection from your membership. These offers not available in APO/FPO, Alaska, Hawaii, Puerto Rico, other U.S. territories and their Canadian residents serviced from Toronto. Applicable sales tax added to all orders.

most of it will be irrelevant at best, misleading and manipulative at worst. Increasingly, information is generated by those who wish to promote something or someone—a product, a cause, a political candidate or officeholder—without either arguing their case on its merits or explicitly advertising it as self-interested material. Much of the press, in its eagerness to inform the public, has become a conduit for the equivalent of junk mail. When words are used merely as instruments of publicity or propaganda, they lose their power to persuade. Soon they cease to mean anything at all. People lose the capacity to use language precisely and expressively, or even to distinguish one word from another. The spoken word models itself on the written word instead of the other way around, and ordinary speech begins to sound like the clotted jargon we see in print. Ordinary speech begins to sound like "information"—a disaster from which the English language may never recover.

[Publisher's Note]

WOULD YOU BUY A NEWSPAPER FROM THIS MAN?

From a front-page apology by Peter W. Selkowe publisher of the Southern Illinoisan, *in the April 7 issue of the Carbondale, Illinois, daily. On April 6 the newspaper published a column by Greg Severin, a sports reporter, comparing the pitching staff of the St. Louis Cardinals to used cars and describing a typical used-car dealer as one who "has slicked-back hair, chain-smokes, and talks in a whisper out of the side of his mouth. . . . He's out to sell you a lemon."*

Yesterday, the *Southern Illinoisan* printed a sports column that unfairly disparaged used-car dealers. The column was inexcusable.

To say we're sorry is an understatement. The column was a misguided attempt at humor that had no business being on the sports page or anywhere else in the newspaper. The column, by sportswriter Greg Severin, based its premise on an obsolete stereotype that auto dealers long ago put to rest through concern for their customers.

The region's new- and used-car dealers must be doing something right; more than $367 million worth of automobiles were sold in southern Illinois last year. The only way to maintain that level of sales is by honest value and service. As one dealer told us, "It's our reputation that brings people in the door—and you only keep your good name by treating customers right."

Our sportswriter had no information upon which to attack the integrity of car dealers; that part of the column should not have been printed and had no bearing on the writer's opinions about Cardinal pitching.

Our experience indicates that 99.95 percent of the dealers in southern Illinois bend over backward to satisfy customers and to make matters right when something goes wrong. Those who don't are shunned by their fellow dealers and by the public.

No part of Severin's column relating to auto dealers should be taken seriously. All of us at the *Southern Illinoisan* regret its appearance in the newspaper and hope readers will continue to patronize local merchants. The vast majority are trying hard to stay in business over the long haul, with good service and competitive value.

Both the writer and the editor who approved the column for publication have been suspended.

Some of you reading this apology may believe it is no more than the *Southern Illinoisan*'s attempt to mollify auto dealers and thus keep their advertising. Clearly, we don't want to jeopardize our long-standing business relationships with these important customers.

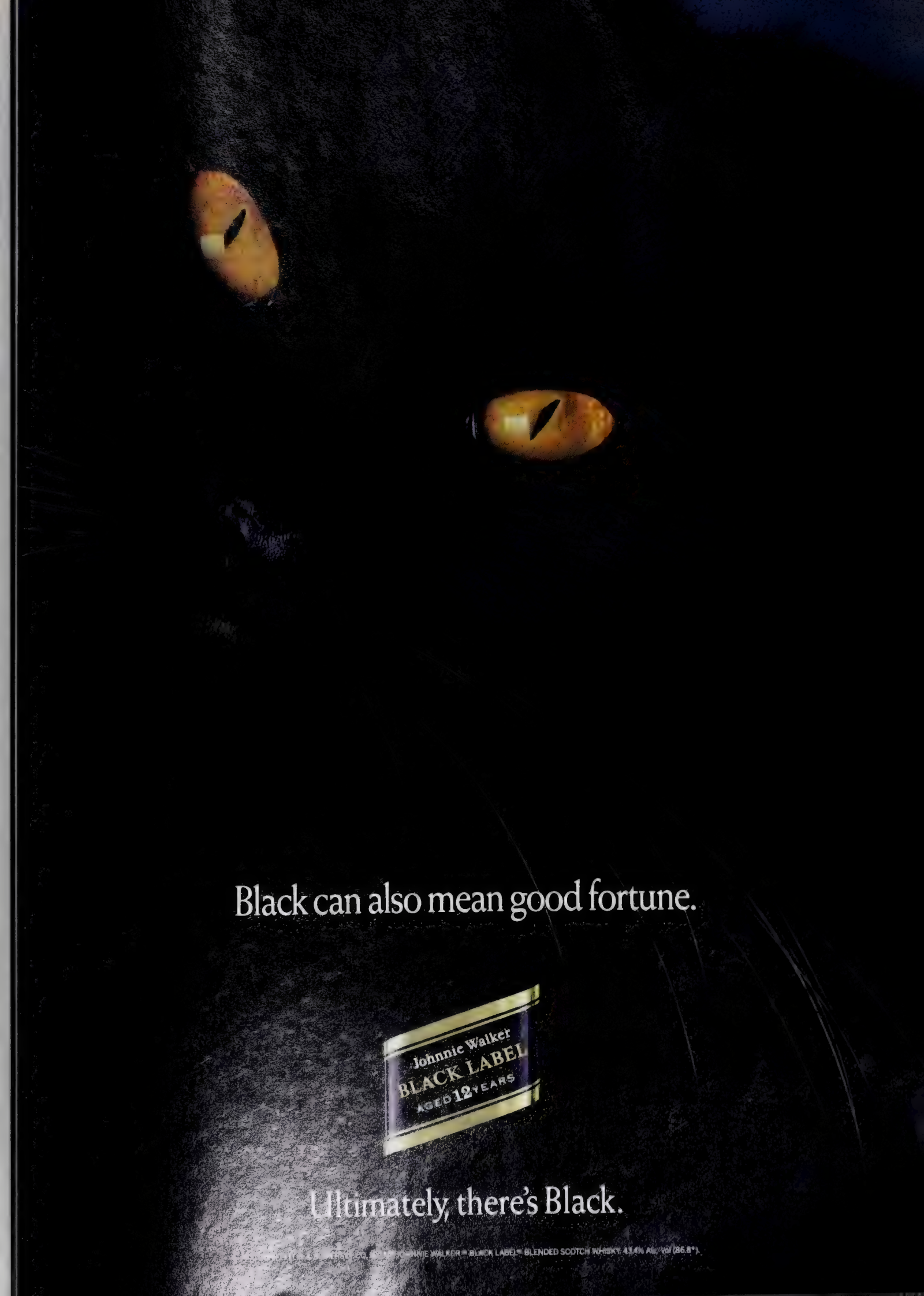
But advertising revenue is not the real issue. The real issue is fairness.

Fairness and accuracy are the basis of a newspaper's credibility. Our own reputation is important to us, just as the reputation of auto dealers is important to them and their employees. To the extent that our sports column damaged so many reputations, we are truly sorry and will redouble our efforts to ensure that nothing like this happens again.

[Memo]

BAILOUT ETIQUETTE: A PRIMER

From a memo sent to employees of the Resolution Trust Corporation on June 18 by Craig A. Francis Jr., the corporation's East Region thrift-closing administrator. The RTC was created by Congress in August 1989 to oversee the federal bailout of the savings and loan industry, and to take over and "resolve"—either resell or liquidate—insolvent or mismanaged thrifts. To complete the resolution process the RTC appoints a closing team consisting of anywhere from twenty to a hundred auditors. Typically, the closing team arrives at the thrift unannounced at the close of business on a Friday. They then work through the weekend with the staff of the thrift to review the accounts, evaluate assets


Black can also mean good fortune.
Johnnie Walker
BLACK LABEL
AGED 12 YEARS
Ultimately, there's Black.
JOHNNIE WALKER® BLACK LABEL® BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY. 43.0% Alc/Vol (86.0°).

and liabilities, and carry out its liquidation or transfer to the new owner. The process is usually completed by Monday morning, when the thrift is reopened under new ownership or, in the event of liquidation, it is closed down and checks are mailed to insured depositors.

As representatives of the Resolution Trust Corporation we must be cognizant of the fact that we are under the watchful eye of the press, the public, the General Accounting Office, and other oversight agencies. Our actions and activities must be above reproach. In that regard there are a few things that I wish to remind you of or admonish you to consider as we move forward with resolution activity.

First, over the closing weekend we allow you to dress in "casual attire." This is often referred to as "golf attire"—clothing that is comfortable, but not worn or ragged. Shorts are not deemed acceptable attire for thrift-closing activities. Of course, in the event we reopen the thrift on Saturday morning, business attire is required. Think about what you are going to wear and whether it would look appropriate on television.

Many of you have recently acquired RTC T-shirts with the slogan WANNA BUY AN S&L? on the front and 141 OR BUST on the back. [RTC chairman L. William Seidman announced in March that the corporation's goal was to resolve 141 thrifts by the end of June.] Obviously, there is a time and a place to wear these shirts. The closing, with the stress that the thrift's employees are under, is not the time or the place.

Second, we must treat the employees of the thrift with courtesy and respect. The staff remaining after the association has been placed in conservatorship are not at fault for its problems. They have been under a tremendous amount of pressure and now have the added burden of concern about their future employment.

Although it is certainly not a widespread problem, I have heard of a few instances when members of our closing team were rude or disrespectful to association employees. This behavior will not be tolerated. Closing managers are instructed to respond to such behavior by sending the employee home immediately and providing a memorandum to this writer stating that the individual should not be considered for future closing activity.

Third, the confidentiality of this transaction prior to the closing hour must be stressed. The resolution date is not disclosed to the public prior to the press release issued at the closing hour. Keep this in mind at all times. Further, hotel reservations for closing activity should not be made in the name of the Federal Deposit Insurance Corporation or the RTC, and you should not register with the corporate Diners Club card until after the closing has occurred.

Fourth, those of you who have attended closings prior to the creation of the RTC probably remember the days of pizza on closing night. Those days are gone. Due to the focus on our activities by the media, it would not be appropriate to read in the paper how we ate pizza on the taxpayers' money.

Closing activity is not one great big party. Certainly some of the cities where you may be sent are great places to visit. While you are there you will want to have a little fun. However, remember that we are in the spotlight, and do not embarrass the corporation.

Finally, think about our image when you rent a car for corporation business. It is not how much you actually pay for the rental car that is most important but how it looks. The public may not understand that a Lincoln Continental is the same price as a Pontiac Sunbird. Therefore, stick with a reasonable-size vehicle.

This memorandum is not all-inclusive as to issues of a sensitive nature that we must consider in the closing routine. However, I trust that it will cause you to consider the ramifications of your actions. We are constantly in the fishbowl and must act accordingly.

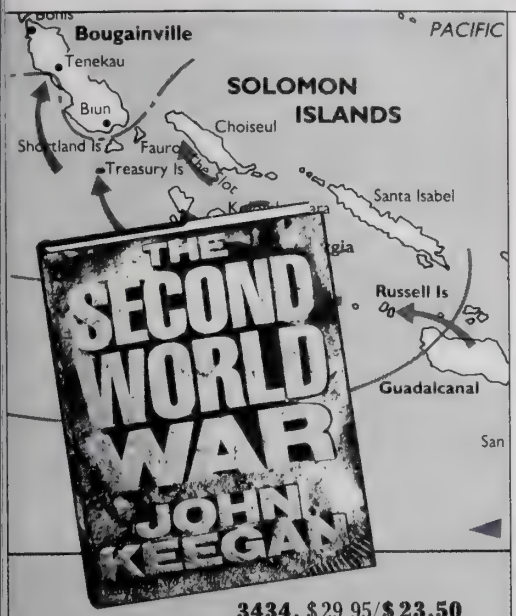


From Timbuktu, *a Charlottesville, Virginia, journal.*

ALL THE BEST HISTORY ALL IN ONE PLACE.

Start with 3 Books for $1 Each Plus a 4th at the Low Members' Price.

WITH NO RISK — NO COMMITMENT



3434. $29.95/**$23.50**

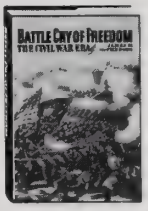
Editors' Recommendation

"Starved of reinforcements and supplies, the Japanese garrison of Guadalcanal now began to falter. The island was plagued by leeches, tropical wasps and malarial mosquitoes, and as rations dwindled the Japanese troops fell prey to disease. The Americans too became ill—pilots at Henderson Field lasted only thirty days before losing the quickness of hand and eye necessary to do battle—but the tide of battle was now running their way. In January 1943 the Japanese commander on Guadalcanal withdrew his headquarters to the neighboring island of Bougainville. In early February the "Tokyo Express" began to operate in reverse, evacuating the sickly and exhausted defenders to New Guinea. By 9 February Japanese resistance on Guadalcanal had formally ceased." —From The Second World War

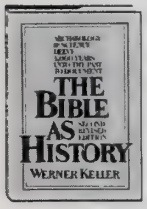
How History Book Club Works
As a member, you'll receive a free subscription to the Club's newsletter, the *Review*. Each issue features an outstanding selection as the "Editors' Choice," plus 150-200 other excellent books. You'll receive our *Review* along with a dated Reply Form 14 times a year (about every 3½ weeks), plus up to 4 more offers of special selections. If you want the "Editors' Choice" do nothing—the book will come automatically. If you want another book, or no book at all, return the Reply Form by the date specified. A shipping and handling charge is added to each shipment. If you receive an unwanted "Editors' Choice" because you had less than 10 days to decide, simply return it and pay nothing. Don't forget, there is never any obligation to buy and you may cancel your membership at any time. We may cancel your membership if you elect not to buy at least one book in any six-month period.



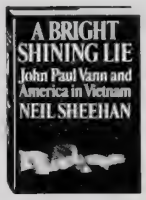
7526.
$17.95/**$15.50**



3988.
$35/**$22.50**



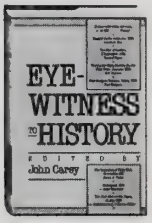
3012.
$21.95/**$16.95**



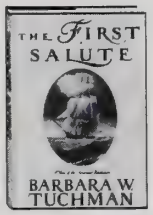
1495.
$24.95/**$18.50**



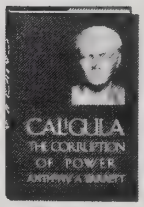
3673.
$24.95/**$18.95**



6007.
$24.95/**$17.95**



6080.
$22.95/**$17.50**



4564.
$27.50/**$21.50**



2428.
$21.95/**$16.50**



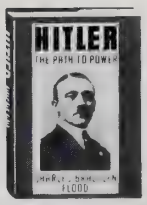
2725.
$35/**$24.95**



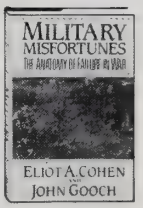
2576.
$29.95/**$22.95**



4887.
$29.95/**$22.50**



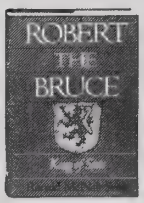
1701.
$24.95/**$18.95**



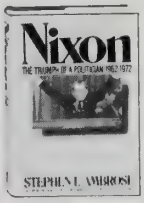
3004.
$22.95/**$17.95**



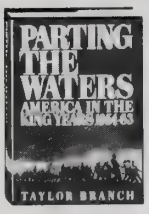
1057.
$19.95/**$17.50**



3467.
$24/**$18.50**



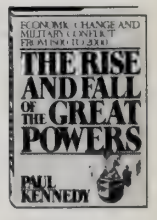
2907.
$24.95/**$18.95**



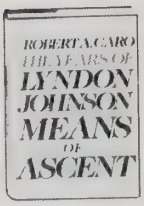
1081.
$24.95/**$18.95**



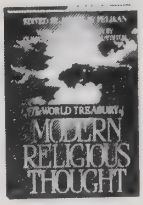
6767.
$29.95/**$18.95**



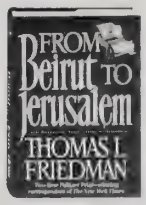
1644.
$24.95/**$17.50**



5058.
$24.95/**$21.95**



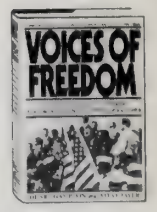
3590.
$29.95/**$23.95**



1925.
$22.95/**$17.50**



4994.
$29.95/**$22.95**



4440.
$25.95/**$19.95**

(First price under each book is publisher's list. **Boldface** shows Members' Price.)

Please enroll me in History Book Club and send me the 4 books listed by number at right. Bill me $1 each for the first three and the low Members' Price for the fourth, plus shipping and handling. I understand that I have no obligation to buy more.

HISTORY BOOK CLUB®
Camp Hill, PA 17012-8805

[ ] [ ] [ ] [ ]

0-13

Name (Please print clearly)

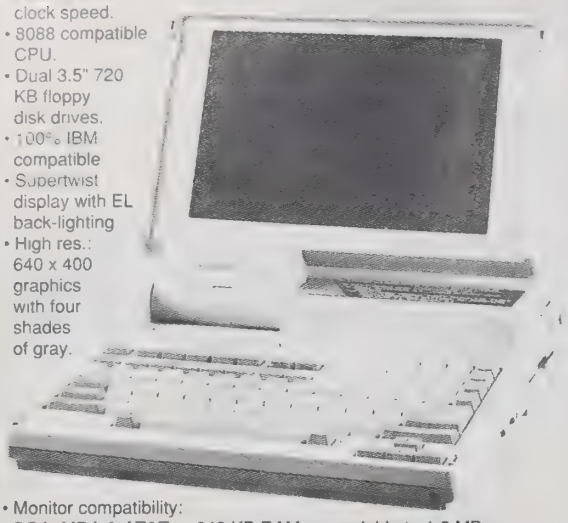
Address

City State Zip

© 1990 History Book Club, Inc. All orders subject to approval. Prices generally higher in Canada.

H067-9-0

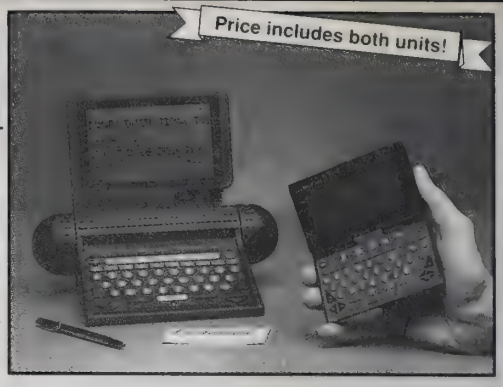
SHARP BACKLIT LAPTOP COMPUTER



- [illegible] MHZ clock speed.
- 8088 compatible CPU.
- Dual 3.5" 720 KB floppy disk drives.
- 100% IBM compatible
- Supertwist display with EL back-lighting
- High res.: 640 x 400 graphics with four shades of gray.
- Monitor compatibility: CGA, MDA & AT&T. • 640 KB RAM expandable to 1.6 MB.
- Parallel port. • Serial port. • Lightweight & compact.
- 10 function keys. • Built-in carrying handle. • Includes: MS-DOS 3.3 & GW-Basic 3.22. • 25 lines x 80 characters. • Cursor control keys.
- Separate numeric key pad. • Battery or AC operation. • Low battery indicator.
- Dim.: 12.1"W x 13.7"D x 3.2"H.
- Weight: 10.8 lbs. • Model #: MZ-100.
- **1 Yr. Limited Mfr. Warranty!**
- **Factory New! Factory Perfect!**

Mfr. Sugg. Retail: **$1,999.00**
DAMARK PRICE $799.99
Item No. B-2303-146266
Insured Ship/Hand.: $20.00

TELE-ART INSTRUMENTS THE 64K ELECTRODEX™ & 32K POCKET COMPUTER

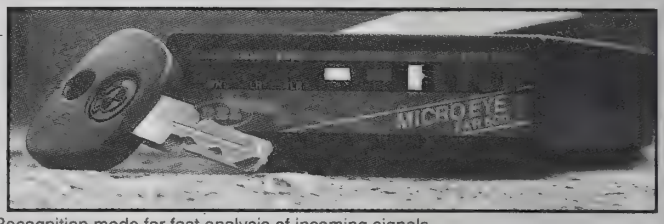


64K Electrodex Features:
- Electronic desktop card file & organizer.
- 64K random access memory (64,000 characters). • Cordless and wireless.
- Rotary dial for easy flipby viewing of business cards.
- AC adapter or 3 "AA" batteries plus 1 Lithium back-up battery which provides a no-loss memory back-up system, (included).
- **90 Day Limited Mfr. Warranty!**
- **Factory New & Perfect!**

32K Pocket Computer Features:
- Infrared wireless transfer system—transfer files to an associate's or to the desk top 64K. • Powerful 32K RAM (32,000 char).
- Extra large LCD display screen (6 lines x 24 characters per page).
- **7 screen categories**: Business Card File, The Call Sheet, Letters To Write, Reminder Notes, Monthly Calendar, & Currency Converter & Large Screen Calculator. • Dim.: 5"L x 7"W x 1"D.

Mfr. Sugg. Retail: **$317.00**
DAMARK PRICE $169.99
Item No. B-2303-145904
Insured Ship/Hand.: $9.50

BEL COMPUHETERODYNE RADAR DETECTOR



- Compact and portable—it practically fits in your pocket. • Separate X and K band alerts.
- Exclusive Compuheterodyne® circuitry. • Reduced Sensitivity Mode minimizes false signals. • False Signal Recognition mode for fast analysis of incoming signals.
- Amber and red LEDs light in sequency as signal strength increases.
- Green On LED. • Amber LED indicates radar. • Auto volume control.
- Includes accessories: dash/visor bracket, hook and loop fastener, cigarette lighter plug. • Dim.: 3/4"H x 3-1/8"W x 4-1/2"L. • Model #: XKR500.
- **1 Year Limited Mfr. Warranty! • Factory New! Factory Perfect!**

Mfr. Sugg. Retail: **$179.95**
DAMARK PRICE $69.99
Item No. B-2303-146324
Insured Ship/Hand.: $6.00

RAND MCNALLY®

INSTA-PHRASE™ 5 LANGUAGE TRAVEL TRANSLATOR



- Pocket-sized digital travel translator.
- Translates French, Spanish, German, Italian and English.
- Translates from any one language to any other.
- Translates common phrases.
- Correct grammar.
- Converts currency-- each currency identified by its own symbol US$, £, DM, etc.
- Travel-alarm clock switches from 12 hr. to 24 hr. display.
- 100 year calendar displays year, month, date & day of the week, until the year 2088. • Full feature 10-digit calculator.
- Model #: TT-500. • LCD display.
- Uses 4 LR44H batteries (incl.). 200 hour life.
- Auto power off after 7 minutes without entry.
- Weight: 6 oz.
- Dim.: 3-1/8"x 4-15/16" x 13/16".
- **90 Day Warranty through distributor.**
- **Factory New! Factory Perfect!**

Mfr. Sugg. Retail: **$150.00**
DAMARK PRICE $79.99
Item No. B-2303-145573
Insured Ship/Hand.: $5.50

RAND 20" DELUXE FOLDING BIKE



- Quick release fittings for easy folding.
- Front and rear caliper brakes.
- Quick release adjustable handlebar lever.
- Reinforced rubber pedals. • Foam cushion grips. • Whitewall tires. • Front/rear fenders.
- Luggage rack. • Colors: Red, White.
- Weight: 35 lbs. • Dim.: 47" x 6-1/2" x 24".
- Model #: FB-20. • **6 Month Mfr. Warranty on frame, 3 Months on other parts.**
- **Factory New! Factory Perfect!**

Mfr. Sugg. Retail: **$239.95**
DAMARK PRICE $119.99
(Red) Item No. B-2303-144402
(White) Item No. B-2303-144410
Insured Ship/Hand.: $15.50

Canon 35MM SURE SHOT MULTI-TELE CAMERA



- Auto retractable 35/60mm lens extends and retracts. Go from wide angle to telephoto in an instant.
- Autofocus, auto-exposure and auto film transport.
- Built-in auto flash. • Auto ISO 50 to 3200.
- Auto rewind and auto film loading (mid-roll rewinding possiblewith press of a button).
- Half-frame mode allows you twice the shots per roll of film. • Pre-focus possible by pressing the shutter button halfway. • Includes case, strap and lithium battery. • Made in Japan.
- Dim.: 5-1/4"W x 2-13/16"H x 1-15/16"D.
- **1 Year Mfr. Warranty!**
- **Factory New! Factory Perfect!**

Mfr. Sugg. Retail: **$399.00**
DAMARK PRICE $149.99
Item No B-2303-137026
Insured Ship/Hand.: $5.50

DAMARK INTERNATIONAL, INC

FOR FASTEST SERVICE CALL TOLL FREE
1-800-729-9000
CUSTOMER SERVICE: 1-612-531-0082

QTY	DESCRIPTION	ITEM #	S/H/I	PRICE

DELIVERY TO 48 U.S. CONTINENTAL STATES ONLY

SUB TOTAL
in MN add 6% Sales Tax
Total S/H/I
GRAND TOTAL

NAME _____
ADDRESS _____
CITY _____ ST ____ ZIP _____
PHONE _____

Check/Money Order ☐ VISA CARD NO. _____
MasterCard ☐ Discover EXP. DATE _____ SIGNATURE _____

VISA MasterCard DISCOVER

B-2303

Send To: DAMARK INTERNATIONAL, INC., 7101 Winnetka Ave. N. Minneapolis, MN 55428-1619

DAMARK INTERNATIONAL, INC.

THE "GREAT DEAL" CATALOG

1-800-729-9000

ORDER TODAY!

cordata 386SX COMPUTER with VGA MONITOR



- 100% IBM compatible.
- Includes 14" VGA color monitor.
- 80386SX-16/8 MHz speed, zero wait state,upgradable to 20 MHz.
- One 3-1/2" 1.44 MB floppy disk drive.
- One 5-1/4" 1.2 MB floppy disk drive.
- 40 MB hard drive/28 millisecond access time. • 1 MB RAM on motherboard, expandable to 8 MB.
- Expansion slots: three IBM AT compatible accessory slots; one IBM PC/XT compatible accessory slot.
- Three 1/2" peripheral bay.
- Built-in VGA video support.
- Battery backed real time clock/ calendar. • One serial & one parallel port. • 80387SX-16 math co-processor socket.
- 101 key IBM style keyboard.
- Three 16-bit IBM PC/XT compatible, One 8-bit slot.
- Phoenix BIOS.

* Software shown on screen not included.

- Model # CPC8248. • Included MS-DOS 4.0.
- Dim.: 16"W x 18"D x 5"H.
- **One Year Warranty through Cordata.**
- **Factory New! Factory Perfect!**

Mfr. Sugg. Retail: **$2,968.00**

DAMARK PRICE $1499.99

Item No. B-2303-143578
Insured Ship/Hand.: $49.00

TEENAGE MUTANT NINJA TURTLES



"COWABUNGA DUDE!" These plush Teenage Mutant Ninja Turtles are too "RAD" for words. As avengers of evil, they're sure to bring smiles to young and old alike. Chairs sold separately.

FACTORY NEW! FACTORY PERFECT!

Turtles:

- Famous Teenage Mutant Ninja Turtle characters.
- Plush, polyfoam stuffing for long life. • Large 31" replicas. • Bright green color.
- Fastest moving toy in the industry today!
- Meets or exceeds all Consumer Product Safety Council safety standards.
- Choose from Leonardo, Donatello, Raphael, or Michelangelo.

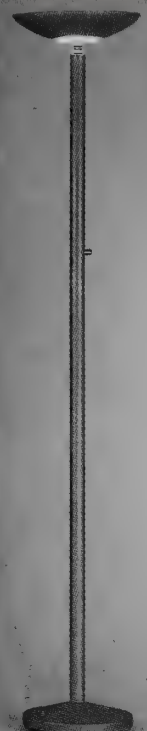
Chairs:

- Monogrammed with an "L" for Leonardo, or "R" for Raphael.
- Plush polyfoam construction.
- Removable, washable, dryable covers.
- Meets or exceeds all Consumer Product Safety Council safety standards.
- Dim.: 14"W x 14"D x 23-1/2"H.

DAMARK PRICE $39.99

(Leonardo)Item No. B-2303-144501
(Donatello)Item No. B-2303-144519
(Raphael)Item No. B-2303-144527
(Michelangelo)Item No. B-2303-144535
(Leonardo Chair)Item No. B-2303-144543
(Raphael Chair)Item No. B-2303-144550
Insured Ship/Hand.: $6.50

HALOGEN TORCHIERE FLOOR LAMP



Fill your room with light from this Halogen Torchiere Floor Lamp.

- Halogen torchiere floor lamp.
- Shines light upward, yet fills entire room.
- Variable light control switch.
- 500 Watt halogen bulb included. • U.L. listed.
- Contemporary design.
- Glass insert below shade allows light to shine downward also—for a complete lighting effect.
- Color: Black, white, brass, chrome, or almond.
- Height: Approx. 72".
- **1 Year Mfr. Warranty!**
- **Factory New & Perfect!**

Mfr. Sugg. Retail: **$170.00**

DAMARK PRICE $39.99

(Black)Item No. B-2303-127911
(White)Item No. B-2303-130153
(Brass)Item No. B-2303-130161
(Chrome)Item No. B-2303-130179
(Almond)Item No. B-2303-130187
Insured Ship/Hand.: $9.50

SAMSUNG INTEGRATED PERSONAL FACSIMILE MACHINE



- 9600 baud. • 16-level gray scale for photos & drawings.
- 5-sheet automatic document feeder.
- Transmits in 15 sec. or less. • One-touch dialing for 12 locations. • 2-digit speed dialing for 88 locations.
- Timer transmission. • Integrated, hearing aid compatible handset. • Auto redial. • 2-line alphanumeric LCD.
- Monitor speaker with adjustable volume. • Last number redial.
- On-hook dialing. • Time/date display.
- Activity reporting.
- Printing width: 8.5".
- Model #: FX2010.
- Dim.: 13-5/8"W x 10-3/8"D x 4-7/8"H.
- Wt.: 12-1/8 lbs.
- **One Year Parts, 90 Days Labor Mfr. Warranty!**
- **Factory New & Perfect!**

SUPER SAVINGS!!

Mfr. Sugg. Retail: **$1,399.00**

DAMARK PRICE $499.99

Item No. B-2303-140236
Insured Ship/Hand.: $20.00

SmartMax Fax/Phone Auto Switch



- No need for a dedicated fax line.
- Fax/phone auto switch allows your new fax to share existing phone line.
- Works on all Group 3 fax machines.
- Single switch to lock out either voice or fax calls.
- Front panel status lights indicate modes of operation.
- SmartMax handles power outages by automatically switching to phone-only mode. • Allows manual override so you can send a fax to the person you're talking to on the phone. • 24-Hour customer service line.
- Easy installation. • UL listed. • FCC certified.
- Dim.: 4" X 7" X 1-1/2".
- Weight: 2-1/2" lbs.
- Model #: MX 1030.
- **Two Year Mfr. Warranty!**
- **Factory New & Perfect!**

Mfr. Sugg. Retail: **$245.00**

DAMARK PRICE $99.99

Item No. B-2303-128934
Insured Ship/Hand.: $7.50



* Not available in California, North Carolina & Hawaii

FAMOUS MAKER TRANSPORTABLE CELLULAR TELEPHONE

- **FULLY FEATURED:**
- No installation required!
- Full 3 watts of power.
- Alphanumeric display (LCD).
- Status indicators (in-use, roam, horn).
- Backlit keypad.
- Speed dialing.
- Electronic lock. • 9 number memory. • Quick store.
- Scratch pad (enter number while on phone).
- Automatic call retry. • 3 level volume control (earpiece, speaker, bell).
- Call in absence indicator. • Comes ready to use.
- Compact water resistant nylon carrying case. • Last number redial.
- Due to drop shipment, please allow 4-6 weeks for delivery.
- **One Year Mfr. Warranty!**
- **Factory New! Factory Perfect!**

Public Notice: This Transportable Cellular Telephone comes pre-programmed with your local cellular number. Special price is $99.99 which requires a one year new activation and minimum service commitment through International Ventures, Inc. Subject to credit approval by telephone company. Your first monthly statement contains two months of basic service plus a one time $37.00 activation fee and any air time you have used. Prior to delivery, you will receive a contract indicating local rates. You will receive the contract within two weeks after placing your order. You must return the signed contract to complete the processing of your order. You will receive phone within 10 days after receipt of signed contract. Phone not available in California, North Carolina & Hawaii. DAMARK'S 14-day return policy does not apply. This offer is void where activation requirement is prohibited by law

Mfr. Sugg. Retail: **$599.00**

DAMARK PRICE $99.99

Item No. B-2303-145730
Insured Ship/Hand.: $19.00

Battery Pack & Charger:

- 2.2 amp lead acid battery pack & charger.
- Allows 1 hour talk-time & 4 hours standby.

Mfr. Sugg.: **$79.95**

DAMARK PRICE $39.99

Item No. B-2303-145748
Insured Ship/Hand.: $5.00

[Minutes]

BEIJING'S CHINA CARD

From the minutes of a meeting convened in March by China's State Education Commission to discuss policy regarding Chinese exchange students living abroad. The meeting, which was held in Beijing, was attended by educational attachés from Chinese embassies and consulates around the world, and by representatives from various government ministries. There are currently 42,000 Chinese students in the United States; most of them hold visas that require them to return to China immediately after graduating. Last December President Bush vetoed a bill that would have waived the requirement and protected Chinese students in the United States from being deported; in April, however, he issued an executive order deferring deportation of all Chinese nationals until 1994. The document below, which was reportedly approved by Premier Li Peng, was smuggled out of the Chinese Embassy in Washington by Xu Lin, a diplomat who applied to the U.S. government for political asylum in May. Translated by Heping Shi.

The International and Domestic Situation

Marx's basic theory of scientific socialism is not wrong; the idea that Marxism-Leninism is out of date must be firmly criticized.

Recent changes in the Soviet Union and Eastern Europe do not represent the mainstream of history; they were serious setbacks in the development of socialism.

The present international situation is similar to the situation that existed from 1894 to 1914, when capitalism made some headway and the international labor movement was disrupted by the opportunism that emerged from the Second International.

The Communist Party's chief strength is that it has not been influenced by social democratic thinking. Our ten-year reform has been fruitful; if it had not been, we would have been unable to resist this worldwide upheaval.

The area of Chinese society hit hardest by the disaster [the Tiananmen protests and the June 4, 1989, crackdown] is the institutions of higher learning. Only one third of university faculty members carried on routine work during the protests. There were also a number of grassroots student organizations that lacked strength and became involved in the riot. The riot was endorsed by the authorities at some universities, such as Shenzhen University, whose president has been removed from his post.

Policy Concerning Chinese Students and Scholars in the United States and Canada, and Instructions to Embassies and Consulates

The problem of our exchange students and scholars should be perceived as an international struggle and a fight against the brain drain. The struggle will be long. Our diplomats are on the front lines, and they have an arduous task; it has become a struggle of life and death. The United States holds the exchange students and scholars as hostages.

Every embassy has to be self-reliant; in many cases, embassies and individuals will be allowed to take action without first asking for instructions from Beijing. Our embassy staff must realize that they are involved in a serious struggle and should not limit their work to the routine management of student affairs.

It will be impossible to bring all the exchange students back to China. We need to be realistic. Our policy is to expand the numbers of progressive students, win over the middle-roaders, and isolate the reactionaries.

We must protect and support students in the first category, even if they make up less than 10 percent of the total. The people we rely on are of two types: those who have always been steadfast and those who have wavered once. We must be considerate of those who have merely wavered and distinguish them from those who are against the government.

Our slogans and goals must be appropriate to win over the masses of students in the middle. We shouldn't say, for instance, that the majority of exchange students have no feelings for the motherland. In fact, they only want to stay a little longer and save up more money. We must appeal to their patriotism.

We should form some intermediary organizations, such as clubs devoted to recreational activities. These should not be obviously progovernment; instead, they should try to gently win over those middle-roaders who are inclined to side with us. We have to speak in two different voices. To the middle-roaders we should talk about patriotism and lawfulness. To party members and other committed students we should also talk about socialism and communism.

We must make it clear that the government has no intention of abandoning the students and releasing them from our demand that they return to serve the motherland. It is understandable that some will not return in the immediate future, for various reasons. If they think they need more time, we can extend their stays. We can also help those who have difficulties. We be-

"ROCK THE BOAT."



Dan Daly
Chemist
Texaco Research Center

"At Texaco, we're free to rock the boat. To go with an unconventional idea when only a few can see the potential. One of those ideas resulted in a major development in gasoline technology."

Dan Daly is a research chemist at the Texaco Research Center in Beacon, N.Y. He's a member of the special team that developed Texaco's System^3 gasoline.

The challenge: To clean up deposits in the intake systems of today's high-tech engines.

"We could have used a pre-existing additive package. That would have kept us at par with the current technology in the industry. But we chose to go beyond that. To be innovative, even if it did mean taking a risk."

The result: A remarkable system of gasolines that keep new cars running like new and can help restore performance to older cars. In fact, in the BMW test run on each of the six leading national gasolines, only System^3 removed deposits on dirty intake valves.

This new generation of fuels has met with strong consumer acceptance.

"It's exhilarating to know you've developed something that can improve car performance."

Right, Dan. Because your team made waves, we made a better product for our customers.

Star of the American Road

TEXACO – WE'VE GOT THE ENERGY.



From "The Radiation Train," a report on a nuclear-emergency response unit recently developed by th French Ministry of Health, in the May 19 issue of The Independent, *published in London. The "hospita train," designed to aid victims of a nuclear-reactor accident, contains facilities to test up to 5,000 people pe day for exposure to radiation; it can reach any location in France within twelve hours. Eighty percent o France's electrical power comes from nuclear reactors.*

lieve that the majority are patriotic and their love for the motherland will triumph in the long run. Their life in the West is not easy. We can temporarily extend passports for a few students; that will certainly influence others.

As for reactionary students: Their exchange-student status, party membership, and job status in China should all be suspended. They should not be allowed to return to China. There are over a hundred antigovernment ringleaders in the United States. We have contacted the Foreign Ministry and the Ministry of Public Security to void the passports of members of the following groups: the leaders who take as their goal the overthrow of socialism and the Chinese government; those who instigated the riot; those who organize or participate in U.S. congressional hearings; those who publicly seek political asylum; and those who collude with anti-China, anticommunist forces both at home and abroad. The strikes aimed at our opposition must be carefully calculated. We are in no hurry to deal blows to those who are still hidden. The first blow should be dealt to five or six students, ones who are disliked even by upright Americans. We should single out those whose reputations have been compromised, such as Wuer Kaixi [a leader of the Tiananmen protests who fled China in 1989].

To isolate the ringleaders, we should give them a bad name. During the war against Japan, we used *han jian* [traitors to China]. Now we must think of a name that has a resounding effect; we cannot use the word "dissidents."

Sino-American Relations

Sino-American relations have plunged to almost the lowest point since the June Fourth Event. The U.S. government did not respond enthusiastically to the lifting of martial law and the release of political prisoners, although it expressed some general signs of approval.

The consensus on China policy that used to exist between the two American parties has split into two opposing views. One side holds that China has lost its vital position in the strategic triangle with the United States and the Soviet Union. This side believes that Chinese reforms are declining and that China needs American capital and technology for further modernization. Therefore, this group believes that economic sanctions can force the Chinese government to give in.

The other side maintains that the carrot-and-stick approach should be used. Although they believe that China's position in the geopolitical triangle has declined, they cannot neglect China's strategic position—restraining Moscow and exerting influence on western Asia. There-

fore, they hold that it is necessary to maintain a dialogue while denouncing the June Fourth Event, so as to pull China back on the track of reform. This is the viewpoint of the Bush administration.

Bush's basic approach is to maintain the status quo, keep up the pressure, and leave some latitude. He has two cards in hand: the State Department's Report on Human Rights and the extension of the most-favored-nation status [in June, President Bush extended China's most-favored-nation status].

We have only a few cards to play. These are the reinstatement of the Fulbright Exchange Program, the continuation of the exchange-student program, the admission of U.S. Peace Corps workers, and the release of political prisoners. We will reveal our response gradually, so that the government of the United States will be kept in the dark.

[Essay]

GERMANY AFTER NATO

From "One-and-a-half Cheers for German Unification," by Josef Joffe, in the June 1990 issue of Commentary. *Joffe is a Washington, D.C.–based editor for* Süddeutsche Zeitung, *a Munich newspaper. His most recent book is* The Limited Partnership: Europe, the U.S., and the Burdens of Alliance. *Joffe will be teaching at Harvard this fall.*

A German Jewish journalist, writing in the *International Herald Tribune* not long ago, poured it all out. A united Germany, this son of Holocaust survivors cautioned, "may grow into everything the world abhorred in the Germany of the early part of this century: a powerful country never content to accept limits on its political or economic strength, a self-centered society whose rulers remain happily oblivious to foreigners' concerns." We may soon witness the resurgence of this Germany: "The peaceful and moderately dull Federal Republic of Germany . . . is leaving the stage. Its replacement, a rich and mighty entity . . . may become a strange and eerie place—perhaps even the source of a new wave of darkness spreading over the earth."

On the verge of reunification, Germany does not look like a "strange and eerie place" to me. Indeed, in some respects the Federal Republic is a more liberal polity than either France or Brit-

[Guidelines]

LIFE AMONG THE AMERICANS

From "An Information Guide for Germans on American Culture," a pamphlet distributed this summer by CDS International, an organization that runs exchange programs, to Germans working as interns at American companies. According to the guide, these suggestions were compiled by a German intern from "interviews with various colleagues . . . [and] his own experiences in America."

☐ Americans say "Hello" or "How are you?" when they see each other. "How are you?" is like "Hello." A long answer is not expected; just answer "Thank you, fine. How are you?"

☐ Using deodorant is a must.

☐ American women usually shave their legs and under their arms. Women who don't like to do this should consider wearing clothes that cover these areas.

☐ Expect to be treated like all other Americans. You won't receive special treatment because you are a German. Try not to talk with other Germans in German if Americans are around; this could make them feel uncomfortable.

☐ Please consider the differences in verbal communication styles between Americans and Germans. The typical German speaking style sounds abrupt and rude to Americans. Keep this in mind when talking to Americans.

☐ Be polite. Use words like "please" and "thank you." It is better to use these too often than not enough. Also, be conscious of your voice and the expression on your face. Your voice should be friendly, and you should wear a smile. Don't be confused by the friendliness and easygoing, nonexcitable nature of the people. They are deliberate, think independently, and do things their own way. Americans are proud of their independence.

☐ Keep yourself out of any discussions at work about race, sex, religion, or politics. Be open-minded; don't make judgments based on past experiences in Germany.

☐ Be aware that there are a lot of different cultures in the United States. There are also many different churches, which mean a great deal to their members. Don't be quick to judge these cultures; this could hurt people's feelings.

☐ Do it the American way and try to intermingle with the Americans. Think positive.

ain. Power is more widely diffused in the West German federal system (which will be extended to the East) than in centralized France, and there is no equivalent of the Official Secrets Act that so hamstrings the press in Britain. (Keeping a state secret in Bonn is harder even than in Washington.) Compared with Helmut Kohl, Margaret Thatcher enjoys almost dictatorial powers, and compared with the "republican monarchy" that is France, the Federal Republic is a political free-for-all. West German democracy, as the past forty years suggest, is not a fly-by-night operation that will vanish at the next economic downturn.

The problem lies elsewhere, and it stems not from the internal workings of the Federal Republic but from the external setting of a reunited Germany. The reassuring career of the West German republic cannot be divorced from the ultrastable European order installed after 1945 —which is now disappearing fast. The postwar order was built in and around Germany, and it had two functions. Explicitly, it was to contain the might of Soviet Russia; implicitly, it was to envelop the energies of a resurgent Germany. In historical terms, the postwar order was "just right": It protected Germany against others and against itself; it took the sting out of Russian as well as German power; and it achieved all this not by imposition and discrimination but by community and integration. Paranoid nationalism cannot fester when safety is assured within so cozy a framework. Yet with Russia receding, the whole structure is losing its raison d'être and, hence, its claim to allegiance.

With Russia retracting, Germany will become number one on the continent, by sheer dint of economic clout and geographic position. Yet at this point, there is nothing to replace the *ancien système* that functioned so ingeniously to keep the dynamic part of Germany both happy and harnessed. To be sure, NATO and the European Community (EC) are still alive, while their Eastern counterparts, the Warsaw Pact and Comecon, are moving into the dustbin of history. On the other hand, if Russia turns inward for any length of time, NATO will not flourish and the EC will not become what its founders envisioned: a West European common market blossoming into political union.

Take NATO. Add a united Germany, factor in a democratic Eastern Europe, and subtract the Soviet threat. What do you get? Something which is still called NATO, but which, successively, will be emptied of its meaning and purpose. An alliance of democracies, it cannot resist what is gnawing at its sinews already—"competitive disarmament" in search of a "peace dividend." Ground-launched nuclear weapons—short-range missiles and nuclear artillery—will be the first to go. Nuclear weapons in a forward position are not simply frills but the very embodiment of America's security guarantee to Western Europe—and a brake on the acquisition of national nuclear deterrents.

For the core of the alliance is not so much the Washington Treaty of 1949 as NATO's flesh-and-steel deployments on West German soil. But with the Russians withdrawing and the Warsaw Pact withering away, what would these forces do? Whom would they contain? An alliance is logically inseparable from the idea of a threat and a foe, and if the latter wanes, so will the former.

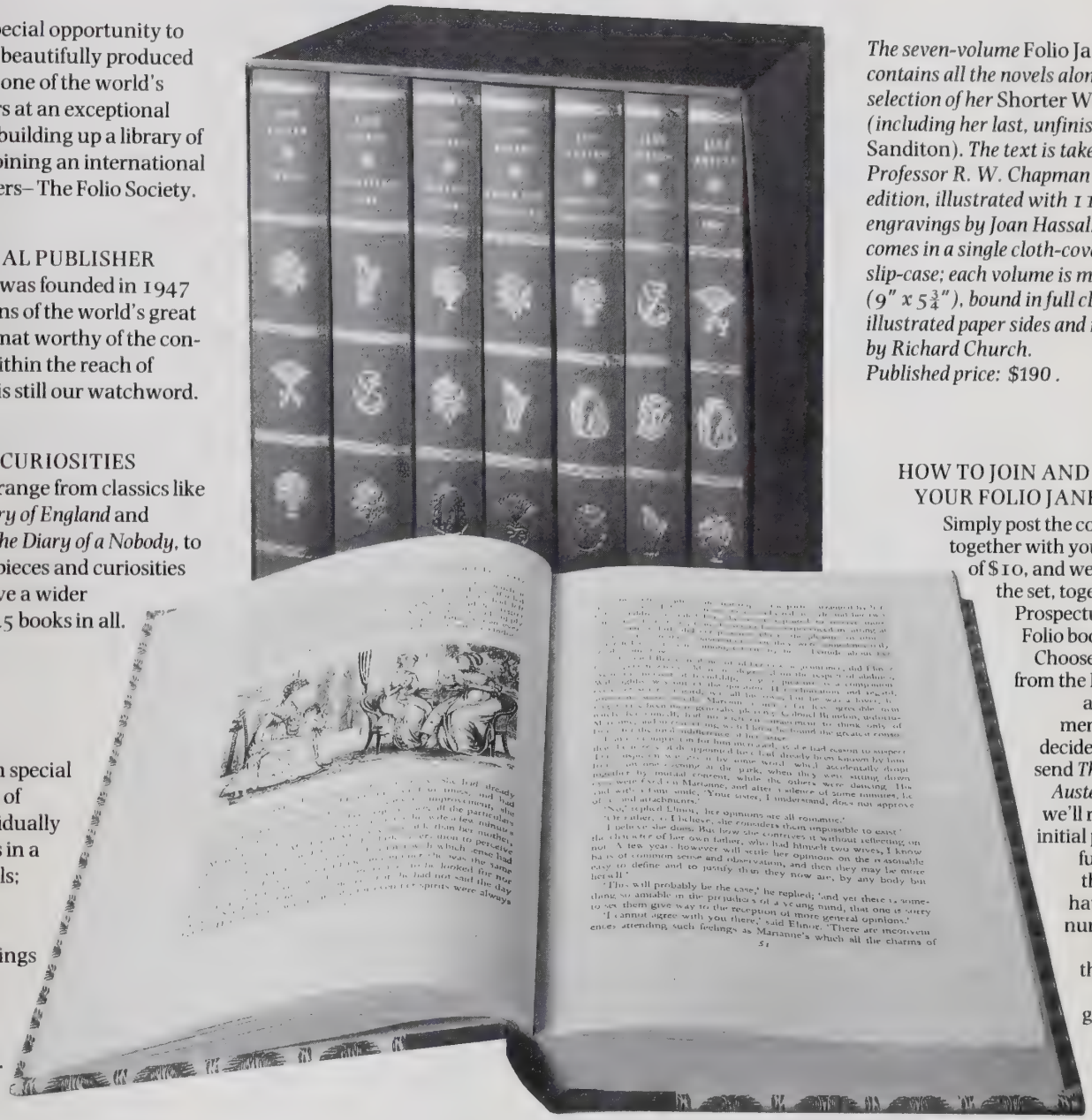
Today it is anybody's guess how many American troops will remain in Germany. The burden of a Great Power role has never sat well on American shoulders; historically, at least, the task was only assumed when a nasty hegemonist lurked across the water: Kaiser Wilhelm, Adolf Hitler, Hirohito, Joseph Stalin. Mikhail Gorbachev, for the time being, does not quite fit that profile, and so George McGovern's 1972 campaign cry of "Come home, America" might finally be heeded. Yet few people realize how crucial America's role in Europe has been—not just as protector but also as pacifier, as the player who not only held off Stalin but also took the edge off the ancient rivalries that had embroiled Britain, France, and Germany in periodic war.

In that respect, NATO-builders Truman and Eisenhower were also the real founding fathers of the European Community. Yet the EC as we know it will not survive the passing of the Cold War either. Suitably reformed, Hungary, Poland, Czechoslovakia, and Romania have at least as much of a claim to entry as had Portugal and Greece. Why keep out Switzerland, Sweden, and Austria once the EC is no longer the economic core of a Western defense organization? One thing is certain. More members equal more heterogeneity, which, in turn, will postpone political union indefinitely. With NATO reduced to a symbolic compact, and the EC to a Europe-wide free-trade zone, what will lend strength and stability to a post-postwar Europe dominated by Germany?

While proclaiming fealty to NATO, German leaders in Bonn, Berlin, and Dresden already are speculating about "transcending the alliances." They envision an "all-European peace order" that would produce "collective security" in the framework of the thirty-five-nation Conference on Security and Cooperation in Europe (CSCE). That approach—effective sanctions by the peace-lovers against the aggressor—was last tried by the League of Nations when fascist Italy grabbed Abyssinia. "Collective security,"

The Folio Society would like to make you an offer as exceptional as the books we publish: this classic set for only $10 – a saving of $180

HERE is a special opportunity to acquire a beautifully produced edition of one of the world's best-loved authors at an exceptional saving, and start building up a library of fine editions, by joining an international circle of book-lovers– The Folio Society.



The seven-volume Folio Jane Austen *contains all the novels along with a selection of her* Shorter Works *(including her last, unfinished novel,* Sanditon*). The text is taken from Professor R. W. Chapman's definitive edition, illustrated with 112 wood engravings by Joan Hassall. The set comes in a single cloth-covered slip-case; each volume is medium 8vo (9" x 5¾"), bound in full cloth with illustrated paper sides and introduced by Richard Church.*
Published price: $190 .

AN EXCEPTIONAL PUBLISHER

The Folio Society was founded in 1947 to 'produce editions of the world's great literature in a format worthy of the contents, at a price within the reach of everyman'. That is still our watchword.

CLASSICS AND CURIOSITIES

Our publications range from classics like Macaulay's *History of England* and comic gems like *The Diary of a Nobody*, to neglected masterpieces and curiosities that we feel deserve a wider audience: over 145 books in all.

BEAUTIFULLY PRODUCED BOOKS

Each book is given special care in every area of production: individually designed bindings in a variety of materials; carefully chosen, elegant typefaces; high-quality makings of paper; and a special protective slip-case. Every book is illustrated. Among leading artists commissioned by the Society recently are Dame Elisabeth Frink, Edward Bawden and Patrick Procktor.

MUCH MORE THAN A BOOK CLUB

We organise tours, competitions and the now well-established Folio literary debates. Members also receive a free subscription to our own literary quarterly. And we have a gallery in the Royal Arcade in London where members, and prospective members, may view all current Folio titles.

ORDERING BOOKS IS A PLEASURE

The Folio Society provides its members with a level of service rarely found these days. Every order is dealt with promptly, every letter is answered individually. If you write to us in verse, we'll write back in verse.

HOW TO JOIN AND ACQUIRE YOUR FOLIO JANE AUSTEN

Simply post the coupon to us, together with your payment of $10, and we'll send you the set, together with a Prospectus listing all Folio books in print. Choose four books from the Prospectus, and you're a member. If you decide not to join, send *The Folio Jane Austen* back and we'll refund your initial payment in full. But note that we only have a limited number of sets to spare for this offer – to be sure of getting your copy, send off the coupon today.

To: **The Membership Secretary, The Folio Society, 594 Broadway, Suite 806, New York, NY 10012** B451

Please send me a Prospectus and *The Folio Jane Austen* as my introduction to The Folio Society. If I decide to become a member I will keep the set as my 1991 Presentation Volume and notify you of my four choices for the year within three weeks. Otherwise I will return *The Folio Jane Austen* in good condition and be refunded in full. I understand that as a member I have the right to return any book if not completely satisfied. I enclose my check/money order for $10 (made payable to The Folio Society) *or:* please charge $10 my credit card *(please tick):*

☐ Visa ☐ Amex ☐ Mastercard

CARD NO. _____

Expiry date _____
(This MUST be included)

Signature _____

Date _____

Name _____
(PLEASE USE BLOCK CAPITALS)

Address _____

_____

_____ Zipcode _____

as the United Nations has repeatedly demonstrated, does not work today, as it did not work then, because nations are loath to sacrifice their interests on the altar of abstract justice. Lofty as it is, the precept of "one for all and all for one" has a fatal flaw: It requires nations to behave so virtuously as to render the mechanism of "collective security" unnecessary. The system *assumes* stability; it cannot create it.

If the old structures go, an "all-European peace order" will hardly be able to assume the functions of the old regime. Which leads to the major question: If, as I have argued, the happy career of the Federal Republic was part and parcel of a sturdy postwar order, what will transpire inside the country once a mighty Germany bestrides a European stage that is no longer dominated by the old props and players?

The bet is (even odds, no more) that Germany will *not* become a "strange and eerie place." Once the horrendous costs of rehabilitating the East have been absorbed, the heirs to Wilhelm II, Weimar, and the Wehrmacht will probably use their clout less hesitantly than in the recent past. Nor will the Germans defer so frequently to allies and neighbors as a reduced demand for security lessens their need for allegiance and as the burden of guilt feelings is lightened with each passing generation. But a replay of Wilhelm II or Hitler? Interstate rivalry in Europe—indeed, in the entire democratic-industrial world—has evolved onto more mercantile levels as the currency of military force has become devalued. Pearl Harbor is no longer bombed, but bought, by the Japanese. The Germans no longer invade Alsace; they *pay* for choice plots there.

While the demise of the postwar order will liberate German power above all, a nation's power today is not measured by possession but by balance-of-payment ledgers, and the accounts are settled with ECUs (the EC's internal currency), not with blood and iron. The rivalry is acted out in an arena where joint welfare, not this or that province, is at stake—where your losses are not my gains, but where we both win and lose together. The victims of Sony may resent cheap VCRs made in Japan, but who would go to war over the privilege of buying worse-quality goods at higher prices? Americans may brandish military metaphors when it comes to Japan, but in truth they think about improving the educational and management system at home, not about sending the Marines into MITI.

The game of nations in the democratic-industrial world has changed, as have these nations themselves—including Germany. *"Nach Paris!"* today is not the battle cry of a Wehrmacht lieutenant departing Berlin Central in search of booty and glory but the civilized request of an amorous German student buying a round-trip ticket in order to visit his French girlfriend. In such societies, given to the *individual* pursuit of happiness, the Pied Pipers of nationalism will not attract many followers.

But might not Germany unshackled hanker after nuclear weapons and push for the revision of its eastern frontiers? That is impossible to exclude but hard to imagine. The new, more civilized and civilianized game of nations offers the largest payoffs to nations such as Germany and Japan. The game has devalued the military chips, delivering power and prestige to those who can back up their bets with investments and loans. Why, then, should they forgo their advantage by changing the rules? In the attempt, they would certainly revive the hostile coalitions that proved their undoing in 1945. And one must assume that well-settled democracies are more sensible and sensitive about such risks than were the Hohenzollerns and the Hitlerites.

Soon Germany will be reunited. But the remake will not be shot with a cast of latter-day Erich von Stroheims. The sound track will not be the "Horst Wessel Lied," the fighting song of the Nazis, but a reggae or rhythm-and-blues tune. Cologne and Kansas City, Munich and Marseilles, have been listening to the same beat for a long time; adding Dresden and Leipzig should not ruin that score. At least, we are entitled to hope so.

[Press Release]

BULLISH ON WAR

From a press release distributed recently by Probe International, a consulting firm based in Stamford, Connecticut. Probe provides "corporations and financial institutions with international political intelligence and analysis."

Contractors and systems manufacturers will have a bright future in the Nineties despite the winding down of the Cold War.

"Threat and conflict scenarios are evolving from a worldwide superpower context to that of regional and local situations, and manufacturers of military equipment will have to adjust their product lines and services to satisfy these specific needs," explained Probe International president Benjamin Weiner.

Probe International noted that future violence will be generated by border claims, competition for natural resources, and ethnic and

Yo.

It doesn't take fancy, polysyllabic words to describe Merit Ultra Lights. The simplest utterances will suffice. Like "Gee!" for the ultra low tar numbers. Or "Oh, my!" for the unexpected taste. No, when you're one of the fastest growing brands in America you don't need a lot of overblown, overstuffed, self-congratulatory yakyak to impress people. Don't you agree?
Yep.

Enriched Flavor,™ ultra low tar. A solution with Merit.



Merit Ultra Lights

SURGEON GENERAL'S WARNING: Cigarette Smoke Contains Carbon Monoxide.

© Philip Morris Inc. 1990

4 mg "tar," 0.4 mg nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC method.

[List]

TO GO

From "Details from Death Row," a full-page feature in the June 7 Washington Times, *a daily newspaper published in Washington, D.C. This list of last meals requested by death-row inmates was compiled by Dawn M. Weyrich, a reporter for the* Times.

Aubrey Adams Jr.: One pound popcorn shrimp, one pound medium-size shrimp, one pound jumbo shrimp, one loaf garlic bread, French fries, pecan pie, pecan ice cream, iced tea. (Executed May 1989 in Florida by electrocution.)

James D. Autry: Hamburger, French fries, Dr. Pepper. (Executed March 1984 in Texas by lethal injection.)

Thomas Andy Barefoot: Soup, crackers, chili with beans, steamed rice, seasoned pinto beans, corn, seasoned mustard greens, hot spiced beets, iced tea. (Executed October 1984 in Texas by lethal injection.)

Margie Velma Barfield: Cheez Doodles, Coca-Cola. (Executed November 1984 in North Carolina by lethal injection.)

Arthur Lee Jones Jr.: Pink salmon, cole slaw, candied yams, chilled peaches, grape drink. (Executed March 1986 in Alabama by electrocution.)

Earnest Knighton Jr.: T-bone steak, rice, French fries, four slices of toast, strawberry malt. (Executed October 1984 in Louisiana by electrocution.)

Timothy Wesley McCorquodale: Shrimp, crab legs, tossed salad with Thousand Island dressing, apple pie à la mode. (Executed September 1987 in Georgia by electrocution.)

William Mitchell: Half-gallon of black cherry ice cream. (Executed September 1987 in Georgia by electrocution.)

Stephen Peter Morin: Unleavened bread. (Executed March 1985 in Texas by lethal injection.)

Henry Martinez Porter: Steak, refried beans, tortillas, salad, ice cream, chocolate cake. (Executed July 1985 in Texas by lethal injection.)

Chester Lee Wicker: Lettuce, tomatoes, two cartons of milk. (Executed August 1986 in Texas by lethal injection.)

religious conflicts. From the more than fifty threat and conflict scenarios it currently monitors, the research firm listed six examples that could stimulate demand for relatively sophisticated weaponry and support systems.

Nigeria: This nation has already experienced a major civil war as well as a number of coups d'état. It suffers from a fundamental division between its Muslim population to the north and its Christian population to the south.

China, Indonesia, Malaysia, the Philippines, Taiwan, Thailand, and Vietnam: These countries are all resource-rich and have a variety of conflicting sea-boundary claims over regions considered wealthy in oil and gas reserves. This is currently a low-level threat situation but will intensify dramatically once crude-oil prices rise above forty dollars per barrel.

Eastern Europe: The specter of ancient conflicts is being revived throughout this region and, in many countries, could stimulate stronger defense postures. For example, Romania faces quandaries on both its western and eastern borders. On the one side its large Magyar (Hungarian) population may fight to integrate with Hungary, while on its other border Romania may find itself embroiled in conflict with the USSR should its brethren in Soviet Moldavia press to return to the Romanian fold.

Philippines: The government in Manila faces serious difficulties in simultaneously controlling both leftist and rightist insurgents in a country comprised of more than 7,000 islands.

South Africa: Unless the impending conflict between the Zulu and Xhosa tribes is forestalled, there is a strong chance of an extended civil war.

India and Pakistan: These countries are each enmeshed in internal ethnic and religious violence and also engage in periodic warfare with each other over disputed territories. There have been three Indo-Pakistani wars since the late Forties, and a fourth is a distinct possibility.

The specialized combat and support equipment required in these situations includes self-propelled weaponry, personnel carriers, ground-to-air and short-range missiles, crowd-control weapons, and communications equipment.

Especially valuable will be multipurpose equipment that can serve civilian as well as military needs, such as helicopters that can function as gunships and troop carriers during periods of fighting and as commercial transport during peacetime.

Manufacturers in California and Connecticut, among other states, could market most effectively where technology is the major determinant. However, where price is the key factor, there will be stiff competition from a number of countries, including Brazil, China, and Korea.

Join Philips Classics in a once-in-a-lifetime recording event.

Mozart

A BICENTENNIAL CELEBRATION

The myth, mystery and magic of Mozart are but pale shadows of the drama that was the man. When Mozart died, at 35, he left behind a monumental legacy. As the child genius of a family of geniuses he became the toast of Europe, "the little wizard" as he was dubbed in Vienna. His exploits would become the stuff of legends. But when he died, he died a pauper and was laid to rest in an unmarked grave.

A MONUMENTAL RECORDING PROJECT.

In 1991 the world commemorates the death, 200 years ago, of Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart. As we prepare to honor his greatness, Philips Classics will celebrate him with THE COMPLETE MOZART EDITION. Starting in October 1990, the COMPLETE MOZART EDITION will assemble all the works Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart composed, collected together for the first time in any recorded medium and issued on CD in specially designed packaging. This is a series unlike any other, monumental in scope and comprising all known authentic, original and complete works plus as many fragments or movements as could possibly be performed. THE COMPLETE MOZART EDITION will contain full-digital recordings, many of which will appear on CD for the first time. And many newly recorded works, varying from a complete opera to a 17 second *Andante,* including some music never heard before. This is the most monumental recording project ever attempted. THE COMPLETE MOZART EDITION is a connoisseur's library of the best of Symphonies, Operas and Chamber Music.

EVERY NOTE HE EVER WROTE.

In October, we will send you the 12 CD set of **The 41 Symphonies** to audition in your home Free for 15 days. Performed by



The Academy of St. Martin-in-the-Fields under Sir Neville Marriner, you will receive "The Jupiter", "The Haffner", in fact, all the glorious symphonic works Mozart wrote (1-41). Each month thereafter, and continuing as long as you maintain your series subscription, we will ship additional volumes, each for your Free 15 day audition. You may cancel your subscription at any time.

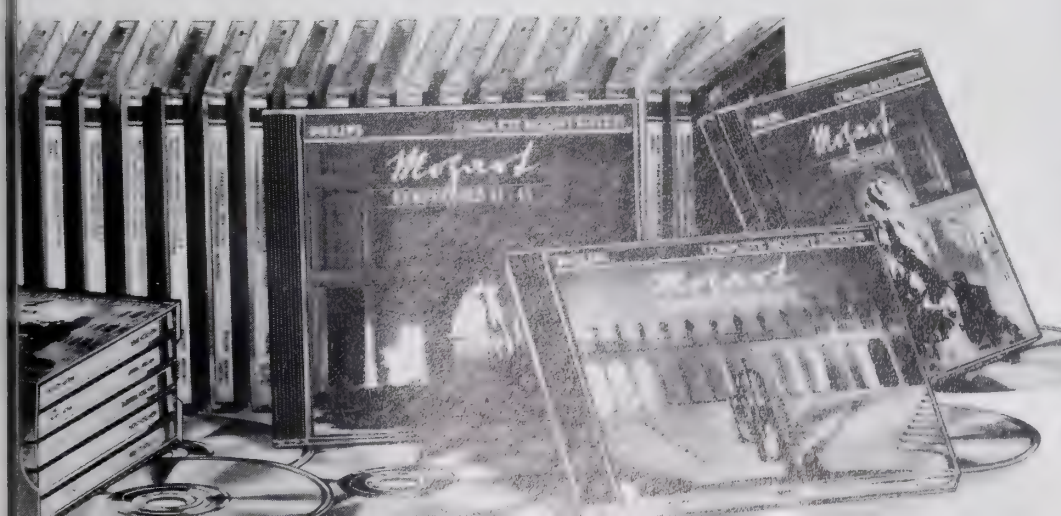
As your series subscription continues (monthly through December '91), future releases will include the **Serenades & Divertimenti**, including the famous "Eine kleine Nachtmusik"; the **Dances**, the **Piano Concertos**—27 glorious works, including the early Concertos after J.C. Bach; **Music for Violin & Orchestra**, including the Concerto for Piano & Violin; the **Wind Concertos**; the **Chamber Music**, including 10 unfinished fragments; the **Piano Music** plus Mozart's very first composition written when he was five; the **Masses & Sacred Works**; the **Organ Sonatas**; the **Oratorios**; **Concert Arias & Vocal Music**; **Theatre & Ballet Music**; the **Operas**; **Diversa & Rarities**.

MOZART'S LIFE'S WORK... A Lifetime of Listening Pleasure.

THE COMPLETE MOZART EDITION comprises 180 CDs of some of the most glorious music ever written. There will be many Mozart sets issued during the Bicentennial year, but this is the *only* COMPLETE MOZART EDITION—and best of all, you will receive these volumes immediately upon release, culminating with the final volumes in December 1991. THE COMPLETE MOZART EDITION features the finest artists of our time: The Academy of St. Martin-in-the-Fields, Sir Neville Marriner, Alfred Brendel, Mitsuko Uchida, The Beaux Arts Trio, Kiri te Kanawa, Jessye Norman, Sir Colin Davis and many more. This is the Complete Mozart Edition, in 44 volumes, sent to you in 15 monthly releases from October 1990 to December 1991. Each release includes between ten and fifteen CDs at the special price of $7.95 per disc delivered to your home.

THE MOZART GAZETTE Your Bonus Guide to the Bicentennial.

In addition, you will also receive the quarterly MOZART GAZETTE, your official guide to the Mozart anniversary celebration featuring forthcoming releases in the series, news of the artists and orchestras and an international preview of events in the Mozart Bicentennial Celebration. THE MOZART GAZETTE is yours, Free, as long as you remain a subscriber to THE COMPLETE MOZART EDITION.



RSVP

Reserve your subscription to THE COMPLETE MOZART EDITION at the special price of $7.95 per disc plus tax (we pay shipping). Write to:

THE COMPLETE MOZART EDITION
c/o The International Preview Society
P.O. Box 91179, Dept. 43
Indianapolis, IN 46291-0179

Charge your subscription to your American Express and Optima, VISA, MasterCard, Diners Club or Discover Card. Your card will be charged monthly for each shipment.

For Fastest Service, have your credit card ready and use our toll-free number:

1-800-W-AMADEUS
(1-800-926-2338)

©1990 BMG Direct Marketing, Inc.

[Declaration]

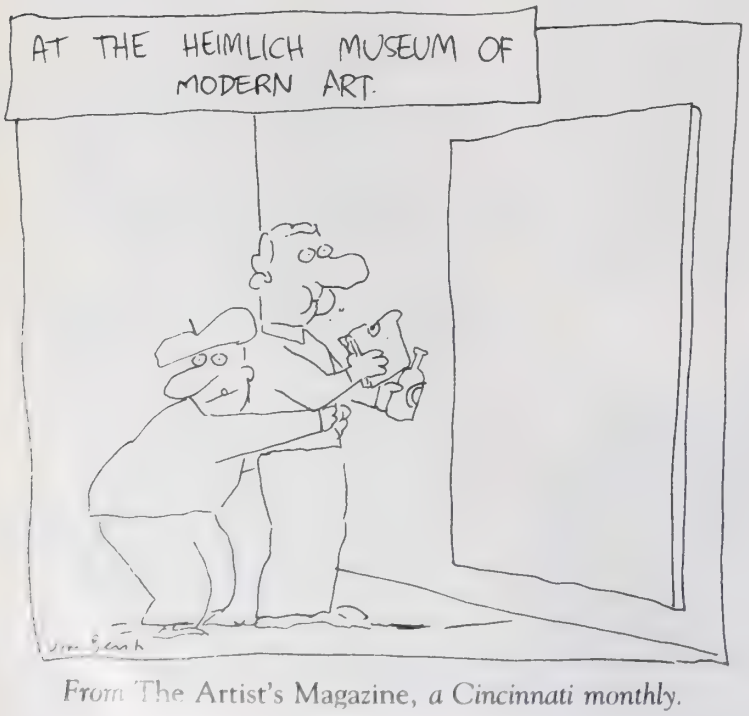
A VERY RAINBOW COALITION

From The Rainbow Declaration, a proposed treaty governing relations among the universe's life forms, presented by John E. Brandenburg at the annual symposium of the Mutual UFO Network, a group devoted to the investigation of unidentified flying objects, in July. Eight hundred people participated in the conference, which was held in Pensacola, Florida. Brandenburg is a theoretical plasma physicist who lives in Alexandria, Virginia.

We, the people of Earth, do make this solemn Rainbow Declaration. We acknowledge our common childhood before the Creator, God, and Judge of all the Cosmos, both visible and invisible. We recognize the planet Earth as our Planet of Genesis, our home, and our hereditary treasure. We pledge to keep and preserve the Earth for all humanity for all generations. We call upon all human beings to treat one another with kindness, justice, and peace and to work together to ease the effects of hunger, disease, and overpopulation. Let there be no more killing of the whales, great and small, and let humanity seek to preserve the whole family of living things on the Earth.

ARTICLE ONE

In true Unity there is strength and general benefit; therefore, on all matters concerning extraterrestrial peoples we shall be as One. We recognize the office of the secretary-general of the United Nations, acting with the advice and consent of the Security Council, as the sole representative of humanity in all dealings with extraterrestrials. All relations and agreements will be open and public, and all agreements must be ratified by the Security Council.



From The Artist's Magazine, *a Cincinnati monthly.*

ARTICLE TWO

To our fellow peoples in the community of the Cosmos, we extend greetings; we recognize you as fellow children of the Creator of the Cosmos. Please give careful consideration to our declaration, that it might serve as a basis for good relations.

Section One

We hold these truths to be self-evident, that all peoples are created equal and are endowed by the Creator with certain inalienable rights.

Section Two

The right of Possession of their homeworld, their Planet of Genesis. No one shall take any portion of their world from them.

Section Three

The right of Sanctity of the Planet of Genesis from alien intrusion or interference. No alien visitation shall occur until a planet's people realize their Unity and achieve space travel of their own. No alien spacecraft shall make close approach, or assume close orbit, or make any landing except openly and by consent of global authority.

Section Four

The right of Possession of Genetic Code. No alien shall take a people's genetic code for any use, except under reciprocal scientific exchange, negotiated openly by global authority.

Section Five

The right to permanent occupation of all bodies orbiting a people's sun and permanent authority over the space containing these bodies. No alien bases may be established permanently on bodies or stations in their solar system, except when a temporary lease is negotiated.

Section Six

The right of Freedom of Peaceful Navigation of Space shall be enjoyed by all peoples except when it conflicts with the Sanctity of a Planet of Genesis.

Section Seven

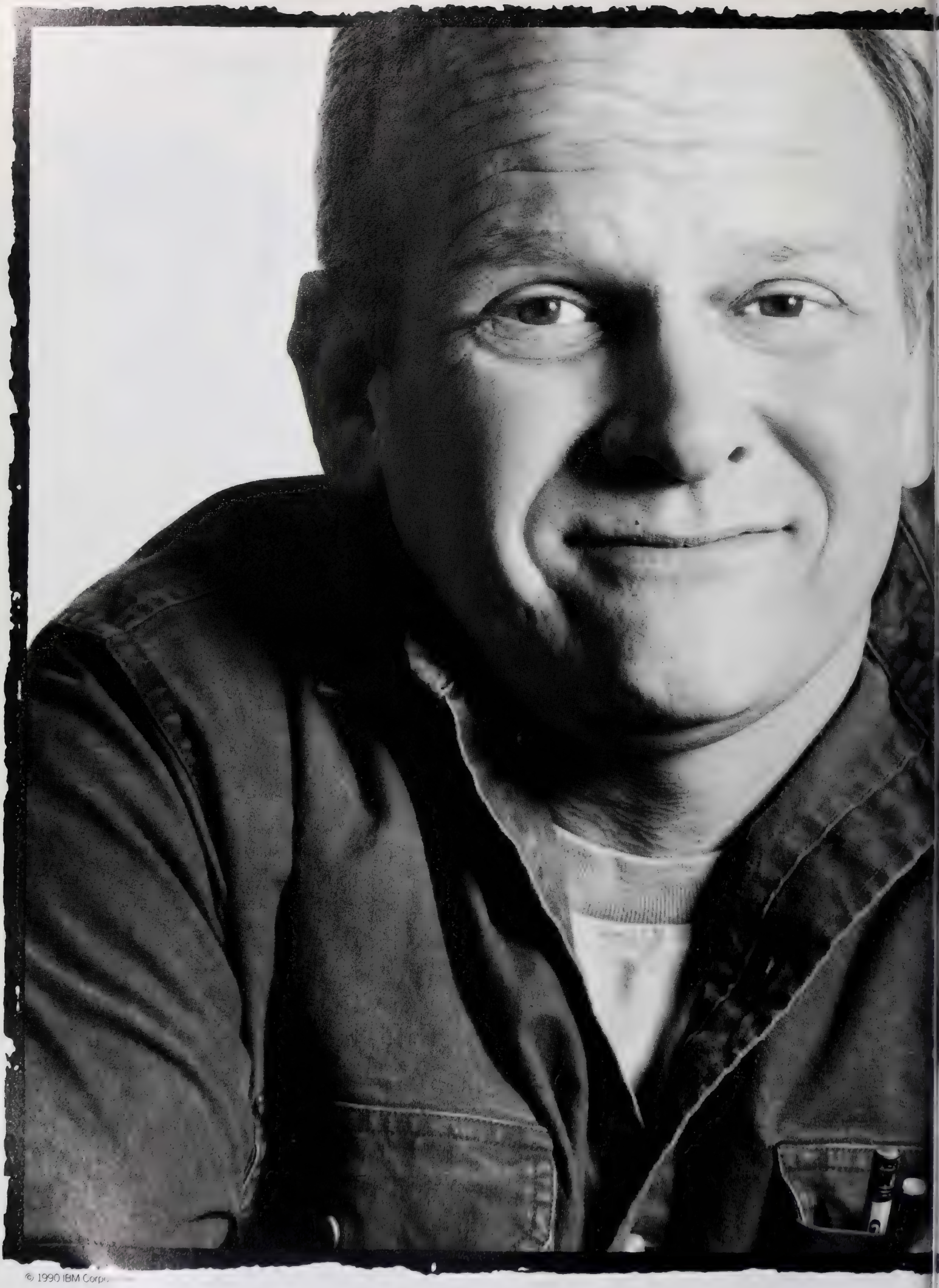
The right of people to assert and defend the aforementioned rights and the right to give and receive aid consistent with these rights, when these rights shall be endangered. In case of dispute, the burden of proof-of-innocence shall fall on those who are alien, for it is the burden of

What if Rembrandt had run out of funds?



We could be missing out on a masterpiece. Support the arts.

Bell Atlantic
We're More Than Just Talk.



© 1990 IBM Corp.

"The idea of computers in the factory used to scare the daylights out of me. Now I run one."



"I figured I'd get burned either way—computers show up and I get fired, or computers don't show up and the plant closes down.

"But what happened is, they retooled the plant and while that was going on they sent me to school, to an IBM-sponsored course at the community college.

"Here are two things I learned. I learned a new job that's better than my old one. And I learned that our plant won't be boarded up any time soon."

Yes, you can teach old factories new tricks, and CIM (Computer Integrated Manufacturing) is one of them. CIM coordinates the manufacturing process, from design to distribution, as a single system. Needless to say, it can make our economy more competitive.

And yes, we'll have to teach people some new tricks, too. That's why IBM sponsors CIM education for students and workers at over 70 colleges and universities across America.

To learn more about CIM and IBM's commitment to CIM education, write to us at IBM, P.O. Box 3974, Dept. 972, Peoria, IL 61614.

IBM

the strong and advanced to help preserve the rights of the weak and less advanced.

FINAL ARTICLE

We pledge to uphold these rights and principles in all relations with all peoples we shall encounter, whether we are the aliens or they are the aliens. We declare that all peoples should seek to treat all other peoples as they themselves would desire to be treated, and that all peoples of the Cosmos should seek peaceful and mutually beneficial relations with one another. We declare that it is our deepest desire that humanity might take its place as an honored and valuable member of the community of peoples of the Cosmos.

[Manifesto]

OVERDO THE RIGHT THING?

From "The Time for Access Is Now!" by Sara Karon and Catherine Odette, published in the Summer 1989 issue of Dykes, Disability & Stuff, *a Boston newsletter. According to an introduction, this is a draft proposal; the authors seek "everyone's input to develop a final version for nationwide distribution."*

For a long time, wheelchair access and sign-language interpretation have been understood to be forms of access that should exist at all lesbian, gay, feminist, and lefty events. Even so, these are often implemented only when convenient for the event planners. It's time to stop accepting inaccessible space quietly. It's time to demand full access to all concerts, conferences, festivals, dances, and meetings.

To be done immediately:

☐ All community members and event planners must immediately make a real commitment to accessibility. This commitment must include good-faith efforts to eliminate ableist language and images from our poems, prose, songs, dances, artwork, and hearts.

☐ All announcements made at conferences that are not printed in advance must be read out loud at least once. Often notices are posted with the expectation that interested people will read them. This denies access to this information to women who are blind, have low vision, are dyslexic, are illiterate, or do not read the particular language being used.

☐ Commitments must be made to develop access for women with environmental illnesses. Events should be advertised as scent-free, with "sniffers" posted at entrances to ensure that anyone wearing scents should be turned away.

☐ All publications must be available in one form other than regular print. Options include Braille, cassette recordings, and large print. Since not all women with visual impairments can use the same form of access, all printed matter should be available in all three alternative forms within three years.

To be achieved within one year:

☐ Air purifiers should be placed throughout event spaces, and should be set up and running before the event begins.

☐ Accessible seating should be provided for women of all sizes. Large-sized women should not have to choose between not attending an event or being bruised by the seating. Couches and armless chairs with wide seats (none of those small round numbers, please!) are acceptable alternatives.

☐ Rest breaks and meal breaks should be scheduled at all conferences. The temptation is strong to plan to work straight through the day without stopping. The result, however, is that women who must take breaks are excluded from full participation.

☐ Food and drink should be available at all times. This should include sugar-free drinks for women who are diabetic or otherwise sugar-intolerant. Signs can be posted indicating that the presence of sugar-free drinks is not an endorsement of the diet industry but is a form of accessibility.

[Library Catalogue]

BLAME IT ON BRAUTIGAN

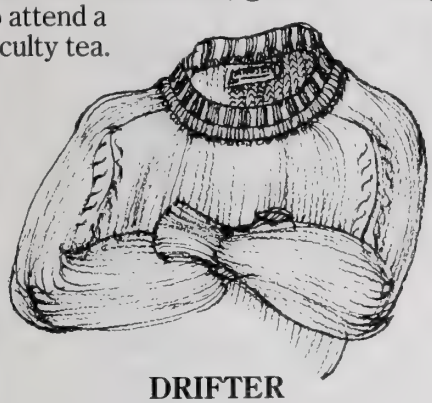
From the catalogue for The Brautigan Library of unpublished works in Burlington, Vermont. The Burlington library is modeled after the library in Richard Brautigan's novel The Abortion: An Historical Romance 1966, *which "came into being because of an overwhelming need and desire for such a place." The library, which describes itself as a home for "folk literature," charges a twenty-five-dollar fee for binding and cataloguing any manuscript; seventy volumes have been catalogued since the library opened last April.*

The 4-H Club
Rita Gordon
Social / Political / Cultural
This novel, set in modern America, tells of several individuals' struggles to lose fat in a bizarre and intrigue-filled fat farm full of unusual char-

The "Better Cotton Sweaters" from Lands' End share a common parentage, but pursue separate careers.

They're brothers (and sisters!) under the fibre, these sweaters, since they share the cooler, lighter warmth of cotton—sweaterdom's most recent active ingredient.

Yet the debonair features of our fully-fashioned Drifter will never be confused with the hefty musculature of our industrious Shaker. Nor would our Fatigue, with its signature wooden buttons at the throat, go out of its way to attend a faculty tea.



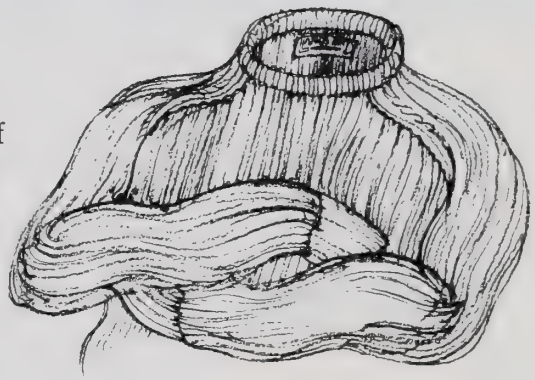
DRIFTER

Which is as it should be, we think.

At Lands' End we like to combine a wide range of choice within narrowly specific categories. In this case, a category that has cotton written all over it—with all its positive characteristics. Yet with variety in the way it makes its presence felt.

What makes the Drifter is the costlier, time-consuming way in which we fully-fashion it—linking its separate knitted pieces together with yarn, rather than sewing the pieces together like a shirt. We—and you—get a softer feel, with no rigid bulky seams. For men and for women, just $34. And we offer it in a vest as well.

The Shaker, on the other hand, is a heavyweight sweater, but so cleverly knitted together you don't feel the weight. Secret: the "half-cardigan" stitch invented by the traditional Shaker ladies for whom the sweater is named. Just $49.50.

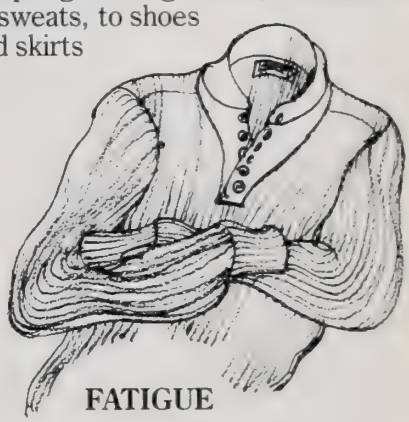


SHAKER

And finally, the Fatigue has a service record.

The Fatigue, with its thick-ribbed collar up against morning chill, had its origins in WWII, where it made soldiers' lives more comfortable. Our modern civilian version has rack-stitching at waist and shoulders to withstand the chafe of packstraps. (You do take hikes, don't you?) A great, plebeian value at $40.00.

The Drifter, the Shaker, the Fatigue—so individual they could almost sign autographs. Yet all 100% combed cotton, beautifully fashioned, and yours in more bright and tempting colors than you will ever need. If you're not already one of our catalog buffs, dial our toll-free number (1-800-356-4444) and we'll send you one. So you can check our full sweater collection—not to forget more than 100 pages of other tempting clothing values, from shirts, to sweats, to shoes and skirts



FATIGUE

and line after line of Lands' End soft luggage to take 'em with you in.

And mind you, everything you see and hopefully order from us is GUARANTEED. PERIOD.® And we don't say it in capital letters without good reason. Let's hear from you—not just so we can sell you something. But so we can make your acquaintance and start to earn a relationship with you. We want you to enjoy the Lands' End experience as millions already do. What's to lose?

LANDS' END DIRECT MERCHANTS

©1990, Lands' End, Inc.

Please send free catalog.
Lands' End Dept. XX-37
Dodgeville, WI 53595

Name _____

Address _____

City _____

State _____ Zip _____

☐ Please send information about your new international service.

Write or call toll-free:

1-800-356-4444

acters of many nationalities. The psychodynamics of human behavior during weight loss has a serious side and a humorous side. This story also has a third (underlying) side—American economics.

"Allan—You May Use Your Ballpoint Now!"
Allan Nicholls
Social / Political / Cultural
In grade IV in Montreal on Fridays we had "spelling." We used long fountain pens, which we had to dip in our inkwells and use to "write and spell properly." We were marked on neatness, correctness of spelling, and penmanship. For some reason, the horror of this event manifested itself in an incredible, unstoppable shaking of my hand. The introduction of the ballpoint pen two years later freed me totally of the "shakes," and I dedicate this collection to that freedom.

Escort
Alicia Locarno
Social / Political / Cultural
This is the story of an ambiguous, greedy girl who works for an escort service (that is, she's a highly paid hooker) and has a doomed relationship with a man who sincerely loves her, and who comes to a bad end, this being the case with such a dangerous occupation.

The Past, the Present and the Future: A Time Study of the Planet Earth
R. J. Heale
Natural World
This book is an attempt to transcend Time—to look at our planet objectively from a distant point of view. I have done this by projecting my mind into outer space to look at our planet from a different perspective and observe what is actually happening on its surface. My particular emphasis is on the overall physical and biological process of birth—the creation of living entities—and the meaning and significance of life on this planet. I am answering the question, What would I see happening to life on Earth if I were an astronaut permanently stationed in outer space observing the changes taking place on Earth while circling this planet forever?

The Long-Range Effect of a Birth
Albert E. Helzner
Natural World
The greatest achievement in life is to give birth. It is why you are alive. In this book of essays, I show how the process of birth—the creation of life—takes place and its long-range effect not only on this planet but also on the whole universe.

Just Routine
Stephen Musselman
Family
George Paxton, beloved father of three, former Big Leaguer, and now a somewhat frustrated New York City stockbroker, disappears in a blizzard en route to his home during his daily commute. What follows is a rare glimpse into the bittersweet symphony of youth as played through the soul-piercing eyes of one fascinating young girl: Paxton's daughter, Gretchen, who dutifully records the search for him in combination with reminiscences of their times shared, the lessons he's taught her, and events as they unfold day to day.

[Poem]

SHORT HISTORY OF THE BOURGEOISIE

By Hans Magnus Enzensberger. From the June 15–21 issue of The Times Literary Supplement, *published in London. Enzensberger is a poet and essayist who lives in Munich. Translated from the German by Alasdair King.*

This was the moment when, for five minutes,
without noticing it,
we were immeasurably rich, generous
and electric, cooled in July,
or if it were November,
wood flown in from Finland glowed
in our Renaissance fireplaces. Funny,
everything was there, was flying in,
in a way, by itself. How elegant
we were, no one could bear us.
We threw our money about on solo concerts,
chips, orchids in cellophane. Clouds
wrote our names. Exquisite.

Scheduled flights in all directions. Even our
sighs
were on credit. Like fishwives
we scolded each other. Everyone
had his own misfortune under his seat,
close at hand. That was a shame, really.
It was so practical. Water
flowed from the taps like nothing on earth.
Do you remember? Overcome
by our tiny emotions,
we ate little. If we had only known
that it would all be over
in five minutes, the beef Wellington
would have tasted quite, quite different.





From Testing: Behind the Scenes at Consumer Reports, 1936–1986, *an exhibition of product-testing photographs held at the New York State Museum in Albany this summer. The photograph at left documents a test of twenty-two electric toasters performed by the Consumers Union in 1956; at right, in 1953, a subject is prepared for a test to measure the relative strength of various sunscreens.*

Responses
Peg Thornton
Family
This is the story of two sisters-in-law who have opposite attitudes toward life. The setting is in Vermont. All members of their families are affected by the attitudes of these two women, especially themselves.

Autobiography About a Nobody
Etherly Murray
Humor
Biographies of interesting celebrities are always in demand, but when was the last time you read the biography of an interesting nobody? Come laugh with me. With homey humor you will meet some interesting characters along the way, especially Uncle Elwood, the early energy-saver. Growing up during the Depression wasn't so bad—we ate a lot of onion sandwiches.

Camp Terror
Dennis Manuel
All the Rest
Tina, a black camp counselor, teaches Judy, a young Jewish counselor, to dance "funky," and in return Judy teaches her to swim. Judy helps Tina keep her job despite the racial antipathy in the camp. When the camp is terrorized by thugs, Tina tries to save herself and Judy.

[Ciné-poem]

MTASIPOL

By Benjamin Fondane. From a special issue of Pequod *on literature and the visual arts. Fondane, who was born in Romania in 1898, moved to Paris in 1923, at the height of the Surrealist movement. Soon after, he published a volume of "Ciné-poems" —poems in the form of scripts for imaginary silent movies; each numbered line describes one camera shot. Fondane died in the Birkenau concentration camp in 1944. Translated from the French by Leonard Schwartz. The* Pequod *special issue will be published as a book, edited by Mark Rudman, and distributed by Consortium in St. Paul.*

1. A couple dancing in front of a chair (in a dance hall)
2. establishing shot: a black man playing a jazz instrument
3. the face of the black man winking
4. the young man holding the hand of his dance partner
5. she passes him something with the other
6. fist clenched he hurriedly retreats
7. her glance follows his
8. behind a door he opens his hand: a business card
9. close-up of a card: Mr. Ixe—doctor—



"Wave Lave Lace," by John Pfahl. From A Distanced Land, *a book of his photographs that the University of New Mexico Press will publish in November. Pfahl used two yards of lace in making this photograph; it was taken from a cliff 800 feet above Pescardero Beach, in California. Pfahl lives in Buffalo, New York.*

maladies without cause
10. an anxious pair of hands turn over the card
11. in one shot:
he advances from the background toward his partner
seated on her chair the full moon over her shoulder
and demands an explanation; she does not respond
12. he fires a revolver shot into the air
to get her attention
13. she falls to the ground apparently wounded
14. leaning over he violently embraces her
15. the head of the black man in the orchestra pit
16. signaling the young man to keep quiet
17. furious the young man questions him about
his suddenly vanished dancing partner
to which the black man responds by hitting him
with an uppercut
18. which drops him
19. his foot on the loser's chest he counts up to ten
at ten takes out a kitchen knife
and laughing in a way that shows all his teeth
20. begins to bring the knife down—slow motion—
over the young man's chest
21. close-up of his anguish
22. suddenly it occurs to him to make use
of a woman's shoe lying right next to his hand
23. his hand with the shoe raised in the air
23b. his hand raised in the air clutching an alarm clock
24. the young man leaps out of bed
laughs at the stupidity of his dream
25. walking away from the bed
he takes a look in the mirror
26. notices that one of his arms
is twice as long as the other
27. measuring his steps he strides back and forth
across his bedroom trembling with fear
28. runs down a staircase
29. in the street stops before a doctor's sign:
mechanically fishes in his pocket
finds there—of course—the business card
30. close-up of the doctor's sign: the same text

as seen before on the business card
31. seated in an armchair
elbow leaning on a small round table
he looks at
32. the other sick people in the waiting room
(tracking shot)
33. alas! theirs are nothing but natural disorders:
(several close-ups)—a red eye
34. a boil
35. a cancerous tissue
36. a woman next to him drops her book
37. they all bend to pick it up
38. with his long arm he picks it up
without budging from his chair
39. tracking shot: the faces of the patients filling with fright
40. in one shot: they run away one after the other
41. inside the doctor's office he explains his problem
the doctor takes a look under his cape
42. and discovers: the arms are now equal in length
43. instead the doctor grabs his right hand—it turns out to be detachable
44. examines it under the microscope
45. close-up of the right hand—it has seven fingers
46. the doctor puts it in a flask
47. the young man departs without it
48. a hand writes out this prescription:
danger of death
49. at the office in which he works
the young man is writing with his left hand . . .
58. a client enters
59. she asks an employee for information and is sent to
60. the young man (repeat of shot 49)
61. he takes her papers as she looks on indifferently
62. he leafs through the papers distractedly
63. but already he's covering her mouth with his
64. on a bank a statue of a satyr
65. who throws him an encouraging glance
(63 through 65 in very quick montage)
66. smiling he hands her back her papers
66b. a red rose appears in her buttonhole
67. gallantly he offers her a bottle of ink
68. the woman gets nice
69. very nice
70. very very nice
71. then slaps him in the face
72. she goes down the stairs
73. he goes down the stairs
74. she walks in the street
75. he walks in the street
76. she crosses at the corner
77. but a woman behind her
78. turns the corner
79. the young man follows her instead
80. the woman's skirt rushing before him
81. the transparent flesh of a jellyfish
dancing on the sidewalk

[Story]

JUNO OF THE VEII

By Guy Davenport. From The Drummer of the Eleventh North Devonshire Fusiliers, *a collection of stories to be published by North Point Press next month. "Juno of the Veii" is based on Plutarch's "Life of Camillus," the story of the Roman general who captured the city of Veii in 396* B.C. *Davenport teaches at the University of Kentucky and is the author of twenty-six books, including* The Geography of the Imagination.

Terra-cotta she was, and her hands were on her breasts, offering milk. Her big kindly eyes were painted white, with blue pupils. Long braided hair gilded, robe polychrome, Tuscan yellow stripes alternating with Sicilian green, silver sandals on her feet. Her expression was the way your mother looked at you in fun, playing that trick of love to cajole you into doing something you'd rather not.

She was the Juno of the Veii, and she was to be taken from her countrified temple to Rome.

Camillus had asked for pure youths to carry



From Do Not Disturb Any Further, *a book of cartoons by John Callahan, published by Morrow.*

her on a litter, and the adjutant without a blink about-faced, looking wildly for a warrant officer. You rise in the ranks by obeying Camillus while the command is in the air between his beard and your ears.

—Clean, the adjutant said, scrubbed.

—Young, the sergeant said, means that they won't have had time to sin with any volume. Say recruits who aren't up to their eyes in debt, fresh of face, preferably with their milk teeth, calf's eyes, good stock, and washen hair.

—Take them to the flamen, the adjutant said, who'll get them into white tunics and clarify their minds for going into the *fanum* to bring the figure out, proper.

The first charge had been at dawn, and horrible. No trumpets.

—Use their roosters, the corporal said.

No guidons, no battle lines. Go in like creeping rats.

—Six *gregarii,* the sergeant said. We'll choose the best four. Wash them within an inch of their lives, dress their hair as if for a wedding.

We were all in a muck sweat from the siege. Some of us had burrowed under the wall, many of us were bloody, several had broken arms. The Falsicans had put up a fight, but with Camillus that has never got anybody anywhere.

The surrender was before noon.

You are now Romans, Camillus said. Your enemies are our enemies.

There was fear in every face, and confusion. We tried to cheer them up with a parade around the walls.

Sistrum sistrum timpani horn.

And then Camillus had gone into their temple, being very religious, very correct. Meanwhile, we had the local wives filling tubs of water in the square. The sergeant kept lining up handsome privates with the straightest noses he could find, the broadest shoulders, trimmest waists, most soldierly legs. The priest was at them asking if they were virgins, if they were pious, what household gods they were devoted to, if they were distinguished enough to have participated in the cleansing of the trumpets on the Field of Mars, if they'd ever hunted without propitiating Diana afterward, if there was any incest, blasphemy, or habitual bad luck among them, and so on.

Though none admitted to virginity, the priest was not born yesterday and came up with six tall striplings who washed in the tubs in the street, surrounded by a ring of staring children, pigs, and dogs. There were comments from the locals, which we understood by tone of voice alone. The priest went from tub to tub, casting spells on the water. The quartermaster brought a jug of oil and a jar of talcum.

—Do goats count?

—You mean sisters, don't you?

—What about with the sergeant?

—Boys, boys, the priest said. You are going to bear a *sacrum.* Suppress these scandalous, worldly *ioca,* out of reverence for Juno. Behind your ears, between your toes, under your foreskins. Scrub on those rusty knees.

We could see that the sergeant wanted to say, *They have been in a battle, Your Grace,* but was restraining himself with his hands behind his back, keeping his dignity.

They dried with towels, oiled themselves, with jests saltier than in the tubs, strigiled down while being blessed by the priest, and repeated, with one degree of accuracy or another, a strange old prayer.

Camillus himself held inspection.

—Name, soldier?

—Lucius, sir.

—Are there impurities of mind or deed which would render you unclean for transporting the Mater of the Veii?

—No, sir.

—You realize the seriousness of your duty?

—Yes, sir.

—Name, soldier?

—Marcus, sir.

Same question, same answer, down the line. Burrus, the red down on whose cheeks made him look like a fox, and Caius, with rusty knees, were nominated supernumeraries.

Two rows of drummers lined the path to the temple, keeping back profane noises and such spirits of the air and the dead as might botch our enterprise.

Camillus, his way strewn with barley, went into the temple first.

No thunder sounded, only the tumbling warning of the drums.

The detail came behind him, looking more like altar boys than soldiers.

We heard later that he spoke in the old Latin, identifying himself as a child by adoption and favor of Mater Matuta, guardian of farmers and soldiers at dawn.

—I come worshipfully to beg your permission to take you to Rome, where you will have a house of honor among our great gods. I have clean young men of pure morals to carry you on their shoulders.

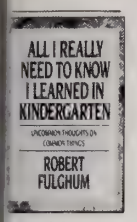
It was Marcus who was surest what then happened.

Roman generals do not bend for god or man. So Camillus stood at attention until she gave her sign.

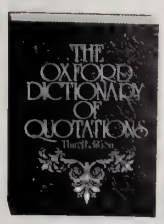
Some of the detail said that the statue nodded and spoke in darkest Etruscan, full of whistles and clicks, and this is what Camillus reported to the conscript fathers.

But Marcus said that she smiled. ■

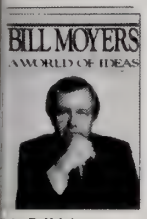
QPB. The book club for people who can't resist a great offer.



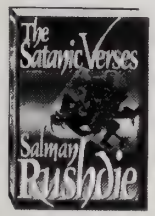
3. Fulghum's ...emise is that we ...rned the impor... ...nt lessons by age 5: ...lay fair; Flush...."
Hardcover: $15.95
QPB: $7.95



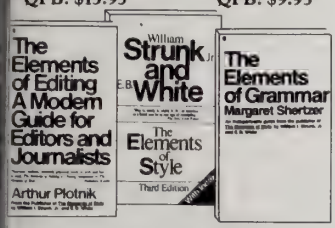
*482. This latest edition of the famous dictionary has 40,000 memorable quotations.
Hardcover: $45
QPB: $18.95



32. Bill Moyers ...nterviews promi... ...ent thinkers about ...erything from ...orality to science.
Hardcover: $29.95
QPB: $15.95



*406. "A roller-coaster ride over a vast landscape of the imagination" —London *Guardian*.
Hardcover: $19.95
QPB: $9.95



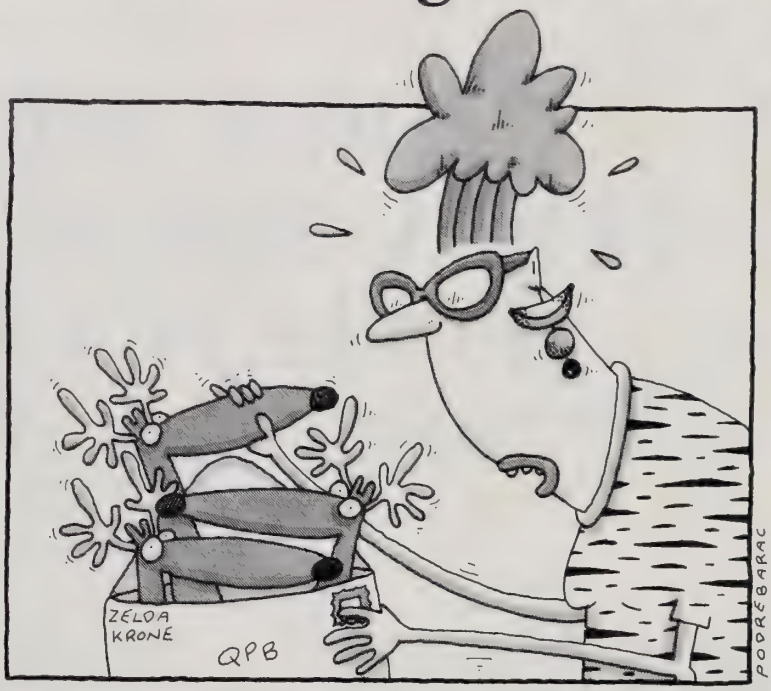
109. *The Elements of Style* discusses what good writing is; *The Elements of Grammar* gives the rules to follow; *The Elements of Editing* describes what's said best—and what's best left unsaid.
(3-volume set)
QPB: $10.95



*117. Over 1600 prob...em-solving drawings ...ith explanations on ...very aspect of home ...epair.
Hardcover: $24.95
QPB: $12.95



211. Take a trip down Larson's memory lane with over 300 color and black-and-white cartoons.
QPB: $10.95

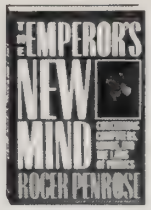


Choosing three books was easy, but getting the three bucks into the envelope proved to be beyond Zelda Krone's capabilities.

3 books, 3 bucks. No commitment. No kidding.

Actually, with QPB you don't have to send the bucks up front. Simply choose any three books from this page; we'll bill you later for $3, plus shipping and handling.

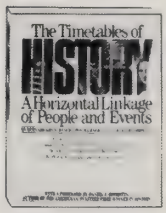
As a member you'll receive the *QPB Review* every 3½ weeks (15 times a year). It will keep you up to date with the latest books, a refreshingly unusual selection of softcovers—priced at up to 60% less than their hardcover counterparts. And for every book you buy, after this special offer, you'll earn Bonus Points. These can be traded in for free books—you pay just shipping and handling. And of course, with QPB, you're under no obligation to buy any more books. So why wait? Just choose your three books now—and send the bucks later.



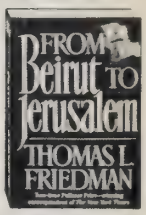
*469. This brilliant best seller explores the question: Can computers think?
Hardcover: $24.95
QPB: $12.95



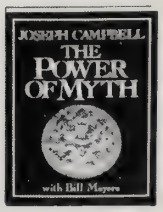
*417. The ultimate one-volume collection of the world's most sought-after information.
Hardcover: $29.95
QPB: $14.95



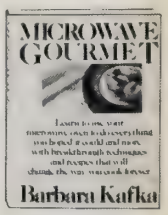
267. The story of civilization in a unique chart format.
Hardcover: $29.95
QPB: $15.95



*315. The National Book Award winner brings to life the Middle Eastern world.
Hardcover: $22.95
QPB: $10.95



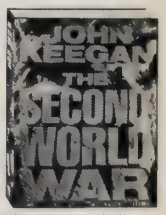
423. A scholar on mythology tells how myths have shaped our lives.
Hardcover: $27.50
QPB: $15.95



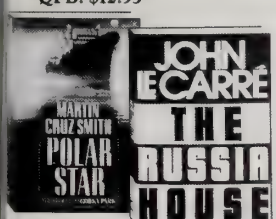
*330. An award-winning food writer offers more than 600 recipes for your microwave oven.
Hardcover: $19.95
QPB: $9.95



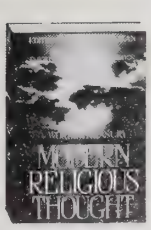
321. Stephen Hawking offers a convincing big picture of the origins of the cosmos.
Hardcover: $18.95
QPB: $8.95



*101. A masterly historical appraisal of the most significant events and battles of WW II.
Hardcover: $29.95
QPB: $12.95



158. Taut suspense set in Russia, from two masters of the spy thriller.
(2-volume set)
Hardcovers: $39.90
QPB: $15.95



*128. A fascinating collection of modern religious, contemplative and inspirational writing.
Hardcover: $29.95
QPB: $14.95



457. A rich collection of North American Indian folklore.
Hardcover: $19.95
QPB: $10.95

*QPB Exclusive: The only softcover version now available.

How QPB Membership Works.

Selection. Each *Review* lists a new Selection. If you want it, do nothing—it will be shipped automatically. If you want another book or no book at all, complete the Reply Form always enclosed and return it by the specified date. (A shipping and handling charge is added to each shipment.)

Return Privilege: If the *QPB Review* is delayed and you receive the Selection without having had 10 days to notify us, you may return it for credit.

Cancellations: You may cancel membership at any time by notifying QPB. We may cancel your membership if you elect not to buy at least one book in any six-month period.

OK. Send me my 3 books for $3. No commitment. No kidding.

Quality Paperback Book Club,® P.O. Box 8804, Camp Hill, PA 17011-8804

Please enroll me in QPB and send me the 3 choices I've listed below, billing me only $1 each, plus shipping and handling charges. I understand that I am not required to buy another book. You will send me the *QPB Review* (if my account is in good standing) for at least six months. If I have not bought at least one book in any six-month period, you may cancel my membership.

0-16

Indicate by number your 3 choices

Name *(Please print clearly)* QB067-9-0

Address Apt.

City State Zip

QPB® **Quality Paperback Book Club**

Prices are generally higher in Canada. © 1990 Quality Paperback Book Club. All orders subject to approval.

CHRONICLE OF A DEBACLE FORETOLD

How deregulation begat the S&L scandal

By L. J. Davis

Ever since the first Florentine loaned his first ducat to his first Medici, it has been one of the most shopworn clichés of the financial industry that the best way to rob a bank is to own one. This maxim, like all maxims, is rooted in a basic truth about human nature: To wit, if criminals are given easy access to large sums of money, they will steal, and under such tempting circumstances even honest men may be corrupted. To forget this is to invite madness and ruin. In our time, such madness and ruin has visited in the form of the savings and loan scandal.

Perhaps a thorough understanding of the scandal—and, in particular, an understanding of the fact that the scandal will cost American taxpayers an estimated $500 billion, though this latest figure is entirely untrustworthy and may well be higher—will aid our powers of recall should there be a next time, as the runs on banks that followed the stock market crash of 1929 no doubt quickened the concentration of Franklin Delano Roosevelt. Roosevelt, at least compared with the politicians of our moment, understood the nature of man, notably Banking Man. He had seen for himself the failure of more than 1,700 of the country's 12,000 or so S&Ls and had glimpsed as well the unwillingness of depositors to return their savings to the S&Ls—where they had lost millions—despite the 1932 signing into law by Herbert Hoover of the Federal Home Loan Bank Act, which for the first time brought the S&L industry under the watchful eye of federal examiners.

To bolster confidence in the system, Roosevelt eventually acquiesced in a plan, urged by populists in Congress, to have the federal government guarantee deposits of up to $5,000 placed in an S&L. The Federal Savings and Loan Insurance Corporation (FSLIC) would build its fund with modest premiums paid by member thrifts. But if, somehow, too many banks should fail, and the fund become exhausted, it would be the taxpayers who would pick up the bill, because the FSLIC was eventually backed by the full faith and credit of the federal government. Roosevelt therefore insisted on strict regulation and monitoring of any bank so insured.

"We do not wish to make the United States government liable for the mistakes and errors of individual banks," he declared, "and put a premium on unsound banking in the future." Less delicately put, Roosevelt didn't want the fiduciary classes to begin each business day with the wild sense of freedom and confidence that somehow seems to take hold when one is gambling with someone else's—in this case, the federal government's—money. After all, bankers loaning and investing money that they, in effect, *could not lose* were capable of... Well, what *weren't* they capable of?

In the 1980s, in the Washington of Ronald Reagan, such a phrase came to be uttered not with suspicion but rather with wonderment: *Why, with the government off his back, what couldn't a hardworking banker do?* In all too many ways, the S&L debacle is the story of what happened when Washington came to a wholly new and different understanding of Banking Man. Beginning in the late 1970s, there emerged the belief—hardened to a conviction during the Reagan years—that the banker

L. J. Davis is a contributing editor to Harper's Magazine. *His essay on the looming stock market crash, published in the May 1987 issue, won a National Magazine Award.*



might well be God's chief lieutenant on earth. Warren Buffett, the self-made Omaha billionaire, once put it to me this way, with ill-concealed disdain: Yes, he said, the new maxim in Washington was that "a banker is born good and gets better."

This was the understanding of Congress, which merrily undid regulation after regulation. This was also the understanding of Ronald Reagan's secretary of the treasury, Donald Regan, who seemed to regard the United States of America as a branch office of his old brokerage firm, Merrill Lynch Pierce Fenner & Smith. Our current President, like his predecessor, had once boldly subscribed to the new estimation of Banking Man. In Washington in the 1980s, anyone believing otherwise maintained a discreet silence or found himself talking to a wall.

The story of how this faith in bankers begat the S&L mess is neither brief nor happy—though there are numerous instances of comedy bordering on the lunatic. It is a mess for which we will be paying, however, for many years, in the form of higher interest rates on loans and higher taxes on income. And it may have as its sequel the total irrelevance of a bankrupt United States in the next phase of world history: Ask a German or a Japanese. Or ask one of the bank regulators who are just beginning to understand the most astounding financial scandal the nation has ever witnessed—not simply a debacle but a series of debacles that made a few people preposterously rich and will leave most of us significantly poorer.

Illustrations by Ronald Searle

In the late 1960s, through no fault of the thrift industry, e social compact between the S&Ls and their customers began to unravel

I. The Savings Debacle

The U.S. banking system is divided into two main parts: the commercial banks, with origins in the late Middle Ages, and the savings and loan institutions, patterned on a British model, that began to appear in America in 1831. Historically, the two had been very different. The commercial banks are given great flexibility in managing their money. They are permitted to take deposits from the general citizenry and to issue home mortgages, and many of them do; but their main business, both foreign and domestic, consists of large, relatively short-term loans to underwrite commercial and governmental activity, resulting in a high turnover in their so-called asset portfolios, where the loans are kept. (It should be noted that, where money is concerned, the thinking of bankers is a mirror image of the thinking of the average citizen. To a banker, a loan is an asset, because it usually—if everything works right—produces income in the form of interest payments; whereas a deposit is a liability, because it is the bank that owes the interest to the depositor.) The commercial banks, therefore, have been able to adjust over the years to changing circumstances—fluctuations in interest rates, deadbeat debtors, gyrations in the business cycle (provided they were not too extreme), and the banks' own abundant mistakes (such as all those billions in loans to Brazil)—with some rapidity, although they have not always done it well.

The nation's savings and loan companies and savings banks have had a somewhat different purpose, and also a different constituency. Called "thrifts" because they were deliberately designed to promote saving among the laboring classes and to finance the purchase of single-family homes and modest apartments for its depositors, the S&Ls, in the years following the Depression, became an ideal 3-6-3 business: Its executives paid out 3 percent interest to attract deposits, lent the deposits out at 6 percent, and headed for the golf course at 3 in the afternoon. Overseeing their activities since the days of the New Deal was the Federal Home Loan Bank Board, the FHLBB—or "flub," for short—which in recent times consists of a presidentially appointed chairman, usually from the president's party, and two board members, one Republican and one Democrat. In return for accepting this supervision, the thrifts, like the big, national, commercial banks in their separate system, received federal deposit insurance, which meant that a depositor who kept his or her account below a certain level—by the 1970s this level had risen to $40,000—would lose no money in the unlikely but not unprecedented event that the thrift failed, because the federal insurance system would automatically make the depositor whole. (By an historical quirk peculiar to the United States, there was also a state-chartered thrift system that operated under somewhat more liberal rules but, often, under the supervision of a superior regulatory force. These state-chartered thrifts were also eligible for federal insurance.)

As long as interest rates remained stable—and from 1934 until well into the 1960s interest rates remained remarkably stable—running a thrift (and supervising one) was an undemanding task, and the industry was literally as sound as the dollar: People would give up many things before they gave up their mortgaged homes, and loan defaults were few. Between the thrift executives and their depositors, therefore, a simple social compact existed: The depositors forked over their money, in return for a small profit, and the thrift executives gave it back, at a modest profit, in the form of much needed loans for homes. The return on the investment was slow—many mortgages ran for thirty years—but it was steady. And Americans, at an unprecedented rate, got to own what they lived in.

Thanks to the social compact, Americans saved and Americans bought homes and bankers puttered (and putted) along. But in the late 1960s, through no fault of the thrift industry, the social compact began to unravel.

First, Lyndon Johnson tried to fight a land war in Southeast Asia while simultaneously encouraging a civilian boom at home through the simple expedient of printing a great deal of money, thus creating a persistent, intractable inflation. Next, in a related step, both Johnson and Richard Nixon separated the currency from its firm anchor in the gold supply; long the world's most stable currency, the dollar began to flit about like a butterfly, its short-term value changing daily and its long-term value subject to wild fluctuations.

Not long after, in the mid-1970s, the Arabs and Iranians decided that the petroleum beneath their sands was worth a king's ransom and charged accordingly, an event that temporarily blasted the price of virtually everything else in the world into the stratosphere. Last, as confusion reigned and inflation rose into the double digits in 1979 and 1980, Paul Volcker's Federal Reserve decided to bring the situation under control by sharply restricting the money supply. This had the immediate effect of sending interest rates rocketing after prices. The easily predicted result, by the spring of 1980, was double-digit inflation accompanied by double-digit interest rates.

During a previous, but much milder, inflationary period in the 1960s, Congress—worried over the increasing cost of money, and thus of homes—had passed legislation stating that all federally chartered thrifts could pay an interest rate on deposits no more than one-quarter of 1 percent higher than the interest paid by the much more flexible commercial banks. The reasoning was that if the S&Ls didn't have to pay too much for deposits, they wouldn't have to charge much for loans—although, under this system, they would still be able to offer deposit rates just high enough to give them a slight edge on the commercial banks.

But by the late 1970s, the S&Ls were losing depositors by the thousands as customers abandoned the S&Ls, locked into paying 5.5 percent on deposits with inflation at 13 percent, in favor of uninsured money market accounts, newly available to the public from major Wall Street brokerage houses and mutual funds. (By 1982, there was more than $200 billion in these new accounts.) With their tangible net worth—the amount of actual money they had on hand—shrinking rapidly, some beleaguered thrifts could measure their life span in a handful of years or even months.

In the late 1970s, depositors by the thousands abandoned the S&Ls in favor of uninsured money market funds

Creatures of Congress all, thanks to the supervisory and regulatory systems they had voluntarily accepted by joining the federal insurance system, the S&Ls naturally looked to their legislative parent for help. In return, they received a masterpiece of fiduciary humor. The most rudimentary economic wisdom suggested that the solution to the problem was a simple one. No economic trend—boom, bust, inflation—is permanent; all trends become their opposites as the business cycle, ideally at least, turns with the regularity of the tide. In the short term, the sickest thrifts, not numerous, should have been allowed to merge with stronger partners or close their doors, with the depositors reimbursed by the insurance system, the FSLIC.

Or the interest the thrifts charged for their mortgages could have been deregulated, allowing the rates to rise to market levels, which eventually would have reversed the outward flow of money and slowly returned the surviving thrifts to profitability. This would have to have been done carefully, however. In the trade, mortgages are called "slow assets," because they are paid off over a very long period of time. The thrifts would have had to be granted a breathing space of at least several years to attract new, market-rate mortgages and retire the older, low-paying mortgages, thus enabling them to make a modest amount of money from their assets (loans) before the interest rates on their liabilities (deposits) were raised. Indeed, if no such adjustment period was permitted, an unprecedented catastrophe would inevitably occur: The thrifts would find themselves paying generous market-rate interest to their depositors that the income from their slow assets would not come close to covering. In other words, the thrifts would find themselves shoveling money out the door.

This, of course, is precisely what happened. Consumer advocates, led by the Gray Panthers and groups under the influence of Ralph Nader, regarded cheap home mortgages as a God-given right of the American people—even people earning 12 percent (or higher) interest in money markets. Moreover, these advocates said so, not once but several times, and very loudly. Beginning in 1980 with the Depository Institutions Deregulation and Monetary Control Act, a panicky Congress commenced to deregulate the thrifts—but did it *backward*. Mortgage rates were frozen at the old levels, which meant, in practice, that almost no mortgages would be written, because they made no money. On the other hand, the thrifts were now allowed to pay market rates on deposits.

It would have been one thing—and we would be reeling from a smaller disaster—if this change had been all. But this was not all. At the very moment—March 1980—that Congress gave the thrifts the green light to raise the interest rates they could pay on deposits, Congress also raised the FSLIC insurance coverage on deposits from $40,000 per account to $100,000. No hearing was held on this move; there was no debate. It now seems clear that, at the time, most of the legislators had no idea of what they were doing. The more than doubling of insurance coverage was apparently suggested to the lawmakers hammering out the Depository Institutions Deregulation and Monetary Control Act at a late-night session by a certain Glen Troop, Washington lobbyist for the muscular U.S. League of Savings Institutions. One House staffer later called the change an "afterthought." But it was not an afterthought for the key Democratic member of the House who pushed it, Fernand St. Germain, of Woonsocket, Rhode Island. He was the chairman of the House Banking Committee and had maintained a comfortable residency in the S&L industry's pocket.

The boost in deposit insurance was nothing less than a subsidy—a safety net under every bad loan and mad investment an S&L made—and in the first years of the Reagan administration, thrift owners and directors quickly figured out how to exploit it. The financial device that would bring big money back into the thrifts was something called a "brokered deposit." A brokered deposit worked this way: Wall Street

Donald Regan saw nothing wrong with the S&Ls getting out of the mundane business of mortgages and into the bracing world of venture capital

brokerage houses and investment banks took billions of dollars they attracted from big-money investors (pension funds, insurance companies, oil-rich Arab nations, and eventually mobsters and other money launderers) and parceled this money into neat, $100,000 packets. Each morning, these brokers scoured the nation for the highest rate being offered that day by the thrifts on their "jumbo" ($100,000) certificates of deposit (CDs)—deposits fully insured by the federal government. The brokers had struck a bonanza: They could offer their investors a high rate of return and, at the same time, assure them they would not lose a dime. The brokers moved their money around constantly from bank to bank (their deposits came to be called "hot" money), seeking the best rates for their clients, who owned shares in the funds. To attract these big deposits, the thrifts bid against one another, offering higher and higher rates of interest—rates they could not possibly afford to pay, but with the full faith and credit of the federal government behind them . . . well, you get the picture.

Even if *this* had been all, we would be in the grip of a significant but not calamitous S&L scandal. But this, alas, was not all either. In 1963, having noticed thrifts were gorging themselves on brokered deposits (but not too dangerously: FSLIC insurance at the time was only $10,000 per account), the FHLBB had moved in with a new regulation: The amount of brokered deposits a thrift could hold was limited to 5 percent of its total deposits. In 1980, this regulation was quietly repealed by the FHLBB.

By 1984, there was more than $34 billion worth of brokered deposits held by FSLIC-insured institutions. It was not uncommon for an S&L to have nearly half its deposits comprised of this "hot" money; in a couple thrifts, "hot" money constituted the entire deposit base.

As early as 1982, there were regulators who were urgently calling for a return to the 5 percent brokered-deposit limit. But by then Donald Regan was secretary of the treasury and a most influential man in the Reagan administration. Regan saw nothing wrong with the S&Ls getting out of the mundane business of slow-return mortgages and into the bracing world of venture capital, the world in which he had spent much of his life. He liked brokered deposits and didn't want to hear from the regulators that, say, one of the country's principal deposit brokerages, the First United Fund of Garden City, Long Island, was owned by Mario Renda, a former tap-dance instructor with shadowy ties to both Adnan Khashoggi, the international arms merchant, and the Lucchese crime family. It may or may not have chagrined Donald Regan that when the Brooklyn Organized Crime Strike Force finally raided Mario Renda's headquarters they found, among many other things, the sheet music for two company songs, "The Twelve Days of Bilking" and "Bilkers in the Night." If confronted with such alarming information, Regan would no doubt have felt compelled to note that his old firm, Merrill Lynch, was doing quite well as a result of brokered deposits—that it was doing more business in brokered deposits, in fact, than anyone else. Regan might also have mentioned, quite proudly, that he was credited on Wall Street with being the father of the brokered deposit.

II. The Loan Debacle

By 1982—that is, two years into the deregulatory "reforms" advanced by Washington—the S&L industry, representing some 3,300 thrifts, was effectively broke. In 1980 these institutions had a collective net worth of $32.2 billion; by December 1982 the figure was $3.7 billion. Paying 12 and 13 percent for their deposits while receiving a pittance in income from their mortgage portfolios, the thrifts had managed to virtually wipe themselves out.

Yet salvation of a sort was at hand; it only required a little patience together with a willingness on the part of the thrifts to swallow a little bad-tasting medicine. The draconian policies of Paul Volcker's Federal Reserve had finally broken the back of the inflationary spiral. Free-market interest rates were falling; S&L depositors' interest rates would inevitably follow. The industry could expect to be making money again soon. Of course, a number of thrifts would fall by the wayside. But closing them was a simple and straightforward matter that would cost the FSLIC a few billion dollars. This would strain the fund—a fund, remember, built of moneys drawn from the *thrifts themselves*—but not destroy it. Were the industry to take its losses now, it would cost the taxpayers *nothing*.

There was only one problem with this scenario. The U.S. League of Savings Institutions, the industry's principal lobbying group, refused to buy it. And it was common knowledge in Washington that Freddy St. Germain, chairman of the House Banking Committee, did anything the U.S. League wanted him to. So did the Federal Home Loan Bank Board. Instead of a mild purge followed by renewed profitability on the

economy's upswing, it was decided that much of the thrift industry would be permitted to *pretend* that it was making a great deal of money. In such a way, the fully insured brokered deposits would continue to flow into the thrifts, and the thrift owners and officials, in turn, could continue to do with them the creative things we have come to call (belatedly) scandalous.

With the blessing of Congress, and flying in the face of everything that had been known about banking for hundreds of years, the Bank Board, under the leadership of Jimmy Carter appointee Jay Janis and then of Reagan appointee Richard Pratt, did what it could to destroy every vestige of capital discipline at the thrifts. Before the Bank Board began this tinkering, a thrift, like a commercial bank, was required to maintain reserves—real money, cash on hand—equal to 5 percent of its assets. If the mortgage portfolio grew, the reserves also grew; if it was impossible to set aside sufficient reserves, growth was impossible: Thus was the system self-limiting. It has long been a truism in Washington, however, that when economic reality collides with an official agenda, the official agenda survives. Unremarked by virtually anybody outside the financial community, the FHLBB proceeded to lower the reserve requirement to 3 percent, meaning that a thrift needed to keep only half as much real money in its vaults. With the proverbial stroke of the pen, sick thrifts were instantly returned to a state of ruddy health, while thrifts that only a moment before had been among the dead who walk were now reclassified as merely enfeebled.

The Bank Board also made esoteric changes in the industry's accounting practices. The changes were hard to understand; they were almost impenetrable by laymen and by much of the financial press, who consequently ignored them. But by abandoning Generally Accepted Accounting Principles, which were themselves notoriously subject to a certain amount of creative manipulation, the board allowed a rapidly expanding S&L to show a handsome profit even if it was disastrously run, and the S&L could continue to show handsome profits until it was utterly looted by its owner.

Looted by its owner? Weren't most thrifts owned by you and me and the guy down the block, little guys like in *It's a Wonderful Life*? Well, yes, they were, and no, they were no longer to be.

At the time the Reaganauts landed in Washington, most federally chartered thrifts were still mutual associations, owned by their depositors. But, thanks to a little-noticed reform of the 1970s, a few of them were joint-stock companies operating under severe restrictions designed to protect the small depositors while keeping out the real-estate developers, whose hunger for money—to finance development schemes—could be expected to empty the coffers in short order. No thrift could have fewer than 400 stockholders, no single stockholder could own more than 10 percent of the shares, no control group or family could own more than 25 percent, and all stockholders had to live within 125 miles of the main office. Now, in 1982—its thinking addled by crisis and also by the deregulation Zeitgeist of the 1980s—the Bank Board decided that anyone who had the money could buy or start a thrift.

Its thinking addled by the deregulation Zeitgeist of the 1980s, the Bank Board decided that anyone who had the money could buy or start a thrift

New S&Ls started springing up everywhere, and many others changed hands. Traditionally, to obtain a thrift charter had been a slow and complicated task, requiring widespread local support and the clear articulation of a need for the institution within the community. This was all by way of buffering and controlling the zeal of the type of man who might confuse a thrift charter with a license to make piles of money for himself. In the early 1980s, however, this was precisely the kind of man Washington wanted in charge of an S&L. He was to be called an entrepreneur. And to make it easier for him to purchase an S&L, regulators, in the fullness of their wisdom, would allow him to start his thrift not only with money—with cash—but also with "noncash" assets, such as the 1,000 acres of dry, useless scrubland he could arrange to have a friend appraise in the millions.

Still, our rugged, bold, brash entrepreneurs could not do as they pleased with the funds they now had access to as a result of owning thrifts. Those billions in brokered deposits were still expected to be offered to Mr. and Mrs. Homebuyer, though not necessarily Mr. and Mrs. Homebuyer from down the street. Thrifts, beginning in 1982, could make loans not only in their markets (as had long been the case) but anywhere. Moreover, thrifts would no longer have to require a down payment from the borrower—not a big deal, really, as long as the borrower was seeking a thirty-year, $100,000 mortgage. But the mortgage business was precisely what the new thrift owners wanted out of.

The interest to be gotten from mortgages, as has been shown, could not begin to meet that being offered for brokered deposits. This loan crisis—the thrifts' inability to earn money—was a direct result of Congress's failed attempt to stanch the savings crisis—the thrifts' inability to attract capital in the late 1970s. Now, in the midst of all the Bank Board deregulation, the politicians were ready to confront the loan crisis. It was time, went the thinking on Capitol Hill and in the White House, to let the thrifts earn money in ways that might allow them to meet the interest payments on those jumbo

Beginning the day Ronald Reagan signed Garn-St. Germain, thrift owners could all but abandon the business of home mortgages

CDs. It was time to turn a manageable crisis into a half-trillion-dollar (at least) catastrophe.

This most diabolical of changes came in 1982 as a result of a bill named after its sponsors, Democratic Representative Freddy St. Germain (once again) and Republican Senator Jake Garn of Utah, a member of the Senate Banking Committee. Much of the bill was written by Garn's staff director, M. Danny Wall—we will meet him again, in another guise—and many of its provisions were benign and even sound, allowing honest if troubled thrifts to stay in business. But a number of its provisions would be greeted with wide smiles by the new roguish thrift owners. There was a provision, for example, allowing thrifts to invest up to 40 percent of their assets in nonresidential real-estate lending. A thrift could also make consumer loans of up to 30 percent of its assets. Which is to say, as of October 15, 1982—the day Ronald Reagan signed the Garn-St. Germain Depository Institutions Act, hailing it as "the most important legislation for financial institutions in the last fifty years"—thrift owners by and large could all but abandon the business of home mortgages their thrifts were designed to provide.

Yet perhaps history will record that Garn-St. Germain managed to do its greatest damage indirectly, in the even worse state-level legislation it quickly spawned. California thrifts, responding to the liberal provisions of Garn-St. Germain, began to abandon their state charters and join the federal system, an event that immediately attracted the attention of alarmed legislators in Sacramento. Various reasons have been advanced for the peculiar two-tier arrangement—state and federal—of the American banking and thrift industries, but it actually serves a perfectly simple purpose. In return for the more liberal provisions of state law, the state-chartered banks and thrifts are expected to make handsome campaign contributions to the men and women who have made the liberal provisions possible. But with the passage of Garn-St. Germain, it was now the federal system that was the more liberal of the two, and faced with the defections of the state thrifts, the California legislature reacted with blinding speed.

On the last night of California's 1982 legislative session, a bill named for a prominent Republican assemblyman, Pat Nolan, cleared its final hurdle and passed in twenty seconds with not a hint of debate. Under the Nolan Bill, a California-chartered thrift could invest *100 percent* of its deposits in any venture it chose. A California thrift could purchase stocks and bonds; it could become a corporate raider and practice greenmail. It could buy mushroom farms and Antarctic real estate; it could invest in junk bonds and perpetual-motion machines. The California thrifts, in short, were permitted to become perfect venture capitalists—high-fliers, indeed, but with full knowledge that beneath them spread the safety net of federal deposit insurance. The Nolan Bill was quickly copied in Texas and Florida. And what happened next was remarkably similar to what might have occurred if Nicolae Ceauşescu had gotten control of the thrift industry rather than Romania.

III. The Looting Debacle

Robbing an S&L is not among the more difficult challenges faced by humankind as it climbs the slippery slope of evolution. To rob a thrift stupidly, one has merely to don a ski mask and brandish a Winchester or perhaps a threatening note, which generally nets the thief a bag containing a few thousand dollars that will, in our day, shortly explode, covering him with dye. But to deftly rob a thrift suddenly required only a fountain pen, a circle of close personal friends in the real-estate and financial businesses, and the perfect freedom provided by the absence of regulation. Even so, there are only a limited number of ways that the trick may be performed, and in the S&L catastrophe they were played again and again, until they became as depressingly commonplace as those other hallmarks of the Reagan years, homelessness and debt.

The old mutual savings associations, owned by their depositors and managed for their depositors' benefit, had traditionally been among the soundest financial institutions in the land, but the rogue thrifts of the 1980s typically were controlled by a single dominant and unscrupulous individual who ran the institution for his personal benefit; in the late 1980s, the General Accounting Office surveyed the wreckage of the American thrift industry and found the pattern in virtually every failed thrift it examined. For example, Empire Savings and Loan in suburban Mesquite, Texas, whose failure eventually cost the taxpayers some $300 million, appeared to be run by a banker with impeccable credentials, Spencer H. Blain Jr. But Blain's strings were pulled by a prominent though illiterate developer named D. L. ("Danny") Faulkner, who held court (and gave out Rolex watches) at the Wise Circle Grill and seemed to regard Empire's deposits as his personal checking account. Bold,



A GRAND REIGN.

To send a gift of Grand Marnier® Liqueur (except where prohibited by law) call 1-800-243-3787.
Product of France. Made with fine cognac brandy 40% alc/vol (80 proof). ©1989 Carillon Importers, Ltd., Teaneck, NJ.

brash banking was conducted this way: Faulkner and his associates would essentially sit around a table doing a "land flip"—i.e., trading a piece of property at ever escalating prices. (No real cash ever changed hands during a flip.) Every time a piece of property was sold, the thrift made a new loan to cover the purchase price. Each time a loan was made, the thrift owner or owners pocketed fees—loan fees for negotiating the deal, origination fees for preparing the documents—all of which provided him or them with a handsome and ever increasing income.

documentation—but so amateurishly that Lin- coln's inside counsel was forced to admit tha the documentation had been placed there solel for the examiners to find. At Lincoln, too, n loan manual existed until the examiners de- manded to see one, whereupon a manual wa created; Lincoln, it turned out, had given mil- lions in undocumented loans with no guideline whatever. It had also purchased billions of dol- lars' worth of junk bonds with a similar cavalie disregard for paperwork; much of the junk wa purchased from the Wall Street firm Drexel



Nor was repayment a problem when a bad loan finally came due. In many cases, Empire and like-minded institutions advanced the borrower money to service the debt, usually for a period of two years, whereupon the deal could be refinanced and yet more fees pocketed.

The actual, market-determined value of the land was irrelevant and often ignored; a corrupt thrift frequently neglected to obtain an independent appraisal of the property or to make any appraisal at all. At Charles H Keating Jr.'s now notorious Lincoln Savings and Loan, whose failure may cost the taxpayers in excess of $2 billion, such loans were sometimes given without an application, a credit check, or any paperwork whatever. Anticipating that the federal examiners would eventually demand to see Lincoln's loan records, a team from the thrift's outside accountant, the Big Eight firm of Arthur Andersen, quickly stuffed the files with bogus

Burnham Lambert, which, by an amazing coincidence, was Charles Keating's undisclosed partner in Lincoln. Apparently, Lincoln was buying any junk Drexel told it to.

At Empire, as elsewhere, there was remarkably little interest in the fate of the money the thrift loaned after it departed the vault, although Faulkner and his associates found it necessary to justify at least some of the borrowing by indulging in a building frenzy along the I-30 corridor east of Dallas. Most of these condominiums simply remained empty. Siding was warped. Windows were broken. Some structures had been burned to the ground and others had been hauled away, leaving only their foundations—"Martian landing pads," a federal attorney later called them. It was not the soundness of a thrift's loans that meant profits to the thrift owner or directors. It was the number and size of the loans—specifically, the fees these large and

merous loans generated.

Because many of the loans given by corrupt rifts were senseless, these thrifts sometimes l into recognizable default despite the "flips," erpretative accounting, etc. But this proved be no insurmountable difficulty. One had ly to exercise the "daisy chain," whereby bad ns are passed on to a network of other corrupt rifts, or to exercise the "dead horse–dead cow ap," wherein bad loans were exchanged with se of another corrupt thrift and both were re-anced (more fees). And if, for some reason, it s deemed necessary for the land purchaser to pear to make a large down payment, the mon- could simply be advanced to him through one the corrupt thrift's subsidiaries—of which rrupt thrifts, eager to confuse their pursuers, ten had many—and the trail could be con-aled by lending the money to a third party. ue, the thrift was only lending itself its own oney, minus (in many cases) a substantial sum at the sham purchaser kept for his own use, t as long as fresh brokered funds could be at-acted to make up the shortfall, the game could ntinue indefinitely. (In its circa 1983 heyday, though it was being looted hollow, Empire ap-eared to be the most profitable thrift in the untry.)

Senseless? Mad? There was more. For exam-e, there was something called an ADC—a an for acquisition, development, and con-ruction—which was actually a direct invest-ent but which, counted as a loan, also yielded es. Loans to gambling casinos were another ssibility, particularly loans to the Dunes Ho-l and Casino in Las Vegas, owned by the el-erly Morris Shenker, a friend, counsel, and nfidant of the presumably late Jimmy Hoffa, ho disappeared in 1975. In the new age of the rift industry, the Dunes became a popular des-nation for S&L executives, one of whom mi-culously "won" $200,000 at the gaming tables nd deposited the sum in a secret account; by an mazing coincidence, his thrift had advanced me $1.6 million to the Shenker interests.

But by far the simplest way to make it in the rift business was to pay yourself vast sums of oney in the traditional form of a salary. This, t surprisingly, became a fairly common prac-ce, perfected (as were so many other practices) y Charles Keating. At his peak, Keating eemed his own services to be worth some $3.2 illion a year. Further, Keating hired virtually is entire immediate family, including his son, harles III, a college dropout whose previous xperience consisted of busing tables at his fa-her's country club and later managing it. oung Keating was nonetheless deemed suffi-ently talented to ascend to the very chairman-ip of Lincoln, where he received more than a million dollars in his best year. Regulators now believe that in return for their long and prudent hours devoted to Lincoln during the 1980s, the Keating family took home a minimum of $34 million.

With so little effort required to make such money, time and energy could be devoted to spending it. Keating kept a company refrigerator stocked with Dom Pérignon. He once gave the women on his legal staff $500 each—but only twenty minutes—to buy clothing at a nearby upscale mall; another woman—his female employees were called "Charlie's Angels"—was given $5,000 to replace a pair of shoes she had ruined in his service.

In Texas, Vernon Savings and Loan chairman Don Dixon and his wife, Dana, took a modest trip to Europe in 1983, paid for with Vernon's federally insured funds. They had flown there by privately chartered jet. Because the Dixons had it in mind to open a world-class French restaurant, it was necessary for them to dine thoroughly and well in the greatest eateries of France with Philippe Junot, the former husband of Princess Caroline of Monaco, as their well-paid guide. In Lyons, Paul Bocuse lined up his twelve sous-chefs for the Dixons' inspection. They rested from their labors, tired but happy, in the finest hotels. It was, Dana Dixon wrote in her memoir, "a flying house party . . . a gastronomique-fantastique!" As it happened, her wedding had also been paid for by Vernon. (On a second, Vernon-subsidized trip to Europe, Don Dixon gave a $40,000 oil painting to the pope. As far as the thrift regulators could figure out, the picture had been bought by Vernon. It hangs in the Vatican Museum.) To move Dixon and his associates around the country, the thrift maintained a fleet of five airplanes and a helicopter. (Charles Keating also bought an air force for Lincoln.)

About the S&L scandal there are few things safe to say, but surely one thing is that we will never know exactly how much money—taxpayers' money, I am moved to repeat—went where for what. We know that CenTrust chairman David L. Paul had at home a $13.2 million Rubens. We know that in Dallas, Sunbelt Savings and Loan Association's Ed McBirney III, who would later be charged with seventeen counts of bank fraud, financed the purchase of eighty-four Rolls-Royces from the Bhagwan Shree Rajneesh. It may be that that other symbol of the 1980s, the United States–backed Contra army, also received funds looted from thrifts. Anything seemed possible, and perhaps there is no better proof of this than the fact that at one point Lamar Savings and Loan of Austin, Texas, applied to open a branch on the moon.

What mattered was not the soundness of loans but their number and size—specifically, the fees these loans generated

With the torrents of federally guaranteed cash generated by brokered funds, it was possible to buy the loyalty of employees who knew too much

IV. The Regulatory Debacle

One may well ask at this point, and so we will: How could all of this fraud—it is now estimated that 60 percent of the failed S&Ls were up to no good—go so perfectly unnoticed for so long?

Answer: It *did not* go unnoticed. It simply went unchallenged.

Of course, the thrift owners and officers *hoped* their doings would go unnoticed and took steps to foster such blindness. For example, with the torrents of federally guaranteed cash generated by brokered funds and bogus loans, it was possible to buy the loyalty of employees who knew too much. At Lincoln's apogee in the late 1980s, eight of the seventeen highest-paid executives in Arizona worked for Keating. His personal secretary made a reported $200,000; another secretary, on twenty-four-hour call, received $70,000.

In much the same spirit, Keating hired Alan Greenspan, then an economist in private practice, to go before Congress and testify to what a splendid idea the new S&Ls were; of the seventeen S&Ls the future Federal Reserve chairman chose as his examples, sixteen failed, and the survivor was not an S&L. Keating also hired Lincoln's chief outside auditor, Jack D. Atchison of the accounting firm of Arthur Young, and paid him $930,000, more than triple his old salary, for less than a year's work. Making an accountant rich, many felt, was an excellent way of obtaining a clean annual audit to wave under the nose of pesky examiners.

But a few men saw through this—even Edwin Gray, who would seem to have been a man to see nothing of the sort. In June 1983, a month after he was sworn in as the new head of the Federal Home Loan Bank Board, Gray was in Dallas to deliver a pep talk about deregulation. A stocky, square-faced man of forty-seven, Gray was a Reaganaut to his fingertips. He had been drawn into the inner circle when his employer seconded him to Reagan's gubernatorial transition team. Eventually rising to the post of press secretary, he left to handle public relations for a thriving thrift in San Diego, a post that eminently qualified him to become Reagan's second Bank Board chairman and, it was widely believed, the willing flack for the U.S. League of Savings Institutions.

Knowing something, but not much, about the thrift system made him the ideal choice, an impression that was powerfully reinforced by his personality. Around the Bank Board offices, he became known (among those familiar with TV history) as the genial "Mr. Ed," a pleasant, undemanding chair warmer in the finest tradition of the post. Like most of the Reaganauts, he was also an avid fan of deregulation in all its forms—as a San Diego banker, or kind of banker, he had enthusiastically lobbied for it—and as one of his first official acts he proposed to take the gladsome news of Garn-St. Germain to the S&L owners of north Texas. The title of his speech, delivered in Dallas, was "A Sure Cure for What Ails You."

But although Ed Gray was not a great man for noticing things, a few details in Dallas caught his attention. One of his hosts, Spencer Blain, the chairman of Empire Savings and Loan, wore a $5,000 Rolex watch and drove a blue Rolls-Royce. Gray wondered how an officer of a S&L could possibly afford them. And Linwood Bowman III, then the Texas state savings and loan commissioner, took Gray aside and told him that something peculiar seemed to be going on in Blain's operations—specifically, at Blain's huge new condominium developments to the east of the city. Someone, Bowman said, was parking junked cars there, to make the units look as though they were occupied.

To Ed Gray, who was not paid to think, the odd events in Texas suggested nothing until the end of the summer, when his regulatory staff in Washington informed him of an equally odd new problem. Thanks to Garn-St. Germain, lax oversight, and liberalized state laws, the problem at the thrifts no longer centered on the negative spread between the cost of paying interest on deposits and the inadequate income derived from the mortgage portfolio. The problem, said the staff, now revolved around all the terrible loans—the "land flips," the "dead horse–dead cow swaps," the ADCs, and so on—that the thrifts were making with their huge new brokered deposits. And the problem had suddenly become immense.

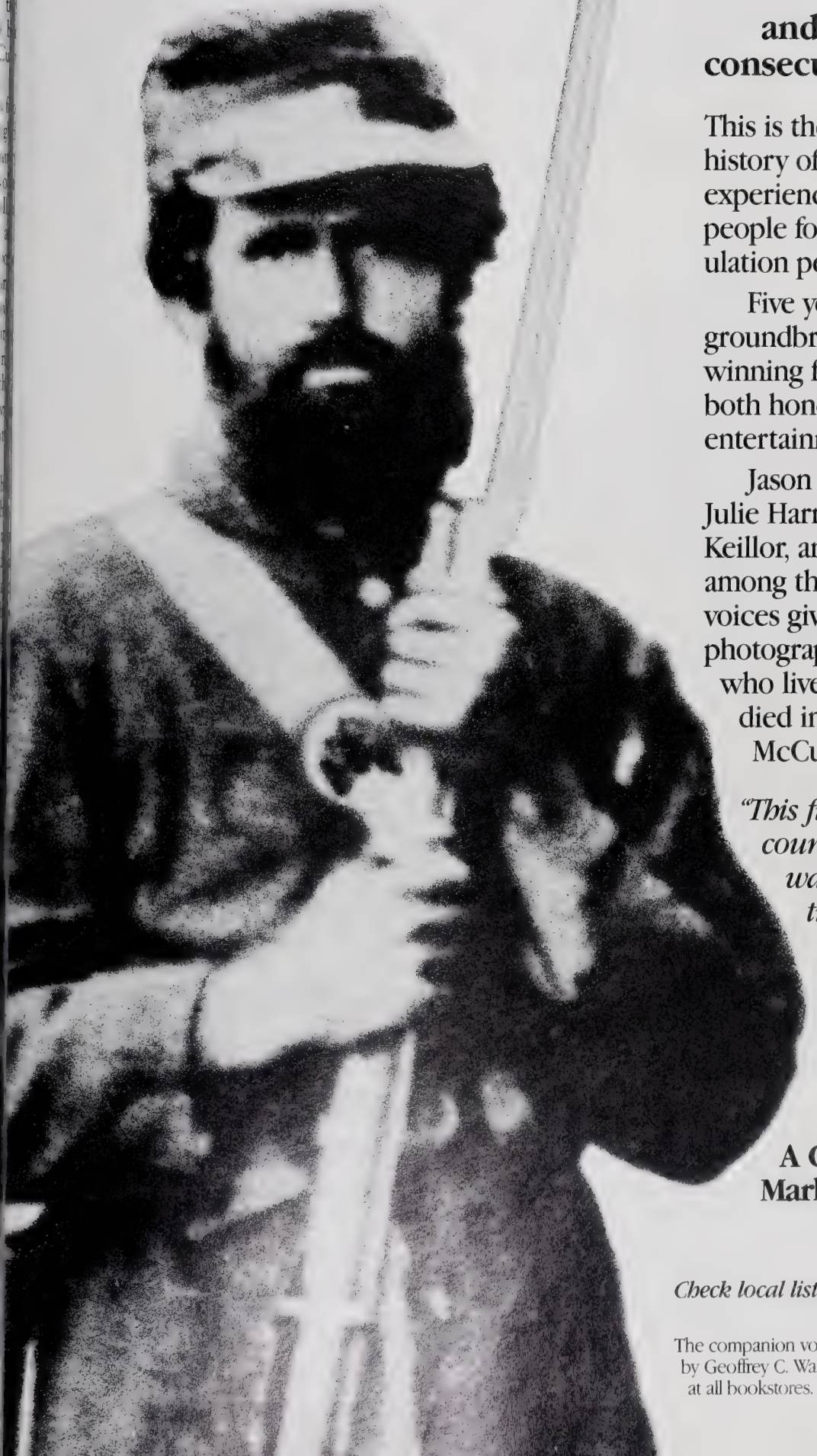
In Washington, Gray scanned the field reports from his overworked, underpaid staff of examiners and tried to tell Treasury Secretary Donald Regan's people about the expensive cars and watches. But to Regan this only proved that the Reaganauts' plan was working. As promised, they had gotten the government out of the pocket of the American businessman. Entrepreneurial energies had been unleashed; the just rewards for daring and hard work were big cars and expensive watches.

"If the thrifts had problems, Don Regan and his people didn't care," Gray told me. "Suddenly, in Don Regan's eyes, I was this awful reregulator."

If he wanted to get to the bottom of things—to thoroughly examine the thrifts—Gray was on his own.

It would not be easy. Because of a seemingly

THE CIVIL WAR BEGINS ON SUNDAY, SEPTEMBER 23RD



and continues for five consecutive evenings on PBS.

This is the definitive yet personal history of that watershed American experience in which 3 million people fought – and 2% of the population perished.

Five years in the making, this groundbreaking series by award-winning film maker Ken Burns is both honest scholarship and riveting entertainment.

Jason Robards, Sam Waterston, Julie Harris, Jeremy Irons, Garrison Keillor, and Morgan Freeman are among the outstanding actors whose voices give life to letters, diaries, photographs, and paintings of those who lived through the War or died in it. Narrated by David McCullough.

"This film will introduce the country to our Civil War in a way that will make them truly understand it for perhaps the first time."

—**Shelby Foote,** author of *The Civil War: A Narrative*

A General Motors Mark of Excellence Presentation

GM

Check local listings for time and PBS channel.

The companion volume, THE CIVIL WAR, An Illustrated History, by Geoffrey C. Ward, Ric Burns, and Ken Burns is available at all bookstores. Published by Knopf.

Federal prosecutors loathe cases involving banks and thrifts; such cases sometimes take years to unravel

minor historical fluke, the thrift examiners, unlike their commercial-bank counterparts, were paid through the White House Office of Management and Budget. OMB also determined how many examiners there would be. With deregulation, and with David Stockman heading up OMB, there were to be even fewer of them than there had been before—eliminating regulators was an essential part of the Reaganaut agenda.

In 1983, the year Ed Gray assumed his post, a starting thrift examiner was paid $14,000 a year. Turnover was immense, with the average



examiner having only two years on the job, and there were fewer than 800 of them to cover the entire country. Meanwhile, the examiners in the Ninth District, covering Mississippi, Louisiana, Arkansas, New Mexico, and Texas, were shifting their headquarters from Little Rock, Arkansas, to Dallas. Only fourteen members of the district office's supervisory staff agreed to make the move, and only two were supervisors. Until the Ninth District rebuilt its staff, Texas was wide open.

But even if a thrift examiner, untrained as he was for the new age of deregulation, detected fraud—and, for example, the Texas examiners were onto the situation at Empire virtually from the beginning—there was depressingly little likelihood that a case would ever make it to court. Federal prosecutors loathe cases involving banks and thrifts; such cases sometimes take years to unravel, and they tend to be so fiendishly complex that there is no guarantee that a bewildered jury will return a conviction. Federal prosecutors have been known to simply refuse to consider such cases.

With too few regulators to work with, and too little interest in rectifying this among those in the Reaganaut executive branch, one might think Gray could turn to Congress, where Democrats were not in short supply. One might go so far as to reason that this is why we have two political parties and three branches of government. But then one only has to be reminded that the St. Germain of Garn-St. Germain was a Democrat—*was*, I write, because in 1988 his constituents apparently tired of his many thrift-funded junkets and S&L-backed nights about town and voted him out. But St. Germain was not a maverick on the Hill in his fondness for the nation's newly deregulated thrifts. And the thrifts' owners and officers were not content to merely keep their employees quiet and happy with their abundant new funds.

To take but one example, Vernon's Don Dixon, for whom no excess was too wretched, purchased the sister ship of the presidential yacht *Sequoia*, named it *High Spirits*, anchored it in the Tidal Basin, and made it available to Congressman Tony Coelho of California, the majority whip and chairman of the Democratic Congressional Campaign Committee, who held fund-raising events on the vessel eleven times in 1985 and 1986. But because Coelho's mind was evi-

dently clouded by affairs of state, he seemed not to notice that Dixon and Vernon never billed him the $2,000 half-day charter fee; when the oversight was pointed out to him by Gray's weary examiners, Coelho and the campaign committee reimbursed Vernon to the tune of $48,450. Other voyagers included House Majority Leader Jim Wright and his fellow Texas Democrats J. J. Pickle and Jim Chapman. When Congressman Chapman was questioned about his parties aboard the vessel, his staff replied by pointing out that Texas thrift lobbyist Durward Curlee often lived on the yacht when he was in town and that election law allowed him to donate the use of his residence.

By 1984, Ed Gray began to resemble a man shouting into a barrel. With disasters igniting everywhere in the thrift system, with Congress refusing to listen to him, with the examiners depleted, and with the secretary of the treasury refusing to return his phone calls, he decided to take action on his own. The twelve regional Home Loan banks reported to Washington, but, by another quirk of the law, they were not overseen by OMB—their salaries were paid directly by the Bank Board system. Moreover, a loop hole in Garn-St. Germain allowed Gray to transfer his OMB-supervised examination staff to the regionals. To Ed Gray, it was the answer to a prayer. As 1984 came to an end, with the Reaganauts returned to Washington by the voters, he had just 700 examiners or so and a turnover rate of 30 percent.

Gray began transferring examiners to the regionals in July 1985. He also raised wages and recruited more foot soldiers. He was able to attract the services of H. Joe Selby, a regulator with thirty-one distinguished years of experience. Selby was sent to Dallas, the heart of the problem. Gray was also able to persuade another crack examiner, Mike Patriarca, to take charge of the investigations of the San Francisco office, which had jurisdiction over Keating's Lincoln. Before the bolstering of the examination staff, Ed Gray had known that he had a terrible problem on his hands, possibly the worst financial disaster in American history, but the story had arrived in fragments; now he began to find out just how large the problem was. By September 1986, at least 252 thrifts with assets of almost $95 billion were in serious trouble.

The FSLIC had only $2.5 billion. It was essential to recapitalize the fund with an infusion of taxpayer money—Gray thought he needed at least $15 billion—but the only way to obtain the necessary funds was to apply to Congress. Applying to Congress meant that Gray would have to deal with Congressman Jim Wright of Texas, who became speaker of the House in January 1987. And Jim Wright, a man who owed certain political debts, had his own ideas.

Wright repeatedly called Gray in for a series of tongue-lashings. Wright was concerned about Craig Hall, a Dallas real-estate syndicator who was more than $500 million in the hole; if he went under thanks to Selby's "Gestapo," Hall claimed, he would take twenty-nine thrifts with him. (Gray, against the strenuous advice of his staff, arranged to give Hall some breathing room.) Wright was also deeply concerned about Tom Gaubert, who had been removed from the helm of the Independent American Savings Association of Irving, a Dallas suburb. Gaubert, whose home shooting gallery featured a picture of Ed Gray, chaired a fund-raising event that produced a million-dollar campaign contribution for . . . yes, Jim Wright.

There was no way Gray was going to let Gaubert back into his thrift. There was no way Wright, with considerable assistance from House Banking Committee chairman St. Germain, was going to bring the FSLIC recapitalization bill to the floor for a vote. In Dallas, Selby, who in 1986 alone had slapped thrifts with no fewer than 100 supervisory actions, heard that plans were afoot to have him kidnapped. Wright, in turn, accused Selby of running a ring of homosexual lawyers. Unable to close rogue thrifts, Gray was reduced to placing them in a management-consignment program, assigning executives from soundly run thrifts to try and clean up the mess. But the executives in the consignment program found that the only way to keep the walking wounded alive was to continue to solicit the brokered funds that had caused the trouble in the first place. Sound business practices could no longer save them.

Meanwhile, Don Regan—now the White House chief of staff—and Charles Keating tried to pack Gray's Bank Board. Its two members, Mary Grigsby and Don Hovde, had left. (Gray, left alone, could make administrative decisions but, without a board, was unable to make policy.) Professor Lawrence J. White of New York University was appointed to the Democratic slot, a surprisingly good appointment. The Republican slot was filled by a Georgia lawyer named Lee Henkel. In 1980 he had been the East Coast campaign manager for the abortive presidential campaign of John Connally, the former Texas governor and treasury secretary; Charles Keating had been Connally's national campaign chairman and later, as de facto head of Lincoln, one of his principal creditors as well as the employer of Connally's son, Mark. As it turned out, real-estate interests in which Henkel had involved himself owed Lincoln Savings and Loan at least $97.9 million, and at least one of the loans was chronically delinquent. Henkel left the board when William Proxmire, the

It was essential in 1987 to recapitalize the FSLIC insurance fund, but House Speaker Jim Wright had his own ideas, and political debts

Ronald Reagan never once as president publicly mentioned the S&L mess

chairman of the Senate Banking Committee, learned of his Lincoln loans.

In the early months of 1987, Ed Gray may have been the most embattled official in Washington. His insurance fund was broke; the recapitalization was stalled by Wright. The Bank Board was paralyzed again; White felt that no major decisions should be made until Gray was replaced by a new chairman at the end of his term in June 1987. The country was focused on Iran-Contra, if on anything. Congress was gearing up to unmask that scandal, not his.

But some men on Capitol Hill had Ed Gray on their minds. In April 1987, Gray was summoned to the office of Senator Dennis DeConcini, Democrat of Arizona. With DeConcini were Senators John McCain (Rep., Ariz.), Alan Cranston (Dem., Calif.), and John Glenn (Dem., Ohio). (This was the Four Senator Meeting, to be followed shortly by the Five Senator Meeting, with Michigan Democrat Donald Riegle joining the regathered four.) All had received handsome campaign contributions from Charles Keating and his associates. (The thrift industry, during the 1980s, is believed to have made $11 million in direct contributions to elected officials.) And there were other favors as well: McCain's wife and father-in-law had invested $395,000 in one of Keating's Phoenix shopping centers; and McCain himself had enjoyed three vacations at Keating's Bahamas estate. Keating had made James Grogan, Glenn's former legislative assistant, a vice president of one of Lincoln's subsidiaries. Cranston, who had received $39,000 in direct contributions, got considerably more after the meetings with Gray: Three California voter-registration projects controlled by him and his son received $850,000, and the California Democratic Party got $85,000.

DeConcini received a comparatively beggarly $48,100 in direct contributions, but concerning Senator DeConcini there were other interesting matters. Federal prosecutors, at last aroused from their torpor and now extremely interested in Lincoln, discovered what they believed to be a sham $30 million real-estate transaction between Lincoln and an entity called RA Homes, and they concluded that Lincoln would probably never recover its money. In other words, the investigators believed that RA Homes had, in effect, stolen $30 million from Lincoln with Lincoln's complicity. Two of the principals of RA Homes were close political associates of Dennis DeConcini's.

It should come as no surprise, therefore, that the senators, four and then five, wanted to know why Gray and his people were being so hard on Keating. DeConcini, perhaps hoping to bring a bit of levity to the initial gathering, assured Gray that Keating wanted nothing more than to get back to the sound business of lending prudent amounts of money to first-time buyers of ranch homes. In the year following Keating's acquisition of Lincoln in 1984, the S&L, which had twenty-six branches, originated precisely eleven mortages. Four were for employees.

V. The Bailout Debacle

It must be said again, for it has not been said enough, that had Washington understood the nature of Banking Man, had the Reagan administration let even the few regulators it kept around do a modicum of regulating, had our key elected officials on Capitol Hill spent more time watching out for the taxpayer's dollar than the thrift owner's millions—had all or any of the aforementioned come to pass, the S&L bailout would not be costing each and every American at least $2,000 in the years to come. Had Washington allowed the numerous broke S&Ls to simply close in 1982, the FSLIC insurance fund could have handled the tab at the cost to taxpayers of not a dime. In the years Ed Gray spent getting doors slammed in his face, the cost ballooned beyond what the insurance fund could handle, but it remained manageable: $15 or $20 billion. By the time Gray's term as Bank Board chairman expired in June 1987, the problem had fattened, snowballed, pyramided into a multibillion-dollar colossus. And Washington late in 1987—that is, just a bit more than one year from the November 1988 election—was agreed on how to go about confronting it. It was to be carefully, skillfully ignored.

To get Ronald Reagan (who never once as president publicly mentioned the S&L mess) out of town before the roof fell in and to allow George Bush to go before the taxpayers without having to explain how he had chaired the administration's 1984 task force on financial deregulation—which gazed upon the thrifts and saw capitalism working—was the job of M. Danny Wall: Ed Gray's successor, Jake Garn's protégé (Wall's wife was Garn's secretary), former staff director of the Senate Banking Committee, principal author of Garn-St. Germain, and a man who either could not read a balance sheet or didn't want to. In one of his first official acts, Wall threw Bill Crawford, the crusty California thrift regulator (and a dedicated foe of

STACKABLE BEECHWOOD BOOKSHELVES—AT A PRICE YOU'D EXPECT TO PAY FOR PLASTIC!

THAT'S RIGHT! NATURAL WOOD FURNITURE AT AN AFFORDABLE PRICE.

ONLY **$39.95** EACH
LIST PRICE $59.95

This quality shelving system is made of natural European beechwood—a hardwood tough enough to be used for flooring and beautiful enough to be used for fine furniture.

STACK-A-SHELF has a place in every room, whether it's to show off your library or just to organize unsightly clutter. The STACK-A-SHELF system is perfect for showcasing your personal treasures. Everything from vases to pictures can be proudly displayed on these good-looking, versatile and, above all, affordable units.

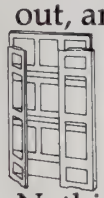
Stack Them...They're Interlocking

Each free-standing unit measures 27¾" wide ×11" deep ×37" high, and is designed to interlock and stack. This means you can actually create your own wall unit. And if you move, just fold them down and take them with you.

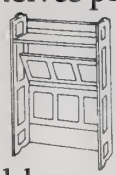
And natural beechwood is attractive...even unfinished. So the unit can be used immediately or you can paint, stain or varnish your STACK-A-SHELF to match your own decorating needs.

Sets Up In Seconds...Without Tools!

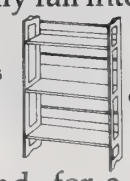
No tools, screws or glue required. Just take the unit out of its flat carton, fold the sides out, and the shelves practically fall into place.



1. Comes in flat carton



2. Shelves fall into place



3. Slides open on hinges

Nothing could be easier. And, for a limited time, Barnes & Noble is offering all of our STACK-A-SHELF units at a savings of 33% off the retail price. So don't pile—decorate in style, with affordable beechwood shelving from Barnes & Noble.

Barnes & Noble Unconditional Guarantee
You must be completely satisfied with every item you order from Barnes & Noble by mail, or you may return it to us, for a full refund.

ORDER BY MAIL OR CALL TOLL FREE ANYTIME
1-800-242-6657



A Beautiful Complement to Any Decor.

- LIGHT
- STURDY
- DURABLE
- PORTABLE

Barnes & Noble

Booksellers Since 1873

126 FIFTH AVENUE, DEPT. H359, NEW YORK, NY 10011

1569888. Please send me _____ Sturdy Beechwood Shelf Unit(s) at your special sale price of $39.95 (plus $6.95 shipping and handling per unit). Please add applicable sales tax for deliveries to CT, MA, MN, NJ, NY, PA & CA(6%).

Name _____

Address _____ Apt # _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

☐ Check ☐ Mastercard ☐ VISA ☐ American Express

Expiration Date Month/Year ☐☐☐☐

Credit Card Number ☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐

Signature _____

Dukakis avoided the S&L issue: What was bad for George Bush was also bad for many congressional Democrats

Charles Keating's) off the Federal Home Loan Advisory Board. Although Wall's own Washington analysts, examining the San Francisco office's findings at Lincoln, had agreed that the thrift would almost certainly fail by 1991 at the latest, Wall pulled San Francisco off the case.

The Bank Board also managed to *not* get around to closing Denver's Silverado Banking, Savings and Loan until December 9, 1988. Silverado's losses from bad loans and real-estate deals will cost taxpayers about $1 billion. One of Silverado's directors was Neil Bush, son of George Bush, who stood for election on November 8.

Wall repeated to anyone and everyone that whatever the problems of the S&L industry, there was no crisis and there would be no need for tax money in the solution—an opinion that earned him the nickname, among officials at the Federal Deposit Insurance Corporation, of M. Danny Isuzu. Still he stuck gamely to his opinions, turning a deaf ear to horrified investigators and sending those with figures on thrift losses double or triple his own back to their calculators. (Wall also conducted a government fire sale of failing thrifts, called the Southwest Plan: underpricing troubled S&Ls, oversubsidizing the deals with taxpayers' dollars, and involving, in at least one case, a business executive indicted for securities fraud.) Thus was George Bush able to fill the silence created for him with talk of flags and points of light.

Michael Dukakis embraced competence, but of competently run thrifts—and the lack thereof—he had absolutely nothing to say. Robert Shapiro, who advised him on economic policy, says that the Dukakis camp was told not to bring it up—that what was a bad issue for George Bush was also a bad issue for Jim Wright, Tony Coelho, and many other congressional Democrats putting themselves before the voters. Dukakis thereby, and with typical maladroitness, avoided an issue that might have won him . . . well, votes.

His election secured, his inaugural speech behind him, President Bush promptly turned his attention to the series of S&L debacles he had so artfully avoided. He unveiled a bailout plan in February 1989, and in August 1989 he signed a bailout plan into law. The Bank Board was abolished, as was the FSLIC, and a new entity specifically devoted to resolving troubled thrifts—the Resolution Trust Corporation—was created. And so commenced the bailout debacle.

Like so many aspects of the S&L crisis itself, the bailout was from the beginning to be kept from full public scrutiny. Funding for the bailout was to be kept "off-budget," so that those in the White House and on Capitol Hill could not be said to have added to the federal deficit b having remained so blind and so mum for s long. Of course, funding the bailout in thi way—through the sale of thirty- and forty-yea Resolution Trust bonds—has added enormousl to its cost. (*Three fifths* of the estimated $50(billion cost of the bailout is to pay for interest. And should interest rates rise, a half-trillio dollars could someday look like a bargain.

In the months and years to come, one can ex pect the Resolution Trust to make any numbe of sweetheart deals as it moves quickly to sell of the real estate accumulated by the busted thrifts. The government itself acknowledged earlier this summer that a certain amount of fraud is inevitable. That the buyers of these properties might number among them the very gentlemen who got the country into the mess in the first place should not be discounted, and already certain individuals with cash-filled suitcases have made their appearance. Who knows more about the true value of the properties the government intends to sell off than the developers and the thrift owners who defaulted on the properties?

That the vast majority of these swindlers are not in danger of spending a few years behind bars is quite clear, as Washington has shown little sign beyond the symbolic of committing the proper time or resources to the task. The FBI is said to have on file 7,000 major bank-fraud referrals nationwide. The Bush Justice Department announced in July that it has selected 100 savings institutions for priority investigation. The spread in the numbers is the spread between action and the *appearance* of action.

The bailout, of course, is not designed to prevent a commercial-bank debacle or an insurance-industry debacle, both of which may be in the offing—and neither of which is unrelated to the S&L mess. Then there is the cleanup at the nuclear-weapons plants, the astronomical national debt run up during the Reagan years, and the trade deficit. It may not be going too far to say that the United States is broke. And because the country may be broke, the future is hard to read, because the United States has never been broke before.

Still, it is interesting to note that the United States, once everybody's generous (and, as a consequence, influential) rich uncle, finds itself increasingly shut out of the complex events now unfolding in Eastern Europe, where our vastly more solvent allies are taking pride of place. It may not be wild to speculate that America has not bought itself into the game because it cannot afford to, and that may be the truest and most lasting legacy of the Charles Keatings: the United States having no role in the 1990s save as a (shaky) guarantor of government bonds. ■



Sonia Braga. Cardmember since 1986.

Membership
Has Its Privileges.®



Don't leave home without it.®

Call 1-800-THE CARD to apply.

© 1990 American Express Travel Related Services Company, Inc

THAT OLD 'PICAYUNE-MOON'

Off his chest, from his heart: The mayor responds

By Garrison Keillor

To the editor, the *Zenith Picayune-Moon:*

I grew up among positive-thinking people with seldom an unkind word for anybody, and I have tried to be positive too, a founder and builder and cultivator and patron and a medium of light in the world, and then I discovered how good it is to have something to despise, especially something as greasy, flabby, small-minded, mealymouthed, pasty-faced, and potato-headed as that daily fish wrap and dog's biffy called the *Zenith Picayune-Moon,* edited by that dildo Hector Timmy. (You.) If it had been St. Francis's hometown newspaper there in Assisi, sir, he would have dropped the Golden Rule like a bent pool cue and taught those birds to attack.



My wife, Annie, thinks I'm wrong. She says, "You wanted to be the center of attention. That's why you ran for mayor. Stop picking on the press."

She has a point. A person does feel sheepish picking on journalists, a class already so richly despised that if a planeload of them crashed in flames, most people would smile from pure reflex. Reporters like to think they are despised because they are brave and dare to tell the truth, but the public smells something else, a little sadism and ghoulishness floating around in the tank. Plus a weak filament in the old light bulb.

Garrison Keillor is the author of Lake Wobegon Days, Leaving Home, *and other books.*

Whenever a newspape reports on somethin you know about, ha the time they get it two thirds wrong.

I quote my wife now "You have your healt and a good home with lovely children, and you have the passionate love of a handsome woman in her early fifties, a woman's erotic peak period Anyway, if there was ever somebody not worth getting mad at, it's the paper."

Of course she is right, and at first glance the *Picayune-Moon* doesn't look like much, onl about the thirty-first worst newspaper in Amer ica, not even a contender, full of blither and blather and foamy stories about the same hun dred ditzy celebs and "life-style" stuff about lives so banal you'd be thrilled to be dead and stock photos from the Liturgy of Pix (Tots, Pets Nuns, Grandmas, and Silly Jock shots) and th obligatory headline puns and a regular brothe of columnists taking their pants down ever day—all of it tricked out in bilious blue and gooseshit green and virulent yellow like a ten dollar hotel room and ten minutes later you can't remember a single sentence you read She's right. What's to get mad at?

Hector Timmy, I suppose. A man who isn' easy to describe in twenty-five words or less, bu here's a try: airhead, buttface, cretin, dork, eu nuch, fungus, guttersnipe, hack, imbecile, jack al, loser, meatloaf, numb nuts, *objet de merde* pissant, rummy, scumball, turkey, upchuck

Illustration by Russell O. Jone

ılture, windbag, yahoo, zero, a real piece of ork.

That's you, you weasel.

I laid eyes on you the other night as you sat ning at the Blue Light Café with your manag- ıg editor, Delores Whinny. Her hair was rawn up high on her head, bright orange like ıe inflammation on a baboon's hinder, so hen she scratched her face, it gave me a jolt. ınd when she poked a fork in it, I almost fell ver. I asked the waitress, "Who is that chinless ıan with the droopy mustache that looks like e is eating a brown baby rat, Stella?"

"The one sitting with the horse-faced lady? hat's Hector Timmy, of course," she replied. You know him. The one who keeps falling off is chair."

The good woman was right. You had leashed ourself to a bottle of bourbon and were slowly urning yourself into a sandbag. *What a gorgeous pportunity,* I thought. *My enemy, immobilized— chance to say something vile and withering and oke him in the snoot.* I tried to conjure up an in- ult that could penetrate your mind and slosh hrough the fat globules and find a working syn- pse and sting you, but someone as viscous as ourself is hard to sting. It occurred to me to troll over and casually tip the cherries flambé into your large lap and pelt you with mac- aroons. As you may be aware, I did not.

At the moment, it is eleven P.M. I have pent thirty minutes on this letter so far, and ıow my wife, her black hair tumbling over her ıare shoulders touched with freckles under the ale blue gossamer negligee hanging light as a eaf on her pale breasts and her bold etcetera, ays, "Quit writing to that bebo and take off our clothes." She runs her fingers through my hick hair. "There is nothing deader than this ıorning's paper, and here you are, strong and ıealthy and not all that bad-looking, so turn out he light and come to bed and do your home- vork," whispers the woman who still, after wenty-five years, makes my lips twitch. "In a ıoment, love," I tell her. She sighs.

I will not bore you here with a list of my ac- complishments as mayor, the businesses and or- ganizations I've helped at every turn, the housands of little favors for ordinary folks, the countless dedicatory speeches (brief, lightheart- ed), and the endless public meetings at which I ıave sat patiently and allowed my fellow citi- ens to rail and screech at me for the mortal fail- ngs of city employees. I will not cite these. doubt that a flabby little guy with a rat for ı mustache would be impressed. The man who edits the paper that printed the story CITY HALL RENOVATION DISTURBS CANCER-STRICKEN GOLD-STAR MOMS IN SHABBY ROOMS ONE BLOCK FROM WHERE TRUCKS RUMBLE, POWER TOOLS WHINE, MAKING LAVISH SUITE FOR MAYOR, INCLUDING LUXURY SHOWER AND TRACK LIGHTING two weeks ago is not going to be deflected by facts.

"Make peace with the man," Annie told me at the time. "Put on your cheap sport coat and your dumb shoes with the tassels and fill your big brown eyes with tears and go to the man's office and truckle." I decided not to, and per- haps I was wrong. The following Monday, the City Council voted a salary increase of 15 per- cent for the mayor, the members of the council, and six other city employees. The vote was unanimous. I signed the bill into law Monday afternoon. I drove home and enjoyed a quiet evening with my wife and children in our four- bedroom home, which is not so different from others here in our neighborhood that are owned by high-school English teachers, social workers, and retired Methodist missionaries. I went to bed and woke up the next morning with a dull throbbing headache. It was you.

I didn't get upset at the Tuesday story, MAY- OR LOADS HIS PANTS POCKET AT CITY TREA- SURY IN BROAD DAYLIGHT, LEAVING VETERAN OBSERVERS SAD, DISGUSTED, and I read with amusement the Wednesday installment, FAT CAT MAYOR FLIES AROUND COUNTRY AT OUR EXPENSE: $130/DAY SUITES, COCKTAILS, SHRIMP THE SIZE OF YOUR FIST. And then your Thursday front page (MAYOR STUNG BY CHARGES OF COR- RUPTION, ARROGANCE, AND DECEIT) didn't bother me either, nor Friday's (LIMO LIBERAL CRUISES TO CITY HALL WHILE WORKERS WALK —HE IS HAULED IN LUXURY TO THE PUBLIC TROUGH WHILE SICK AND BLIND AND DEAF AND LAME SIT ON COLD CORNERS WAITING FOR PUB- LIC TRANSIT), and when, for the Saturday edi- tion, you sent reporters to rifle our garbage cans (FIRST FAMILY DOESN'T CLEAN PLATES—THEY WASTE STEAK, TROUT, AND DARK THINGS THAT RESEMBLE TRUFFLES), I rolled over and had a restful nap. It was nothing but that gallant old eye-gouging spirit of the tabloid that maybe we need a little more of in this mellow age of mati- nee newscasters. After your Sunday story, SIX SOFAS IN MAYOR'S RECEPTION HALL—COULD HE NOT DONATE ONE OR TWO TO OLD SOLDIERS HOME WHERE CRIPPLED VETS WHO TOPPLED TOJO MUST SQUAT ON CHILL, DANK CON- CRETE?, I was actually prompted to send a check to the Salvation Army.

No, what burned my bacon wasn't the stories so much as when you assigned your photogra- pher Burns L. Schaper to follow me in the street with a zoom lens.

All week, whenever I bent over or scratched myself or picked my nose, I could hear Mr. Schaper's camera ratcheting away like a corn

You sent reporters to rifle our garbage cans. I napped. It was nothing but that gallant old spirit of the tabloid

A good newspaper is never good enough but a lousy paper is a joy forever

planter. Next day a photo appeared, four by six, page one, Metro section, always a lulu. Now, I never claimed to be handsome, though in portraits by reasonable people I do look presentable, like a tall clean man whom you would not mind welcoming into your home, but Burns had a knack for sensing when I felt gassy, or my dogs ached, or a popcorn husk was caught in my throat. Suddenly there he was, Speed Graphic in hand, and after a few days just the sight of him made my face turn to wood. He'd jump out from behind a parked car and yell "Hey, fruitcake!" and snap away, and next day in the *P-M*, there I was looking like a box turtle with a migraine, a basilisk stare, brow furrowed, lip curled, looking straight at the voters as if I wanted to pound them down a rathole. Underneath it said: "Having fed at the public trough, he refuses to come clean about his financial shenanigans." Or some such. "Guests in his home say his medicine cabinet contains some big surprises. Reports of dirty books, liquor, sexually explicit correspondence, ladies' underwear, you name it—how long will authorities dawdle before action is taken?" But what really squeezed my bunions were the photographs: me bending to tie my shoelace, my face all baggy; hands to my face, rubbing dust from my eyes; hand in my crotch, easing my shorts. Me looking haunted, distraught, lascivious. I asked Burns, "Why are you doing this to me? Are we not Christians?"

"Nothing personal, just a journalist's job, y'know, being the gadfly," he mumbled. "I know how painful it is to be in the public eye, but that's what it's like, and I know that a big man like you can stand it, otherwise you wouldn't be where you are today." As he said this, he held his camera low and squeezed off some shots of despair and loathing on my face and the hairs in my nose.

The *Picayune-Moon* is a monopoly, like the Ministry of Information in Beijing, and though people discount most of the babbling lunacy they read in it, the paper wields a big stick in the realm of the visual, what you might call the Power of Propriety. It can print a picture of a guy and label him CIVIC LEADER, or it can tattoo the word "controversial" on him, locking him in the zoo with the wackos, and the photograph can be one of him gazing sensitively into the distance like an author on the back of a book jacket, or one of him slightly walleyed, mouth ajar, tongue lolling out, his finger in his ear. In a high-decorum city like Zenith, this is no idle threat.

The man lobbed peas at me in restaurants, he put mucus on doorknobs, he once crept under the dais and tied tin cans to my ankle as I accepted an award from the Women's Club, and finally he got the close-up he wanted: me, enraged, stricken, lurching at him, hair [illegible] eled, waving my arms, mouth like [illegible] wound, spit dripping, a maniac. The [illegible] printed yesterday.

That was meanness of unusual feroci[illegible] ice rara, and so, when I saw you sittin[illegible] Blue Light, napkin wedged betwixt yo[illegible] laps, humming flatly, staring at the bl[illegible] that was Delores Whinny, I felt a civi[illegible] stood up and approached your table [illegible] about to hurl you to the carpet and kic[illegible] death when I had a sudden sharp visio[illegible] future—of Delores Whinny taking over[illegible] per and making it into a joyful celebrati[illegible] and nurturing and empowerment, the [illegible] page coming out against ignorance and [illegible] the nasty columnists suddenly writin[illegible] their children and the hope for a bette[illegible] and the paper changing its name from *P[illegible] Moon* to *This, Our City and Our People*[illegible] big Neighborhoods & Families sectio[illegible] Caring & Sharing section, and the Sp[illegible] tion renamed Games & Growth—and [illegible] and walked out into the gentle night.

It dawned on me in that moment tha[illegible] newspaper is never nearly good enou[illegible] lousy newspaper is a joy forever. The[illegible] ought to be chiseled onto every newsp[illegible] fice wall, right above the urinals.

They are my last words on the sub[illegible] cause now, at half past one in the morn[illegible] wife has walked naked into the room, p[illegible] a hot shower, her hair damp and glitter[illegible] rying a tray of sliced melon, smok[illegible] chunks of Stilton cheese, a toasted ba[illegible] 1967 St. Emilion, and a bottle of olive [illegible] sets the tray on top of this letter and g[illegible] moves the pen from my hand and tea[illegible] shirt. "Come to my bed, you crazed ani[illegible] let that poor wilted editor lie molderi[illegible] cup," she murmurs, nipping my ear. "[illegible] ture of you enraged, charging the can[illegible] inflamed me. Come, come—I want t[illegible] you with my body."

She has a point. The beauty of havi[illegible] *yune-Moon* peeing on your shoes is the [illegible] leaches the anger out of your life ar[illegible] the door to passionate love—I grab h[illegible] drowning man and she strips the cloth [illegible] with her left foot while we roll over an[illegible] the floor, and though we try to calm d[illegible] not make so many grunts and shrieks, [illegible] sexual passion tosses us around like a [illegible] Whirl as if we were seventeen, and no[illegible] which of us is her and which is me, I se[illegible] wearing an Acrilan carpet and am lyi[illegible] back in the stratosphere looking at the [illegible] the city far below, and now there is [illegible] joyful updraft, and now I can write no [illegible] best to you and your wife.

WHAT PRICE PANAMA?

A visit to a barrio destroyed by U.S. forces

By Francisco Goldman

u have a clock; it is an historic You want to see it?" His name steban. The side of his face was ed with a street fighter's scar tis- He was the toughest-looking of ree young men lounging in the r of a small grocery store that ne of the few businesses still glast spring in the poor Panama arrio called El Chorrillo. Este- offer wasn't a con, though I n't have been surprised if it had t The con and the outright theft orite forms of enterprise in this tl, or used to be.

Chorrillo was built cheaply and ly after the turn of the century to nmodate canal workers brought n the Antilles. I first saw it sev- ears ago: a teeming, densely eated slum of decaying wooden ents, their baroquely carved, g balconies running in long over the narrow streets. A poor o mulatto, and mestizo barrio. It palpable danger and funky Carib- plomb, the kind of barrio that up in the novels of Gabriel a Márquez with names like og District and the Old Slave et.

e in El Chorrillo lived the leg- y smugglers and thieves with

co Goldman, a contributing editor to 's Magazine, wrote about the Nicara- ection campaign in the February 1990 His first novel will be published next The Atlantic Monthly Press.

their cult of devotion to the *Cristo Negro* of Portobelo; the old men who spent their days playing dominoes under the cedar trees in the wonderfully named *Parque de los Aburridos,* the Park of the Bored; the beautiful mulattas who became (one could easily imagine) the slavishly adored mistresses of powerful, corrupt colonels and politicians. Less romantically, it was also notoriously vice-ridden, a breeding ground for vicious boys looking for ways into Panama's many profitable criminal rackets.

Esteban wanted to show me his clock; he had some point to make. I said that yes, I wanted to see it, and he ran out the door to fetch it. One of his friends told me that the reason it was an historic clock was that its hands had been stopped, and then melted in place, at the very moment last December when U.S. forces commenced Operation Just Cause.

Some 24,000 U.S. troops had participated in the invasion of Panama, making it the largest American military operation since the Vietnam War, and much of the fighting and shelling had been concentrated in El Chorrillo. For it was in the heart of El Chorrillo, which is only a little more than a mile from the Pacific entrance to the canal, that the Panama Defense Forces (PDF) had their central headquarters—the *Comandancia General*—and it was there that General Manuel Antonio Noriega, alleged those seeking his capture, might be holed up. Noriega, of course, was not found in the *Comandancia* or anywhere near El Chorrillo that night; he wasn't found that night at all. By the morning of Wednesday, December 20, barrio El Chorrillo had been reduced to rubble and ash.

"I'm a *Chorrillero*," Esteban had said, "from what *was* El Chorrillo."

Or what *was* Panama: Who today in the United States speaks of Panama in the present tense? The country has all but vanished from our major media. Only the wire services maintain bureaus in Panama City, and the stories they produce—about Panama's soaring unemployment rate, the rise in street violence, the hardly diminished role of the army and of Noriega's men in it—seldom make the papers. Television news, that world of unmodulated assumptions and fleeting images, no longer focuses its gaze south, toward Central America. All that seems to matter is that the U.S. government has Noriega in a Miami jail cell and may win a conviction when he is tried next year, or may not. (Prosecutors have uncovered few documents, little hard evidence proving Noriega was a major drug trafficker.)

Even in the days that immediately followed the U.S. invasion, the all-night assault on El Chorrillo—literally the invasion's centerpiece—was not written of much or rendered.

(The Pentagon, with its restrictions on reporters, photographers, and TV crews, had seen to that.) There was occasional mention made of the fires that burned in the barrio, which several news reports authoritatively but inaccurately explained had been set by Noriega's thuggish paramilitary Dignity Battalions. (The Catholic Church of Panama had put out this story after hearing from a barrio priest that people had told *him* that they'd seen men in plain clothes at daybreak on the twentieth starting slow-burning fires. Such fires do not level whole blocks of large housing units. Moreover, numerous witnesses have insisted that the fires started immediately with the attack.) And from El Chorrillo residents there were the stray quotes, like this one, from a woman standing near her ruined home, printed in *Time* near the bottom of a story two full weeks after the invasion: "We are very happy with the gringos."

That didn't sound like the El Chorrillo I had known, the one evoked by a Panamanian I spoke with my first night back in Panama City. When asked to characterize the barrio's residents, he said, "*Chorrilleros* may be troublemakers, but they don't let themselves be pushed around. *Son un tipo hot.*"

"You mean *El Escombrillo*" (from *escombro*, rubble), the taxi driver had joked when I'd asked him to take me to El Chorrillo. He wasn't joking when he warned that I might be mugged. Everyone, even the *Chorrilleros*, claims that if you go there nowadays, or to any of the still-standing barrios nearby—packed into the *Casco Viejo*, the Old Shell, on the Pacific peninsula—especially if you're a foreigner, you'll be robbed. El Chorrillo is at the base of that peninsula, and on its other side, along a pier, is the "Thieves Market," a fences' bazaar for contraband filched and bartered from shipping warehouses and American military installations in what was formerly called the U.S. Canal Zone. My taxi drove down the avenue that separates El Chorrillo from the Zone; it was originally named Fourth of July Avenue by the Americans and later renamed *Avenida de los Mártires*, in honor of the students who lost their lives in the anti-American Panama City riots of 1964.

I got off at the top of a street declining to flatland and walked down it to the last building still standing on the block. There I looked out at a vanished neighborhood: a plain that in the sheer morning sun resembled a vast, baked seabed of glittering stones extending to the faraway ocean. A large emptiness, bulldozed and unpeopled, but also a very small one considering that until last December 20,000 people had been packed into it. The invasion—perhaps nine or ten hours of heavy assault—left 15,000 of them homeless.

Raúl Leis, a sociologist and playwright who directs the Panamanian Center for Research and Social Action, believes the residents of El Chorrillo first learned of the invasion precisely forty-six minutes and forty and three-tenths seconds after midnight on December 20: That's when the seismograph needle at the University of Panama's Geosciences Institute registered the impact of the first round of artillery fire, perhaps from a combat gunship. During the following four minutes it registered 67 more explosions and a total of 422 by mid-afternoon of the twentieth, when the delicate instrument gave out. Because much of the assault was aimed at the headquarters of the PDF, El Chorrillo was the neighborhood hardest hit.

After the artillery shells and rockets came light tanks and then ground troops. The sky was lit through the night by tracer bullets and flares. Leis described the scene as a "little Hiroshima." Residents of the barrio had not been warned, and they had no place—no shelters or civil defense stations—to run to.

By dawn thousands of them crowded into a cement-and-brick Catholic parish church and adjacent buildings. Later that day they spontaneously wandered out of the area and, with other now fleeing residents, settled in Balboa High School, a school in the Zone for the children of American servicemen and residents. Families inside took up residence in cardboard boxes. Outside, tents fashioned from parachutes were raised on the football field.

How many civilians died in Pa ma that night? There are Panan nians, including Catholic chur workers, who will tell you 600, 7 even thousands. The U.S. South Command's official figure is 202 ci ians for the entire invasion, as agai about 50 dead PDF soldiers. T human-rights monitoring gro Americas Watch conservatively e mates the number of civilians kil during the invasion at 300, as many 70 of them from El Chorrillo. (Ame cas Watch also estimates that at le 3,000 civilians—a "high numbe from El Chorrillo—were wounde Raúl Leis maintains that 200 bod were pulled out of the dwellin around PDF headquarters, some pieces and most clad only in und wear. That U.S. soldiers were willi to pay as much as six dollars—t average daily wage in Panama is on about five dollars—for each bo recovered may say something abo how difficult it was to find the de amid the ruins.

Americas Watch concluded, aft its study of the invasion, that U. forces had gravely violated the Gen va Conventions with regard to t treatment of civilians. In particul the Americas Watch monitors foun

> United States forces violated th ever-present duty to minimize harm the civilian population in some of t most important battle sites. The co mand of American forces also failed live up to its duties as to the collecti of and accounting for the wounded a the dead among civilians and amo the enemy forces. . . . In addition, t American forces have been and conti ue to be delinquent toward the tho sands of poor Panamanians render homeless by the invasion.

In her own way, Catalina Vásqu made much the same point to me. mulatta, twenty-three and a moth of two, she was the first person bumped into that morning on m walk in the destroyed barrio.

Yes, she had been a *Chorrillera* she said. Her eyes radiated the goo natured patience exemplified by h willingness to stand on that emp street pointing out the invisible lan marks around her: "That was t boxing club. That was the G-2 [Pan manian military intelligence] interr

ation center. And we used to live ver there." She hadn't been at ome but visiting with relatives in an- ther barrio when the invasion be- an. "My children and I were left with ist the clothing we had on," she said.

Because the PDF headquarters had een located in El Chorrillo, it had een wrongly assumed by a few merican commentators that the arrio residents were Noriega's "peo- le"—and thus, perhaps, got what ney deserved in the early-morning ours of December 20. Catalina Vás- uez wanted to talk about this:

"Here in El Chorrillo," she said, even the soldiers voted against Noriega"—that is, against his pup- et candidate, Carlos Duque, in the audulent presidential elec- ons of May 1989. The pro- Noriega forces did, in fact, ose badly in this barrio. And ne failed coup against Nor- ega of October 3, 1989— ne one the Bush administra- on decided not to aid—had een centered here, too, mong officers stationed in ne *Comandancia.* After the ailed coup, Catalina told ne, she had gone almost dai- y to visit friends and neigh- ors among the imprisoned ebellious soldiers.

(It is now known that Noriega and those officers till loyal to him whom he eft in command of his head- uarters had advance warn- ng of the invasion. They ecame aware of scores of ransport planes landing on December 19, at five-minute ntervals, on the U.S. mili- ary airstrip in the Zone, and hey drew the correct conclusions. So hey could have warned the barrio esidents to evacuate. One reason hey did not is that they wanted to be ble to use civilians for cover during he fighting. But they also might have vanted to punish a barrio they regard- d as traitorous.)

Catalina named neighbors who lied in the invasion: "Rubén . . . and Señora Aguilar and her husband, Pedro . . . Señora María, *una religiosa* . . . Gerardo, a student." Catalina's ister, who was in El Chorrillo that night, later described the horrible scene for her: people running in panic through the streets, cut down in cross fire, burning to death in the incinerated dwellings they'd been too frightened to flee, leaping from windows. "People say we were all poor here," Catalina said. "A lot of us are poor. But many of us had good lives. *Pues*—well, we had lives."

She had heard the rumor, one among many circulating in Panama City last spring, that private speculators were planning to turn the land into an oceanfront *barrio de lujo,* a rich persons' neighborhood. "I don't think anyone should live here," she said, scanning the rubble. "I wouldn't want my children to. Not after what happened here. I think they should leave it just the way it is." And she pointed at the empty street running through the rubble in front of us, Calle 23, the street that had led into the *Comandancia.* "They didn't have to do this. He," she said, meaning Noriega, "used to drive in and out here every day, right here. Why couldn't they have just gotten him here?"

That Noriega might have been "gotten" in another way was a common lament among the *Chorrilleros* I spoke with. Before visiting the barrio, I'd spent an afternoon in the two football-field–size hangars at Albrook Air Force Base in the Zone, where hundreds of families who lost their homes in El Chorrillo now find themselves living in small cubicles with walls of plastic sheeting and no ceilings. There men and women described a Noriega quite different from the secret and inaccessible strongman of U.S. TV lore. A light-skinned black who gave his name as Ricardo told me, "I saw him sitting on the grass outside a theater eating a mango. Right there they should have gotten him. I call what they did *Operación Injusta Causa.*"



Photograph by J. L. Atlan/Sygma

Men and women talked too of how they should have been warned by the Americans that an attack was imminent. A few minutes before the attack began, U.S. armed-forces radio and television in Panama broadcast an alert in English to residents of the Zone. But it wasn't until nearly dawn that loudspeakers affixed to the tanks rolling through El Chorrillo carried the message to evacuate. I heard more than once that the United States thought little of civilian property damage or injury or death because

You deserve a factual look at ...

Soviet-Jewish Migration to Israel

Why do the Arabs fear it and fight it?

There are 2 to 3 million Jews living in the Soviet Union today. Under the Soviet Communist system, their culture and their religion have been ruthlessly suppressed for decades. Emigration was virtually impossible. Lately, under glasnost and the more enlightened leadership of Mikhail Gorbachev, the gates of emigration have begun to open. Most of the emigrants choose Israel as their destination. All Arabs — and not just the "Palestinians" — are unanimous and strident in their opposition to this immigration. What motivates them? What is their concern?

What are the facts?

■ Israel was created for a specific purpose. It is the ingathering of Jews from all over the world, especially those who had been subject for centuries to hostility, violence, oppression, ghettoization, expulsion and — eventually, the unprecedented disaster of the Holocaust, in which 6 million Jews perished. The yearning for the re-establishment of the Jewish homeland in what came to be called "Palestine" had been unremitting over the centuries. In 1917, the British were in control of Palestine and issued the Balfour Declaration, which called for the establishment of "...a national home for Jewish people". This Declaration was confirmed by the League of Nations. The concept of Palestine as a Jewish state was further confirmed by the United Nations, which recognized the new-born Jewish state in 1948.

■ During the second World War, many of the millions of Jews that died in the gas chambers of the Nazis could have been saved if they had been allowed into Palestine. The British, however, under the unrelenting threats of the Arabs, buckled under that pressure and effectively throttled Jewish emigration to Israel, thus condemning many to horrible deaths. The situation today is comparable: Under "glasnost" the virulent history-old anti-Semitism of the Russians and the new-found hatreds in the Islamic parts of the Soviet Union subject the Jewish population to imminent great physical danger and possible pogroms. Emigration to Israel is the only solution.

■ The Arab world has regarded this exodus with undisguised hostility and has urged the Soviet Union to stop emigration to Israel altogether. The pretext for this hostility and opposition is the alleged fear that the Soviet-Jewish immigrants will settle in the administered territories, thus threatening the Palestinian inhabitants and their future hopes for a homeland. But, this is a false charge. The Israeli government gives no incentives to any of the immigrants to move to those areas. Fewer than 1% of all Soviet-Jewish immigrants have moved into the territories.

■ The concern of the Arab states, virtually all of which (with the notable exception of Egypt) consider themselves in a state of war with Israel and which have the destruction of Israel at the very top of their agendas, is not with the "Palestinians". In fact, the "Palestinians" and their aspiration for a homeland are a matter of some indifference to the Arab nations, a pretext for the enmity to Israel. If they were truly concerned about the "Palestinians" and their well-being, they would not have suffered their staying in refugee camps for over forty years, in conditions of utter misery. The real reason is the basic Arab view that the existence of Israel on any land that is considered "sacred Arab soil" is considered a Western plot against Islam and the Arab world and that the destruction of Israel is a sacred religious duty, which calls for "jihad" (holy war) against the "infidels". Even if Israel could be induced to grant the "Palestinians" their mini-state, it would not change the hostility of the Arab nations one iota. Their aim would still be the destruction of Israel, except that, with a Palestinian state, in Israel's heartland, the Arab armies would only be minutes away from Jerusalem, from Tel Aviv, and from the military, industrial, and population centers of the country.

The mass immigration of Soviet Jews to Israel would strengthen Israel. Anything that strengthens Israel is perceived by the Arabs as weakening them and thus making more difficult the planned destruction and dismemberment of the Jewish state. The prospect of Jewish immigration strikes terror in Arab hearts. That explains the hysterical statements and saber rattlings at the recent Arab summit in Baghdad. It explains Arab pressure on the Soviet Union to halt this emigration. It explains why, under Arab pressure, the Soviet Union does not allow direct flights from and to Israel; it explains pressure and threats to blow up commercial aircraft of those countries bordering the Soviet Union that may permit transshipment of Soviet Jews to Israel. Israel was created to be a refuge and homeland to persecuted Jews anywhere in the world. During the second World War, the world stood idly by and did not allow Jews to enter Palestine, which could have saved millions. Nothing like it can be allowed to happen again. Soviet Jews are in imminent mortal danger. They want to leave the Soviet Union and go to Israel. Despite Arab frenzied opposition, the world must see to it that nothing happens to slow this exodus.

This ad had been published and paid for by

FLAME

Facts and Logic About the Middle East

P.O. Box 590359 ■ San Francisco, CA 94159

FLAME is a tax deductible, non profit educational 501(c)(3) organization.Its purpose is the research and publication of facts regarding developments in the Middle East and exposing false propaganda that might harm the interest of the United States and its allies in that area of the world. Your tax-deductible contributions are welcome. They enable us to pursue these goals and to publish these messages in national newspapers and magazines. We have virtually no overhead. Almost all of our revenue pays for our educational work, for these clarifying messages and for related direct mail.

Yes, I want to help in the publication of these ads and in clarifying the situation in the Middle East. I include my tax- deductible contribution in the amount of $_____. H/29

❑ My contribution is in the amount of $50 or more. Please send me your booklet containing twenty of the ads that you have published in national media over the last two years.

My name is _____

I live at _____

In _____ State _____ Zip _____

Mail to: FLAME, P.O. Box 590359, San Francisco, CA 94159

those affected would be poor an black. A municipal worker who ha lived with his family in an El Cho rillo high-rise project asked why th barrio's residents hadn't been give "just fifteen minutes" warning—tim enough to grab a few things and flee "Was it because," he asked rhetori cally, "we of El Chorrillo ar stigmatized?"

"We have a stigma," agreed Rica do. "A *Chorrillero* finds his way to sur vive. Some work or study, and som find other solutions. I'm not going t say that we all do that honestly. To b honest, many of us do it dishonestly But we're not looking for a handout We need to go back to our barrio."

Nearly all of El Chorrillo's high rises are now uninhabitable. There was an effort under way in May to re habilitate them—the only such re settlement plan in the pipeline—with $2.5 million to come from Washing ton. Of the $420 million in fresh emergency funds that the Bush ad ministration dispatched to Panama in July, none were earmarked directly for El Chorrillo, though some of the money destined for antipoverty pro grams no doubt will be spent there. No one I have spoken with believes this money will be enough to rebuild housing for the 15,000 residents of the barrio left homeless by the invasion.

As for the injured victims, and the survivors of those civilians killed in the attack, the Bush administration dismisses the idea that it is obligated to provide direct compensation. The President, when asked about civilian deaths and injuries at a news conference shortly after the invasion, said he regretted the loss of life but described the loss as "worth it."

The small grocery store where I met Esteban was on the block near where Catalina had lived, at the edge of the rubble. Next to it stood a large housing project, hollowed out now, its facade bullet-pocked. The half dozen or so people in the store were those whose smaller dwellings, there at the edge, had survived. A Chinese woman was the proprietor, and her baby daughter sat on the counter, happily swinging her legs. Another

)man, a Latina, was there, too.

"The people who ran [from the S. soldiers] were shot down! Shot wn as they ran!" said the Latina ne'd overcome her initial hesitation d was now answering my questions th vehemence). The Chinese man nodded assent. Then one of e young toughs defiantly shouted, here was no resistance. The people re didn't resist!" He meant that ly PDF soldiers, and not very many, d fought back.

"Wasn't there any warning at all?" asked.

"Warning!" said the Latina. When people saw the *Guardia* [the DF troops] come running out of the rracks, they thought it was anoth- coup attempt. That's what I ought!"

"*Rat rata rata rata.*" Now one of Esban's friends was imitating the aeri- gunships, the 50-millimeter bullets at can tear through two walls of ncrete.

The Latina had moved to the front the store and was pointing out the or. "Pedro Plata [Silver Pete] was lled over there, and his señora. And is son, Mingo."

"The gringos rode over everything ith their tanks!" said another of the ds. Everyone in the store was begining to talk, trying to shout over one nother.

"Mingo died on the doorstep. He ame running after it started and was nocking on the door, trying to get n. But Pedro Plata, his legs must have one to jelly—maybe he was drunk. Mingo was shot right on the doorstep, nd then his parents, they never came ut, they burned to death . . ."

"Porky was killed. Porky was a oxer!"

"*Boom boom deboom deboom*"—my notebook is full of these: Esteban's riends especially kept putting great ffort into getting the sounds of the American guns just right.

The attack, all agreed, had started when most people were at home, asleep. PDF soldiers had fired grenades uselessly into the sky as the gunships flew over. Snipers loyal to Noriega had moved into several of the housing projects and were firing from apartment windows. U.S. helicopters

Continued on page 78

Make a life or death decision.

Support the right of the terminally ill to die with dignity. Call for information.

Good Life Good Death

THE HEMLOCK SOCIETY

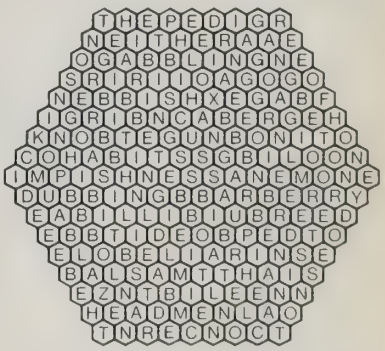
1-800-247-7421



ALEXANDER THE GREAT, one of the most brilliant, youthful and romantic of all historical leaders. **For your home or office.** Reproduced in chloride magnesia from the original in Munich's Glyptotek. Beautiful bronze like appearance. 11¾" on marble base $125 ppd. Check, VISA, MC. Unconditional guarantee. **Artbook color catalogue of 320 masterpieces $6.**

ELEGANZA LTD. *Importers of Fine Statuary*
Magnolia Village • 3217 W. Smith #2910
Seattle, WA 98199 • 206/283-0609

SOLUTION TO THE AUGUST PUZZLE



NOTES FOR "BEE HIVE"

1D. TEA-RING; 2D. HIBISCUS, H(I-IS)CUS, SUCH reversed; 3D. PHLOX, "flocks"; 4D. I(A)-GO; 5D. GANG(es); 6A. NEITHER, anagram; 7D. ORBITING, O-R(IT)ING; 8A. GABBLING, (re)GALING; 8D. GIBBET, G(IE)T; 9D. SERB, (kirschwas)SER; 10A. A(GO)GO; 11A. NEBBISH, NEISH, anagram; 12D. HANGAR, hidden; 13D. BETONY, E-TONY; 14D. INHIBIT, IN-HI(I)T; 15A. CABER, CAER, anagram; 15U. CH-O-I-R; 16U. BEGGAR, RAG(G)E reversed; 17A. KNOB, K(. . . N)O; 18U. ENSILE(anagram)-D; 19A. GUN(k); 20U. BEGONE, EG(gs)-ONE; 20A. BONITO, O-NIT-O; 24A. IMPISHNESS, anagram & Lit.; 25U. MONGER, hidden; 26A. ANEMONE, hidden in reverse; 27U. MOT(reversal)-H; 28A. DUBBING, DU(I)NG; 29A. BARBERRY, AR(ERR)(m)Y; 30U. BELIEF, ELIEF, anagram & Lit.; 31U. EUPHORBIA, EUPHORIA; 32D. ABLAZE, A-LAZE(anagram); 33A. BILLI-BI, ILLII, hidden; 34D. BOATEL, O(ATE)L(d); 35A. BREED, REED; 35D. BENIN, NINE reversed; 36A. EBB TIDE, ETID(anagram)-(mad)E; 37U. DIBS, SID reversed; 38U. BURNING, URNING, "earning"; 39D. PIA-NO; 40A. LOBELIA, LO(ELI)-A; 41U. BILGES, ILGES, anagram; 42A. RINSE, anagram; 43A. BALSAM, AL-SAM; 44D. MI/E/N; 45A. TH(A)IS; 46D. (c)HEAT; 47A. BILE, ILE, hidden; 48. HEADMEN, anagram; 49U. T(ime)-ENSE(anagram); 50U. LA-TAN reversed; 51U. TIME reversed; 52U, CELT, two meanings; 53U. O-LEANDER; 54U. CANISTER, anagram.

SOLUTION TO AUGUST DOUBLE ACROSTIC (NO. 92). MARK TWAIN: THE AUSTRALIAN MAGPIE. I was acquainted with a tame magpie in Melbourne. . . . He knew a number of tunes and could sing them in perfect time and tune; and would do it, too, at any time that silence was wanted; and then encore himself and do it again; but if he was asked to sing he would go out and take a walk.

CONTEST RULES: Send the quotation, the name of the author, and the title of the work, together with your name and address, to Double Acrostic No. 93, *Harper's Magazine*, 666 Broadway, New York, N.Y. 10012. If you already subscribe to *Harper's*, please include a copy of your latest mailing label. Entries must be received by September 8. Senders of the first three correct solutions opened at random will receive one-year subscriptions to *Harper's Magazine*. The solution will be printed in the October issue. Winners of Double Acrostic No. 91 are John L. Challis, Bracebridge, Ontario, Canada; George Byron Easton, Los Angeles, California; and Richard Pike, Cherry Tree, Pennsylvania.

CLASSIFIED

EDUCATION

Fully approved university degrees. Economical home study for bachelor's, master's, and Ph.D. degrees, fully approved by California State Dept. of Education. Prestigious faculty counsels for independent-study and life-experience credits (5,100 enrolled students, 500 faculty). Free information: Richard Crews, M.D. (Harvard), President, Columbia Pacific University, Dept. 2F98, 1415 Third Street, San Rafael, Calif. 94901. (800) 227-0119; in Calif., (800) 552-5522 or (415) 459-1650.

How to master another language. Let European experts teach you. Valid for any language. SASE for free information. Cal, P.O. Box 1915, Lowell, Mass. 01853.

Bachelor's, Master's, Doctorate. Guide to colleges offering nonresidential degree programs through independent home study. Accredited, economical, accelerated programs. Credit given for prior accomplishments and work experience. Free detailed brochure. Write: Doctor John Bear, P.O. Box 826-H1, Benicia, Calif. 94510.

Research papers: 18,278 papers available—all academic subjects. Rush $2 for 306-page catalogue. Custom writing also available. Research, 11322 Idaho, No. 306HB, Los Angeles, Calif. 90025. Toll-free hot line: (800) 351-0222; in Calif., (213) 477-8226.

SPEAK FRENCH OR ANY LANGUAGE
AS U.S. DIPLOMATS DO!
Self-study audiocassette courses developed for U.S. State Dept. now at **savings up to 60%!** Call or write for FREE catalog **1-800-722-6394.**
AUDIO-LANGUAGE INSTITUTE®
516 Fifth Avenue, Dept.H11Suite 507, NY, NY 10036

Study Chinese at home. Free brochure. Write: AICS, Box 453, Charles Town, W. Va. 25414.

British licentiate in arts or sciences and other programs in management, psychology, and philosophy. For prospectus, send $9 to European Program, Somerset University, Ilminster, Somerset TA19 OBQ, England.

GENEALOGY

Irish genealogy. Write: Hibernian Research Ltd., 22 Windsor Road, Dublin 6, Ireland. Call (353) 1-966-522 (24 hours).

MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS

Panpipes/flutes, over 250 varieties, many ages/cultures. Catalogue, $2. Lew Price, Box 1558 (R), Fair Oaks, Calif. 95628.

ASSOCIATIONS

Bertrand Russell Society. Information: HM, RD 1, Box 409, Coopersburg, Pa. 18036.

Knighthoods for gentlemen, honors for ladies. Brochure, $3. Nobilitat-H, 316 Edward Street, Victoria, B.C. V9A 3E6, Canada.

BOOKS

Canadian Books: Used, out-of-print, paperbacks, hardbacks. Any Canadiana, Arctic, or sea books. Wells Group, 958 Page Avenue, Victoria, B.C. V9B 2M6, Canada.

Obtain your books (new or in-print) easily, pleasantly, reliably—with one soothing call to Minnesota. Tell us what you need; we ship immediately or will special-order. Gringolet Bookstore, Minneapolis, Minn. (800) 468-4347.

Ghostwriting. Papers to company histories. Wordsmiths, Box 5882-B, Chicago, Ill. 60680.

Manuscripts wanted, all types. Publisher with 70-year tradition. (800) 695-9599.

Bargain Books
Publishers' overstocks, remainders, imports—over 3,000 titles at up to 80% savings in our **FREE CATALOG!** Biography, History, Art, Nature, Gardening, Cooking, Fiction—something for everyone, including about 600 new titles monthly. Write:
Hamilton Box 15-711, Falls Village CT 06031

Old-book scout locates out-of-print books. Write: Greenmantle, P.O. Box 1178HP, Culpeper, Va. 22701.

Booklover's smorgasbord. Free catalogue. Iron Kettle Books, Hancock Road, Williamstown, Mass. 01267.

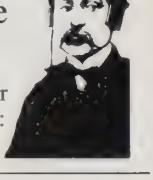
Anarchist Cookbook. Available again: $22, postpaid. Barricade Books, Box 1401-E, Secaucus, N.J. 07096.

Out-of-print bookfinder. Send wants: 2035 (HA) Everding, Eureka, Calif. 95501.

Celo Valley Books will produce your book professionally and economically. One percent of profits to charity. Write: 346 Seven Mile Ridge Road, Burnsville, N. C. 28714.

Clarence Darrow's *Wisdom and Philosophy* in three incomparable booklets. Set, $5. Independent Publications, Box 102, Ridgefield, N.J. 07657.

Recorded Books
Unabridged on cassette
Listen to bestsellers, mysteries, histories & more while you drive. Call now for a free catalog of over 450 easy-to-rent Recorded Books:
1(800) 638-1304.



VACATION RENTALS

Hawaiian Islands—Molokai, Kaluakoi resort. Polynesian studio with kitchen. $50 per night. (800) 225-7978 or (800) 950-5541.

Maine—Port Clyde and Tenants Harb wonderful homes, fully furnished, immac late, and comfortable. From $200 to $2,0 per week, year-round. C. Lang, P.O. B 282, Tenants Harbor, Me. 04860. (20 372-8906.

MERCHANDISE

Your name in Japanese on parchment. Su able for framing: $10. Fashion hair bo elegant fabrics: $8. Zodiac pendants, go plated, free chain: $10. Yumiko, 250 Nor east 107 Street, Miami, Fla. 33161.

Condoms by mail. Avoid condom purch anxiety syndrome (CPAS). Write for fr color brochure or send $4 for discreetly pac aged samples. Money-back guarantee. Al gro Specialties, Box 21881, Baton Rou La. 70894.

Naturist videos: $2, SASE. NAT-FA (HA), Box 838, Venice, Calif. 90294.

Old-time radio on cassettes. Send for fr list. Old-time Radio, 706 Northstar, S Antonio, Tex. 78216.

GOURMET

Outdoor Entertainment Guide. Barbec tips, menus, recipes, including summ cocktails, secret shish-kebab sauce, fre fruit desserts, more. Send $3 and SASE Coco, P.O. Box 2204, Coronado, Cal 92118.

Try the best. Iowa-grown choice beef a pork cuts. Via UPS. Wrapped for your fre er or theirs. Guaranteed. Rector's Heartla Foods. (800) 446-9711.

Steak sauce—tangy, easy recipe. Send and SASE (#10 size) to R. Dynes, 3955 17th Avenue, Eugene, Ore. 97403-2739.

Chili recipe booklet—with beans and wit out, mild to hot. Send $5 to Redwood Re ipes, P.O. Box 215, Highwood, Ill. 6004

New Mexican chile strands, for decorati or eating. Two-foot ($12) or three-fo ($17) lengths. Mesquite Ranch, SR Box 2 Mesilla Park, N.M. 88047.

LIE DETECTION

The art and certainty of discerning hones and deception. Successful "mind readin for the layperson. Learn noncoercive, effe tive, nonmechanical, powerful, covert tec niques used to replace polygraph, etc., governmental and civilian applicatio Send $14.95 to LIE-CUES, Box 2313-H Chapel Hill, N.C. 27514.

LITERARY SERVICES

Looking for a publisher? Learn how you ca have your book published, promoted, a distributed. Send for free booklet: HP- Vantage Press, 516 W. 34th Street, Ne York, N.Y. 10001.

CLASSIFIED RATES: Minimum ten words. One time, $2.20 per word; three times, $2.10 per word; six times, $2.00 per word; twelve times, $1.85 per wor Telephone numbers count as two words, as do box numbers. ZIP codes count as one word. CLASSIFIED DISPLAY: Minimum one inch. One time, $130 p column inch; three times, $125 per column inch; six times, $120 per column inch; twelve times, $105 per column inch. The closing for classified copy is th first of the month, two months prior to issue date. Prepayment is required. Make checks payable to *Harper's Magazine* and send to Harper's Classified, 6 Broadway, New York, N.Y. 10012. Include telephone number on all correspondence. Address inquiries to Andrew Walko, Classified Advertising Manag

REAL ESTATE

ossessed VA and HUD homes available n government for $1 without credit k. You repair. Also tax-delinquent fore- ures. Call (805) 682-7555, ext. H-1716 epo list in your area.

ART

erve your memories. Have your portrait d-painted in oil on canvas. Highly ed artist will work from photograph. , Old Masters reproductions in oil and gns according to your specifications. Free logue: International Fine Arts Gallery, Box 2575, Postal Station P, Thunder Ontario P7B 5G1, Canada; or fax (807) -4840.

T-SHIRTS



OUTRAGED ARTIST PLASTERS NEW YORK CITY WITH POLITICAL ART! Silkscreened reproductions of the 8'x6' paintings on abortion rights, racism, the homeless, U.S. foreign policy, nuclear power, censorship, and more, by guerrilla artist 'LF'. White 100% cotton T-shirts, M, L, and XL. $16.00 each includes delivery. **Write for free color brochure: STREET SHIRTS**, 139 Spring Street, New York, N.Y. 10012; or call (212) 966-6942.

EMPLOYMENT

aranteed government job offer: $40,000/ r average. Many careers, revealing re- ded message. (602) 798-6141, ext. 32.

ky Mountain Employment Newsletter. rrent openings, all occupations, Western S. Free details: Intermountain-4R, 3565 h, Colorado Springs, Colo. 80908-1311. 9) 488-0320, ext. 418.

BUSINESS OPPORTUNITIES

w to sell by mail order. Send $10 to 137 st Richert, Clovis, Calif. 93612.

paid for mailing letters. Write: PASE– 38, 161 Lincolnway, North Aurora, Ill. 42.

000,000 can be yours. If your present A earns interest according to the prime s movement as most IRAs do, delivering ll returns, you're losing out. You should averaging 20 percent. See how $1,200 rly for 15 years can retire you in excess of 000,000. See if you can roll over your ex- ng plan. Enjoy the profitable power of h interest coupled with tax-free deferred reciation. Order report with tables and rts detailing better IRAs this country of- . Send $15 to IRA Council, P.O. Box 2, Rehoboth, Del. 19971.

d books for pay. Call (900) 847-7700 cents/min.) or write: PASE–RJ5, 161 colnway, North Aurora, Ill. 60542.

me mailers wanted. Earn hundreds week- Proven successful. Experience unneces- y. For more information send SASE to x 5058, Arvada, Colo. 80003.

the government finance your small busi- s. Grants/loans to $500,000. Free record- message: (707) 449-8600. KW6.

PUBLICATIONS

e People. Marxist biweekly since 1891. ur months/$1, one year/$4. *The People*), Box 50218, Palo Alto, Calif. 94303.

Proof Jesus fictional. Scholarly proof Flavius Josephus created fictional Jesus, Gospels: $5. For details send SASE to Abelard, Box 5652-H, Kent, Wash. 98064.

Information on Islam. Malden Muslim Center, 51 Pleasant Street, #96, Malden, Mass. 02148.

NOMAD—an interdisciplinary journal of the humanities, arts, and sciences. Sample copy: $4.50 to *NOMAD*, Dept. H, 1556 Marcia Avenue, Tallahassee, Fla. 32310.

Handwritten account—supernatural cloud. Texas coast, 1975. Highlighting earth's rotational displacement. Send $20 to D. Nieder, P.O. Box 5162, San Antonio, Tex. 78201.

GIFTS

Penis poster (23″×35″) depicts 12 animal penises (man to whale). Scientific novelty. $10 ppd. to Poster K, Box 673, Bloomington, Ind. 47402.

Authentic koala bear, 8″ x 10″, color photo. Great for framing, gift, niece, nephew. Send $21.95 plus $6 S&H to Anne Charles, Inc., Suite 115, 1355 West Palmetto Park Road, Boca Raton, Fla. 33486.

ECOLOGICAL SAVIORS/EPOCHAL BRAINSTORMS



4. *Pres. Bush* — Kick ozone, talk fuels & study polls
3. *Cadillac* — A half shut-off for double-size engines
2. *Einstein* — Brake rarely, inertia costs; plan ahead
1. *Me* — Bike or walk some, no?

Topical 2x4 **Metal Plaques** for the less complacent (Gifts, Greeting Card encl/commentary, Auto dash perks & paeans)

Also 'I Brake for Bugs, Mosquitos & Worms… they have friends too' + 'Tribute to The Keating 5 ($enators)', others. $5.50; 3 for $12 Recessed on 4x5 walnut or marble, add $9.50. Or *your* text/MC-Visa: 7-11 p.m 415-527-2237. Plax-Whirled, 1260 Hopkins, Berkeley, CA 94702

TRAVEL

Volunteer work abroad. Two- to three-week village projects in India, Tanzania, Guatemala, Western Samoa, Mexico, and Paraguay. Brochure: Global Volunteers, 2000 American National Bank Building, St. Paul, Minn. 55101.

PERSONAL SPAIN

Deluxe tours of Spain for one or two couples (or family group), fully personalized to your requirements, and escorted throughout. See what you want to see: we are totally flexible. Stay as long as you wish (minimum 7 days). Set your own pace. 1992 will be Spain's year in the limelight. See it before it gets crowded!

Call for Free Brochure: 1-800-365-WISH

Roam the world by freighter. Deluxe, inexpensive, exciting. TravLtips Association, Box 218B1, Flushing, N.Y. 11358. (800) 872-8584.

GALAPAGOS

…December with 9 other adventurers …sailing on board a yacht, exploring …from any other Galapagos expedition.

FREE BROCHURE

…Floats 415-420-1550

…St. Emeryville CA 94608

Homestay in Russia. Sleep beneath handmade quilts, eat home-cooked meals. Two weeks, two cities, two English-speaking families sharing your interests. Traveling Shoes, Box 4410–B, Laguna Beach, Calif. 92652. (714) 752-9036.

PERSONALS

Extraordinary psychic counselor. Randal Clayton Bradford. Energy enhancement/healing. Phone consultations. Visa/MC/AmEx. (213) 820-5281 or (213) REALITY.

Classical Music Lovers' Exchange. Nationwide link between unattached music lovers. Box 31, Pelham, N.Y. 10803. (800) 233-CMLS.

Meet women worldwide. Free 32-page catalogue. America's most respected correspondence service. Cherry Blossom, 190 HR Rainbow Ridge, Kapaau, Hawaii 96755. (808) 961-2114, anytime.

Single Booklovers gets cultured singles of all ages acquainted. Established 1970. Nationwide. Write: Box 117, Gradyville, Pa. 19039, or call (215) 358-5049.

Cultured singles, nationwide. Older women/younger men; younger women/older men. Send LSASE to Anachron, Box H-326, New York, N.Y. 11367.

Scandinavia, Poland, USSR, South America: Worldwide correspondence for sincere, unattached, educated members. Scanna, P.O. Box 4-HP, Pittsford, N.Y. 14534. Call (716) 586-3170.

Beautiful Oriental ladies seek American men for friendship, romance/marriage. Free info: Starlight Communications, P.O. Box 203, Bad Axe, Mich. 48413; or call (517) 856-4992.

Artistic Connections. Linking single lovers of the arts across the nation: music, art, literature, film, dance, drama, photography. Write: AC, Box 116, Chatham, N.J. 07928.

Attractive Oriental ladies seeking correspondence, marriage. Presentations by American/Asian couple. Asian Experience, Box 1214JA, Novato, Calif. 94948.

Japanese women seek friendship/marriage. Other Orientals too. Pacific Century Correspondence, 110 Pacific 208K, San Francisco, Calif. 94111. (816) 924-1668.

Free magazine. One hundred color photos of Thai women seeking life-partners. Addresses: $39.95. P.O. Box 11495, Honolulu, Hawaii 96828. (800) 345-THAI.

Philippine ladies on video. VIP, Box 1815, Brookline, Mass. (617) 734-5851.

New friends, new romance, new love. International contracts. Low fees. Join us. Ideal Companion, P.O. Box 7697-HRPS, Albuquerque, N.M. 87194.

Asian girls. Information, $1. J.W., P.O. Box 2329, Jakarta, Pusat, Indonesia.

Hate an empty mailbox? Receive letters from all over the world. Inexpensive, enjoyable, lifelong hobby. Send LSASE for details. Letters Everywhere, Dept. HP, P.O. Box 218, Watertown, Mass. 02272-0218.

CLASSIFIED

Meet beautiful women. We supply photos, names, and addresses. Send for free details. Merit, Box 74758-H, Los Angeles, Calif. 90004.

Meet Christian singles. Nationwide. Phone or mail introductions. No fee, donations only. Write: Box 90-20-WE, Van Nuys, Calif. 91409.

Prettier Asian women, lower subscribership than competitors; 250 free photos. American-Asian Couples, P.O. Box 23615-H, San Jose, Calif. 95153. (408) 578-2001.

Attractive Libra lady, 39, DWF, desires correspondence with gentle fellow, 40–60. Interests include agriculture, angling, animals, antiquities, architecture, arts, books, bugs, hugs, equestrian sports, metaphysics, music, noetic sciences, peace, poetry, privacy, trees, Zen. P.O. Box 52, Mack, Colo. 81525.

Attractive Oriental women. Free details. Enclose six 25¢ stamps. Anticipations, 3380 Sheridan, 178HC, Amherst, N.Y. 14226.

Your choice of friends and style of introductions. Fee from $2 to $100 determines quantity and quality you meet. Ladies welcome. Friends Express, Box 2418–FH, Falls Church, Va. 22042. (703) 641-0015.

Meet new friends worldwide. Correspondence club. Box 812, Montevideo, Uruguay.

Poetry Lovers International discreetly introduces single, kindred spirits. Write: Box 11652–H, Houston, Tex. 77293.

Trim, 5'9", WASP male, 45, type B personality with a rich imagination and a sense of humor, seeks female, 37–48. I am originally from Atlanta, Ga., a former engineer, and presently in the process of obtaining a teaching license. Unlike most individuals who look up to people with money, glitz, or glamour, I tend to regard native intelligence and depth of personality as the highest of all virtues. My most unconventional characteristic, however, is the way I handle money; I build up capital and try to live off its income—it must be in my DNA. Also, politically I'm a moderate Democrat, pro-choice. I plan to relocate. If you feel we could be compatible, please write. Gary C. Hanson, P.O. Box 295, Park Rapids, Minn. 56470.

Asian women desire romance. Overseas, sincere, attractive. World's no. 1 service. Free details, photos. Sunshine International Correspondence, Box 5500-NA, Kailua-Kona, Hawaii 96745. (808) 325-7707.

Beautiful Latin, Asian ladies seek friendship, marriage. Free photo brochure. Latins, Box 1716-HR, Chula Vista, Calif. 92012. (619) 425-1867.

MISCELLANEOUS

Acrosticians Club. Free *Acrostics Network*, details, puzzles. Mock, 1030-A Delaware, Berkeley, Calif. 94710.

Continued from page 75

had hovered in front of windows, blasting out snipers. It had been, for these people in the grocery, all chaos and panic.

Esteban's friends walked me up the street and around the corner, where another housing project was still standing, all its balconies hung with laundry except for one. This apartment was a blackened cave—it had taken a direct hit from a U.S. mortar round. Next to the project was a bare triangle of earth. "This was the first area to burn. A restaurant, a bodega, the Cantina California . . ."

"Demetrio López died there, and his brother got burned trying to save him. Demetrio was *un hombre sano*"—a clean-living man.

"And Señora Toya died . . ."

Now five elderly men, sitting on the steps of the housing project, came to join us.

"And that's where Porky died," one of them said, pointing. "He was trying to save Lulu."

They mentioned the helicopters. "Always two together, one below the other . . . *Boof boof boof!*" And they described how the tanks, before dawn, had moved into the neighborhood, followed by U.S. soldiers and barbed wire: "And the *Yanqui* soldiers, with their faces painted. They were all screaming. They looked like Indians."

One of the old men removed his shirt to show me the burn scars on his back. His name was Lucas Soffler, and his wife, Clara San Jud Soffler, had been burned all over her body and was still in Albrook Hospital in the Zone.

"*Estabas jumao?*" an elderly black man was teasing one of the others. Were you smoked, drunk? This man looked drunk now. "No! I was lucky I didn't go crazy!" he shouted. "I'd never been in a war before. But I thought, *Nobody's going to rob my shanty!* I hid under three mattresses!"

Esteban eventually returned to the grocery, holding a large utilitarian clock, its aluminum rim blackened. People made way, and he stood close to me, holding it up. "*Un reloj histórico!*" An historic clock. Esteban had found it in the ruins of the PDF barracks' parade ground before the Americans had moved in with the bulldozers. Its melted hands were stopped at three minutes before one. Esteban theorized that a projectile had stopped the clock cold just as the U.S. attack began. But one of the old men who remained with us pointed out—as Raúl Leis with his seismograph needle had pointed out—that the attack had actually begun earlier. So the clock had been stopped not by an actual exploding shell but by the ensuing fire.

Esteban attempted to ignore this theory, as if it somehow diminished the clock's value to history, and to him, and perhaps to me. Before I left the barrio, he asked me quietly if I wanted to buy it.

September Index Sources

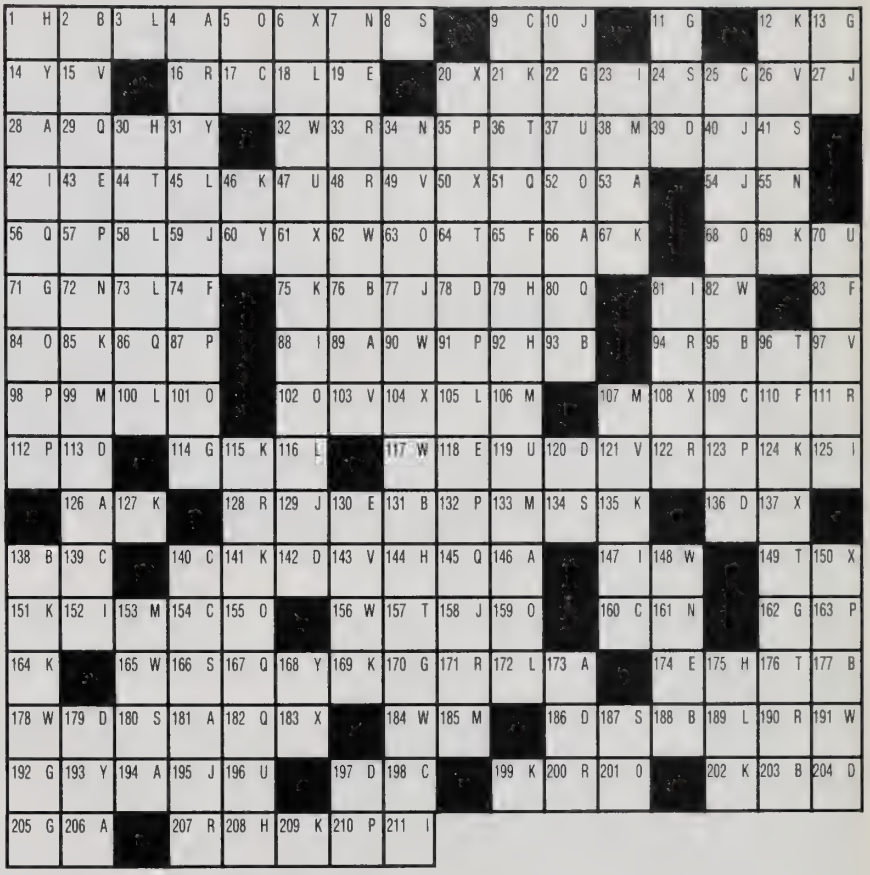
1,2 U.S. Federal Bureau of Investigation; **3** Kathleen Day, *Washington Post*/Office of Ronald Reagan (Los Angeles); **4** Kiki Adatto, Harvard University (Cambridge, Mass.); **5** Peruvian Embassy (Washington); **6** U.S. Department of State; **7** Ministry of Agriculture (Lima, Peru); **8** U.S. Drug Enforcement Agency/*Harper's* research; **9** *El Espectador* (Bogotá, Colombia); **10** Organismo de Seguridad (Bogotá, Colombia); **11** U.S. General Accounting Office; **12** Defense Department Personnel Support Center (Philadelphia); **13** *Des Moines Register* Iowa poll; **14,15** Social Security Administration (Baltimore); **16** U.S. Department of the Treasury/*Harper's* research; **17** New York Stock Exchange (N.Y.C.)/*Harper's* research; **18** Ross-Dove Co. (Foster City, Calif.); **19** Cyberworks Inc. (Orillia, Ontario); **20** Sacramento Animal Medical Group (Carmichael, Calif.); **21** Ministry of Social Affairs (Le Vesinet, France); **22** U.S. House Committee on Energy and Commerce; **23** U.S. Environmental Protection Agency; **24** U.S. Department of Labor; **25** John Robinson, University of Maryland (College Park); **26,27** *Medical World News* (Houston); **28** Julia Child (Cambridge, Mass.); **29** Northumbria Police (South Shields, England); **30** Pat Gilbert, *The Record* (Hackensack, N.J.); **31** Illinois Animal Poison Information Center (Chicago); **32** New York State Department of Environmental Conservation (Albany); **33** E.O. Wilson, Harvard University (Cambridge, Mass.); **34** U.S. National Park Service/*Harper's* research; **35** Office of Planning and Development (Houston); **36** *The Australian* (Sydney); **37,38** New York City Transit Authority; **39** Los Angeles Department of Transportation.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC NO. 93

by Thomas H. Middleton

The diagram, when filled in, will contain a quotation from a published work. The numbered squares in the diagram correspond to the numbered blanks under the WORDS. The WORDS form an acrostic: the first letter of each spells the name of the author and the title of the work from which the quotation is taken.

The letter in the upper right-hand corner of each square indicates the WORD containing the letter to be entered in that square. Contest rules and the solution to last month's puzzle appear on page 75.



CLUES WORDS

A. Alert, bright, quick of mind — 181 53 206 194 66 / 173 89 146 4 / 28 126

B. Withdrew — 188 95 131 177 2 76 138 93 / 203

C. Depravity, corruption — 109 17 154 160 25 140 9 139 / 198

D. Native, aboriginal — 78 186 113 197 142 120 39 136 / 204 179

E. Egyptian personification of femininity; mother of Ra — 43 174 130 118 19

F. "Scarfs, garters, ——, amuse his riper stage" (Pope, *Essay on Man*) — 65 110 83 74

G. Dry, delicate wit (2 wds.) — 13 170 162 71 22 192 11 205 / 114

H. Small, concrete, fortified structure used in warfare; brimless hat — 208 144 30 92 1 79 175

I. Sound of a drumbeat — 23 42 211 147 152 88 81 125

J. Seeks ambitiously (2 wds.) — 158 195 129 27 59 40 10 77 / 54

K. Posthumously published Thomas Wolfe novel (5 wds.) — 67 124 141 46 75 21 199 135 / 209 115 127 151 164 202 12 / 69 169

L. Disembowel — 73 189 [illegible] 116

M. Materialized — 106 38 133 185 153 99 107

N. Moves about lightly — 55 7 34 72 161

O. Outwardly showing or professed — 52 101 159 84 102 155 63 5 / 68 201

P. Singing star (1896–1978) played by Doris Day in *Love Me or Leave Me* (full name) — 210 98 132 163 112 91 87 123 / 57 35

Q. Town up the river from New York City — 182 167 86 56 145 51 80 29

R. Small, unimportant town (2 wds.) — 16 200 171 128 122 94 33 207 / 111 190 48

S. Infinite — 24 134 41 8 187 180 166

T. Volatile petroleum distillate used as a solvent — 64 96 176 36 44 157 149

U. Equipment for catchers and first basemen — 70 47 37 119 196

V. Hires; enters into conflict with — 103 121 143 49 97 15 26

W. Initially, first off (3 wds.) — 117 90 156 32 178 184 191 148 / 62 165 82

X. Chronicle, account, recital — 183 61 150 137 6 50 20 104 / 108

Y. Republic, SW Arabia, cap. San'a — 31 60 14 168 193

PUZZLE

Quadrants

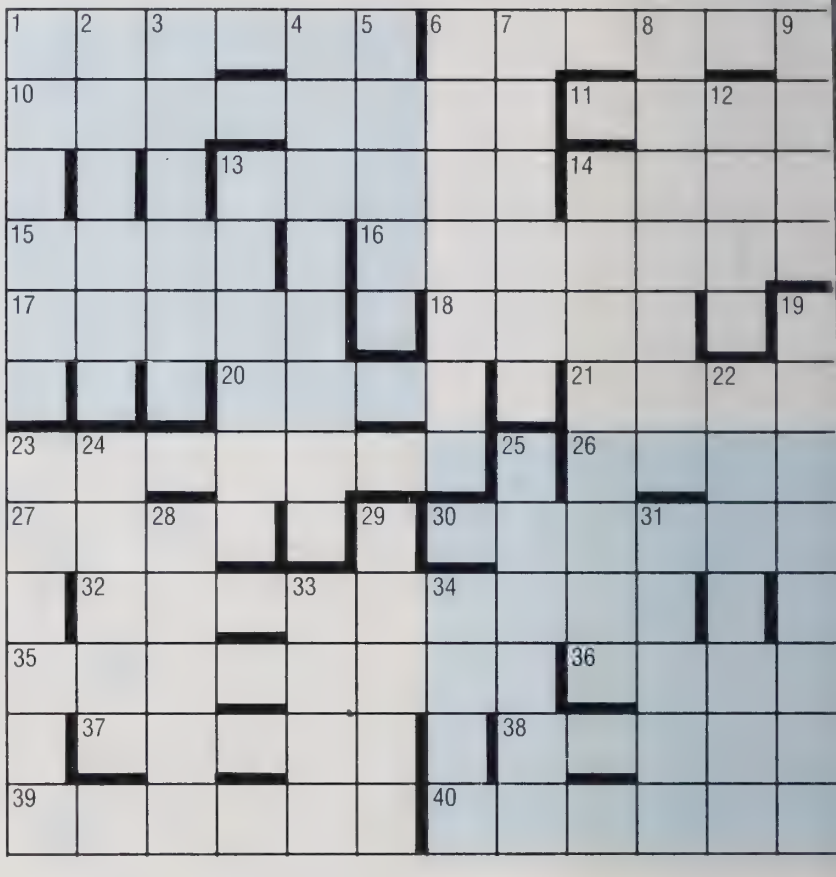
by E. R. Galli and Richard Maltby Jr.

The diagram is divided into quadrants. Clue answers are to be handled in one of four ways, depending upon the quadrant in which they *begin:*

1. Move one letter (EARTH becomes HEART)
2. Exchange positions of two letters (EARTH becomes HARTE)
3. Change one letter, vowel to consonant or vice versa (EARTH becomes BARTH)
4. Unchanged

Solvers must determine which treatment applies to which quadrant. (Be wary . . . many clue answers will accommodate more than one type of treatment.) Note that whatever the treatment, all diagram entries are words.

Clue answers include two proper names; diagram entries include two proper names and one uncommon word (17A). The solution to last month's puzzle appears on page 75.



Across

1. Caribbean leader, an odd sort! (6)
6. Loans defaulted, retaining nothing for Rolls-Royce, e.g. (6)
10. Revere horsed around, even with a charge for passengers (8)
11. Idle talk, full of good jokes (4)
13. Gets no rest, partially—because of this? (5)
14. TV drama: loon eating goose egg (4)
15. Joints I patronized originally in high school (4)
16. Puncture wounds run with gangs (7)
17. Cole I cooked in oil (5)
18. Promenade left and run away to the left (4)
20. Summit tact tees off me (4)
21. Charge Latin for causing sensation (4)
23. A bit of snow began around summertime in France and produced icy weather (7)
26. Tool for cleaving gold put back in iron . . . (4)
27. . . . stop breaking picks (4)
30. Dwelling housing Andrew or Anne initially! (6)
32. Re deficit, fiddling is guaranteed (9)
35. Foul rut comes to sewer on Broadway? (8)
36. Fishnet used for sound? That's reasonable (4)
37. One working for dictator is one-time student leader making comeback (5)
38. Not quite modest object (5)
39. It's unfortunate, assuming only one quarter of creationists to be holy (6)
40. Warms up to boob, taking time (6)

Down

1. Senecas retreating, surrendering area in altercations (6)
2. Source of Argentine beef cost church nothing (6)
3. Cut off from Elsinore, or missing in retreat (6)
4. British chap to get better unfinished work clothes (8)
5. Some holding Greek cross (5)
6. Fabulous rides, to jockeys (7)
7. Rile, as could be possible in a row (6)
8. I put in fodder box that's more seedy (7)
9. When a person holds this, it gets rabbit-punched (4)
12. Insolence, relating to the French, I can get discounted (4)
13. Sign for Washington specs I redrafted (6)
14. Five centimes very loudly put down by the French for French dishes (8)
19. Mixers snowball ultimately into drunken sprees (8)
22. Intentional business closing—rotten luck, too (7)
23. Scenic pictures showing southern peninsulas (6)
24. Suitor I left distressed hits the road (5)
25. Headlocks? . . . or had I miscalculated (6)
28. What a steward possesses! (5)
29. Highly regarded, but take no notice when victimized by mudslinger? (5)
31. One plugs one president or another (5)
33. English fashion's rising reputation (4)
34. Exploit some featherbrains (4)

Contest Rules: Send completed diagram with name and address to "Quadrants," *Harper's Magazine*, 666 Broadway, New York, N.Y. 10012. If you already subscribe to *Harper's*, include a copy of your mailing label. Senders of the first three correct solutions opened at random will receive one-year subscriptions to *Harper's Magazine*. Winners' names will be printed in the November issue. Winners of the July puzzle, "Code 13," are Kenneth Trotter, Merion, Pennsylvania; Andrea Shapiro, Evanston, Ohio; and William Snyder, Walnut Creek, California.

Nobody has the Carlton Combination.

1.
Lowest tar. Lowest nicotine.

2.
"The taste that's right."



1 mg. tar
0.1 mg. nic.



U.S. Gov't. Test Method confirms of all king soft packs:

Carlton is lowest.

King Size Soft Pack: 1 mg. "tar", 0.1 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette by F.T.C. method.

SURGEON GENERAL'S WARNING: Smoking Causes Lung Cancer, Heart Disease, Emphysema, And May Complicate Pregnancy.

© The American Tobacco Co. 1990

Since 1865, not a penny's wages have been paid to the volunteer crews of the Royal National Lifeboat in the port of Anstruther.

Simply the profound respect and gratitude of the men who sail the North Sea.

The good things in life stay that way. Dewar's never varies.



DEWAR'S SCOTLAND

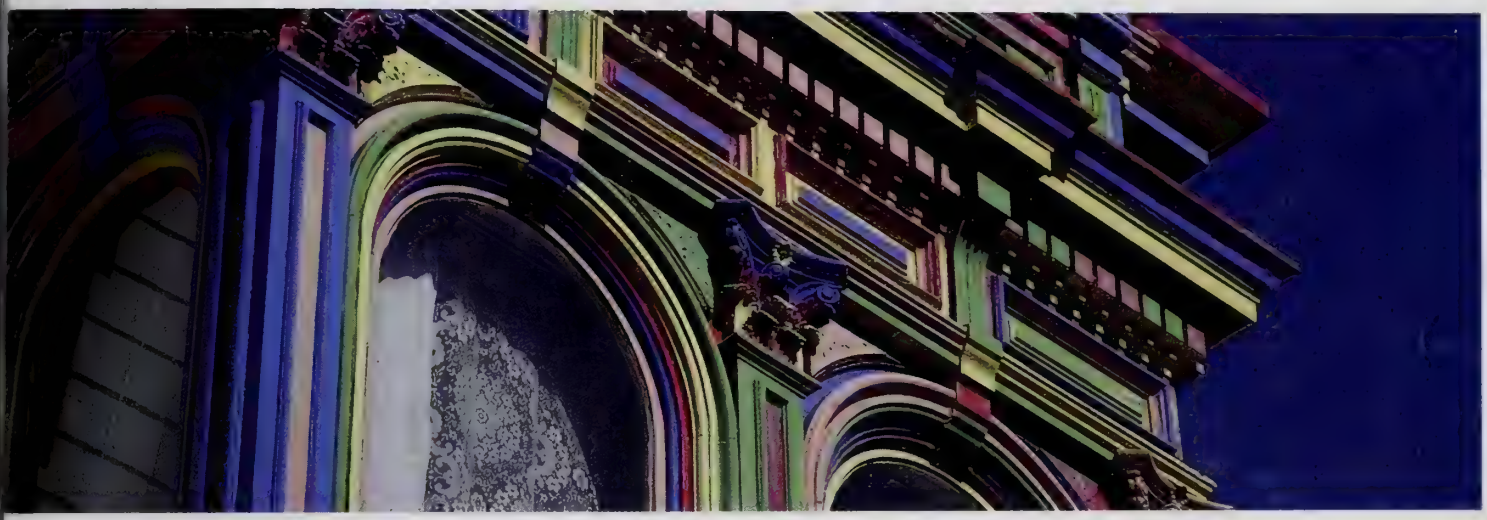
0 October

Vacation Travel: The Velvet Hangover

3 9042 02348991 4

OCTOBER 1990
$2.50

HARPER'S



BURLINGAME
SEP 24 1990
LIBRARY

LATE VICTORIANS
San Francisco, AIDS, and the Homosexual Stereotype
By Richard Rodriguez

SACRED OR FOR SALE?
The Human Body in the Age of Biotechnology
Lori Andrews *Jack Kevorkian*
Andrew Kimbrell *William May*

WASHINGTON'S KOHL FRONT
Embracing a Chancellor, Eschewing Debate
By Christopher Hitchens

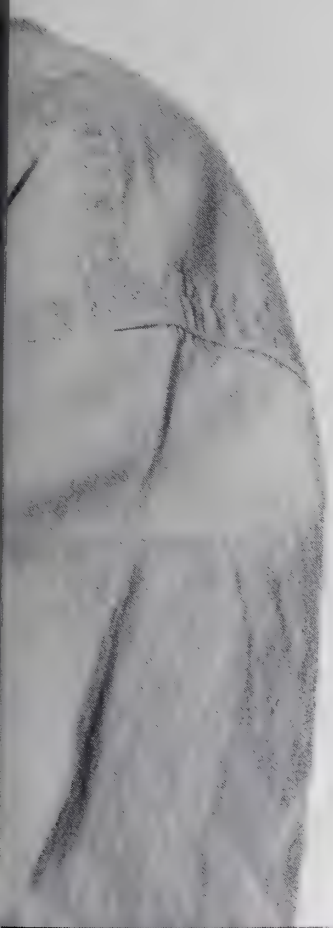
SWEET CHEEKS
Abbott

Marshall Blonsky,
s, students, and sex

01#
HAR
01300
94010
BURLINGAME CA
480 PRIMROSE RD
BURLINGAME PUBL LIB
HP BRL7PI480P099
#125E ********** 5-DIGIT 94010



Grown-ups tell us, 'Just say no.' That's easy for them to say."



"Maybe they forgot what it's like.

"At parties, at school, kids are saying to try this or do that, and they're my friends. I mean how many times can I hear I'm a loser.

"Sure I'm scared of drugs. It's just there's so much pressure. You want to say no. But you can take a lot of heat for it."

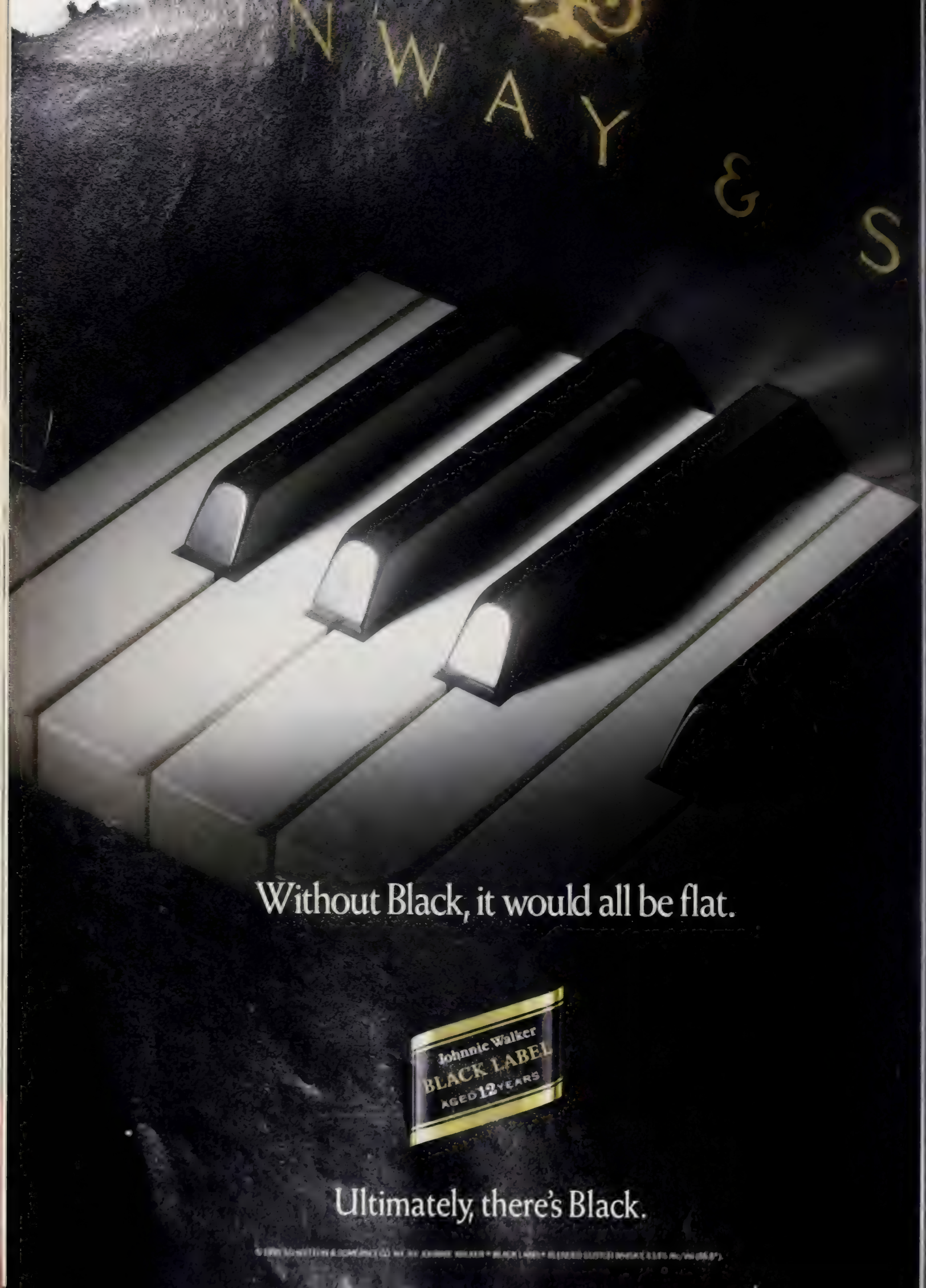
Simple yes-no decisions aren't so simple when they involve kids and drugs.

That's why IBM has helped develop a computer-based, interactive video program that's now in schools. It simulates realistic social situations, and allows kids to make choices—about drugs, about alcohol, about themselves—and to experience the consequences, but without getting hurt.

The program is sponsored by the National Federation of State High School Associations, and preliminary results have been extremely encouraging.

To learn more about this program, write to us at IBM, P.O. Box 3974, Dept. 973 Peoria, IL 61614.

IBM®


NWAY & S
Without Black, it would all be flat.
Johnnie Walker
BLACK LABEL
AGED 12 YEARS
Ultimately, there's Black.

HARPER'S

FOUNDED IN 1850 / VOL. 281, NO. 1685
OCTOBER 1990

Letters 4
In search of the public square — *Sim Sadler, Raymond Birt*

Notebook 12
Lines in the sand — *Lewis H. Lapham*

Harper's Index 17

Readings 18
The Velvet Hangover — *Václav Havel*
S&Ls: The Final Frontier — *Stanley E. Adams*
Professors, Students, and Sex — *Leon Botstein*
"One Evening" — *a story by Samuel Beckett*
"King" — *fiction by John Edgar Wideman*
"Going" — *a poem by August Kleinzahler*
And . . . — *Mark Helprin, Senator Alan Simpson, U.S. Department of Justice*

Annotation 44
A (POST)MODERN (ALLEGED) MOBSTER — *Marshall Blonsky*
John Gotti: The substance of his style

Forum 47
SACRED OR FOR SALE? — *Lori Andrews, Jack Kevorkian, Andrew Kimbrell, William May, Jack Hitt*
The human body in the age of biotechnology

Memoir 57
LATE VICTORIANS — *Richard Rodriguez*
San Francisco, AIDS, and the homosexual stereotype

Story 68
SWEET CHEEKS — *Lee K. Abbott*

Capital Letter 74
WASHINGTON'S KOHL FRONT — *Christopher Hitchens*
Embracing a chancellor, eschewing debate

Acrostic 83 *Thomas H. Middleton*

Puzzle 84 *E. R. Galli and Richard Maltby Jr.*

Cover: Photograph by Larry Lee / West Light

Harper's Magazine is owned and published monthly by Harper's Magazine Foundation, 666 Broadway, New York, New York 10012. Allen Austill, Chairman.

Copyright ©1990 by the Harper's Magazine Foundation. All rights reserved. The trademark *Harper's* is used by Harper's Magazine Foundation under license and is a registered trademark owned by Harper & Row Publishers, Inc. The trademark *Harper's Index* is a registered trademark owned by the Harper's Magazine Foundation.

Printed in the U.S. Second class postage paid at New York, New York. In Canada, second-class postage paid at Mississauga, Ontario. POSTMASTER: Send all address changes to *Harper's Magazine*, Post Office Box 1937, Marion, OH 43305. ISSN0017-789X. CHANGE OF ADDRESS: Please provide both address from last issue and new address. Allow six weeks advance notice. SUBSCRIPTIONS: $18 one year. Canada and U.S. possessions, add $2; other foreign, add $20 per year. Send orders to *Harper's Magazine*, P.O. Box 1937, Marion, OH 43305. SUBSCRIPTION PROBLEMS: Write *Harper's Magazine*, P.O. Box 1937, Marion, OH 43305, or call (800) 347-6969, Canada (614) 382-3322, M-F, 8 A.M.–4:30 P.M., Eastern time. All requests for PERMISSIONS and REPRINTS must be made in writing to *Harper's Magazine*, 666 Broadway, New York, NY 10012. *Harper's Magazine* will not consider or return unsolicited nonfiction manuscripts that have not been preceded by a written query. *Harper's* will consider unsolicited fiction. Unsolicited poetry will not be considered or returned. No queries or manuscripts will be considered unless they are accompanied by a self-addressed, stamped envelope.

HARPER'S

Editor
Lewis H. Lapham
Executive Editor
Michael Pollan
Senior Editors
Gerald Marzorati, Jack Hitt
Managing Editor
Ellen Rosenbush
Art Director
Deborah Rust
Associate Editors
Charis W. Conn, Ilena Silverman, Colin Harrison
Assistant Editors
Elliott Rabin, Paul Tough
Assistant to the Editor
Ann K. Stern
Interns
Sarah Burnes, Frank Koughan, Deidre McFadyen

Contributing Editors
L. J. Davis, Mark Edmundson, Darcy Frey, Francisco Goldman, Vicki Hearne, Craig S. Karpel, Barry Lopez, Peter Marin, George Plimpton, Bob Shacochis, Earl Shorris, Jacqueline Simon, Eric Treisman, Philip Weiss, Tom Wolfe
Washington Editor
Christopher Hitchens

John R. MacArthur, *President and Publisher*

Vice President and General Manager
Jeanne Dubi
Vice President, Corporate and Public Affairs
Ellen Ryder
Vice President, Circulation
Lynn Carlson
Circulation Manager
Judith Brienza
Assistant to the Publisher
Diane Kraft
Receptionist/Advertising Assistant
Noreen Assing
Staff
Joseph Malits, Frank DiBartolo

ADVERTISING SALES
666 Broadway, New York, New York 10012
(212) 614-6500
Vice President, Advertising Director
Mary Anne Malley
Account Representatives
Evan Green, West Coast Mgr.
Debra Goldberg, [illegible]
[illegible]
Advertising Coordinator, Andrew Wall

LETTERS

In Search of the Public Square

Whatever chances we may have had to create and preserve the public square in this country ["Whatever Became of the Public Square?" July] have since been long undermined by the automobile and the telephone. Like so much else in American culture, the diverse and democratic functions of our public spaces have been irrevocably fragmented into the shopping mall, the sports arena, the televised political debate, etc.

While I sympathize with your forum participants' impulse to re-create and update the town square in America, such efforts are sadly hollow. The debate should be expanded to include the new realities of electronic space: Can the serendipitous interactions of the preindustrial town be designed into electronic networks? Will they develop organically? What are the social consequences of this new kind of space that denies the more subtle senses of touch and smell? And politically, what are the electronic equivalents to the great squares of Prague and Beijing?

Sim Sadler
Los Angeles

Harper's Magazine welcomes Letters to the Editor. Short letters are more likely to be published, and all letters are subject to editing. Letters must be typed double-spaced; volume precludes individual acknowledgment.

"Whatever became of the pu square?" is not an intellectually vocative question but an invitatio indulge in nostalgia. Not surprisin the discussion was rich in referer to great European squares and the al comments about the death of pu life in America.

Political participation as a m constituent of public life long shifted from the public square to o institutions: schools, clubs, to meetings, political parties, even ters to the editor. Some people ar that active political participatio increasingly endangered by the o way indoctrination that occ through television. The active eff to create technology for interacti "talk-back" systems are a hopeful of the popular will to participat the electronic public square.

Susana Torre
New York City

The question "Whatever bec of the public square?" is an import one. Certainly the debasement of public life threatens the nature of ditional democracy in our plurali society.

Alas, asking the question about deteriorated public life in the cont of a physical structure such as public square reveals one of the v sources of the problem. Ameri have an edifice complex that w

ıke the ancient Romans blush. We
ve come to think that buildings and
m are the solutions to our prob-
ns. Schools are bad, this thinking
es, therefore just build a new
ıool, and if it has the right design
en our educational problems will be
ved. Public life is debased, so just
me up with a properly designed
blic square and public life will
vive. These are easier solutions
an tackling the real problem—our
duced capacity to tolerate one an-
her.

Great public places, no matter how
ll designed, will not make the peo-
e who enter them more interesting,
tal, or public-spirited. The late
dge Learned Hand admonished us
at the spirit of liberty lives in the
arts of men. When it dies there, no
ıg, no constitution, can revive it.
e would have us understand that
is idea applies to public squares as
ll.

ally Orlinsky
ltimore

The forum panelists didn't see how
congruous were their grandiose
hemes of the "ideal" public space.
he Mall, in Washington, D.C., for
stance, is a poor example of a public
uare. Its uses are limited to occa-
ınal marches and festivals. It's way
o large in scale, too impersonal and
appropriately placed, to resemble
ıe Italian square.

A better example of a working pub-
c place is Washington's Dupont
ircle. It's a thriving public space:
ıss through it at various times of the
ıy, weekdays and weekends, and
atch it work.

Instead of immensity, shopping,
hools, sports facilities, and other
ıstractions, Dupont Circle's space is
lled only with trees, birds, squirrels,
ı occasional rat, benches, grass,
owers, a fountain, and a lot of differ-
ıt people. There is plenty of shaded
ıd sunny grass space where an assort-
ıent of humanity—white-collar
rofessionals, bike messengers, home-
ss people, bongo drummers, and
thers—sit. There are no markets
r pricey cafés. It's simply a well-
tuated, human-scaled, peaceful, and
vely public space where people who

University of Cambridge
Summer Study Program
For Adults

July 7 - 20, 1991

LEARN at the University of Cambridge with distinguished Cambridge faculty.

LIVE in residence at beautiful Emmanuel College.

CURRICULUM tailored to the interests of adults who are looking for a unique educational and cultural experience.

COURSES:

The World of Shakespeare
English Country Houses
Life in the Middle Ages
The Churchill Years
Dickens in the Victorian Age

For brochure write or call . . .
Office of Cooperating Colleges
714 Sassafras St. • Erie, Pennsylvania 16501
Phone (814) 456-0757



Lay Down Your Arms



Ah, to read without aching arms and dented elbows. Now you can with our Reader's Table from Denmark. It adjusts easily to hold your book at just the right height and angle. Reading becomes surprisingly comfortable in a chair, in bed, or beside a desk. An intelligent design, and a handsome piece of furniture in mahogany, teak, cherry, or black ash.

$184 includes shipping via UPS ground. Assembly required.

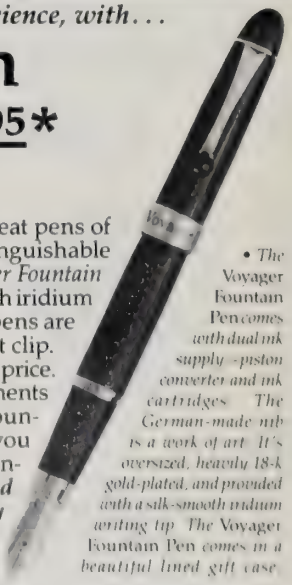
MC/VISA/AMEX/Check • Florida add 6%
Money-Back Guarantee • Catalog on Request
800-544-0880 or 407-276-4141

LEVENGER™
Tools for Serious Readers
975 S. Congress Ave., Code HRT3, Delray, FL 33445

Enter a whole new world of writing pleasure and experience, with . . .

Voyager Fountain Pen by Rodell-7 only $49.95*

But read this ad for an even better deal!



• *The Voyager Fountain Pen comes with dual ink supply—piston converter and ink cartridges. The German-made nib is a work of art. It's oversized, heavily 18-k gold-plated, and provided with a silk-smooth iridium writing tip. The Voyager Fountain Pen comes in a beautiful lined gift case.*

The *Voyager* line of fine pens is equal or superior to the great pens of Europe and America in function and appearance, indistinguishable in heft and feel. The Germanmade two-tone nib of the *Voyager Fountain Pen* is heavily 14-k gold-plated and provided with a silky-smooth iridium tip. Just as those fine European and American pens, *Voyager* pens are tastefully decorated with gold-plated applications and pocket clip.

The truly astonishing thing about the *Voyager Fountain Pen* is the price. We are the exclusive representatives of these fine writing instruments in the United States. We can therefore bring you this superior fountain pen for just $49.95. Compare that to the $150 to $250 that you would expect to pay for equivalent U.S. or European luxury fountain pens. But we have an even better deal: ***Buy two for $99.90, and we'll send you a third one, with our compliments—absolutely FREE!*** The *Voyager* companion retractable ballpoint pen is in the same luxury execution. It costs $39.95. The "3-for-2" special deal is also available. For further saving, you can buy the set—Fountain Pen and Ballpoint Pen for only $69.95. And, of course, you can buy three sets for the price of two. Start writing with what may well be the finest writing instruments in the world, get incredible savings and order your *Voyager Fountain Pen(s)* today!

FOR FASTEST SERVICE, ORDER
TOLL FREE (800) 882-3050
24 hours a day, 7 days a week

Please give order #1263A497 for Voyager Fountain Pens, #1264A497 for Voyager Ballpoint Pens, and #1265A497 for Voyager Sets (Fountain Pen and Ballpoint Pen). If you prefer, mail check or card authorization and expiration date. We need daytime phone for all orders and issuing bank for charge orders. Add ship./insur: $5.95 for one, $8.95 for three pens or sets. Add sales tax for CA delivery. You have 30-day return and one-year warranty. We do not refund shipping charges.

For quantity orders (100+), call Ernest Gerard, our Wholesale/Premium Manager at (415) 543-6570 or write him at the address below.

since 1967
haverhills®
131 Townsend Street, San Francisco, CA 94107

SPEAK SPANISH - ANY LANGUAGE - AS DIPLOMATS DO - AT UP TO 50% SAVINGS

Yes, with **Audio-Language and Knowledge Institute,** you can learn to speak the foreign language of your choice QUICKLY, EASILY, INEXPENSIVELY, AT YOUR OWN CONVENIENCE, using, the SAME FOREIGN SERVICE audio-cassette courses developed by U.S. STATE DEPARTMENT FOR ITS DIPLOMATS. Each course has been **field tested** and proven by thousands of diplomats as well as the general public. **Why Pay Big** when now we offer you these SAME COURSES at prices that are **up to 50% lower** than any you have seen elsewhere. A total of 56 languages, so take this unique opportunity, fill out the coupon below and mail it TODAY for your FREE catalogue or call toll FREE **1-800-722-6394.**

TO: AUDIO LANGUAGE
AND KNOWLEDGE INSTITUTE
516 Fifth Avenue Suite 507 Dept. H9
New York, N.Y. 10036

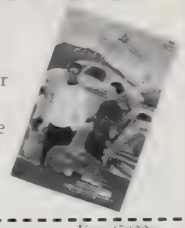
NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____ ZIP _____

WinterSilks
FREE CATALOG!

WinterSilks 68 page full color catalog offers silk long johns, turtlenecks, sweaters, and other fine silk clothing of distinction. All fully guaranteed! For a free one year subscription mail the coupon below or call:
1-800-648-7455



Key C9008

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

WinterSilks, 2700 Laura Lane, Middleton, WI 53562

DO SOME EARTHLY GOOD

Join the Sierra Club — the world's largest grassroots environmental organization.

	IND.	JOINT
REGULAR DUES	☐ $33	☐ $41

Name _____

Address _____

City _____

State _____ Zip _____

Enclose check and mail to: **SIERRA CLUB**
Dept. J246, P.O. Box 7959
San Francisco, CA 94120

Annual dues include Sierra subscription $7.50 and Chapter publications $1. Dues are not tax-deductible.

RECAPTURE ALL THE JOY AND GRIT OF CHILDHOOD IN THE CITY WITH



CITY PLAY

Amanda Dargan and Steven Zeitlin

"This is the book I have been waiting for—a serious survey of the games of New Yorkers, written with enormous zest and enjoyment, and illustrated with superb photographs. It will be greeted enthusiastically not only by games-fanciers, but by every other member of the human race—for, after all, what is more important than play?"—Iona Opie, author of *The Oxford Dictionary of Nursery Rhymes*



220 pp. 8 1/2 x 11. [illegible]
Cloth $24.95 (800) 446-9323 (MC / Visa)

Rutgers University Press
109 Church Street • New Brunswick, NJ 08901

do not fear one another go for rest, play, and interaction. People of all ages, nationalities, races, classes, and sexual preferences move through Dupont Circle on their way somewhere else. Otherwise, it's a final destination; people talk, meet, gather, read, play Frisbee, skateboard, watch one another, play chess at the half-dozen stationary chess tables, play with their pets, and just hang out. They even hold protests once in a while.

Mary Ann Puglisi
Washington

As a bartender, I'm amazed that not one panelist from your forum mentioned the role bars play in America's public life. Of course, people don't go to bars to become better citizens. But they are where people, apart from hard-core drinkers, go specifically to meet other people. Not only is there the singles scene but people also go to meet friends, coworkers, and loved ones; they go to sit at the bar and talk to the bartender or to whoever happens to sit next to them, or simply to be surrounded by people. The phrase "go for a drink" is more about talking than drinking. Bars are fairly egalitarian places. Where else are people invited to come as they are?

Robert F. Doherty
San Francisco

The secret to creating public life in a public space is simple: Give people something to do and a reason to be there. To be effective, a public space should be adjacent to active pedestrian streets and be a place to cross through to get somewhere else—stores, post office, city hall, courthouse, municipal offices, school, multi-tenant office building, apartment house, hotel, hospital, entertainment, mass transit stops, etc. To spread use, the more of the above mix there is, the better.

What do people like to do in a public space? They like to eat outdoors, buying snacks from a vendor or sitting in a café. They like to make purchases, buying on impulse from carts and temporary market stalls as well as shopping purposefully. They like to

atch things both unprogrammed
-mostly other people—and pro-
rammed—street performers, musi-
ans, exhibitions, and shows. For
is, a flexible space with adequate
rvices, auto and van access, storage,
tended rest rooms, and electric
ower is important. Sometimes peo-
le like sun, sometimes shade, and
ey need overhead protection from
in and snow. People demand securi-
. A public place needs to have a
udget to provide for continual main-
nance. Paving design, landscaping,
nd art are nice, but they do not by
emselves make good public space.
eople do.

obert Tennenbaum
Center City—Inner Harbor
Development, Inc.
Baltimore

Having grown up in Cambridge, Massachussetts, in the Sixties and Seventies, I have many observations about the forced cultivation of the public square that marked these decades. With each new public square scratched into the urban landscape, I wonder why we need to spend huge sums of money to re-create anachronistic and functionless gathering places. Our means of transportation and communication have long since developed to the point that we no longer need the public square as a gathering place to exchange goods or ideas. Why expend society's scarce resources on unneeded—and even unwanted—landscape alterations that simply do not serve any modern social or economic function? There is no place for a rialto in a modern capitalist economic system; the telephone and fax machine have supplanted it.

Whenever a major construction project is undertaken, the urban planners and architects design a public square: diverting traffic, eliminating parking, installing works of "art" and "sculpture"—often no more than rocks or twisted hunks of metal—and scattering odd steps and embankments where ordinary people once walked on their way to doing something. In the wake of urban scarification, the open space serves as a convenient place for dangerous-looking teenagers to hang out or as a choke point where panhandlers can accost commuters and shoppers headed to or from the subway.

Every artificial public square I can think of carries more negative than positive attributes. Central Square, Cambridge, is a barren, noisy traffic island. Harvard Square is a pedestrian and automotive nightmare of illogical traffic patterns and malingering, unattractive teenagers and bums. Parking, always a scarce commodity in Cambridge, has been largely eliminated. I once was assaulted by a seedy vagrant in the chess playing area and now avoid the place. City Hall Plaza in Boston is another fine example of a previously functional public place, Scollay Square, which was bulldozed and replaced with a sterile brick wasteland.

Busybody, credentialed professionals—urban planners and architects—make hefty commissions for new public squares, and professional "artists" have contributed to the creation of hazardous and hideous urban environments. Who needs 'em?

Raymond Birt
Lawrence, Kans.

Whatever became of the public square? It's become a place for the homeless.

Ralph Slovenko
Detroit

The July forum generated excellent points about places that vitalize public life. The participants mention markets, stores, walking, sports, parades, schools, art, recycling centers, post offices, gardens, and gallows as just the sort of things that stir up congregation and interaction. I was surprised, however, at the conspicuous omission of the American diner.

In any town worth its salt, the lunch counter is vital. Diners are cultural icons and, like the English coffeehouses, serve as conduits of social codes and local custom.

Diners have their own etiquette, their unique levels of tolerance. There is a daily rhythm, a pattern of life: hectic half the time, lonely the rest. The diner never closes. It is a place to be oneself, a place for writ-

DIA CENTER FOR THE ARTS READINGS IN CONTEMPORARY POETRY

1990–1991 SEASON

THOM GUNN
Introduction by
JOHN ASH
October 30, 1990

—

ANDREW HUDGINS
YUSEF KOMUNYAKAA
Introduction by
AMY CLAMPITT
November 13, 1990

—

MARK STRAND
Introduction by
HAROLD BLOOM
December 4, 1990

—

AMY GERSTLER
THYLIAS MOSS
Introduction by
DAVID LEHMAN
February 26, 1991

—

LUCILLE CLIFTON
Introduction by
TONI MORRISON
March 5, 1991

JAMES MERRILL
Introduction by
JOHN ASHBERY
April 16, 1991

—

RICHARD WILBUR
Introduction by
NICHOLAS CHRISTOPHER
May 14, 1991

—

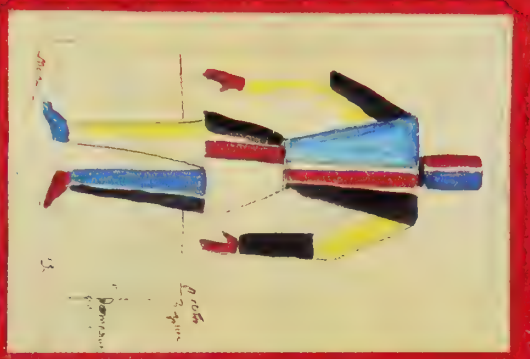
CHARLES WRIGHT
Introduction by
JAMES TATE
June 4, 1991

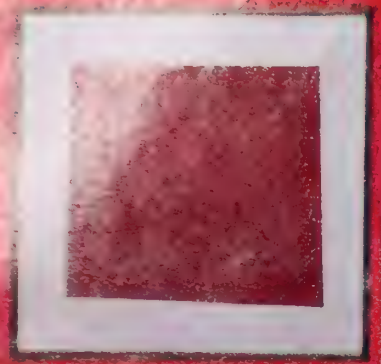
Readings at 7:30pm
Admission $5 per Reading

155 Mercer Street
New York City
212-431-9232

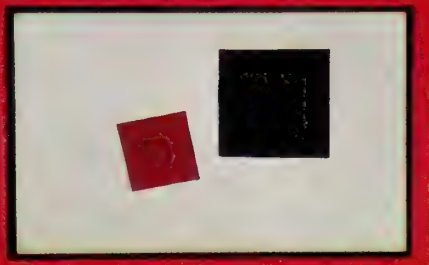
©Philip Morris Companies Inc 1990



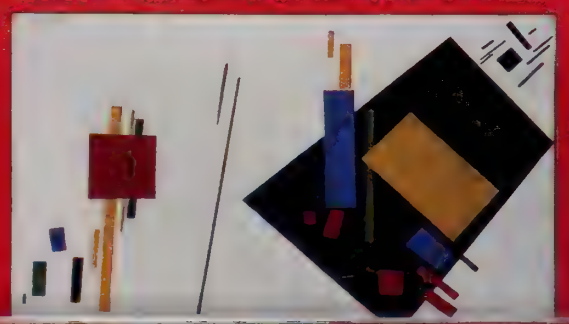










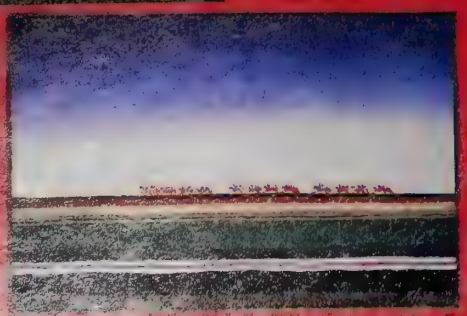














The Artist Who Came In From The Cold.

Kazimir Malevich was a revolutionary Russian artist and one of the greatest creative innovators of modern times. He believed that art should infiltrate every area of society, and he became a leader of the artistic revolution that swept Europe early this century.

Malevich originated the abstract theory of "suprematism": an art form using images which did not come from nature but which were beautiful in themselves. For decades his paintings remained hidden away in Russia. Today President Mikhail Gorbachev endorses Malevich as "one of the most original spokesmen of the entire Russian avant-garde."

His life's work, now on view at the National Gallery in Washington, follows the progress of a passionate individualist in an era of social and political turmoil. The simple peasant portraits of his youth are a quiet prelude to the revolutionary "suprematist" experiments which shook the art world. While his later work shows Malevich returning with undiminished energy to more figurative forms.

Philip Morris Companies Inc. is proud to sponsor, in our nation's capital, this inspiring gift of *glasnost*: the first comprehensive exhibition of Malevich's paintings and drawings ever seen in the United States.

PHILIP MORRIS COMPANIES INC.

Kraft General Foods · Miller Brewing Company
Mission Viejo Company · Philip Morris USA
Philip Morris International Inc.

... arguing, learning, eavesdropping, flirting, falling in love, eating, reading, dreaming, sobering up, hiding, relaxing, thinking. You can be alone or touch elbows. No one is going to tell you what to do; you have a choice to be what you want.

Sean Wolf Hill
Casstown, Ohio

The public square your July forum so ardently tries to conjure exists right in New York City at the foot of Fifth Avenue, in Washington Square Park. Although it may not always be a "place of peaceable assembly" and has often reflected panelist Richard Sennett's absurd notion that "the public realm should be gritty and disturbing rather than pleasant," it is indeed a place of social interaction—just drop by the playground or chess tables—and political discussion. There's no need to hypothesize a model for a new American public square; it's already in use in one of the most heterogeneous cities in the world.

Ed Healy
Buffalo

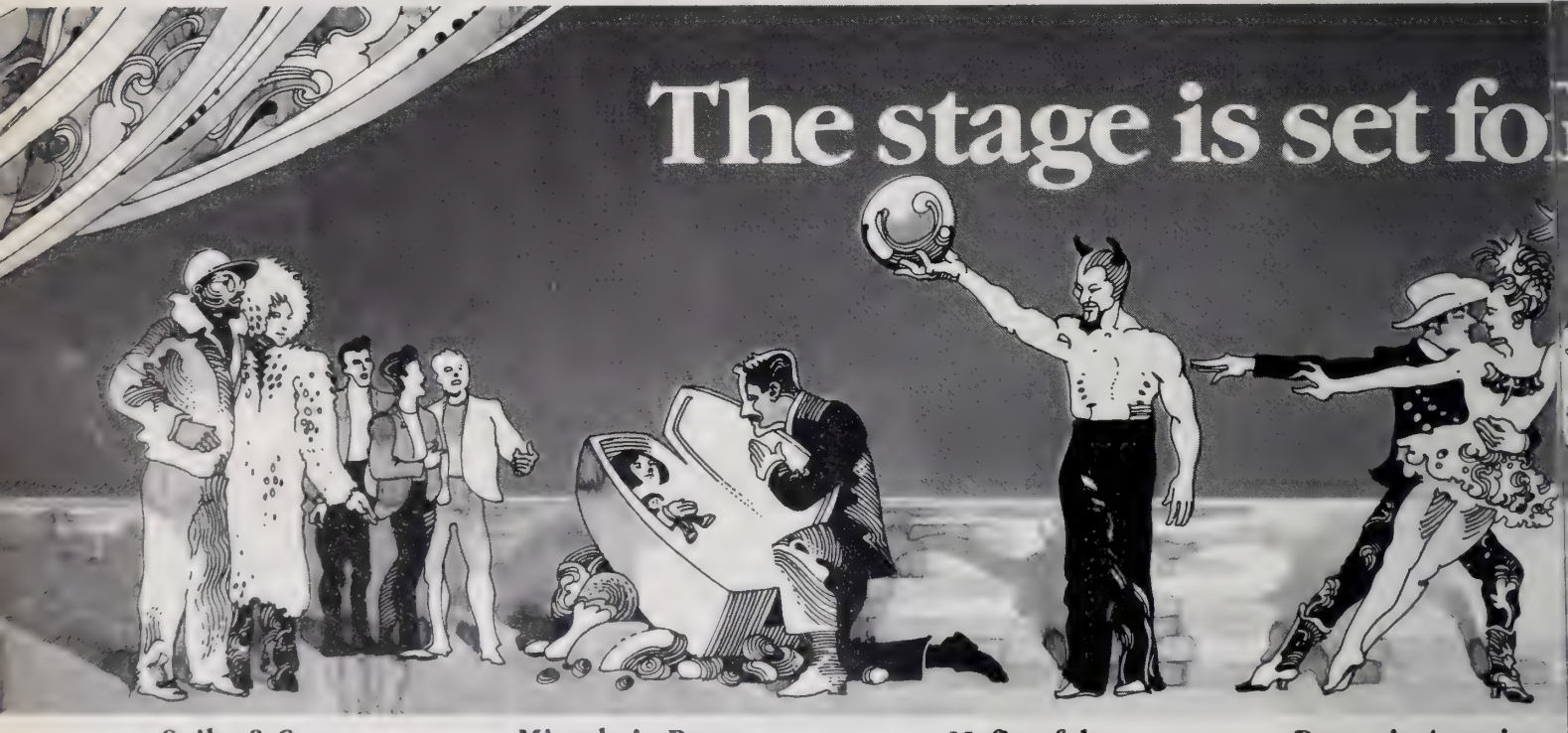
Understanding Retardation

Sallie Tisdale's report on the mentally retarded ["Neither Morons nor Imbeciles nor Idiots," June] is one of the most thoughtful and sensitive stories on the topic in recent times. We have come a long way. In 1962, as a developmental psychologist with expertise in mental retardation, I helped to produce the first story, published in *The Saturday Evening Post,* about President Kennedy's sister Rosemary, who was mentally retarded. Her condition had never been publicly acknowledged, and the article helped to bring mental retardation out of the shadows. Still, the public has not been quick to set aside its fears and accept those who are intellectually and often visually different from "normal" people. The most gratifying change in the world is the steady pr ress we are making in our attitu about one another. Sallie Tisdale's port brings us to a new and higher l el of acceptance.

Donald J. Stedman
Chapel Hill, N.C.

I am glad that Sallie Tisdale fou people who are labeled mentally tarded who are also happy and fur tional. I have cerebral palsy, whic like mental retardation, is often m understood to be contagious or da gerous. Recently, my five-year-o came to me with a phrase she ma up: "wonderfully retarded." She h no idea what it meant but liked t sound of the words together. S wanted to know what I thought.

I sometimes want to scream abo all those hours spent at the speci school where I had to undergo phy ical therapy both in the water and o a table. Big hands manipulatin smaller ones. I wasn't allowed to dre



Spike & Co: Do It A Cappella

Spike Lee and Debbie Allen host a celebration of contemporary a cappella music with six hot groups, including Take Six, Ladysmith Black Mambazo and The Persuasions.

October 5

Miracle in Rome

This touching tale of a father's attempt to have his daughter canonized is the second in a series of dramatizations of stories by Nobel Prize-winner Gabriel Garcia Marquez.

October 12

Mefistofele

Samuel Ramey sings the title role in Arrigo Boito's dazzling operatic retelling of Goethe's *Faust.* Taped live at the San Francisco Opera.

October 19

Dance in America: Balanchine in Americ

Two of George Balanchine's most popular works are danc by the New York City Ballet: "Serenade" and "Western Symphony."

October 26

Great Performances **is pleased that Texaco has joined Martin Marietta as exclusive corporate funders of the serie**

self. And I heard the screams of ldren across the room from me get- g braces put on their legs. We were ldren, and this was a ward—there s no reason for curtains or privacy recognition of the pain of those o were suffering. One time I ked into the next room and saw a ld sitting in a wheelchair, his head bbling, food all over the place, ile one of his teachers fed him. No e explained to me that this would t be my fate.

As for the phrase "wonderfully re- ded," it made me think of my irises nen they were in bloom. One of em curved with a swan's neck down ward the ground, delayed—prob- ly dead, I thought. But it budded d bloomed like the others, only wer and perhaps with more dignity. struggle filled me with wonder, arly to tears, for I remembered nen I was seven and finally learned tie my shoelaces.

ary E. Hamilton
ellingham, Wash.

Animals We Kill

I recently drove alone from Virginia to Maine and bore witness to the carnage that Barry Lopez [Readings, July] so eloquently describes. Strewn across the interstate at every turn of the trip was a succession of dead animals: possums, raccoon, skunks, rabbit, deer—and, inexplicably, on one desolate stretch in southern Pennsylvania, a Great Dane, legs folded as if in sleep.

Not until I was home again, settled, reading *Harper's Magazine* on my front porch, did I recognize without embarrassment the sensation that had needled me since my return home. It was grief for the nameless creatures lying on those 800 miles of highway. I thank Lopez for giving voice to their silence, and to mine.

Monica Wood
Portland, Maine

Each spring and summer I perform a roadside ceremony. I watch for turtles who, in their migrations, attempt to crawl across the rural highways of northwestern Wisconsin. When I see one, I pull over, get out of the car, and carry the turtle to the other side. There, I set it down. At once the turtle extends its head, legs, and tail, and continues its journey. The event both saddens and uplifts me: In the turtle I see both the vulnerability and puissance of life.

Trish Stachelski Gorski
Spooner, Wis.

I gagged as I read the bizarre piece by dead-animal lover Barry Lopez. My God, an article fawning over the unfortunate creatures done in by twentieth-century machines instead of the rifles and bows of earlier times?

Few of us want to kill or injure innocent creatures with our cars, and most of us feel badly when it happens. But let's not be sick about it.

Edward D. Ramsey
Morrisville, Pa.

Great Performances.



Hamlet
Kevin Kline plays the Prince Denmark in a modern-dress rsion of Shakespeare's great venge tragedy. Kline also rects this New York Shake- eare Festival production.
November 2

Dance in America: Bob Fosse–Steam Heat
A profile of one of Broadway and Hollywood's most influential director/choreographers. (Repeat)
November 9

Sir Norbert Smith: A Life
The imaginary British thespian, Sir Norbert Smith, is profiled in this delightful spoof of the "respectful television biography."
November 16

Harry Connick, Jr. in Concert
The 22-year old singer, pianist and composer performs a concert of new compositions and jazz standards with his big band.
November 23

Friday nights at 9 p.m. on PBS
tay tuned for more Great Performances thru April.
nsult local listings for the channel in your area. All times Eastern.

MARTIN MARIETTA
TEXACO
The Corporation for Public Broadcasting, The National Endowment for the Arts and Public Television Stations.

low in its 18th season, Great Performances is a national presentation of Thirteen/WNET New York.

NOTEBOOK

Lines in the sand

By Lewis H. Lapham

Perhaps in time the so-called Dark Ages will be thought of as including our own. —Georg Christoph Lichtenberg

During the last weekend in July, four days before Saddam Hussein's armies sacked Kuwait, I attended a university conference given over to the divination of the future. The topics in hand were the triumph of capitalism, the political geography of the post-Cold War world, and the end of history. The mood was genial, almost elegiac. None of the invited theorists could imagine the arrival of any urgent news. Between seminars they wandered across the quiet, quadrangular lawns admiring the weather and regretting the loss of the ideological sound and fury that had provided so many of them with academic tenure or a corner office in one of the Washington defense ministries. For the most part, they contented themselves with jocular gossip about the failures of communism, which were recent and many and obvious.

About the map coordinates of the future they weren't quite as specific as the advance notices might have led their audiences to expect. Certainly the world would be different now that Marxism-Leninism had vanished from the earth, but just how different nobody was prepared to say. Under persistent questioning from the back rows the consensus of prophetic opinion agreed to only two general observations:

1) Narrative and incident no longer counted for much in the telling of the human story. No mere individual could stand against the global tide of the macroeconomic data base.

2) Because all the intellectual disputes had been so satisfactorily resolved, the future was bound to be somewhat dull and monochromatic. The millennium presented itself as a problem in hotel and restaurant management, not as an occasion for genius or melodrama.

A summary of the conference's findings failed to reach Baghdad before the early morning of August 2, and the Iraqi tanks moved south into Kuwait unaware of their historical irrelevance. Within a matter of hours they had deconstructed the whole of the academic text, and before noon a feeling akin to panic seized the financial markets in Europe and Japan as well as in the United States. A despot unknown to the editors of *People* magazine had rearranged the geography in the Arab world, and by nightfall the network television correspondents were mourning the absence of the Cold War fairy tale about the American cowboy and the Russian bear. Tom Brokaw informed the NBC audience that the world was "a dangerous place," and among those of his viewers who didn't live in New York City (where four children had been killed by random gunfire in the preceding two weeks) the bulletin presumably was received with gasps of astonishment.

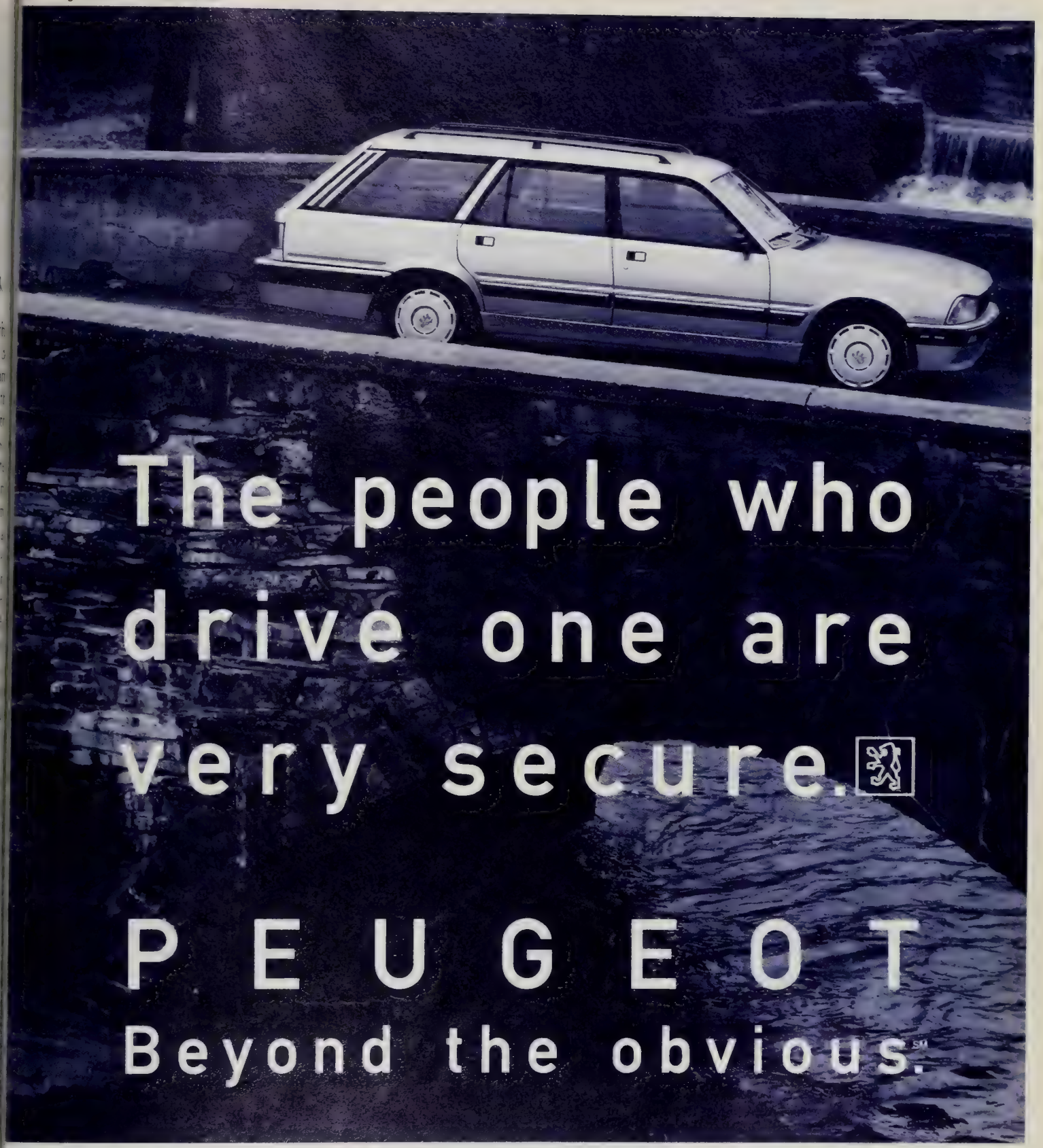
Broadcasting from Amman, Jordan (against the backdrop of a minaret), Dan Rather on CBS also noticed that Hussein wasn't in the least like the Russians. He was not the same sort of familiar and metaphorical enemy who could be relied upon to practice a postmodernist diplomacy of gesture and countergesture. To Hussein tank divisions were still real (instruments of power rather than images of power), and apparently he meant to steal the money and the oil—not because he wished to prove a point of ideological pride but because he was hard-pressed to feed his army and his ambition. The media portrayed him as a bandit escaped from a B-movie or a lunatic asylum, as treacherous as he was violent, willing to wage war for the old Roman or nineteenth-century reasons—for the gold and the silk or the women and the slaves.

Confronted with so primitive a theory of events, American policy descended almost at once into the same pit. Like Hussein, Bush sent for the army. Hussein wanted control of the price of Arabian oil and the politics of the Middle East. So did the United States. Just as Hussein imagined himself forced into desperate circumstances (a bankrupt economy, an unhappy populace, and four recent attempts at assassination), Americans imagined themselves forced to the edge of an abyss, threatened with the loss of what Bush subsequently proclaimed to be "our jobs, our way of life, our own freedom . . ." Hussein summoned a jihad against the perfidy of Christendom. Bush organized a crusade against the infidel East.

By August 7, less than a week after Iraqi troops occupied Kuwait, the United States had mustered the largest military parade to be sent overseas since the Vietnam War. President Bush did his best to dress up the motive in the language of conscience and virtue. Explaining the national purpose to the American people, he said that the time had come for the United States "to stand up for what's right and condemn what's wrong, all in the cause of peace." His manner was that of a sincere and boyish scoutmaster, trying not to use too many big words, his earnest smile meant to convey an impression of goodness. A villain had arisen in the desert, a villain guilty of an "outrageous and brutal act of aggression," and the villain had to be punished. "America," the President said, "has never wavered when her purpose is driven by principle." He ended his speech by inviting his fellow countrymen to pray.

But pray for whom or for what? For a lower interest rate or the guarantee of unlimited gasoline at $1.17 a gal-

990 Peugeot Motors of America, Inc



1991 505 models from $18,590 to $26,100.* Call 1-800-447-2882. *MSRP. Excludes tax, title, options, registration and destination charges.

Do you feel secure in your automobile?

Addressing this concern has been a Peugeot goal for 100 years. And nowhere is that better demonstrated than in the 8-passenger 505 SW8 and SW8 Turbo wagons.

Within a sleek, graceful body, Peugeot has amassed one of the industry's longest lists of features to help you avoid danger. In the event of the unforeseen, however, front and rear crumple zones will collapse at a controlled rate, dissipating the force of an impact.

But the most dramatic safety feature is that, unlike all other wagons, the SW8 has its third seat facing forward. Children love to sit in the back, and in a Peugeot, they face away from the crumple zone, and potential harm. It just seemed the obvious thing to do.



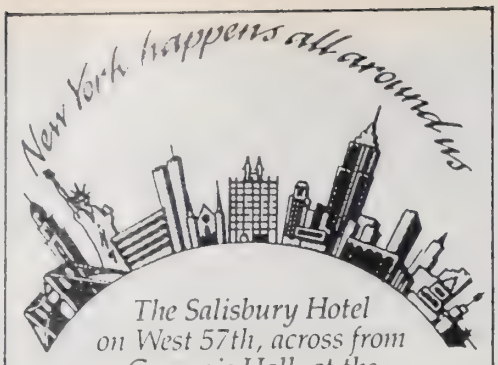
MAKE IMPORTANT CONTACTS

We're glad it's our business to reach out respectfully to the people at the back doors of society. Sometimes we find them in the inner city, sometimes in a third world village.

Our prize-winning newsletter, *Word One*, helps by reporting on creative approaches to problems like homelessness, and tells about careers in religion and social action. We'd like to send it to you free. Contact us at Room 807, *Word One*, 205 W. Monroe St., Chicago, IL 60606.

The Claretians

A Roman Catholic community of priests and brothers and lay women and men of all ages



The Salisbury Hotel on West 57th, across from Carnegie Hall, at the crossroads of New York City.

Whatever your pleasure, whatever your business, you're at the center of everything that's going on in New York City.

In the shadow of skyscrapers and stage doors, The Salisbury offers you 320 spacious air conditioned rooms, elegantly decorated, and courteous old world room service. All at a price you can afford.

Single accommodations $108-$118. Doubles $118-$128. Suites $175-$295*. Corporate, weekend and group rates upon request. Meeting/ banquet facilities are available.

Salisbury
HOTEL

123 West 57th Street
New York, New York 10019 U.S.A.
For reservations or brochure:
• toll-free (800) 223-0680 • NYC (212) 246-1300
Cable SALISHOT • International Telex 668366
*Taxes and gratuities not included.

LIMBO RIVER

RICK HILLIS

Winner of the 1990 Drue Heinz Literature Prize

Selected by Russell Banks

"A wonderful book...in the rarified company of the best of Raymond Carver, Richard Ford, and Tobias Wolff. Five or six of these stories are worth the price of five or six entire collections."

—Russell Banks

"Every day a different river."

$17.95

UNIVERSITY OF PITTSBURGH PRESS
Pittsburgh, PA 15260

lon? For the king of Saudi Arabia
the emir of Kuwait, both of them fe
dal monarchs renowned for their co
ardice and greed? For the belief th
all the oil in Arabia is somehow "ou
oil? For the lost art of falconry and t
practice of beheading a woman take
in the act of adultery?

On the day that he ordered ad
vance elements of the 101st and 82n
airborne divisions into the Nefu
Desert, Mr. Bush announced that h
had "drawn a line in the sand." Th
phrase resounded with the bravado
schoolboy romance (possibly becaus
lines in the sand have a way of bein
all too easily blurred or blown away)
and when I understood what it meant
I knew why history had not yet com
to an end and why capitalism hadn
yet achieved (and probably neve
would achieve) the laurels of its pre
sumed triumph.

The line Mr. Bush so boldly drew i
so empty a desert was the line betwee
profit and loss. To the capitalist sens
bility, the geopolitics of money tran
scend the boundaries of sovereig
states. The world divides, unevenl
but along only one axis, between th
nation of the rich and the nation
the poor. The frontiers run not onl
between Kuwait and Iraq but als
between east and west Los Angele
between black and white, north an
south, surfeit and famine; betwee
the first-class cabin of a Boeing 747 e
route to London and the roof of
fourth-class train on the way to Ca
cutta. The Upper East Side of Man
hattan belongs to the same polity
the Seventh Arrondissement in Pari
the yachts moored off Cannes or th
Costa Brava sail under the flags of th
same admiralty that posts squadro
off Newport and Palm Beach. Th
American or Japanese plutocrat trav
eling between the Beau Rivage i
Lausanne and the Ritz Hotel in Ma
drid crosses not into another countr
but into another province within th
kingdom of wealth. His credit fu
nishes him with a lingua franca tran
lated as readily into deutsche marks
into rials or yen or francs, buyin
more or less the same food in the sam
class of restaurants, the same amuse
ments and the same conversation, th
same politicians, dinner companion
newspaper columnists, and accordio

usic. The realm of money assumes he ecumenical place once occupied the Catholic Church, and within his favored estate everybody obeys he same laws and pays homage to the me princes.

If the analogy has any truth in it, hen the post-Cold War world begins look like medieval Europe. The ossessing classes are safely at ease behind the barbican of a high interest ate, assured of their salvation by the ols of a radiant technology, content mong computers and fax machines nd megatrends and cellular phones. n the other side of the walls, in he desolate slums of the Third, Fifth, nd Sixteenth worlds, the nomadic ass of the heathen poor, otherwise nown (in French policy journals) as the terminally impoverished," tear t one another for bones.

But at what cost, and for how long, an the kingdom of wealth protect its omfort and preserve its cynicism? Vith what weapons and against how any enemies? Let George Bush draw few more lines in the sand (along the border between Mexico and California, between Kennebunkport, Maine, and downtown Detroit), and who will pay for the ammunition?

Just as the breaking down of the Berlin Wall symbolized the failure of communism to make good on its promise of paradise regained, the American military presence in the Persian Gulf symbolizes capitalism's failure to redeem the same promise. If capitalism can sustain itself only by main force against increasingly hopeless odds, then how does it embody an intellectual or a spiritual triumph? Who explains the loveliness of the free market to the crowd in the streets of Rio de Janeiro?

The mechanics of the free market armed Saddam Hussein with the means to a murderous end. France sold aircraft to Iraq; the Soviet Union sold tanks and rifles; the Italians sold the equipment with which to manufacture weapons-grade plutonium; the Americans supplied food subsidies and export loan guarantees (in 1983); and the West Germans provided the poison gas.

Two days after the Iraqi army seized Kuwait, I found myself seated at lunch with an independent oil-well operator from Midland, Texas. West Texas intermediate crude oil had moved from $22 to $25 a barrel, and after buying the table still another bottle of champagne, the gentleman from Texas read aloud to the assembled company the telegram he sent that morning, only partly in jest, to Saddam Hussein: "Warm congratulations on your well-earned victory. Every good wish for your continued success."

The joke was funny because its logic was unanswerable. The capitalist ethic is rooted in the doctrine of the bottom line and the sanctity of the expedient price. Like communism, capitalism is a materialist and utopian faith; also like communism, it has shown itself empty of a moral imperative or a spiritual meaning. To the questions likely to be asked by the next century, the sayings of the late Malcolm Forbes will seem as useless as the maxims of Lenin. ■

Introducing a health club workout, without the health club hassle.



A 30-minute drive. 20-minute wait. And 40-minute workout on 12 pieces of equipment.



A 10-minute workout. In your own living room. On the Nordic Fitness Chair.

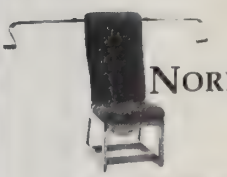
Introducing the Nordic Fitness Chair by NordicTrack, a revolutionary new product that lets you avoid health club hassles and strength train in the comfort and convenience of your own home.

By simply adjusting the chair's arm into five different positions, you can exercise all the major muscle groups in your upper and lower body.

Do our 10-minute "Basic 6" workout, or choose from over 30 upper- and lower-body exercises to develop your own personalized routine. Either way, the Nordic Fitness [illegible] will give you all advantages of a health club workout, in a fraction of the time.

Try the Nordic Fitness Chair for 30 days at home.

Call:
1-800-848-7786



NordicFitnessChair™
from NordicTrack

Send for
FREE VIDEO & Brochure

Call Toll Free in U.S. and Canada
1-800-848-7786

❑ Please send me a free brochure
❑ Also a free video tape

Name _____
Street _____
City _____ State _____ Zip _____
Phone ( ) _____

NordicTrack 141C Jonathan Blvd. N., Chaska, MN 55318

874J0 A CML Company


ABSOLUT
Country of Sweden
CITRON
Absolut Citron is made from natural citrus flavors and vodka distilled from grain grown in the rich fields of southern Sweden. The distilling and flavoring of vodka is an age-old Swedish tradition dating back more than 400 years. Vodka has been sold under the name Absolut Since 1879.
ALC. 40%/ VOL. (80 PROOF)
CITRUS FLAVORED VODKA,
PRODUCED AND BOTTLED IN SWEDEN. 1.0 LITER.
IMPORTED
IMPORTER AND SOLE DISTRIBUTOR FOR THE U.S
CARILLON IMPORTERS LTD., TEANECK, N.J.
ABSOLUT TWIST.

HARPER'S INDEX

Barrels of oil the United States imports from Iraq and Kuwait annually : 290,000,000
Barrels of oil that could be saved by raising U.S. auto-efficiency standards by 2.75 miles per gallon : 290,000,000
Average amount of gasoline President Bush's Cigarette boat consumes per hour, in gallons : 25
Rank of the environment and Bush, among the leading topics of jokes on late-night network talk shows last year : 1,2
mount the World Bank will lend Brazil this year to spray the Amazon Basin with DDT to combat malaria : $12,000,000
Percentage change, since 1966, in the U.S. blue jay population : −34
ost of dyeing a dried-out lawn green, from Landscape Services of Santa Barbara, California, per 1,000 square feet : $125
Chances that an 18- to 25-year-old Californian voted in the gubernatorial primary in June : 1 in 4
Percentage of eligible Polish voters who did not vote in the local elections in May : 58
Percentage increase, since last year, in the number of traffic accidents in East Germany : 49
Price of registering with Moscow's American-Russian Matchmaking service, in rubles : 50
Percentage of Americans who thought in 1975 that men had a better life than women : 32
Percentage who think this today : 49
Change, since 1988, in the number of minutes an American man spends on personal grooming each day : +15
Portion of the 403 U.S. biotechnology companies that use human tissue for commercial research : 1/3
Percentage of Americans who believe in ghosts : 25
Number of National Guard officers assigned to monitor a Grateful Dead concert in Foxboro, Massachusetts, last July : 40
mber of requests for New Kids on the Block lyric sheets received by the Parents' Music Resource Center this year : 3,000
Number of requests for 2 Live Crew lyric sheets : 1,500
Hours it took Jennifer Norwood of the PMRC to transcribe the lyrics of 2 Live Crew's *As Nasty as They Wanna Be* : 9
Rank of "love," "baby," and "time," among words used most frequently in Madonna's songs : 1,2,3
Average number of words in the written vocabulary of a 6- to 14-year-old American child in 1945 : 25,000
Average number today : 10,000
Number of the 6 best-selling extracurricular books in college bookstores that are collections of cartoons : 4
Estimated number of M&M's sold each day in the United States : 200,000,000
Estimated number of unfilled cavities in the United States : 500,000,000
Rank of coffee, alcohol, and soft drinks, among the foods most often consumed or mentioned on prime-time TV : 1,2,3
Estimated number of calls received each month by soap opera update telephone lines : 1,000,000
Number of times Marion Barry used his car phone to call alleged drug connections during the last four years : 2,312
Years it would take Jim Bakker to earn enough to pay his federal fine at his current job cleaning prison toilets : 2,331
Number of years George Bush has been citing *Bonfire of the Vanities* as an example of his pleasure reading : 2
Number of law review articles Supreme Court nominee David Souter has ever published : 1
Percentage of Americans under the age of 30 who say they read a daily newspaper : 40
Percentage of Americans over the age of 50 who say they do : 65
ercentage change, since 1978, in the amount of videotape used by members of Congress in the House TV studio : +300
Number of minutes of *Die Hard 2* watched this year by a congressional subcommittee researching computer terrorism : 5
Total incentive awards NASA has paid the manufacturer of the Hubble space-telescope mirror since 1987 : $11,000,000
Amount the Pentagon spent on each spare toilet seat cover for its C-5B cargo plane last year : $1,868.15
Bottles of suntan lotion the U.S. Army purchased in August from a K mart in Hinesville, Georgia : 25,550

Figures are the latest available as of August 1990. Sources are listed on page 82.
"Harper's Index" is a registered trademark.

READINGS

[Speech]

THE VELVET HANGOVER

From a speech given in July by President Václav Havel of Czechoslovakia, at the opening of the Salzburg Festival in Austria. Havel was introduced by Austrian president Kurt Waldheim. Translated from the Czech by Káča Poláčková Henley.

This June our country held its first free elections in many long decades. On July 5 a freely elected parliament reelected me president of Czechoslovakia. These events marked the culmination of one of the most dramatic periods of our modern history: the shattering of the totalitarian system. It was a time of excitement, swift decisions, and countless improvisations; an utterly thrilling, even adventurous time. It was a little like a mildly bewildering but essentially wonderful dream. It was, in a way, a fairy tale. There were so many things that could have gone wrong! We were traveling on totally unknown terrain, and none of us had any reason to believe that it wouldn't collapse under our feet.

It didn't, though. And now the time has come when there is indeed reason to rejoice. The revolution, with all its perils, is behind us, and the prospect of building a democratic state, in peace, is before us. Could there be a happier moment in the life of a land that has suffered so long under totalitarianism?

And yet precisely as that splendid historical moment dawned, a peculiar thing happened to me: When I arrived at work on the day after the election, I found I was depressed. I was in some sort of profoundly subdued state. I felt strangely paralyzed, empty inside. I suddenly seemed to have lost all my ideas and goals, my skills, hope, and resolve. I felt deflated, spent, lacking in imagination. Even though just a few days earlier I had been terribly busy, I suddenly had no idea what I was supposed to be doing.

The pressure of exhilarating events, which until then had aroused in me a surprising level of energy, abruptly vanished, and I found myself standing bewildered, lacking the inner motivation for anything at all, feeling exhausted, almost irrelevant. It was an extremely odd sensation, comparable to a bad hangover after some wild binge, to awakening from a pleasant dream to the ugly reality of cold daylight, to the shock of a man in love discovering his sweetheart's treachery.

I wasn't the only one with these strange feelings; many of my colleagues at Prague Castle felt the very same way. We realized that the poetry was over and the prose was beginning; that the county fair had ended and everyday reality was back. It was only then that we realized how challenging and in many ways unrewarding was the work that lay ahead of us, how heavy a burden we had shouldered. It was as if up to that moment the wild torrent of events had not allowed us to step back and consider whether we were up to the tasks we had undertaken. We had simply been tossed into the current and forced to swim.

It seemed to us that only now could we begin to appreciate fully the weight of the destiny we had chosen. That realization brought with it a sudden, and under the circumstances entirely groundless, sense of hopelessness.

Somewhere in the depths of this feeling lay fear: fear that we had taken on too much, fear that we wouldn't be up to the job, fear of our own inadequacy; in short, fear of our very selves.

At the very deepest core of this feeling there was, ultimately, a sensation of the absurd: what Sisyphus might have felt if one fine day his boulder stopped, rested on the hilltop, and failed to roll back down. It was the sensation of a Sisy-



From the Miami Herald.

phus mentally unprepared for the possibility that his efforts might succeed, a Sisyphus whose life had lost its old purpose and hadn't yet developed a new one.

About a year ago, when I was asked to launch this august festival with a brief lecture, I never considered that I might be able to attend in person. Still, I was pleased to accept the offer and planned to submit my contribution in writing. During the tranquil Christmas season I would calmly compose a little essay on the theme of fear and the sense of danger in Central European literature. But history got in my way, robbing me of both time and concentration. So I decided to complete the task after the elections; in fact, I was truly looking forward to it, since it would allow me to enjoy a brief return to my original profession as a writer and because I planned to use the occasion as a dividing mark between the first, revolutionary, stage of my political commitment and the second stage, a calmer one, which involved building up rather than tearing down.

I did, in fact, find the time to write. But the time I found was the period of my peculiar hangover. First history got in my way; now I was getting in my *own* way: I was simply unable to write anything; I was depleted, paralyzed, powerless.

What a paradox: I had wanted to write about fear, and here it was fear that was incapacitating me in my writing. Fear of my subject matter, fear of the act of writing itself, fear of my own inadequacy, fear of myself.

All I could do about this paradox was try to approach the topic paradoxically: by describing the situation that led to my inability to approach it. There is nothing new in that. In fact, part of why most writers write is to divert their despair into their work and thus overcome it. Perhaps this explains why I am talking so much about myself here. It isn't out of any complacent egocentrism but because, simply, I have no other options.

No inventory of the various characteristics specific to Central European culture and literature would be complete without one particularly important one: an increased perception of danger, a heightened sensitivity to the phenomenon of fear. It makes perfect sense: In a place where history has always been so intricately tangled; in a place with such complex cultural, ethnic, social, and political structures; in a place that saw the origins of the most varied of European catastrophes, fear and danger are the very dimensions of human experience that must be felt and analyzed most intensely.

I believe that even the kind of fear that I experienced is typical of the Central European spiritual world, or at least is understandable against its background. Certainly it would be hard to imagine that in England, France, or the United States a person could be depressed by his political victory. In Central Europe, on the other hand, it seems perfectly natural.

For that matter, the experience of the hangover-type void is certainly not unique to me, nor is that odd sense of fear. I have observed variations of that fear and emptiness quite often, not only in Czechoslovakia but also in the other countries of Central and Eastern Europe that have shaken off totalitarianism.

It was with a great deal of effort that people in these lands attained the freedom they yearned for. The moment they gained that freedom, however, it was as if they had been ambushed by it. Unaccustomed to freedom, they now, suddenly, don't know what to do with it; they are afraid of it; they don't know what to fill it with. Their Sisyphean struggle for freedom has left a vacuum; life seems to have lost its purpose.

Similarly, in this part of the world we observe symptoms of a new fear of the future. Unlike totalitarian times, when the future, though wretched, was certain, today it is very unclear. The single (if ubiquitous) familiar danger represented by totalitarian oppression seems to have been replaced by an entire spectrum of new and unfamiliar—or long-forgotten — dangers: from the danger of national conflicts to the danger of losing social-welfare protections to the danger of the new totalitarianism of consumption, commerce, and money.

THE SISYPHEAN STRUGGLE FOR FREEDOM HAS LEFT A VACUUM; LIFE SEEMS TO HAVE LOST ITS PURPOSE

We were very good at being persecuted and at losing. That may be why we are so flustered by our victories and so disconcerted that no one is persecuting us. Now and then I even encounter indications of nostalgia for the time when life flowed between banks that, true, were very narrow but that were unchanging and apparent to everyone. Today we don't know where the banks lie, and it makes us a little uncomfortable.

I repeat that the existential situation I illustrated for you on my own person, and which I have also observed in various forms in my fellow citizens, is, in my opinion, a particularly Central European one. Our literature contains innumerable examples of it in our not too distant past, in the atmosphere following both World War I and World War II.

In short, it seems that fate has ordained that we, more frequently than others, and often in unexpected situations, shall be afraid.

For us, fear of history is not just fear of the future but also fear of the past. I might even say that these two fears are conditional one on the other: A person who is afraid of what is yet to come is generally also reluctant to look in the face of what has been. And a person afraid to look at his own past must fear what is to come.

All too often in this part of the world, fear of one lie gives birth to another lie, in the foolish hope that by protecting ourselves from the first lie we will be protected from lies in general. But a lie can never protect us from a lie. Those who falsify history do not protect the freedom of a nation but rather constitute a threat to it.

The idea that a person can rewrite his autobiography is one of the traditional self-deceptions of Central Europe. Trying to do that means hurting oneself and one's fellow countrymen. When a truth is not given complete freedom, freedom is not complete.

One way or another, many of us are guilty. But we cannot be forgiven, nor can there be peace in our souls, until we confess our guilt.

I have many reasons for believing that the truth purges one from fear. Many of us who, in recent years, strove to speak the truth in spite of everything were able to maintain an inner perspective, a willingness to endure, a sense of proportion, an ability to understand and forgive our neighbors, and a light heart only because we were speaking the truth. Otherwise, we might have perished from despair.

Our specific Central European fear has led to many a misfortune. It could be shown that in it lies the primal origin of not only countless local conflicts but also some global ones. Here, the fear that possesses petty souls has often led to violence, brutality, and fanatical hatred.

But fear is not only a destructive condition. Fear of our own incompetence can evoke new competency; fear of God or of our own conscience can evoke courage; fear of defeat can make us prevail. Fear of freedom can be the very thing that will ultimately teach us to create a freedom of real value. And fear of the future could be exactly what we need to bring about a better future.

The more sensitive a person is to all the dangers that threaten him the better able he is to defend against them. For that matter, I have always thought that feeling empty and losing touch with the meaning of life are in essence only a challenge to seek new things to fill one's life, a new meaning for one's existence. Isn't it the moment of most profound doubt that gives birth to new certainties? Perhaps hopelessness is the very soil that nourishes human hope; perhaps one could never find sense in life without first experiencing its absurdity.

In spite of having spoken in such an unstatesmanlike manner about my moments of hopelessness, I will conclude on a constructive note.

Let us finally endeavor, in this sorely tried place, to get rid of our fear of lies and also of our



e Last Banquet *by Zhang Hongtu, a New York City artist. This painting was selected for the Tiananmen Memorial Art Exhibit, a show nsored by the Congressional Human Rights Foundation and Senator Edward Kennedy, which was held in June in the Russell Senate Office ilding. According to Robert Lee, one of the show's two curators,* The Last Banquet, *along with two other works, was rejected by the foundation ause it was a "religious parody." Lee says that an aide to Kennedy told him that only works that wouldn't offend "a little girl from Iowa" could be luded. Lee withdrew from the exhibit following the incident. Foundation officials have denied that the works were excluded because of their content.*

fear of truth. Let us finally take a direct, calm, and unwavering look into our own countenances: our past, our present, and our future. Let us try to delve into the core of our doubts, our fears, and our despair to come up with the seeds of a new European self-confidence—the self-confidence of those who are not afraid of looking beyond the horizon of their personal and community interests, beyond the horizon of this moment.

[Transcript]

SADDAM HUSSEIN: THE OLD TACK

From the transcript of a meeting on April 12 between Iraqi president Saddam Hussein and a group of five U.S. senators led by Robert Dole. The American delegation met with Hussein in Mosul, Iraq, at a time when Hussein had come under criticism in the Western media for his human-rights record, his threats to attack Israel with chemical weapons, and his government's hanging of a British reporter accused of espionage. The transcript was prepared by the Iraqi Embassy in Washington.

SENATOR ALAN SIMPSON: I enjoy meeting candid and open people. This is a trademark of those of us who live in the "Wild West." . . . One of the reasons that we telephoned President Bush yesterday evening was to tell the President that our visit to Iraq would cost us a great deal of popularity, and that many people would attack us for coming to Iraq. . . . But President Bush said, "Go there. I want you there. . . . If you are criticized because of your visit to Iraq, I will defend you and speak on your behalf."

The things that you just talked about [regarding Israeli military power] are the same things we once talked about in the U.S. regarding the Soviet Union. Who will strike the other first; who will push the button first. . . . [But now] Secretary of State Baker and Foreign Minister Shevardnadze have become friends, and they go fishing together in the river. . . .

Democracy is a very confusing issue. I believe that your problems lie with the Western media and not with the U.S. government. As long as you are isolated from the media, the press—and it is a haughty and pampered press; they all consider themselves political geniuses, that is, the journalists do; they are very cynical—what I advise is that you invite them to come here and see for themselves.

PRESIDENT SADDAM HUSSEIN: They are welcome. We hope that they will come to see Iraq and, after they do, write whatever they like. . . . [But] I wonder, as you may wonder, if governments, for example, the U.S. government, were not behind such reports [negative news stories about Iraq]. How else could all of this [negative media coverage of Iraq] have occurred in such a short period of time?

SIMPSON: It's very easy. . . . They all live off one another. Everyone takes from the other. When

there is a major news item on the front page of the *New York Times*, another journalist takes it and publishes it. . . .

SENATOR HOWARD METZENBAUM: Mr. President, perhaps you have been given some information on me beforehand. I am a Jew and a staunch supporter of Israel. I did have some reservations on whether I should come on this visit.

HUSSEIN: You certainly will not regret it afterward.

METZENBAUM: I do not regret it. Mr. President, you view the Western media in a very negative light. I am not the right person to be your public-relations man, but allow me to suggest a few things, as I am more concerned about peace than I am about any other particular factor. I do not want to talk about whether the entire West Bank should be given up, or half of Jerusalem, or any other parts [of Israel]. This issue should be left to the parties concerned. However, I have been sitting here and listening to you for about an hour, and I am now aware that you are a strong and intelligent man and that you want peace. But I am also convinced that if . . . you were to focus on the value of the peace that we greatly need to achieve in the Middle East then there would not be a leader to compare with you in the Middle East. I believe, Mr. President, that you can be a very influential force for peace in the Middle East. But, as I said, I am not your public-relations man.

[Political Advertisement]

AL RUZZO'S BRAINSTORM

This political advertisement appeared in the July 6 issue of the Providence Journal-Bulletin. *Al Ruzzo, who placed the ad, is running for mayor of West Warwick, Rhode Island, as an independent. The election will take place in November.*

As you know, it is against the law to burn leaves in West Warwick. If I am elected mayor, my plan to stop flag burning is: All the flags in West Warwick will become town property. You will rent your flag from the town of West Warwick, at a cost of ten cents per year. The size of flags will not make a difference—the cost will be ten cents per year. Therefore, anyone burning an American flag will face prosecution, not only for destroying town property but also for littering; a $500 fine; and the cost of cleaning up what he or she has left behind. Anyone who brings in a flag from another area will be charged for littering, a $500 fine, and the cost of cleaning the area. Plus, if you burn our flag on a windy day, the cost will be astronomical.

Thank you,
Al Ruzzo

[Application]

S&LS: THE FINAL FRONTIER

From an application by Stanley E. Adams, former president of the Lamar Savings and Loan Association, to open a branch office of the association. The application, which was filed in 1984 with the Texas Savings and Loan commissioner, was turned down after the Texas attorney general decided that the application was too "speculative." Lamar was declared insolvent and seized by the Federal Home Loan Bank Board in 1988; Adams was indicted last August on fourteen counts of fraud in connection with his management of Lamar.

Acting for and on behalf of Lamar Savings and Loan Association of Austin, Texas, I, Stanley E. Adams, the president of said association, file this application to establish a branch office, pursuant to the rules of the Texas Savings and Loan Department.

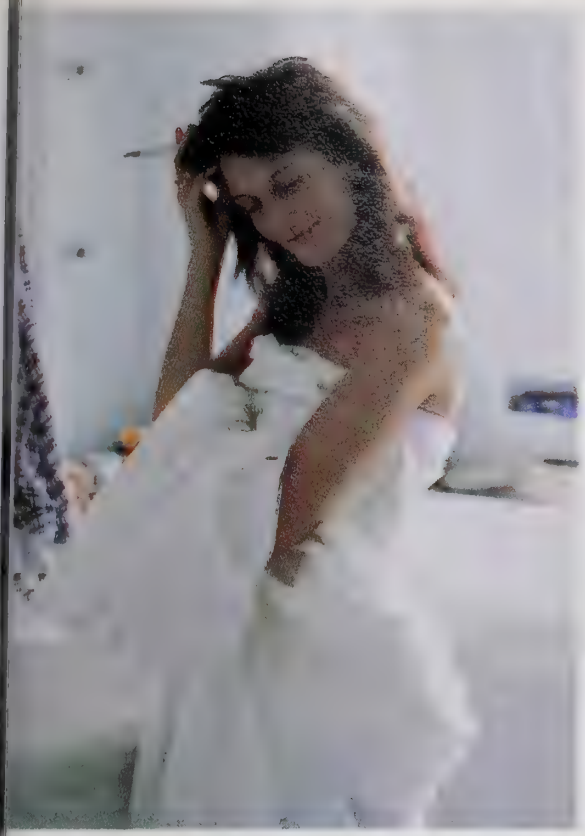
The location of the proposed branch office is the moon.

The community served by the proposed Lamar Savings branch office on the moon is the geographic area comprising "outer space, including the Moon and other celestial bodies," as these terms are used in the Treaty on Principles Governing the Activities of States in the Exploration and Use of Outer Space, including the Moon and Other Celestial Bodies.

NASA has identified a lunar base site in Cayley Crater at 4 degrees north, 15 degrees east. Lamar intends to locate its branch office within the United States lunar base.

The rules provide in part that "the Commissioner may approve a temporary facility for an approved charter within a one-half-mile radius of the approved permanent site." Lamar believes that this distance—i.e., within one-half mile—was chosen to be commercially reasonable for the operation of a temporary office. This distance is clearly not commercially reasonable for a branch office on the moon.

Lamar therefore requests that the commis-



For people who like to smoke...



LIGHTS
Regular
and
Menthol.

BENSON & HEDGES

SURGEON GENERAL'S WARNING: Quitting Smoking Now Greatly Reduces Serious Risks to Your Health.

sioner substitute, as a onetime waiver for this application, the term "astronomical unit" for "mile." Just as the mile is the most common ordinary unit of distance measurement on the Earth's surface, the astronomical unit (AU) is the most common measure of distance in outer space. One AU is equal to 92,907,000 miles.

If the requested waiver is granted, it is Lamar's intention to establish the temporary office in the same location as its presently approved and operating branch office in Houston. Houston was chosen as the site for the branch office because of its proximity to NASA's Johnson Space Center, which currently has administrative responsibility for all manned U.S. space activities.

The proposed branch office on the moon will be a separate enclosed office area within the U.S. lunar base. This configuration is designed to attract checking and savings customers and to conveniently serve those customers. The proposed office will be supervised by qualified full-time management personnel. The great response to NASA's calls for qualified personnel for astronaut-training programs leads Lamar to believe it will have no problem locating fully qualified personnel for its lunar branch office.

The immediately foreseeable need of the community that uses or will soon use outer space for financial services in the ordinary course of business is very great. Such services are an absolutely indispensable requirement of ordinary and ongoing commercial business in outer space.

Lamar Savings is the first American financial business to seek the authority to do business on this critical new economic frontier. The public need for its services is certainly obvious in light of the attendant circumstances of current space-planning activity.

Lamar believes that the volume of business in the community in which the proposed branch office will conduct its business is such as to assure a profitable operation to the association within a reasonable period of time.

[Letter]

INTIMIDATION, THORNBURGH STYLE

This letter was sent in June by the U.S. Department of Justice to the National Agenda for Peace in El Salvador, after the National Agenda placed an advertisement in the Washington Post. *The ad, an open letter to President Bush and Congress, asked that the U.S. suspend aid to the Salvadoran government and support a "comprehensive peaceful resolution" to the civil war in El Salvador. Sixty-eight prominent Americans, including nineteen bishops, Jesse Jackson, and former New Mexico governor Toney Anaya, signed the letter. The Justice Department claimed, in a response to an ACLU complaint on behalf of the National Agenda, that its letter was not "intended to inhibit or discourage the expression of political views in any way" and that, in fact, it was routine.*

Gentlemen:

A newspaper advertisement that recently appeared in the *Washington Post* indicates that you are engaged in publicity activities on behalf of the Farabundo Martí National Liberation Front (FMLN).

Based on this information, it appears that you may have incurred an obligation to register pursuant to the Foreign Agents Registration Act of 1938. In order that we may determine whether you have incurred an obligation to register under the Act, it will be necessary to provide us with the following information:

1. A description of the nature of your activities for or in the interest of the FMLN;

2. Whether your activities are directed, controlled, financed, or subsidized in whole or in part by a foreign government, foreign political party, or foreign organization.

This matter must be given your immediate attention.

Sincerely,
Joseph E. Clarkson, Chief
Internal Security Section
Criminal Division

[Rules]

NO MORE SEVENTH-INNING SEX

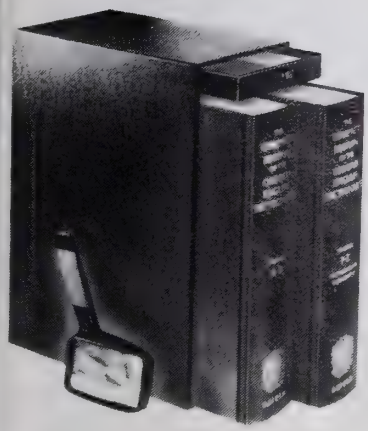
From a press release distributed by Stadium Corporation of Ontario, owners of the Toronto SkyDome, home of the Toronto Blue Jays baseball team and the SkyDome Hotel. The statement was issued in May after a couple in a suite with a view of the playing field engaged in a sexual act, having assumed, wrongly, that the windows of their room were made of special one-way mirror glass.

It was announced today that the Stadium Corporation of Ontario, in conjunction with Canadian Pacific Hotels and Resorts, has formulated the following plan of action with regard to viewing-suites facing the field.

PERMANENT PLEASURES

Choose one of these fine works and save up to $290.

You simply agree to buy 4 books within the next 2 years.



The Compact Edition of The Oxford English Dictionary

for **$32.95** (Pub. price $250)

"The most complete, most scholarly dictionary of the English language"—*The Christian Science Monitor.* Through photoreduction, the original 13-volume set has been reproduced in this two-volume *Compact Edition.* A Bausch & Lomb magnifying glass is included.



Joseph Campbell's Historical Atlas of World Mythology

for **$29.95** (Pub. prices total $250)

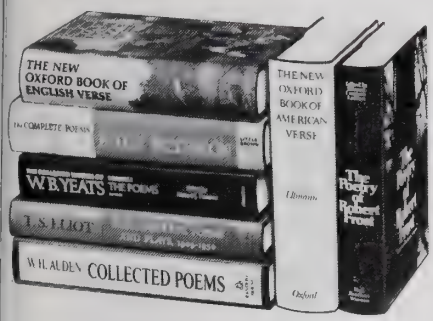
This masterwork—the culmination of Campbell's brilliant career—traces the saga of humankind's spiritual awakening. In five lavishly illustrated volumes, Campbell shows how our ancestors lived and what they believed, shedding new light on who we are and where we come from. Insightful, illuminating, challenging, the *Historical Atlas of World Mythology* is a vibrant introduction to the past—and to the mind of one of this century's greatest thinkers. 99 4-color maps; 1,152 photographs and drawings.



The Times Atlas of the World Seventh Comprehensive Edition

for **$29.95** (Pub. price $149.95)

"The best atlas available in English"—*The New York Times.* The only atlas printed in 8 colors for clear reading of geographic and political features. This volume contains 292 pages of color maps and a 277-page index with over 200,000 entries.



Library of Great Poetry

for **$27.95** (Pub. prices total $193.40)

Some of the finest poetry ever written: evocative, eloquent, bitter, beautiful and wholly accessible to the modern reader. Here is a superb 7-volume set, featuring the collected works of W.B. Yeats, Emily Dickinson, T.S. Eliot, Robert Frost and W.H. Auden, plus two splendid anthologies: *The New Oxford Book of English Verse* and *The New Oxford Book of American Verse.*



The Story of Civilization by Will and Ariel Durant

for **$29.95** (Pub. prices total $335.45)

For almost half a century Will and Ariel Durant traced the continuity of world history—the religions and philosophies, the political and economic tides, the arts and sciences, the customs and conquests—to show the foundations of society today. A Book-of-the-Month Club exclusive for almost 50 years, the Durants' illustrated masterwork is history come alive.

© 1990 BOMC

Facts About Membership. As a member you will receive the *Book-of-the-Month Club News*® 15 times a year (about every 3½ weeks). Every issue reviews a Selection and more than 150 other books, which are carefully chosen by our editors. If you want the Selection, do nothing. It will be shipped to you automatically. If you want one or more other books—or no book at all—indicate your decision on the Reply Form and return it by the specified date. *Return Privilege:* If the *News* is delayed and you receive the Selection without having had 10 days to notify us, you may return it for credit. *Cancellations:* Membership may be discontinued, either by you or by the Club, at any time after you have bought 4 additional books. Join today. With savings and choices like these, Book-of-the-Month Club is where book lovers belong.

BOOK-OF-THE-MONTH CLUB®

Book-of-the-Month Club, Inc., P.O. Box 8803, Camp Hill, PA 17011-8803 A067-10-0

Check one box only.

- ☐ 913. The Story of Civ. $29.95
- ☐ 905. Compact OED $32.95
- ☐ 946. Times Atlas of the World $29.95
- ☐ 934. Hist. Atlas of Mythology $29.95
- ☐ 954. Library of Poetry $27.95

Please enroll me as a member of Book-of-the-Month Club and send me the item I have checked at left, billing me for the appropriate amount, plus shipping and handling charges. I agree to buy four more books during the next two years. A shipping and handling charge is added to each shipment.

Name _____ 0-64
(Please print plainly)

Address _____ Apt. _____

City _____

State _____ Zip _____

Prices shown are U.S. prices. Outside the U.S. prices are generally higher.
All orders subject to approval.



From a series of altered baseball cards collected by Paul Kuhrman and featured in the September issue of High Times. *Each baseball season Kuhrman, a New York City artist, hosts three card-defacing parties—on opening day, at the all-star break, and during the World Series—at which he and his guests alter baseball cards with erasers, markers, paint, and stickers. Several of the cards are included in* Diamonds Are Forever, *a traveling baseball-art exhibit that will be shown at the San Diego Museum of Contemporary Art in La Jolla, California, until October 21. Dave Righetti was defaced by Kim Moser; Cookie Rojas and Frank Viola were defaced by Kuhrman.*

1. Rules and regulations will be posted in the rooms.

2. An acknowledgment will be signed when checking in and will stipulate that:

• When the window of the Stadium View Room is open for viewing, the room in effect becomes part of the stadium, just as if it were a seat in the boxes. Occupants can see the audience and vice versa (it is not one-way glass), and all guests should conduct themselves accordingly. One should bear in mind that SkyDome caters to a family audience.

• If privacy is desired, the Stadium View Room can be turned into a private hotel room simply by closing the drapes and/or curtains.

• Throughout the time when the curtains are open, the guest shall not carry on any activity that disturbs or interferes with the safety or enjoyment of patrons in the SkyDome. This includes (but is not limited to) throwing or dropping articles out of the window; dangling or holding anything out of the window.

• The guest acknowledges that the room and its occupants are on public view and, accordingly, they shall not carry on any activity that is not normally considered appropriate to be carried on in public, whether or not it constitutes a violation of law or the rights of others. This includes (but is not limited to) being in a state of partial or complete [illegible].

[Interview]

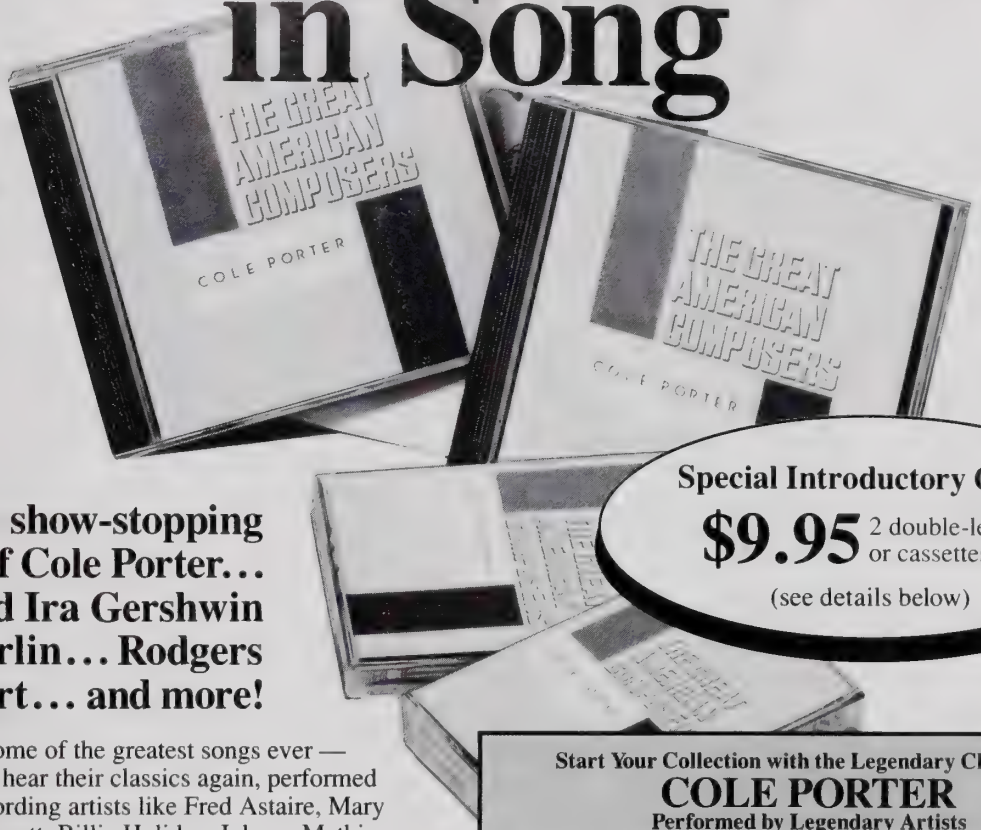
PROFESSORS, STUDENTS, AND SEX

Adapted from "J'accuse," an interview with Leon Botstein, in the premier issue of Lingua Franca, *a bimonthly magazine about academic life published in Mamaroneck, New York. Botstein is the president of Bard College and Simon's Rock of Bard College. Simon's Rock is a college for gifted high-school–age students in Great Barrington, Massachusetts. In February, in a series of incidents, four professors at Simon's Rock were accused of sexual harassment. The charges were made by a group of sixteen students, calling themselves The Defense Guard, who approached professors and "performed" a rehearsed accusation that included chanting the phrase "It will stop." Prior to these public accusations no student had brought a grievance to the administration. The interview was conducted by Jeffrey Kittay,* Lingua Franca's *publisher.*

LINGUA FRANCA: What do you think of the tactics of The Defense Guard?

LEON BOTSTEIN: They were theatrical gestures of radical politics: surround and confront the accused individual. The best face to put on it is

Celebrate America in Song



Special Introductory Offer!
$9.95 2 double-length CDs or cassettes or 4 LPs
(see details below)

with the show-stopping hits of Cole Porter... George and Ira Gershwin Irving Berlin... Rodgers and Hart... and more!

They wrote some of the greatest songs ever — and now you can hear their classics again, performed by legendary recording artists like Fred Astaire, Mary Martin, Tony Bennett, Billie Holiday, Johnny Mathis, Doris Day, and Mel Tormé, to name just a few, in...

***THE GREAT AMERICAN COMPOSERS* Series from The Columbia Music Collection**

Start your collection with the magical music of *"Cole Porter,"* featuring over 2 hours of his greatest songs on 2 double-length CDs or cassettes or 4 records...that's 42 landmark recordings, each digitally remastered to meet CBS Records' demanding standards. Plus you'll receive a fascinating booklet describing Cole Porter's life, music and achievements.

***Audition "COLE PORTER"* Risk-Free**

If you're not delighted, return it within 10 days and owe nothing. Or keep it at our Special Introductory Price of only $9.95 (plus $2.50 shipping and handling), for your choice of *two* double-length CDs or *two* double-length cassettes or *four* records.

Then, approximately every 4-6 weeks, we'll send you another volume in *The Great American Composers* series at the regular price of just $24.95 for *two* double length CDs or *four* records or $19.95 for *two* double-length cassettes (plus $2.50 shipping and handling), always on a 10-day risk-free examination basis. Each will be devoted to a single American composer, like Irving Berlin, George and Ira Gershwin, and Rodgers and Hart. And each will include over two hours of classic American songs performed by leading recording artists, as well as a handsome booklet about the composer and his music.

There's no risk, and you may cancel your subscription at any time. So kick up your heels...or sit back and relax... to some of the greatest songs ever written. Send for your 10-day risk-free audition of *"Cole Porter"* today!

Start Your Collection with the Legendary Classics of

COLE PORTER

Performed by Legendary Artists

NIGHT AND DAY, by Doris Day • JUST ONE OF THOSE THINGS, by Tony Bennett • BEGIN THE BEGUINE, by Johnny Mathis • ANYTHING GOES, by Mary Martin • EASY TO LOVE, by Billie Holiday • WHAT IS THIS THING CALLED LOVE?, by The Dave Brubeck Quartet • ALWAYS TRUE TO YOU IN MY FASHION, by Dinah Shore • LET'S MISBEHAVE, by Eileen Rodgers and Kenneth Mars • ALL THROUGH THE NIGHT, by Johnnie Ray • SO IN LOVE, by Dinah Shore • IN THE STILL OF THE NIGHT, by Robert Goulet • I'VE GOT YOU UNDER MY SKIN, by Mel Tormé • YOU'RE THE TOP, by Hal Linden and Eileen Rodgers • WHERE HAVE YOU BEEN?, by Judy Holliday • MY HEART BELONGS TO DADDY, by Mary Martin • I GET A KICK OUT OF YOU, by Mary Martin • EV'RY TIME WE SAY GOODBYE, by Tony Bennett • ANOTHER OP'NIN', ANOTHER SHOW, by The Norman Luboff Choir • YOU'D BE SO NICE TO COME HOME TO, by Buddy Clark • FROM THIS MOMENT ON, by Rosemary Clooney... and many more!

THE GREAT AMERICAN COMPOSERS

Special Introductory Offer

Mail today to: The Columbia Music Collection
Dept. C-86, P.O. Box 1134, Terre Haute, Indiana 47811

❑ **YES!** Please send me *"Cole Porter"* to audition for 10 days risk-free. It's mine to keep if I choose at the Special Introductory Price of only $9.95 (plus $2.50 shipping and handling). Future volumes will be sent to me under the terms descibed in this ad.

Please send my recordings in (choose one) NK NP
❑ Compact Discs ❑ Cassettes ❑ Records 778522

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

Note: We reserve the right to reject any application or cancel any subscription. Applicable sales tax will be added to all orders. Please allow 4-6 weeks for delivery.

SEND NO MONEY NOW • MAIL TODAY

that these kids do not possess a sufficient historical memory to understand that such behavior is extremely reminiscent of fascism, of Brownshirts; it is the classic group intimidation and public humiliation associated with the 1930s and eventually with the Red Guard.

But there is a psychological component too. The U.S. undergraduate has this Julien Sorel-like dream of inventing his or her own life. College is a tremendously important arena in which to try out radically different identities and self-images. At the same time, as the moral-developmental theorists tell us, it's at this age that one's conception of right and wrong is fanatically divided between white and black. This is the age of Saint-Just, of the young French revolutionary.

LINGUA FRANCA: Before the recent incident at Simon's Rock, had the college ever found it necessary to take disciplinary action because of faculty behavior of the kind that was alleged?

BOTSTEIN: Yes—and we are hardly unique in this. Sexual harassment occurs at all colleges, and the types of accusations that were made are similar to those made on campuses throughout the nation. When substantiated charges have been made, we have taken action. But in these particular instances there had been no formal complaints made by the students involved and no evidence presented. The Defense Guard's accusations were based on conjecture, gossip, and hearsay. The gossip included things like (and I am conflating these descriptions) a male student accusing a male faculty member of offering to exchange a higher grade for favors; a female student accusing a male faculty member of "invading her space," which was described as a conversation in which the faculty member moved forward, the student moved backward, and the faculty member moved forward again; and an expression of affection that involved a male teacher touching a female student in a way that was perceived as ambiguous. But it should be stressed that there was nothing remotely akin to evidence that would be adequate to any due process.

LINGUA FRANCA: How do you interpret the actual harassment charges?

BOTSTEIN: In the incident involving touching, there was a crossing of cultural lines, Western/non-Western, which raises the question of differences in patterns of ethnic and cultural behavior. We need to keep in mind that the highly puritanical, extremely unexpressive, and cold American standard is not universal. My putting my arm around someone male or female and giving a physical and spontaneous dimension to the expression of my enthusiasms is not necessarily an act of sexual aggression or propositioning.

How can the university fulfill its obligation to mix cultures and encourage diversity, how can it strive to achieve goals that are now canonic and then impose a single rigid standard of behavior? How can you bring together people from Asia, Africa, Latin America, Europe, the Middle East, and then promulgate a set of puritanical rules derived from the most self-righteous and hypocritical American tradition of seventeenth-century New England moralism?

In the case of the alleged proposal to trade sex for grades, the accused male faculty member (who, by the way, is not known to have a homosexual preference) *does* remember saying something like the following to his student: "I would like to get to know you better because I would like to help you."

Look, you're a male, I'm a male, you're my teacher, you put your hand on my arm, and you say, "You know, I think you're very talented, I'd like to get to know you better." That is exactly what happened to me when I was in college, and it changed my life—for the better. Older men took an interest in me, women faculty members took an interest in me. Hannah Arendt at Chicago and Judith Shklar at Harvard were both affectionate, warm, they actually touched me; both the men and the women, they put their hands on my cheek. I played chamber music with male faculty members late at night in "inappropriate circumstances"; i.e., unchaperoned in their houses at one in the morning. I owe these men and women, who were breaking the boundaries of their profession, *my career and my life.*

LINGUA FRANCA: What is the most important issue for you as an administrator?

BOTSTEIN: The most difficult issue is how the university can achieve the best model of learning—taken from the English tutorial system, which emphasizes regular one-to-one contact, close teaching—within the current climate and given the way we have come to define sexual harassment.

The institution has quite clear notions of what sexual harassment is. There are statutes and procedures to deal with obvious cases. But in those instances we're talking about a fundamental breach of professional conduct—cases where the circumstances are black and white. The fact that there *is* clear right and wrong in certain cases, however, does not eliminate the existence of a tremendous gray landscape. Most of daily life takes place in that gray area, and that's where the biggest problems arise for both students and institutions.

We have to come to terms with the reality of

(Advertisement)

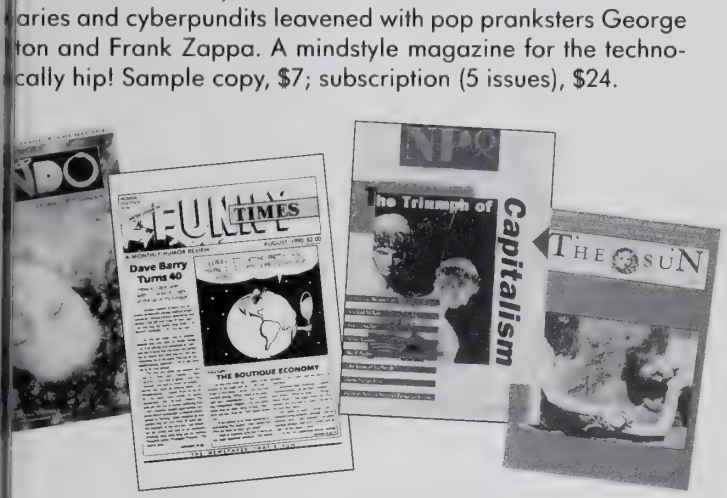
FURTHER READINGS

PUBLICATIONS OF SPECIAL INTEREST TO HARPER'S MAGAZINE READERS

cles of War: A Collection of Poetry about World II. Edited by Leon Stokesbury. "Even if they don't read a great of poetry, those who were in the war, either at the front or at e, will feel, reading these poems, an uncanny shock of recog-n.... And readers who did not experience those things can here what a number of extraordinarily intelligent, sensitive, articulate observers made of it all."—from the introduction by Fussell. 256 pages. Cloth, $24.95; paper, $12.95.

ow Silk: Journal of Erotic Arts. What do excellent litera- fine arts, and Eros have in common? This profusely illustrated, -color quarterly is stunning to eye, ear, mind, and heart as well ose regions most erotic work aims at solely. Editorial policy: persuasions; no brutality." O. Henry Short Story Award win- upcoming anthology from Crown Publishing. 8½" x 11". Sam- copy, $6; subscription (4 issues), $24.

ndo 2000. If you thought *Mondo 2000* was just for cyber- ks, look again! Our Fall issue sports such venerable voices as h Kapor of Lotus and John Perry Barlow on the Electronic Free- Foundation. Lively, uninhibited interviews with maverick vi- aries and cyberpundits leavened with pop pranksters George ton and Frank Zappa. A mindstyle magazine for the techno- cally hip! Sample copy, $7; subscription (5 issues), $24.



Sun is sometimes mystical, sometimes whimsical, always ful. A monthly magazine of ideas, *The Sun* celebrates good ing in essays, interviews, fiction, and poetry. Rather than push a icular spiritual or political or literary viewpoint, *The Sun* chal- ges its readers to live with questions, not answers. People write eir struggle to understand their lives, often baring themselves remarkable candor. Sample copy, $3; subscription (12 issues),

Hayden's Ferry Review is an exciting and provocative maga- zine publishing poetry, fiction, interviews, nonfiction, and art. Past contributors include: John Updike, T. Coraghessan Boyle, Richard Ford, Joseph Heller, Joy Harjo, Raymond Carver, Rita Dove, Nor- man Dubie, Ai, Cynthia Hogue, Bob Shacochis, Chuck Rosenthal, Rick Bass, Anne Noggle, and Joel-Peter Witkin. Back issues still available. Sample copy, $6; subscription (2 issues), $10.



Exploratorium Quarterly investigates the science of the ev- eryday world—from the physics of a roller-coaster ride to the biol- ogy of the dust bunny under your bed. Each issue explores a different subject: Dirt, Hands, Memory, Bridges, Amusement Parks, Nothing, and more. Published by the Exploratorium, an irreverent museum of science, art, and human perception, where people learn by doing. Sample copy, $5; subscription (4 issues), $15.

New Perspectives Quarterly engages world opinion leaders in politics, business, the arts, and the media in discussions about the most important issues of our time. *NPQ* questions conventional wis- dom and searches out and debates innovative ideas. You can join Ryszard Kapuscinski, Jean Baudrillard, Pierre Trudeau, Christo- pher Lasch, Ralf Dahrendorf, Carlos Fuentes, Czeslaw Milosz, Shintaro Ishihara, and Ali Mazrui in dialogue and debate on the issues shaping our future. *New Perspectives Quarterly:* "the anti- dote to trivialization." Sample copy, $6.50; subscription (4 issues), $24.

The Funny Times is a newspaper that presents a humorous view of the news and modern life through the eyes of America's best cartoonists and humor writers. Dave Barry, Tom Toles, Tom Bodett, Dan Wasserman, Washingtoon, Stan Mack, Life in Hell, Lynda Barry, Duck's Breath Mystery Theater, Sylvia, Art Buchwald, Alice Kahn, Will Durst, Bizzaro, Quigmans, Zippy, and more. Sample copy, $2; subscription (12 issues), $17.50.

ORDER FORM

	Cloth	*Paper*
cles of War	1) $24.95	9) $12.95
	Sample	*Subscription*
loratorium Quarterly	2) $5.00	10) $15.00
den's Ferry Review	3) $6.00	11) $10.00
ny Times	4) $2.00	12) $17.50
ndo 2000	5) $7.00	13) $24.00
w Perspectives Quarterly	6) $6.50	14) $24.00
Sun	7) $3.00	15) $30.00
ow Silk	8) $6.00	16) $24.00

To order, circle the numbers of the publications you wish to receive. Make check payable to Harper's Magazine, P. O. Box 5232, Pittsfield, MA 01203-5232. Offer expires November 15, 1990.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

Total (add $1 for handling) _____

the sexual dimension, in relationships in general—between colleagues, between salesperson and customer, or even between two people on a train—and in the more intimate relationship of adult teachers and adult students in particular. Sexual harassment is the abuse of power by a professional in a community by the translation of that implied power or prestige into the exploitation of another person's sexual sentiments, sensibilities, and behavior. Sleeping with your student is the classic breach. But there are incidents falling short of that classic breach that any normal person can easily imagine. To say that there is a clear distinction between erotic and nonerotic affection is simplistic.

The attraction that teachers and students often feel toward each other may be indicative of something irrational but not necessarily of something evil. The expression of affection may, in fact, underscore a genuine assessment of talent and bolster a student's self-confidence. And yet this observation, however true, should not alter an institution's stance toward the breach of professional conduct.

There is always going to be some libidinal component if we achieve the close teaching and mentoring to which we aspire—particularly using the so-called Socratic method. Either we own up to this sexual dimension and try to manage it or we have to change our ideal, teach with distance, impersonally, by television or in huge lecture halls.

LINGUA FRANCA: Though there may be a sexual component to many interactions, there is hardly an even playing field between student and teacher. There is a clear power difference.

BOTSTEIN: There may be a power difference, but it works both ways. Yes, in general the faculty member has more power. The point of having rules guarding against sexual harassment is to avoid the corruption of the power inherent in academic evaluation. Yet in the current climate a student can wield considerable power in the very act of making a public accusation. A charge can be devastating to the person's life and work. Professors are people with responsibilities, often with families and children. The students may not be in such a situation. And if the charge receives exposure in the media, for example, the professor may never get another job.

In fact, The Defense Guard was shown to be immensely powerful. Whether by training or instinct, they brought an institution to a standstill. They're not powerless, and it's fakery to say that they are.

In confronting The Defense Guard I sought to assure students that the college shared an objective: to talk candidly. On the one hand, we subject the students to literature filled with candor about sexuality and violence and truth (one reads *Faust;* he seduces Margaret, she drowns her baby), and yet in the light of day we don't apply the same candor and self-criticism to our own discussion. This makes a mockery of the skills we teach. We arrange it so that those skills are used only in the dead world of books. In the living world we throw around labels, adopt sanitized positions, and censor ourselves.

In fact, what I most hope follows from this episode is a clear look at the whole issue of forbidden questions. We must be able to argue and stake out a position without having our morals and character impugned. If we can't, then the critical discussion of certain issues will be forbidden. If we can't stand up and speak honestly and directly, then all we've been teaching our students is a charade. The lesson we should be teaching is that there is a place left in the civilized world where people can actually disagree, see the other point of view, reconsider, and then honor disagreement.

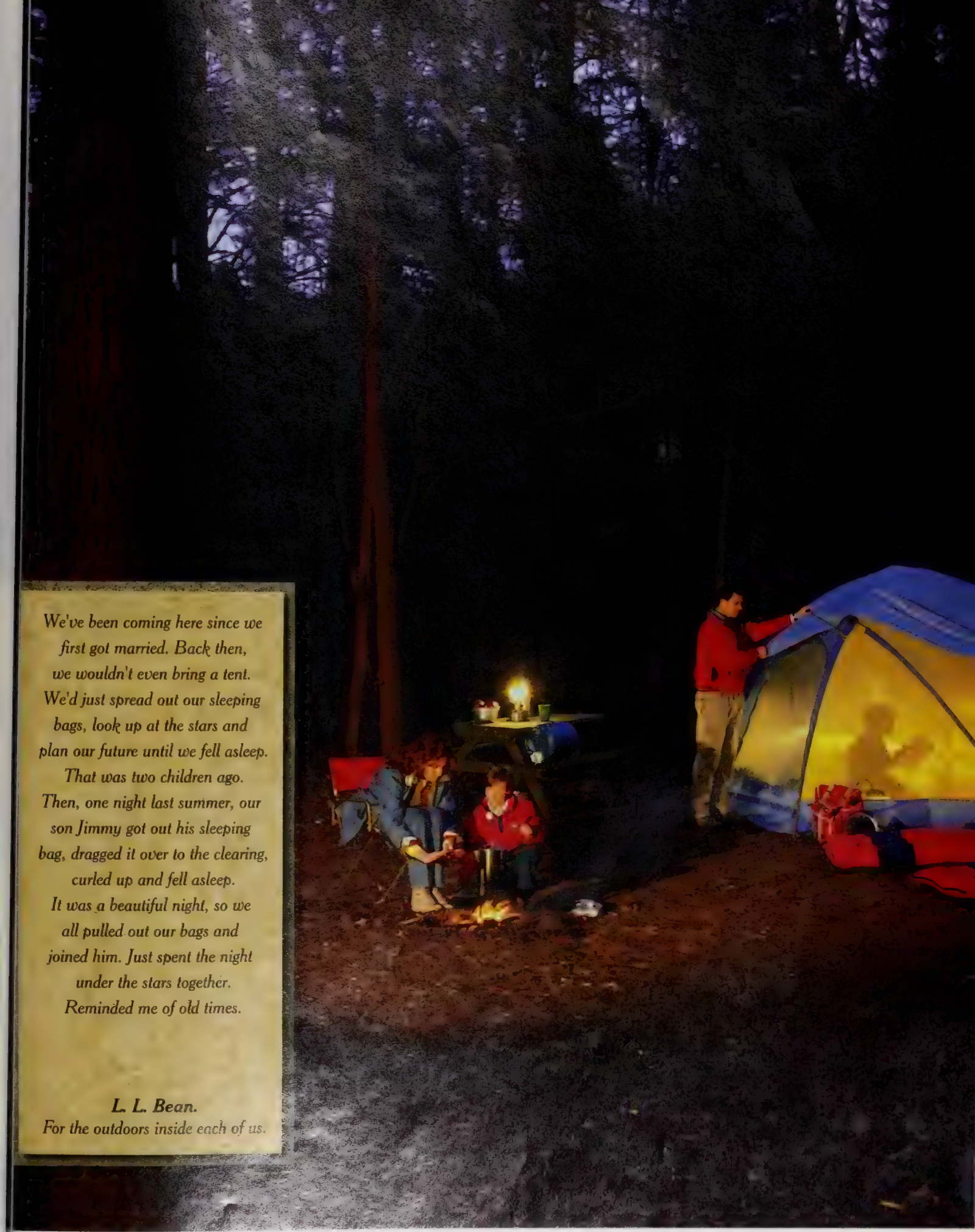
LINGUA FRANCA: Would you say it's impossible to have a serious, nonpolemical discussion about these matters today?

BOTSTEIN: It's possible but damn hard in this environment. There is a brittleness of discourse today—on the Left as well as on the Right. There is little dialogue, no presumption of a committee of the whole, in which people—off the record but nevertheless in a public way—can explore what they think and express their misgivings without being labeled left-wing, right-wing, Marxist, conservative, sexist, racist, liberal, or anything else.

LINGUA FRANCA: To what do you attribute this reflexive use of labels?

BOTSTEIN: I think you have to look at the deep-seated methodological and epistemological crisis in the humanities and the social sciences today. Nobody seems to believe much of anything anymore. A text isn't a text, a truth isn't a truth, common ground is a lie—it's all become excessively sophisticated. Critical inquiry has eaten its own children. Everything appears to be a "hegemonic fraud" of some kind. So you have a high degree of polarization, and the only people arguing for the center seem disreputable.

When was the last time you saw a real community of scholars at work together—other than in a group of already like-minded people? I'm not defending a kind of nostalgia, mind you. I'm just saying there is no way to easily converse intelligently anymore, within an institutional context, in a way that assumes an open search for shared truths or common ground. Any defense of humanistic common sense—that al-



We've been coming here since we first got married. Back then, we wouldn't even bring a tent. We'd just spread out our sleeping bags, look up at the stars and plan our future until we fell asleep. That was two children ago. Then, one night last summer, our son Jimmy got out his sleeping bag, dragged it over to the clearing, curled up and fell asleep. It was a beautiful night, so we all pulled out our bags and joined him. Just spent the night under the stars together. Reminded me of old times.

L. L. Bean.
For the outdoors inside each of us.

For 78 years, L. L. Bean has offered durable, practical products for men and women who love the outdoors. Our catalog includes active and casual apparel, footwear, equipment and accessories. All fully guaranteed and honestly priced. If you'd like a copy, please call 1-800-548-4304 anytime.

L.L.Bean®
FREEPORT, MAINE

© L. L. Bean 1990

though we are of different races, genders, and so forth we have *something* in common—has been rendered a stupid idea both inside and outside the academy. Words have lost their truly investigative, illuminating quality in the humanities. They've been debased.

But I draw hope from the great language critics of the early twentieth century. I believe positively that ethics and language have something to do with each other, and I don't think that the search for a common position has to suffer all the charges that everyone—from the Frankfurt School to modern deconstructionists—has laid at its doorstep. I side with Wittgenstein: that in ordinary usages one can begin to discover and reconstruct the rules by which we live and should live.

[Memoir]

SAN FRANCISCO, 1969

From "The True Builders of Cities," an essay by Mark Helprin, in Visionary San Francisco, *the catalogue to an exhibit of documents and drawings about the city shown at the San Francisco Museum of Modern Art last summer.*

I am standing at the entrance of an automatic car wash in North Beach, dressed in sneakers, Levi's, a work shirt, and swimming goggles. It is twenty years before I will write this in a study overlooking a branch of the Pacific, silent but for the sounds of a fire, a grandfather clock, and an occasional ship's whistle. It is fifteen years before my father dies and my children are born, ten years before I meet my wife, five years before I am a graduate student at Magdalen College, Oxford, and not a very long time at all before I will be sleeping in mud, machine gun and grenades at the ready. The attendant is high on some sort of drug and thinks I must be surrounded by a car that he has blotted out. In the bay, deep in the fog, a carrier or two are tied up at Treasure Island, and gray ships from the Military Ocean Terminal in Oakland pass in the night, laden with supplies for the United States Army, Vietnam. I will shortly land myself in a great deal of trouble at Stanford when I tell my adviser that I want to be a frogman (I am not even in the biology department). In the Department of English and Comparative Literature, my future will be problematical. I have been working in the garlic fields near Gilroy and walking, hitchhiking, and jumping on freight trains to get around the bay, even though I own a brand-new French car. It sits in a garage, cosseted like a Japanese beef cow or a queen bee. Each time I use it I wax it, polish the engine, and pick gravel out of the tires with a knitting needle. I will eventually sell it to a woman whose boyfriend appears to be a Black Panther and, though he is my age, insists that I call him "Mister Sir!"

"Turtle Wax?" the attendant asks.

"Thank you, no."

"Rust coating," he says urgently, as if the moving chains on the ground will imminently grip my tires.

"*Just a wash,*" I answer, in italics.

After being banished from the apartment of a cocktail waitress because I was climbing on the fire escape and a hysterical pregnant woman almost blew me away with a .30–06, I have been living in a wooden shipping crate on the Embarcadero. I need a bath, and, being from the East, I am intrigued by automatic car washes, never having seen one before I arrived in San Francisco.

"Don't panic when the dervish wheel drops on you," the attendant says, emerging from his stupor. "It's soft."

I thank him and go forward to be attacked by wheels and spray, which is, like a lot of things in San Francisco at the time, tremendously exciting. Never having been through an automatic car wash in a car (which I would not subject to such insensitive handling), I cannot be sure that I am not going to be cut in two by the dervish wheel.

That evening I will have my standard dinner of carrots, jerked beef, and chocolate, the three basic food groups, and I will tour the record stores, trying to find a song I heard on the radio. It goes like this, I will say, and begin to sing my recollection of it:

Guabi guabi buseray
Lay obtini
Meez abtingeray
Tantoweeney

Guabi guabi buseray
Lay obtini
Meez abtingeray
Tanto wee.

This, believe it or not, is an American folk song, by one Ramblin' Jack Elliott, a white man. I will not find it until many years later, when I don't care to listen to it. I have a deep conviction that I am Vietnam-bound. In fact, I will go someplace else. A friend whom I will meet there will have spent two years in Leavenworth for refusing to put a wooden cutout of Rudolph the Red-Nosed Reindeer on the roof of the PX in the Presidio. The record clerks will look at me with wonder because I am soaking



The feast is Europe. And you are the chef.

KLM Royal Dutch Airlines presents a travel program with an inspired difference. It lets you create the European trip you believe will most appeal to your palate.

The program is called Europe By Design,℠ and we begin by presenting you with an intriguing menu of cities, hotels and a series of exclusive excursions—each one chosen for its ability to provide an insider's view of Europe. You might choose to start with some cross-country skiing across Alpine glades near Zurich, then blend in a visit to a bookbinder's studio in Old Rome, and top everything off with a massage or some other revitalizing specialty of the Yverdon-les-Bains spa near Geneva.

You make your selections, and KLM takes it from there. We arrange all details of travel, lodging and excursions. As a result, we can offer you your personal journey at rates more typical of large group travel.

To whet your appetite with more details, contact your travel agent. Or call KLM at 1-800-777-1000 and we'll send along a free 116-page vacation planner.

KLM Europe By Design.℠



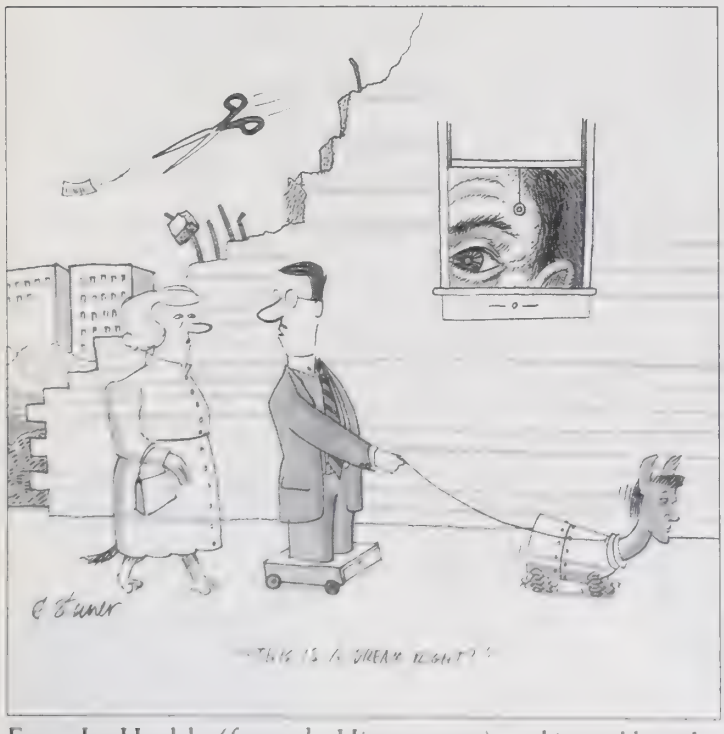
wet and my hair stands up like the quills of what my baby daughter now calls a "porky" or the fur of an electrocuted cat—because, after I was washed, I had to walk through the wind tunnel.

[Story]

ONE EVENING

By Samuel Beckett. From As the Story Was Told: Uncollected and Late Prose, *published by John Calder in London and by Riverrun Press in New York City. Most of the pieces in the collection, including "One Evening," have never been published in the United States. "One Evening" was written in 1978.*

He was found lying on the ground. No one had missed him. No one was looking for him. An old woman found him. To put it vaguely. It happened so long ago. She was straying in search of wild flowers. Yellow only. With no eyes but for these she stumbled on him lying there. He lay face downward and arms outspread. He wore a greatcoat in spite of the time of year. Hidden by the body a long row of buttons fastened it all the way down. Buttons of all shapes and sizes. Worn upright the skirts swept the ground. That seems to hang together. Near the head a hat lay askew on the the ground. At once on its brim and crown. He lay inconspicuous in the greenish coat. To catch an eye searching from afar there was only the white head. May she have seen him somewhere before? Somewhere on his feet before? Not too fast. She was all in black. The hem of her long black skirt trailed in the grass. It was close of day. Should she now move away into the east her shadow would go before. A long black shadow. It was lambing time. But there were no lambs. She could see none. Were a third party to chance that way theirs were the only bodies he would see. First that of the old woman standing. Then on drawing near it lying on the ground. That seems to hang together. The deserted fields. The old woman all in black stockstill. The body stockstill on the ground. Yellow at the end of the black arm. The white hair in the grass. The east foundering in night. Not too fast. The weather. Sky overcast all day till evening. In the west-north-west near the verge already the sun came out at last. Rain? A few drops if you will. A few drops in the morning if you will. In the present to conclude. It happened so long ago. Cooped indoors all day she comes out with the sun. She makes haste to gain the fields. Surprised to have seen no one on the way she strays feverishly in search of the wild flowers. Feverishly seeing the imminence of night. She remarks with surprise the absence of lambs in great numbers here at this time of year. She is wearing the black she took on when widowed young. It is to reflower the grave she strays in search of the flowers he had loved. But for the need of yellow at the end of the black arm there would be none. There are therefore only as few as possible. This is for her the third surprise since she came out. For they grow in plenty here at this time of year. Her old friend her shadow irks her. So much so that she turns to face the sun. Any flower wide of her course she reaches sidelong. She craves for sundown to end and to stray freely again in the long afterglow. Further to her distress the familiar rustle of her long black skirt in the grass. She moves with half-closed eyes as if drawn on into the glare. She may say to herself it is too much strangeness for a single March or April evening. No one abroad. Not a single lamb. Scarcely a flower. Shadow and rustle irksome. And to crown all the shock of her foot against a body. Chance. No one had missed him. No one was looking for him. Black and green of the garments touching now. Near the white head the yellow of the few plucked flowers. The old sunlit face. Tableau vivant if you will. In its way. All is silent from now on. For as long as she cannot move. The sun disappears at last and with it all shadow. All shadow here. Slow fade of afterglow. Night without moon or stars. All that seems to hang together. But no more about it.

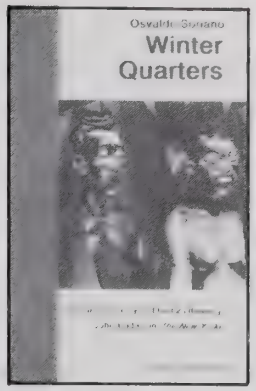


From In Health *(formerly* Hippocrates*), a bimonthly published in Sausalito, California.*

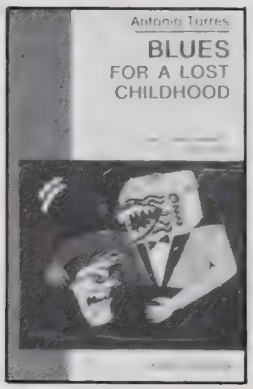
From Tango to Lambada.

New Writing, New Rhythms from The AMÉRICAS.

Winter Quarters (070) by Osvaldo Soriano, **Argentina**
'Soriano's is a style of brutal efficiency' John Updike in *The New Yorker*
'Forceful' *Guardian*



Latin American books FREE!
from
READERS INTERNATIONAL



Blues for a Lost Childhood (068) by Antônio Torres, **Brazil**
'A novel that must be read...psychological depth, remarkable imagery and tragic, absurd beauty.' *Los Angeles Times*

Put the *accent* in AMÉRICA. Sample RI's new rhythms from Latin America. Catch the jazzbeat of seething Rio and São Paulo, in Antônio Torres' *Blues for a Lost Childhood.* Know the drama of Argentina, in *Winter Quarters,* Osvaldo Soriano's riveting assault on Peronism.

Both writers are well-known in English: Torres' *The Land* and Soriano's *A Funny Dirty Little War* won them critical acclaim and thousands of readers on both sides of the Atlantic in the late 80s. Now, Torres' *Blues* is Brazilian PEN's Novel of the Year, and Soriano's *Winter Quarters* has topped the bestseller list in Buenos Aires.

Forthcoming titles include Ariel Dorfman's *Hard Rain,* his new look at Chile in chaos and revolution; and Horacio Vázquez Rial's *Triste's History,* an intelligent thriller set within the world of the Latin American death squads.

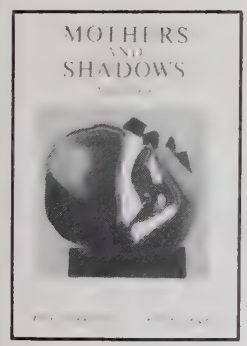
As a subscriber, you will also receive: from Romania, Paul Goma's *My Childhood at the Gate of Unrest,* a great writer's feast of memories; and *Homage to the Eighth District,* tales of Budapest by Hungary's prize-winning Pressburger brothers.

RI works like a magazine - subscribe for **only $9.30** (+ $1.65 p&p), and you'll get your first RI hardback selection, plus the Américas book of your choice **FREE.**

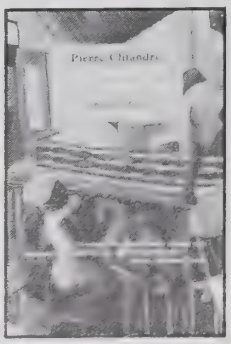
Or, subscribe for a year, as you would to a magazine. You'll get **six** bimonthly hardback selections, at extra savings, plus **TWO FREE** bonus books right away.

Put the Américas - and the world - in your library.

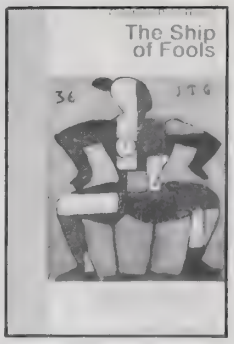
(Free books in paperback; all subscription volumes in hardcover editions.)



Mothers and Shadows (016) by Marta Traba, **Colombia**
'Remarkable contribution to new writing by women in Latin America'
Village Voice



Cathedral of the August Heat (031) by Pierre Clitandre, **Haiti**
'Expresses the collective consciousness of Haiti's poorest'
NYTimes Bk Rev



The Ship of Fools (054) by Cristina Peri Rossi, **Uruguay**
'Zany humor plus sexual and political insight' *Beryl Bainbridge*

RI READERS INTERNATIONAL
P. O. Box 959 Columbia LA 71418

Please begin my subscription to RI at the special $9.30 subscriber price, + $1.65 p&p. I'll get RI's newest title every other month at the same special price. I may cancel at any time. My first hardback selection is *Winter Quarters* (070), or *Blues* (068) ☐

Name

Address

City

Latam2

☐$10.95 (Can$13.75) enclosed. My FREE book, no. ☐

☐Bill my ☐VISA or ☐MasterCard.

Card No. Expiry date

Signature

SPECIAL SAVINGS and two free books:

☐**$55 (Can$65) enclosed for an annual subscription. I get RI's six newest world titles, plus two FREE books:** ☐ ☐ (title numbers)

☐**Bill my credit card for $55 (US currency only).**

H 19

[Fiction]

KING

From Philadelphia Fire, *a novel by John Edgar Wideman, to be published this month by Henry Holt. Wideman is the author of eight novels and a memoir,* Brothers and Keepers. Philadelphia Fire *is a fictionalized account of the events surrounding the 1985 police bombing of the MOVE headquarters, the home of a radical group in a residential section of West Philadelphia. The bombing killed eleven MOVE members, including the group's leader (referred to in the novel as King), and started a fire that destroyed more than fifty houses.*

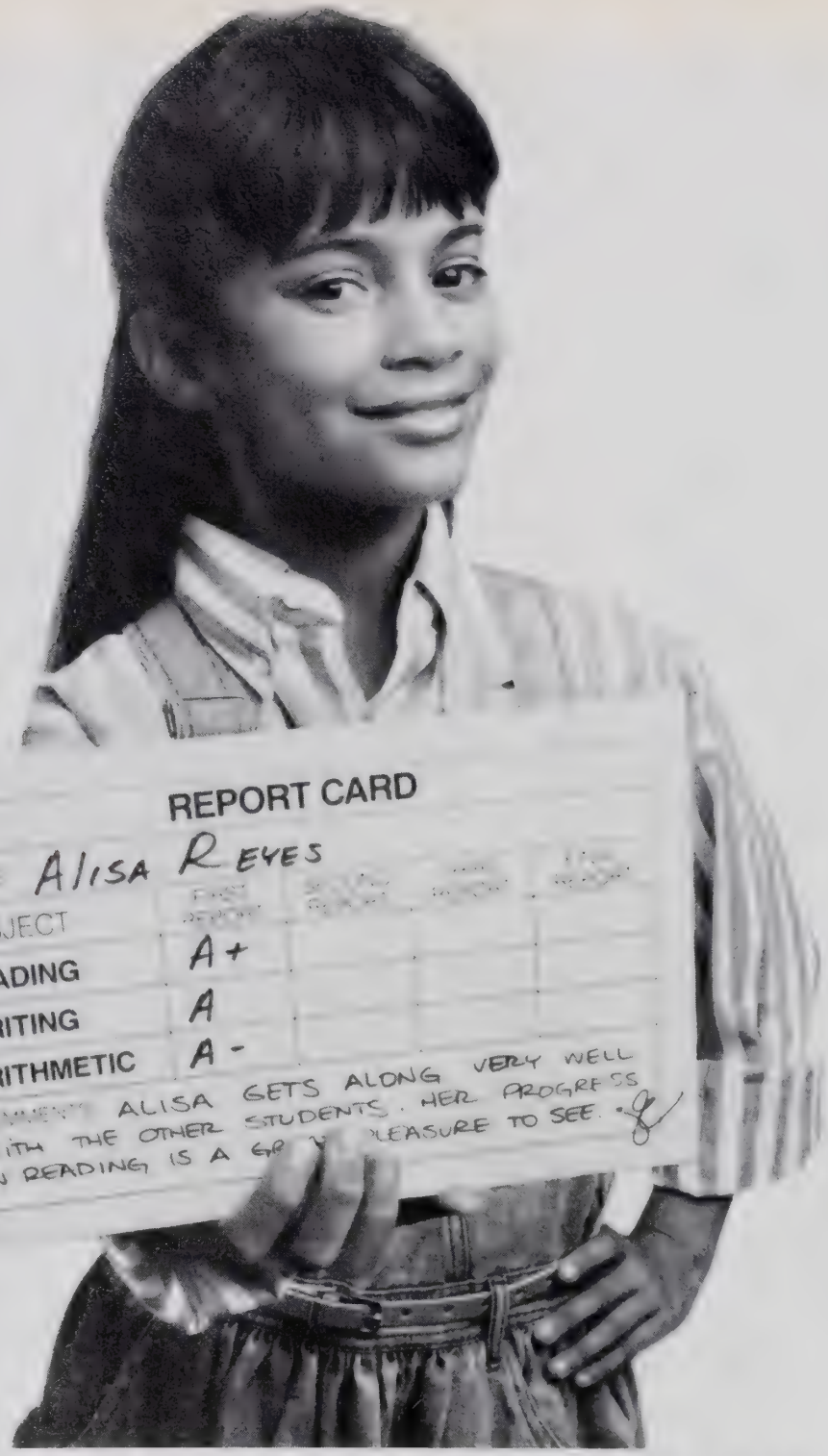
He was the dirtiest man I ever seen. Smell him a mile off. First time I really seen him I was on my way home from work and he was just sitting there on the stone wall in front of their house. Wasn't really stone. Cinder blocks to hold in yard dirt. Stacked four or five high and a rusty kind of broken-down pipe fence running across the top of the blocks. Well, that's where he was sitting, dangling his bare legs and bare toes, sprawled back like he ain't got a care in the world. Smelled him long before I seen him. Matter of fact, when I stepped down off the bus something nasty in the air. My nose curls and I wonder what stinks, what's dead and where's it hiding, but I don't like the smell so I push it to the back of my mind cause nothing I can do about it. No more than I can stop the stink rolling in when the wind blows cross from Jersey. Got too much else to worry about at 5:30 in the evening. I'm hoping Billy and Karen where they supposed to be. Mrs. Johnson keep them till five, then they supposed to come straight home. Weather turning warm. Stuffy inside the house already so I say okay you all can sit out on the stoop but don't you go a step farther till I'm home. Catch you gallivanting over the neighborhood it's inside the house, don't care if it's a oven in there. Billy and Karen mind most the time, good kids, you know what I mean, but all it takes is one time not minding. You know the kinda trouble kids can get into around here. Deep trouble. Bad, bad trouble. One these fools hang around here give them pills. One these jitterbugs put his hands on Karen. I'm worried about that sort of mess and got dinner to fix and beat from work, too beat for any of it. My feet ache and that's strange because I work at a desk and I'm remembering my mama keeping house for white folks. Her feet always killing her and here I am with my little piece of degree, sitting on my behind all day and my feet sore like hers. Maybe what it is is working for them damned peckerwoods every kind of way. Taking their shit. Bitterness got to settle somewhere, don't it? Naturally it run down to your feet. Anyway, I'm tired and hassled. Ain't ready for no more nonsense. Can't wait till Billy and Karen fed and quiet for the night, safe for the night, the kitchen clean, my office clothes hung up, me in my robe and slippers. Glass of wine maybe. One my programs on TV. Nothing but my own self to worry about.

When I step off the bus stink hits me square between the eyeballs. No sense wrinkling up my nose. Body got to breathe and thinking about what you breathing just make it worse so I starts toward home which is three and a half blocks from where I get off the Number 62. Almost home when I see a trifling dreadlocked man draped back wriggling his bare toes. Little closer to him and I know what's dead, what's walking the air like it ain't had a bath since Skippy was a pup. Like I can see this oily kind of smoke seeping up between the man's toes. He's smiling behind all that hair, all that beard. Proud of his high self working toejam. I know it ain't just him stinking up the whole neighborhood. It's the house behind him, the tribe of crazy people in it and crazy dogs and loudspeakers and dirty naked kids and the backyard where they dump their business, but sitting the way he is on the cinder blocks, cocked back and pleased with hisself, smiling through that orangutan hair like a jungle all over his face, it's like he's telling anybody care to listen, this funk is mine. I'm the funk king sitting here on my throne and you can run but you can't hide.

See, it's personal then. Me and him. To get home I have to pass by him. His wall, his house, his yard. Either pass by or go way round out my way. Got my route home I've been walking twelve years. Bet you find my footprints in the pavement I been walking home from work that way so long. So I ain't about to change just cause some nasty man sitting there like he's God Almighty. Huh. Uh. This street mine much as it's anybody's. I ain't detouring one inch out my way for nothing that wears britches and breathes. He ain't nothing to me no matter how bad he smell, no matter if he blow up in a puff of black smoke cause he can't stand his own self. Tired as my feet be at the end of the day I ain't subjecting them to one extra step around this nasty man or his nasty house.

No. No. Walked home the way I always walk home. Didn't draw one breath for a whole block. Almost knocked myself out, but be damned if I'd give him the satisfaction.

Doesn't make much sense, does it? Because the day I'm telling you about, the first time I seen him eyeball to eyeball, wasn't more than a year ago. Three months from that day I was part of his family. One his slaves that quick. Still am



Another set of ratings PBS considers important.

You don't have to be in television to appreciate these numbers. Good grades and learning are something everybody cares about.

For more than two decades, Public Television has been providing kids and adults with a wide range of entertaining and educational programs. Like Sesame Street, Reading Rainbow, NOVA and The American Experience. As well as noncommercial educational programs that go to 29 million kids for use in the classroom. Every program encourages kids to have fun while they learn. And making learning fun is a very effective teaching aid.

Just ask their teachers. They'll tell you public television programs have a big impact on the learning process. The kind of impact that translates into performance in school.

But primary education is just the beginning for PBS. Learning is a lifelong process. That's why we also offer literacy training and continuing professional education. And that's why colleges across the country give credit for watching PBS.

At PBS, we're committed to education in America.

This may not make us #1 in the Nielsen ratings, but it does make us #1 where it counts. In the classroom.

PBS

Committed to the educational power of television.

in a way. Even though his head's tore off his body and his body burned to ash. See, because even though he did it wrong, he was right. What I mean is his ideas were right, the thoughts behind the actions righteous as rain. He be rapping and he'd stop all the sudden, look over to one the sisters been a real strong churchwoman her whole life, and say: Bet your sweet paddyboy Jesus amen that, wouldn't he now? Teasing sort of, but serious too. He be preaching what Jesus preached except it's King saying the words. Bible words only they issuing from King's big lips. And you know he means them and you understand them better cause he says them black, black like him, black like you, so how the sister gon deny King? Tell that white fella Jesus stop pestering you. Tell him go on back to the desert and them caves where he belong.

Got to her Christian mind. Got to my tired feet. Who I been all the days of my life? A poor fool climb on a bus in the morning, climb down at night. What I got to show for it but sore feet, feet bad as my mama's when, God bless her weary soul, we laid her to rest after fifty years cleaning up white folks' mess. My life wasn't much different from my mama's or hers from her mama's on back far as you want to carry it back. Out in the field at dawn, pick cotton the whole damned day, shuffle back to the cabin to eat and sleep so's you ready when the conch horn blows next morning. Sheeet. Things spozed to get better, ain't they? Somewhere down the line, it ought to get better or what's the point scuffling like we do? Don't have to squat in the weeds and wipe my behind with a leaf. Running water inside my house and in the supermarket I can buy thirty kinds of soda pop, twelve different colors of toilet paper. But that ain't what I call progress. Do you? King knew it wasn't. King just told the truth.

My Billy and Karen in school. Getting what they call an education. But what those children learn? Ask them where they come from, they give you the address of a house on Osage Avenue. Ask them what's on their minds, they mumble something they heard on the TV. Ask them what color they are, they don't even know that. Look them in the eye, you know what they really thinking. Only thing they ever expect to be is you. Working like you for some white man or black man don't make no difference cause all they pay you is nigger wages, enough to keep you guessing, keep you hungry, keep you scared, keep you coming back. Piece a job so you don't never learn nothing, just keep you busy and too tired to think. But your feet think. They tell you every day God sends, stop this foolishness. Stop wearing me down to the nubs.

Wasn't like King told me something new. Wasn't like I had a lot to learn. Looked round myself plenty times and said, Got to be more to it than this. Got to be. King said out loud what I been knowing all along. King taught us about the holy Tree of Life. How we all born part of it. How we all one family. Showed us how the rotten system of this society is about chopping down the Tree. Society hates health. Society don't want strong people. It wants people weak and sick so it can use them up. No room for the Life Tree. Society's about stealing your life juices and making you sick so the Tree dies.

He taught us to love and respect ourselves. Respect Life in ourselves. Life is good, so we're good. He said that every day. We must protect Life and pass it on so the Tree never dies. Society's system killing everything. Babies. Air. Water. Earth. People's bodies and minds. He taught us we are the seeds. We got to carry forward the Life in us. When Society dies from the poison in its guts, we'll be there and the Tree will grow bigger and bigger till the whole wide earth a peaceful garden under its branches. He taught us to praise Life and be Life.

Newspapers said King brainwashing and mind control and drugs and kidnapping people turn them to zombies. Bullshit. Because I been standing on the bank for years. Decided one day to cross over and there he was, the King take my hand and say welcome, come right in, we been waiting. Held my breath walking past him and wasn't more than a couple months later I'm holding my breath and praying I can get past the stink when he's raising the covers off his mattress and telling me lie down with him. By then stink wasn't really stink no more. Just confu-



From Isthmus, *a weekly publication in Madison, Wisconsin.*



ARRIVE IN GRAND STYLE.

Liqueur (except where prohibited by law) call 1-800-243-3787.
Product of France. Made with fine cognac brandy 40% alc/vol (80 proof). ©1989 Carillon Importers, Ltd., Teaneck, NJ.

sion. A confused idea. An idea from outside the family, outside the teachings causing me to turn my nose up at my own natural self. Felt real ashamed when I realized all of me wasn't inside the family yet. I damned the outside part. Left it standing in the dark and crawled up under the covers with King cause he's right even if he did things wrong sometimes, he's still right cause ain't nothing, nowhere any better.

My kids wouldn't have nothing to do with King. When I moved into his house they ran away. I think Karen might have moved with me but Billy, thank goodness, wouldn't let her. Went to my sister's in Detroit. Then Detroit drove to Philly to rescue me. A real circus. I'm grateful to God nobody was hurt. King said you nebby, bleached Negroes come round here hassling us again I'll bust you up. He was just woofing. But he sounds like he means every word and I'm standing in the doorway behind him amening what he's saying. My own sister and brother-in-law, mind you. Carl worked at Ford. My sister Anita a schoolteacher. Doing real good in Detroit and they drove all the way here to help me but I didn't want no help. Thought all I needed was King. They came out of love but I hated them for mixing in my business. Hated them for taking care of Karen and Billy. See, I believed they were part of the system, part of the lie standing in the way of King's truth. The enemy. The ones trying to kill us. Up there in their dicty Detroit suburb living the so-called good life.

Had the good sense not to sell my house when I moved out. Rented it. Gave the rent money to King. If I'd sold it, would've give all the money to him. Wouldn't have nothing now. No place for Billy and Karen to come back to, if they coming back. Don't want them here yet. City spozed to clean up and rebuild but you see the condition things in. My place still standing. Smoke and water tore it up inside but at least it's still standing. Next block after mine looks like pictures I seen of war. Look like the atom bomb hit. Don't want Karen and Billy have to deal with what the bombs and fire and water did. They see the neighborhood burned down like this, they just might blame me. Because like I said, I was one of them. King's family. Rented my house and moved in with them. Yes. But for the grace of God coulda been me and my kids trapped in the basement, bar-b-qued to ash.

I still can't believe it. Eleven people murdered. Babies, women, didn't make no nevermind to the cops. Eleven human beings dead for what? Tell me for what? Why did they have to kill my brothers and sisters? Burn them up like you burn garbage? What King and them be doing that give anybody the right to kill them? Wasn't any trouble till people started coming at us. Then King start to woofing to keep folks off our case. Just woofing. Just talk. You ask anybody around here, the ones still here or the ones burnt out, if you can find them. Ask them if King or his people ever laid a hand on anybody. You find one soul say he been hurt by one of us he's a lying sack of shit.

King had his ways. We all had our ways. If you didn't like it, you could pass on by. That's all anybody had to do, pass us by. Hold your nose, your breath if you got to, but pass on by and leave us alone, then we leave you alone and everybody happy as they spozed to be. ■

[Poem]

GOING

This poem by August Kleinzahler appeared in Bastard Review, *No. 3–4, a biannual journal published in San Francisco. Kleinzahler's poem "The Tree" appeared in the March 1988 issue of* Harper's Magazine.

The old people are dying,
they're falling apart piece by piece
like vintage Studebakers,
but the docs keep pumping diuretics and
prednisone
into them, doing valve jobs,
so it's slow, terribly slow.

They're talking tumor,
they're talking colon and biopsy
over biscuit tortoni and tea.
The doctors
are butchers, and as for the kids—
selfish insensitive little shits.

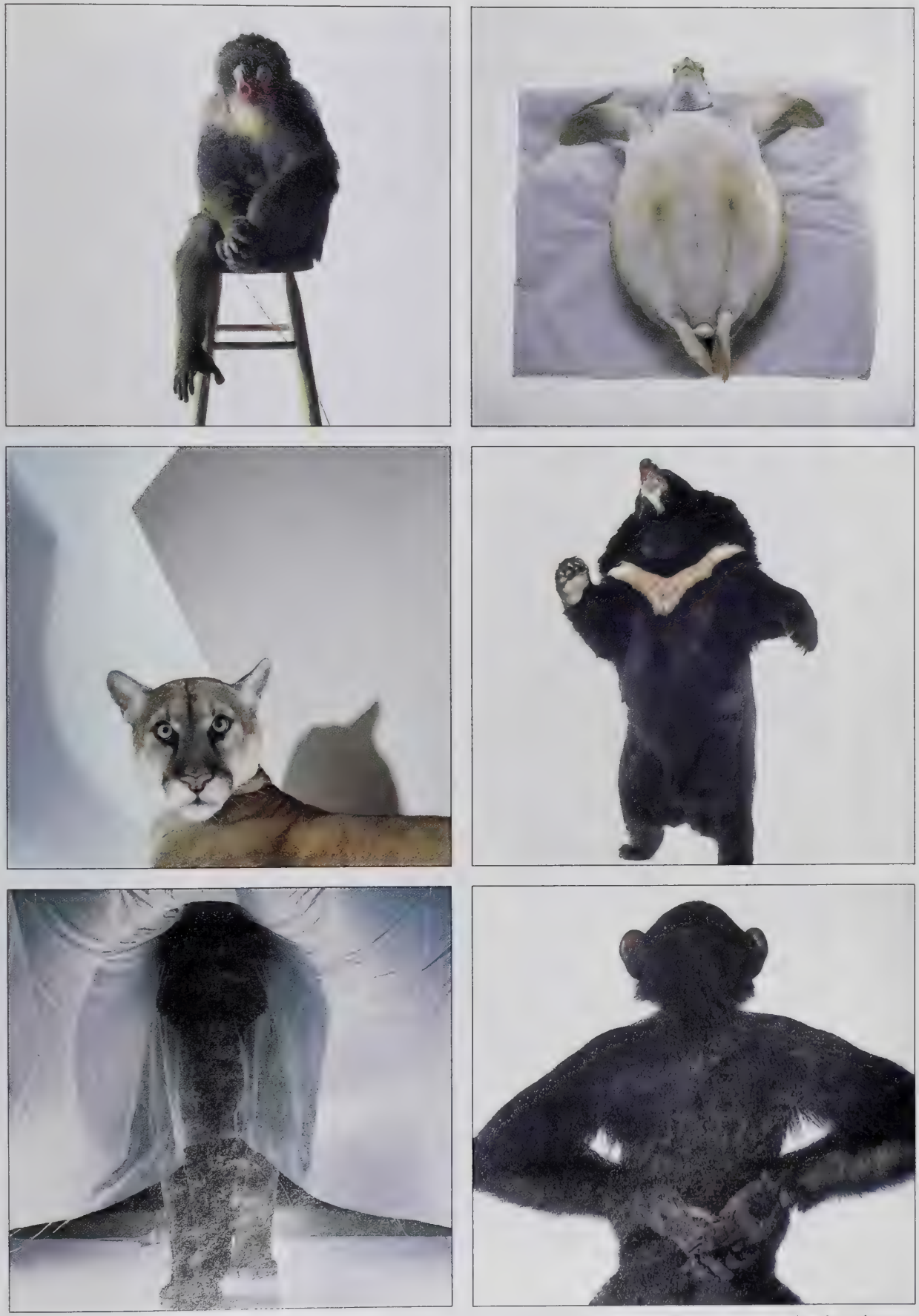
Look at Sinatra and Reagan,
dewlaps trembling in the wee small hours,
glued to *I Love Lucy* reruns
as the Secret Service men doze.
They own cliffs and enormous stretches
of desert, those two—
shopping centers, distilleries.

Lucy is dead, boys, give it up:
Desi, the Duke, and Ava,
dust;
even little Sammy's
checked out.

All the great ones, the class acts,
taking their bows
or history.

[Portraits]

WILD AT HEART



From Survivors: A New Vision of Endangered Wildlife, *by James Balog, to be published in November by Abrams. Balog photographed 235 animals, all endangered species. Clockwise from top left: mandrill, Atlantic green sea turtle, Himalayan black bear, chimpanzee, Asian elephant, Florida panther. Balog's photographs will be exhibited at the International Center of Photography Midtown in New York City this winter.*


SANDWICHES



BEFORE THE STRIVE PROGRAM THIS WAS THEIR ONLY HOPE FOR A CORNER OFFICE

Hopelessness. It's the number-one cause of unemployment in inner-city neighborhoods.

It's not a lack of jobs but a lack of self-esteem. Due to such things as a shortened education. Or a language barrier. Or a lack of appropriate role models.

However, we at Philip Morris Companies Inc. found some hope. Oddly enough it was located in a housing project surrounded by crime, drugs and family violence. It's called STRIVE: a job training/job placement program for the disadvantaged.

STRIVE is there for the people who believe they have little or no hope of ever joining the productive work force. And through some very unconventional techniques, STRIVE improves their overall presentation, restores their self-image and helps them realize their strengths and capabilities.

What's more, STRIVE then places them somewhere they never dreamed possible—in a real job.

Philip Morris Companies Inc. appreciates what STRIVE is doing for the disadvantaged. Not to mention the labor force. And we're proud to support their efforts. If you'd like to do the same, you can write to: STRIVE/East Harlem Employment Service, 173 East 112th St., New York, N.Y. 10029. Or call: (212) 369-5500.

PHILIP MORRIS COMPANIES INC.

Kraft General Foods · Miller Brewing Company
Philip Morris USA · Philip Morris International Inc.

A (POST)MODERN

John Gotti: The substan

Last February 9, the jury in the Manhattan trial of John Gotti, the alleged chief of the Gambino crime family, found him not guilty of ordering the shooting of John O'Connor, leader of a union whose members had smashed up a Gambino restaurant because it had hired nonunion carpenters. This photo, taken at the trial, shows at least part of the explanation: John Gotti plays to the jury and to the wider audience with a constructed image, a *bella figura,* in his manner and his dress radiating goodwill and suggesting vicious retribution. Said the jury foreman afterward, "We're taken up by him, we're fascinated by the high life, the fast life." Said Michael Cherkasky, Gotti's prosecutor, of the verdict, "We had the evidence, but we didn't have the emotional appeal."



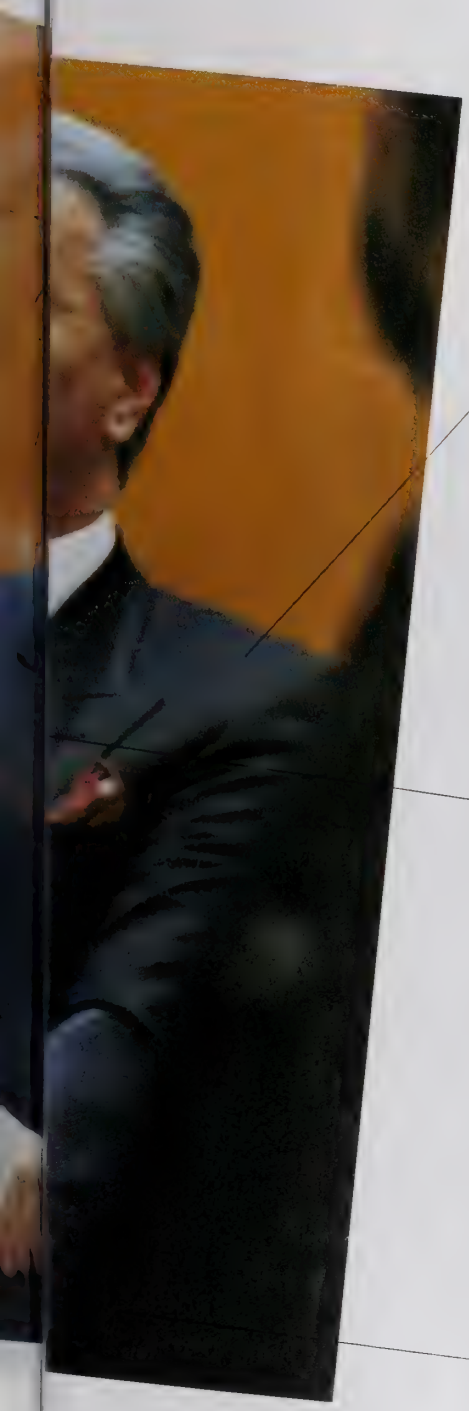
Every morning during the trial, a barber reportedly went to the modest Gotti house in the Howard Beach section of New York City to do a primping. Each bluish-gray streak was brushed back and up to make the entire head of hair perfect, arranged, untouchable—a head of stone, suggestive of control and power. He could butt your face with it. In 1973, in a Staten Island bar, Gotti and two others shot James McBratney in the head in retaliation for murdering a nephew of Carlo Gambino, the family's leader. After serving a brief two-year prison term for manslaughter, Gotti soared in the family chain of command. Now, assert law-enforcement officials, Gotti commands the largest crime family in the country—some 300 "made" members and 1,500 associates. Their business—drugs, gambling, loansharking, labor racketeering, etc.—grosses perhaps $500 million a year. The hair shows it all. Gotti is making myth of himself. He presents himself to jury and press as a human become statue, looming in stature, a temple god south of Rome somewhere.

Here is a man, suggests Gotti's amused eyes, whose intention is only to get unjust government off his back, as his defense attorney insists—only a plumbing-contracting salesman who makes no more than $60,000 a year. This is a message meant to appeal to the little people, the jurors of today and the jurors of tomorrow. And yet there may be another source of amusement for Gotti: In New York State, the court is required to give the names of the jurors to the defense. The jurors know this. They know too the tale about the Gotti neighbor who accidentally struck and killed Gotti's young son with his car. The neighbor has not been seen in ten years.

Marshall Blonsky is the editor of On Signs, *published by Johns Hopkins University Press, and the author of* American Mythologies, *to be published by Oxford University Press next spring. He teaches semiotics at the New School for Social Research and Queens College.*

LEGED) MOBSTER

yle, *by Marshall Blonsky*



The suit is custom-made by a tailor and costs about $1,800. The wide lapels italicize the chest, and the jacket is cut so close as to suggest that Gotti's massive thorax will crack through the armor. The members of the jury see this, of course. "A jury isn't supposed to be focused on the demeanor of a man who doesn't testify," said another of Gotti's former prosecutors, "but there was a feeling in the courtroom, a lot of things happening besides the words of the witnesses." During his trial for the O'Connor shooting, Gotti packed the courtroom with guys in sunglasses and gold chains. The power is not hidden. And below the suit, unseen here, are Gotti's leather shoes—soft, tassel-over-flap slip-ons that sell for $300. The effect is tasteful and leisurely; slipped over monogrammed socks, these are not the cheap slip-ons of a brawler, although in 1984 Gotti was brought to trial for assault and robbery of a refrigerator repairman who didn't recognize Gotti in a parking lot. But at the trial, the victim of Gotti's anger suddenly became incapable of identifying his assailant. Case dismissed.

The tie, the mark of a man's individuality, is flowered, effeminate in its bright colors, and thus Gotti is stating that he has so much surplus masculinity that he can appropriate the brilliant colors of femininity, as other men—the thin, pinched-looking prosecutors, for example—cannot. Notice too that the tie matches the shark-fin handkerchief. Usually, such an image suffices to command fear, but occasionally the testosterone has to be used, usually in an epic restaurant rubout: When Gotti grabbed the controls of the Gambino machine, it was to the eternal detriment of Paul ("Big Paul") Castellano, who was gunned down in front of Spark's Steak House in Manhattan during rush hour. Law-enforcement officials believe that Gotti is responsible for the murder. No charges have been brought so far.

The quintessential New York executive deflects attention to a fashion detail, the jacket that exactly shows the correct one half-inch of cuff. It's a style, a manner. Said the former head of the Justice Department's Organized Crime Strike Force, Edward McDonald: "If he had an education, he could be chairman of General Motors. He is an extraordinarily charming guy." That charm will be necessary again: In all likelihood another indictment is coming, this time on racketeering charges brought jointly by the Justice Department and the Manhattan district attorney, and so there should be more appearances by the dapper mobster. The press will eat it up. The jurors will think about the merits of the case, about their health, and about the man who sits before them. America needs its Gotti playing De Niro playing Capone for the Nineties. Don't expect the tailored don to spend any time behind bars soon.



To some kids this is a new source of electricity.

To most kids it's a lime.

But to kids and teachers in Bell Atlantic-sponsored school science programs, its chemical content and caloric values can produce electrical energy.

At Bell Atlantic, we believe in giving kids new ways to look at the world.

Which is why our employees volunteer in school science programs. And why the Bell Atlantic Charitable Foundation and Bell Atlantic companies partner with organizations like the American Association for the Advancement of Science to sponsor science programs for both kids and their teachers.

We believe if we spark their interest in science today, our children will be able to create a better world for tomorrow.

Bell Atlantic
We're More Than Just Talk.

© Bell Atlantic, 1990

SACRED OR FOR SALE?

The urgent arrival of technological change over the last twenty years has forced society to rethink the truths it once assumed to be as absolute as they were precious. The beginning of life itself has been relocated from a point in time to a process over time. This new understanding provoked the rancorous debate over abortion, a debate that quickly degenerated into cries of murder and freedom. More recently, the singular clarity of death has become a similarly murky discussion of process, and the same twin shouts can be heard from both sides.

Now this kind of brutal reckoning will be brought to bear upon democracy's fundamental component—the individual. The body is rapidly becoming the raw material for the inchoate industry of biotechnology, which stands to earn millions of dollars from products derived from a freak spleen cell or an efficacious gene. Familiar questions must be asked: Do we own our bodies, to do with them as we like, including selling them off? Or is the body a sacred vessel that must be protected? Before technology propels us into hasty decisions, *Harper's Magazine* asked a philosopher, a lawyer, a doctor, and an ethicist to trace the shifting boundary between the sacred and the profane.

The following forum is based on a discussion held in the Rainbow Room at Rockefeller Plaza. Jack Hitt served as moderator.

JACK HITT
is a senior editor of Harper's Magazine.

LORI ANDREWS
is a research fellow with the American Bar Foundation and a senior scholar at the Center for Clinical Medical Ethics at the University of Chicago. She is the author of Between Strangers: Surrogate Mothers, Expectant Fathers, and Brave New Babies.

JACK KEVORKIAN
is a retired pathologist and the inventor of the Thanatron™—a device that allows for a doctor-assisted suicide.

ANDREW KIMBRELL
is an attorney and the policy director for the Foundation on Economic Trends in Washington, D.C. His book, Second Genesis, *will be published by Harper & Row next summer.*

WILLIAM MAY
is the Cary M. Maguire Professor of Ethics at Southern Methodist University. He is the author of The Physician's Covenant. *His new book,* The Patient's Ordeal, *will be published in January 1991 by Indiana University Press.*

The Value of Life

JACK HITT: In the 1980s, according to the United States Patent and Trademark Office, nearly a third of all the patent requests from medical-research facilities involved human tissue. Is it fair to assume that the body is becoming one of our great contemporary resources?

Consider John Moore. This man entered UCLA Medical Center in 1976 for a routine operation: the removal of a cancerous spleen. While examining Moore, his physician discovered that Moore's spleen cells contained peculiar and useful properties. From these cells he developed the "Mo" cell line, and UCLA was awarded a patent in 1984. The researchers went into business with Genetics Institute Inc. and Sandoz Pharmaceuticals Corporation to make a protein that battles various bacteria, even cancer. Estimates of the potential sales of this protein run into the hundreds of millions of dollars. When Moore found out what had happened to him—during the development of the cell line the researchers kept bugging him for more blood samples—he sued. Should he be awarded money?

LORI ANDREWS: The California Supreme Court argued, unpersuasively I thought, that he couldn't sue on property grounds, because his body wasn't his property, but that he *could* sue for damages, because the researchers had a "fiduciary" obligation to inform Moore of their interest. So he may end up getting money anyway.

ANDREW KIMBRELL: The court was in a peculiar position, because it had to consider Moore's property claim alongside *Diamond* v. *Chakrabarty*. In that notorious 1980 decision, the Supreme Court held, by only a 5-4 vote, that you could patent a microorganism, that you could patent *life*, by applying the same law that allows you to patent toasters or tennis rackets. That's exactly how the researchers seized the advantage here. They patented Moore's cells and claimed the profits as their own. With *Diamond*, we have sanctioned the unholy alliance of the biotechnology industry and academia, of profits and science. And now people like John Moore will ask, "Why shouldn't I get my share?"

ANDREWS: I agree. It seems unjustified to keep the patients out of the profit. People like to focus on the changes in biotechnology and the novelty of the science, but really, these possibilities have been around for years. People have sold blood. The first cell line, similar to John Moore's, was created in 1951. In the 1960s, Italian nuns donated their urine so that Pergonal, a fertility drug, could be made to help women have babies. The body has been a "factory" for quite a while. What's different now is the potential for commercialism. We're seeing it throughout medicine: the evolution of hospitals into profit centers and the increasing fees paid to certain physicians. Leon Rosenberg, dean of the Yale University School of Medicine, has observed

that medical schools have moved from the classroom to the boardroom, from *The New England Journal of Medicine* to the *Wall Street Journal*, and, in my view, it's unfair to cut out the person who is contributing the most to this process.

KIMBRELL: Lori, the body is not a factory. The body is not a machine. That is the "pathetic fallacy" in reverse. The original pathetic fallacy had the unruly passions of the human spirit inhabiting stones, trees, and rivers. Now we seem to believe that nothing has soul: We are all *inanimata*, analogous to machines or factories, and can be treated as such.

ANDREWS: I'm the first to admit that the body is more than the sum of its parts. But my ability to sell certain parts of my body doesn't diminish dignity any more than my ability to sell the "intellectual products" of my body—as I do when I write an article. My ability to control—even to the point of sale under certain circumstances—enhances rather than diminishes dignity.

HITT: Dr. Kevorkian, do you think that John Moore should get money?

JACK KEVORKIAN: It's his body. He has the primal right of ownership. First of all, the word "soul" has no place in this discussion. No invented human abstraction of a theological nature will solve anything. It only obscures the issue. You mention a soul, but no one knows anything about it; it's absolutely ethereal. Body parts are property. The person owns them and has the absolute right over what will be done with them in every situation.

KIMBRELL: Including the right to sell one's whole self into slavery?

KEVORKIAN: Absolutely. The absolute right.

HITT: Yet our Constitution—

KEVORKIAN: Jack, our Constitution is morally arbitrary.

KIMBRELL: But in today's brave new world, it would offer some protection. You know, in 1987, when the Patent Office announced that you could patent animals, including animals with human genes, they said they weren't *certain* you could patent human beings because the Thirteenth Amendment forbids human slavery. But, Dr. Kevorkian, this secular myth—that we live as autonomous individuals, as islands unto ourselves, without rights balanced by duties—is absurd. Every decision you may make, whether it be to sell yourself into slavery or to sell yourself into prostitution, adds to and creates the *telos*—the purpose—of the community you inhabit. You do not exist as an island. The obligations and duties we owe one another are reflected in our laws, including laws that protect the environment, prevent exploitation in the workplace, and ban discrimination. These are community values. To break those down into libertarian terms is absurd.

ANDREWS: Do you think that John Moore should be able to get money?

KIMBRELL: The existence of one evil—the patenting of life forms—is not remedied by the sanction of a second one—allowing individuals to sell their body in the marketplace. Given the facts before them, however, the Supreme Court of California made a judicious decision by giving John Moore an economic remedy that satisfies the problem of economic justice but without breaking the new moral ground that Dr. Kevorkian would have us travel into the brave new world of selling ourselves as commodities.

KEVORKIAN: I'm not recommending anything. It's an individual's right to choose what he will do with his body. If I want to destroy my body, I will.

KIMBRELL: Dr. Kevorkian, you are not responsible for your own birth. You owe that to another, don't you?

KEVORKIAN: That's right.

KIMBRELL: You're not responsible for your nourishment or your education. You owe that to the entire community and to the educational system of this society. Correct? So, at some late date to excavate yourself from the community that created you and to locate yourself in some kind of existential void is unrealistic.

ANDREWS: But, Andy, if you push communitarian values too far, you come to the other conclusion: that the state should have the right of eminent domain. Why should all these people on the kidney waiting list die when the community—i.e., the government—could come in and seize my body parts after death? Sandoz Pharmaceuticals, which manufactured the product in the Moore case, actually argued that the University of California—the location of the operation—had the right of eminent domain and should have been allowed to take whatever they wanted from Moore without even asking him.

WILLIAM MAY: I find it strange to solve a problem of justice and inequity in this case by extending property rights. Just because the doctors are making a lot of money and the institutions are making a lot of money, I'm not sure the solution is to cut the patient in. You only create another injustice. The desperately ill will cure their ailments by exploiting the desperately poor. You will convert poor patients into the equivalent of Third World people. Instead of selling bananas,

coca, or poppy, they will sell body parts. I abhor the solution. There are other means of redress: Why should health care be built on a free-lance, piecework system? Why can't physicians go on salary like academics and others who serve an important community good?

ANDREWS: I would love to see doctors put on salary. What I fear is that we talk up a storm and never better the situation for the exploited or the poor. Another concern of mine is that in this era when the Supreme Court is chipping away at the right to privacy and when many of us must entrust parts of our body to our physicians—embryos in vitro, semen, blood for people who want to avoid AIDS and have surgery—we don't really have a way for a person to maintain control over what happens to his or her body parts after they've been removed.

I think property is a place to start. The problem with the property label is the implication that everything's for sale under any circumstances. Owning property doesn't necessarily mean that you can do anything you want with it. A lot of property is sold or traded under various restrictions. You can sell, but you can't give away, your holdings if you're in bankruptcy. You can give away, but you can't sell, items made from endangered species. So among the many limits I would impose would be that only the person, himself or herself, can engage in sales. And all of those sales would be revocable by the owner. So you couldn't have the tax man putting a lien on your body. That way we avoid the situation of the poor man who, in 1890, sold his body to an institute in Sweden for research purposes, to commence upon death. When he regained his wealth, he tried to buy it back, but they wouldn't let him. In fact, they fined him for having two teeth missing—he'd diminished the value of the product.

MAY: Could the family of a notorious celebrity—say, Al Capone—sell his body to a carnival?

ANDREWS: No. That would fit into one of my categories of restrictions. No sales for entertainment or cosmetics. And for live sales, no one would be allowed to put himself at a higher risk than he normally would be at in his daily life. You couldn't sell your heart, for example, but you could sell a kidney.

HITT: Wasn't the body of the poet John Dryden seized upon his death?

ANDREWS: Yes, his body was "arrested"—during the funeral procession—for nonpayment of loans. But I wouldn't have any of that.

KEVORKIAN: What's wrong with that?

KIMBRELL: Under your scheme we will create a breeder class of the poor who produce cells, tissues, kidneys, and children for those who can afford the price. That's taking the natural inequities of the marketplace and translating them into a new form of exploitation that is horrifying. Lori, you don't even distinguish between something that's replenishable and something that's unique. You don't distinguish between selling hair and selling kidneys.

ANDREWS: Because I'm looking at risk.

KIMBRELL: No difference between hair and children?

ANDREWS: Andy, right now the people who donate are richer, white, and better educated than others. So the real question is: Should we allow poor people to take an action—for money—that we heartily encourage everyone to take by donation? I understand the potential for exploitation, and I think you can circumvent it by allowing sale upon death so that nobody's paid during his or her life. Money will go to the estate, and then there'll be a system in which we distribute the organs by a lottery or by medical need so that organs and tissue can be parceled out more fairly.

HITT: Under our current donor system, we have a situation in which, in one period in Washington, D.C., in the early Eighties, 25 percent of the donated organs went to foreigners, mainly Arabs. Is it grotesque to assume that rich oil barons are "buying" the healthy organs of our capital's poor?

KEVORKIAN: Jack, you prove my point. You cannot legislate morality when there's such a tremendous demand. There *will* be a market.

MAY: Dr. Kevorkian, the marketplace is a wonderful mechanism for generating and distributing *certain* goods: ties, refrigerators, wrenches—

KEVORKIAN:—spleens.

MAY: No. If I buy a judge's verdict, I corrupt the meaning of justice.

KEVORKIAN: True.

MAY: If I buy a Nobel Prize, I corrupt the meaning of the Nobel Prize. If I buy an exemption from the draft, which was permitted in the Civil War, I corrupt the meaning of citizenship. If I buy and sell children, I corrupt the meaning of parenthood. And if I sell myself, I corrupt the meaning of what it is to be human.

KEVORKIAN: What does it mean to you to be human?

MAY: I find it passingly strange that you, who elevates autonomy above all other virtues, would permit anyone to annihilate that precious

autonomy through slavery. The human body is not analogous to a machine with parts. It's an organism with organs. I not only have a body; I *am* my body. It is my means of self-presentation to the world, and if, in response to some need, I act to contribute part of it, the appropriate form should be giving, not selling.

ANDREWS: I think much of the case in this discussion against my core position hangs on the assumption that there's only exploitation and coercion when there's payment involved. The current system for organ and tissue donation often exerts enormous pressure on family members to be donors. One study, for example, shows that the black sheep of the family often donates, hoping it will make the rest of the family love him or her more. Does a mother have a choice when asked to donate for her child?

KIMBRELL: Lori, I think it's far from a proven point that parents are coerced to donate their organs to their children. Most parents, including myself, would give up their lives for their children. That's not called coercion. It's called love.

ANDREWS: But isn't it love when someone sells his organs to benefit his children?

MAY: Not every act of commerce is a tawdry act. A poor mother who sells her organs in order to save her child is acting nobly. But that noble act does not redeem the tawdriness of a social system that would force a poor parent to help her child that way. The facts that there would be virtue under a system of buying and selling and that there can be coercion under a system of giving and receiving don't get to the cumulative issue of what kind of society you would create: The rich would buy and the poor would sell.

KIMBRELL: Anyone who has survived a Christmas knows that gifts can definitely be coerced. But gifts are essentially uncoerced. The gift relationship strengthens the bonds between people and the members of a community. It brings out the best in us and goes far beyond the shallow relationships of the marketplace.

ANDREWS: What's wrong with the sale upon death, in order to gather organs in a way not coercive to the poor, coupled with a lottery system or a medical necessity criterion to dispense them, which is not disposed toward the rich?

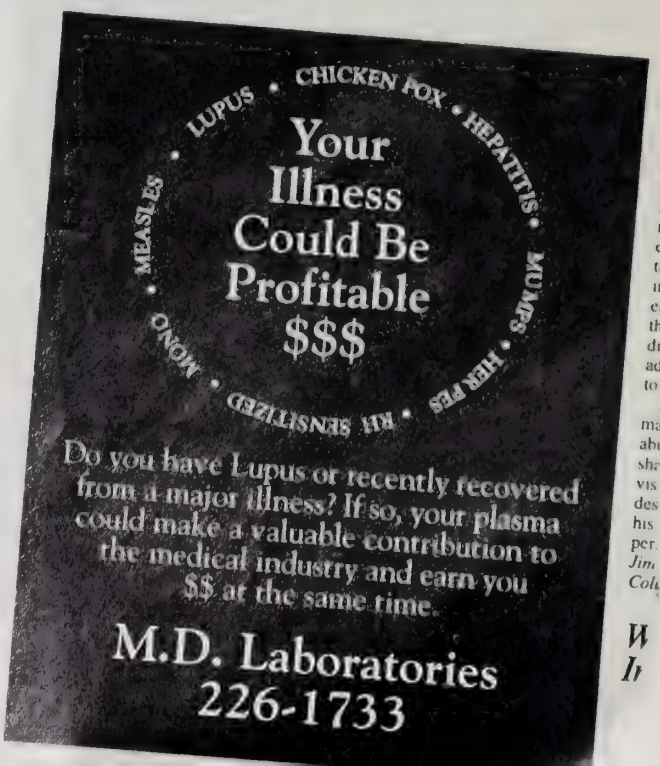
MAY: The price of funerals would go up, because the funeral directors would know that the poor have a new way of paying for them.

KIMBRELL: The other problem with commercialization is that research proceeds only when there is a buck in it.

ANDREWS: For years, about 80 percent of the blood used routinely during operations was purchased. Today, nearly all the blood—except rare types—is donated. I think the existence of the market and the donation system side by side in the Sixties accounted for much of that giving. A person does not feel more virtuous for performing a particular act when the alternative is forbidden by law. John Milton once said, "I cannot praise a fugitive and cloistered virtue . . . that never sallies out and sees her adversary."

KIMBRELL: I am against the unfettered market, because it's gotten us into so much trouble. Did it curb our abuse of industrial and chemical technology? No, it led to global warming, ozone depletion, and a global environmental crisis. Did the market limit nuclear technology to its beneficial purposes? Left alone, did we limit child labor? The unregulated market does not control technological abuse; it encourages it.

HITT: I hear us coming to a slippery-slope argu-



This advertisement is run regularly in the Reader, *a San Diego weekly newspaper. The sponsoring company, M.D. Laboratories, pays its customers varying fees to sit for a "bleed"—the removal of a pint of blood, the extraction of the plasma, and the reinjection of the remaining red blood cells. Because most of the blood is returned to the body, customers can sit for as many as two bleeds a week. The company is mainly interested in antibodies in the plasma, so customers must have suffered one of the diseases listed in the circle in the advertisement. The least profitable diseases, such as lupus or hepatitis A, fetch a fee between $50 and $200. Measles victims can earn as much as $300, and those who lack a blood-clotting factor can make up to $600. The most sought-after customers are either mothers who were not treated for the condition of bearing a child with a different blood type or patients who have had their systems thrown into chaos by a bad blood transfusion. They can earn thousands of dollars per bleed.*

ment. Andy, every decision is a slippery slope. Humankind dwells on a slippery slope. But we set limits all the time. True, for too long we allowed grotesque child labor, but we did finally pass laws that sought to stop it. In fact, every realm of development you mentioned was rigorously debated, fought over, and finally limited in some ways. Lines were drawn.

MAY: Our environmental problems, as Andy has said, have emerged because we have become obsessively oriented to *product* and have neglected issues of *process*. The phrase "gross national product" aptly describes this obsession. Now we have a shortage of organs and tissue. To argue that the free market is the best way to get this larger amount of product fails to question *how* we get it. There are four systems. The first is eminent domain or automatic salvaging. Society has a right—presumed consent, as it's known—to take all the organs it needs when you die unless you carry a card forbidding it.

ANDREWS: Let's talk about presumed consent. They adopted it in France and found that it didn't increase the number of donated organs, because physicians were still reluctant to intrude on someone else's body. That's why I give the nexus of control to the individual.

MAY: The second system is the appeal to individual giving, which is by and large the system in which we now operate. The third is buying and selling, which we've spent most of our time on here. The fourth is organized giving, which has been largely unexplored at this table and throughout this debate. Who handles funerals? It is religious communities. Consider Christianity's central act of worship, in which Jesus says, "This is my body, this is my blood," and gives it to others. The central liturgy of the Christian faith is the giving of body and blood in the form of bread and wine. From the pulpit, Christians might be persuaded to understand that the central symbol of their faith makes it fitting and appropriate to donate.

KEVORKIAN: Sort of brainwashing the family is what you're doing.

MAY: Oh, come on. Is there no difference between brainwashing and education?

KEVORKIAN: All right. Then it's persuading the family, which is a form of coercion.

MAY: Not quite. Persuasion and coercion differ; and the two ancient societies of Sparta and Athens symbolize that difference. Sparta was a military society built upon the bark of command and the [illegible] of obedience. Athens depended upon *logos*, the word. There's a difference between the act of persuasion and the act of commanding, between persuasion and coercion.

KEVORKIAN: Education's a form of coercion. You are what you are because of the culture you grew up in. What you say and do is often foreign to, say, an Afghani or a Shintoist. To you, hara-kiri is ugly, even evil, but to one who has been properly "educated," it's holy and sacred.

KIMBRELL: Dr. Kevorkian, the ethicist Tom Murray writes about *sacra*—objects or ceremonies that any particular culture finds sacred or reveres. We may find the *sacra* of other cultures barbaric and repulsive. Yet despite their apparent barbarism—and this is true of hara-kiri—the act itself always seeks to increase dignity, self-respect, and honor. Despite such differences, all cultures share the belief that the body is a *sacra*, a unique and venerable aspect of the human person. Why, then, should we allow the commodification of the human body—the enclosure of the genetic commons, if you will—when we are now trying to reverse the vast destruction resulting from adopting this same attitude toward the earth?

ANDREWS: The examples you have been citing, Andy, are inappropriate. We don't want anyone to *give* themselves into slavery. We don't even want children laboring for *free*. We don't want havoc wreaked on the environment *without* payment. But with the human body, there is consensus that organ donation is good. Professor May even wants our religious traditions to encourage it. The issue is not that payment harms us as a society but rather the risk of living without the organ or the risk of potential coercion and so on. Your examples are issues we've legislated against because we wouldn't want them under any circumstances.

KIMBRELL: Lori, you see too much benevolence in capitalism. I'm making no secret here that I think the capitalist economy is often a terrible and destructive force. It's destroyed our natural resources, our spiritual life, and our relations in the workplace. So I'm obviously not too enthusiastic about its invasion of my body.

MAY: I'm not inclined to pronounce a global repudiation of capitalism. I just think it has its appropriate sphere, following the arguments that Michael Walzer made in *Spheres of Justice*. He held that different principles of distribution apply in different spheres. And it seems to me that the right system of distribution with regard to the human body, given its relationship to human dignity, is not the marketplace.

ANDREWS: The same argument about *sacra* and dignity was made against autopsy in the nineteenth century, abdominal surgery in this century, and even artificial insemination.

KIMBRELL: That returns us to Dr. Kevorkian's point: Science and medicine are culturally based. For instance, there's a good reason why thousands of years of Chinese medicine gave us interrelated therapy like acupuncture, which understands the interconnectedness of the self and its environment. Western medicine, on the other hand, still struggles under the metaphor of the Cartesian clockwork universe, with its interchangeable parts—a medicine that may have reached its mechanistic zenith with the attempt to install a baboon heart into a baby in Loma Linda, California. This is a highly intrusive, highly capital-intensive type of medicine that ignores preventative medicine, nutrition, the environment, and gross statistics such as our infant-mortality rate.

Our gee-whiz attraction to organ transplants, to genetic engineering and television-spectacular operations is *culturally* determined. Much of the supply and demand for organs and tissues Lori talks about comes from the fact that our science has promised us we can know everything, our technology has promised us we can do everything, and our advertisers have promised us we can have everything. But it just ain't so. The supply and demand the medical community tries to support are culturally determined. There's nothing objective here. Many of us are revulsed at the idea of an open sale of body parts. It's what I call the "yuck factor." It's healthy. As Professor Leon Kass points out, autopsy was offensive two centuries ago when people protested, and today—despite its acceptance—it is *still* offensive.

ANDREWS: Since we really are talking about drawing lines and the yuck factor, why *is* it acceptable to cut someone up because they've signed a donor card? Why doesn't it desecrate the temple of the body to peel off the skin of others for burn victims or to remove any of the fifteen salvageable organs, leaving this husk?

The Value of Death

HITT: Let's consider the Gaylin scenario, based on an article written by Dr. Willard Gaylin in this magazine in 1974. Then, it was satire. Today, it's potential public policy: I can write a living will saying that if I become brain-dead, others may either maintain me on life support or let me die. It's *my* choice. But I have written my living will with a slight twist: Should I become brain-dead, I wish to be maintained on life support and to have my organs taken *as they are needed.* This is how I want to donate my body to science.

MAY: I don't have a major problem with that.

ANDREWS: Really? I am troubled by the idea of "bioemporiums" with 200 bodies—I believe Dr. Gaylin called them "neomorts"—lying around. Frankly, I find this much less dignified than selling tissue or organs.

MAY: There is the problem of the family coming to terms with your death. If this period of donating your body goes on for an indefinite time, it would seem rather insensitive.

KIMBRELL: Look. Ideas have consequences. The idea that we are biological machines has consequences. Consider: What rights adhere to a biological machine? What duties and obligations are owed a biological machine? What dignity and love should be given to a biological machine? The whole constitutional system of rights, duties, and respect is based on the old-fashioned idea that we are reverable persons, not machines. Moreover, the idea of an emporium with dozens or thousands of these neomorts all over the country—what does this do to our view of the dignity of death?

Is this really advancement? You're going forward. But going forward to what?

You can't know what going forward means unless you have a future vision, one that requires us to judge all of the possibilities we all talk about these days: a future that permits the sale of fetal parts, that subcontracts out having a baby, that creates a breeder class to sell tissues and organs, and that allows us to change the definition of death so that we will have a regular harvesting of organs. Let's not review these developments one at a time or in a vacuum. We may end up like the frog that's put in a pot of water heated up one degree at a time: He never gets alarmed enough to jump out before he's boiled to death.

HITT: Andy, I wonder if what we are edging up to is not a brave new world but a new ethic of the body. Don't some of these developments seem inevitable? Doesn't it seem likely—as more and more medical treatments and products are created from tissue samplings of the human body—that some kind of limited property right to oneself will prevail? Is the body, in a sense, the new farm? Might there be some way that the community will ponder the multitude of curious new uses of the body, embrace these changes, and come up with a new way to define human dignity? Dr. Kevorkian?

KEVORKIAN: I don't know what you mean by "ethic

of the body." A body's a body. A dog's a body. Any mammal is a body. And when you cut, you bleed. When you die, you stink. That's all we know about it. Is there sacredness in all this?

My idea of the human body is that it's a living organism like any mammal. You want to know what to do with it? Then you must consider: What are the exigencies of the spatial and temporal situation you're in at the time? Then you apply your reason, which is uniquely human and often abused—and most often by ethicists—and you use your common sense and logic and try to arrive at a solution to the problem *you are in*, not some preconceived idea that you're trying to fit reality into.

You've got to see what humans are and how they behave. Prohibition proved you can't legislate morality. We've legislated against commercialization of organs without any real insight into the problem. We've rammed it through, but wait until the demand increases over time. We will *have* a black market in organs. You're not going to solve the problem with all this moralizing. You've got to discover a motivation for people to donate. It isn't going to be education or implied consent or required request. They aren't going to do it. It's been proven! There's only one thing that motivates humanity. Self-interest. Profit. Tell me I'm wrong.

MAY: You're wrong.

ANDREWS: Dr. Kevorkian, self-interest takes many forms. Some say that altruism is a kind of self-interest: You give to others so that you will have good feelings about yourself, a sense that you are noble and above others.

KEVORKIAN: You know, these old arguments aren't going to solve anything.

KIMBRELL: *You* have the oldest argument of them all, and that's your problem. You adhere to a theology that began to develop 400 years ago that believes the natural world is devoid of any sacred meaning, that it is just a collection of resources to be consumed. That's not some essential "truth"—it's the theology of the marketplace, the faith for those who have no faith. Its God is the aptly named "invisible hand" and its greatest good is efficiency—a term borrowed from the lexicon of the machine, on which the market system is based. Now, if I told you I had two children and treated them "efficiently" or that I had a friend or a pet and I treated him or it "efficiently," wouldn't you properly think I was mad? No one treats anything they care about based on efficiency. We have applied this kind of thinking to nature, and now we seek to apply it to our bodies. We can look at the destruction of the earth as a model of what we will do to ourselves.

ANDREWS: Every time we take an action of any kind we change nature. And when we go too far we correct ourselves by outlawing certain kinds of action. We *can* think prospectively about the boundaries we set.

MAY: Let me clarify something. What happens in the relationship of the human being to his body over a lifetime—and this is where we differ from an amoeba or even a dog—is that we bond, become friends, with our own body. This is the crucial distinction that troubles us in questions of neomorts and surrogacy and the rest. That's why manufacturing is the wrong metaphor. Manufacturing insists upon the separation of product from process. In fact, it is wrong for workers to bond to refrigerators or monkey wrenches, or at least it is odd. Artists do form this kind of relationship with their work, a feature that distinguishes art from commerce.

ANDREWS: But do you want me to bond to my kid-

The Sacred and the Profane

If one were to offer men to choose out of all the customs in the world such as seemed to them the best, they would examine the whole number, and end by preferring their own; so convinced are they that their own usages far surpass those of all others. Unless, therefore, a man was mad, it is not likely that he would make sport of such matters. That people have this feeling about their laws may be seen by many proofs: among others, by the following. Darius, after he had got the kingdom, called into his presence certain Greeks who were at hand, and asked what he should pay them to eat the bodies of their fathers when they died. To which they answered, that there was no sum that would tempt them to do such a thing. He then sent for certain Indians, of the race called Callatians, men who eat their fathers, and asked them, while the Greeks stood by, and knew by the help of an interpreter all that was said, what he should give them to burn the bodies of their fathers at their decease. The Indians exclaimed aloud, and bade him forbear such language. Such is men's custom; and Pindar was right in my judgment, when he said, "Law [or 'custom' or 'convention' or 'mores': *nomos*] is king over all."—*Herodotus,* Histories, *Book III, as cited in "Thinking About the Body," by Leon Kass,* The Hastings Center Report, *February 1985*

ney? I think it would be strange if I were too fetishistic about my kidney.

MAY: It seems wrong to me for the mother to alienate herself from that "product" to which she has bonded, whereas it seems right for workers to be alienated from those refrigerators. Laborers don't gather weepily on the docks on the day of shipping; there shouldn't be rituals of grief for the monkey wrenches.

HITT: But, Professor May, in my case no one is doing this to me. I am simply exercising my freedom. I am pro-choice, as it were. But since many of you are troubled by the image of my body lying on a table for a long period of time, let me change the scenario a bit. I am brain-dead, but I want to donate my body immediately, with respirators going, to a medical school to allow surgeons to practice surgery on my functioning body. As I'm sure you are all aware, surgeons do not emerge from their anatomy textbooks any more capable of precise surgery than a music student who has read a dozen scores can sit down to a piano and play Chopin. So here's a body that bleeds to practice on. May I make this donation?

ANDREWS: I'd need strong evidence that you wanted this. I am concerned about coercion.

MAY: Would you allow the family veto power?

HITT: There is no family, and there's been no coercion. There is only me and my living will, which sets out my wishes unambiguously. All my life I have been told that organ donation is a good thing. Well, here's a fully working set of them.

KIMBRELL: Given the changes in public policy, why couldn't he? This is the result of switching the whole definition of death. And, frankly, it was very suspicious. The whole brain-dead concept is based on a desire for efficiency, and—I don't think too many people will disagree with me—it was drawn up to fulfill the need to harvest organs.

HITT: Wasn't it to allow relatives to unplug a brain-dead patient so he or she wouldn't have to linger on life support?

MAY: No. That's allowing someone to die.

ANDREWS: Andy's right, actually. You could still make a decision to allow your relative to die without having to change the definition of death. We all know that the change was made to facilitate organ harvesting. And it is by a similar "coincidence" that hospitals designated as trauma centers tend to be ones that have transplantation teams on the premises.

KIMBRELL: Now, *this* is a slippery slope.

MAY: We reviewed this very issue at The Hastings Center. We had approved much of the criteria currently used to determine death, but we specifically refused to include a need for organs. After all, if it is permissible to change death because you need organs, then you can move death back earlier and earlier. The only reason for declaring people dead is that they're dead. Leon Kass drew a distinction between the death of an *organism as a whole* and the death of the *whole organism*. Throughout human history, death has never been defined as the death of the whole organism, because life continues in the body's parts—the hair and the nails, for example, continue to grow. But brain death entails the death of the organism as a whole, a state that modern technology merely obscures by keeping the heart and lungs pumping and the body warm.

But your hypothetical case is a tough one. In a way, this gift, for educational purposes, is more beneficial than a single organ donation because it would make that surgeon more capable of *successful* transplantation of dozens of organs down the road. It would, of course, make gross anatomy grosser, with the body actually bleeding. I don't know how I come out on this one. I wonder what the reaction of young physicians would be?

KIMBRELL: They should be revulsed—the way children are when you first tell them where the meat in the grocery cooler comes from. There they are, nicely packaged little frankfurters, little patties. But every parent who's not a vegetarian has experienced that moment when you tell a child, "Well, that is actually a pig" or "This is a cow." And the kid freaks. When you chop things up, they immediately lose their sacramental worth, that *sacra*. What has every civilization had to do to outsiders before it exploited them or practiced genocide on them? Dehumanize them. Call them subhuman. Remove their *sacra*. That's what we did to the natural world before we moved in to destroy it. Unless we heed our revulsion, we are poised to do it to our own bodies.

MAY: I am reminded of the Grimm's fairy tale about the young boy who was unable to shudder. He visited the hangman's tree and saw seven dead men. Instead of being afraid, he cut them down and played with them, arranging them around a campfire as if they were guests. Another time, he was found playing ninepins with two skulls and nine dead men's legs. His parents despaired. And before they would admit him into the family and before society would count him as one of its own, he wandered the land, trying to learn this uniquely human characteristic—to shudder at the sight of the dead. ■

PUTTING THE CONSUMER FIRST

By Bob Bergland

It was a letter to the editor that caught my attention. A thoughtful writer lamented that we no longer referred to people as "citizens," especially in political or social discourse; he complained that we refer only to "consumers."

He felt that "consumers," as a generic label for members of society, somehow depicts us as a voracious lot, only out for ourselves.

My reaction to the term is the opposite: I see "the consumer" as an advocate for the buyer's interest in a market where the seller usually has the advantage. And consumer advocacy is a growing phenomenon of our time.

More practical than ever, people make all sorts of decisions as consumers. They vote as consumers, even approach education and leisure as consumers. Increasingly, people demand quality at a reasonable price. Products and services must be "value-added," backed by the information consumers want and delivered, yes, with a smile.



Bob Bergland is Executive Vice President of the National Rural Electric Cooperative Association.



The nation's 1,000 rural electric cooperatives are specially equipped to give value-added service. They are owned by the people they serve, and the cooperative structure itself puts consumers' interests and concerns first.

So, in addition to supplying reliable, at-cost light and power, electric co-ops have long been recognized for quality service to people—an approach that comes from home-grown leadership and community involvement.

Responding to local needs, they have created or revitalized small businesses, donated satellite dishes to curriculum-hungry schools, and organized health cooperatives to improve local medical care.

But whatever the product or service, a truly consumer-driven approach can benefit more than just the immediate community. Diligently applied, such a model has promise for all citizens.

America's Consumer-Owned Rural Electric Systems

A Power In The Land.

NRECA 1800 Massachusetts Avenue N.W., Washington, D.C. 20036 Telephone (202) 857-9500

LATE VICTORIANS

San Francisco, AIDS, and the homosexual stereotype

By Richard Rodriguez

St. Augustine writes from his cope of dust that we are restless hearts, for earth is not our true home. Human unhappiness is evidence of our immortality. Intuition tells us we are meant for some other city.

Elizabeth Taylor, quoted in a magazine article of twenty years ago, spoke of cerulean Richard Burton days on her yacht, days that were nevertheless undermined by the elemental private reflection: This must end.

♦

On a Sunday in summer, ten years ago, I was walking home from the Latin Mass at St. Patrick's, the old Irish parish downtown, when I saw thousands of people on Market Street. It was San Francisco's Gay Freedom Day parade—not the first, but the first I ever saw. Private lives were becoming public. There were marching bands. There were floats. Banners blocked single lives thematically into a processional mass, not unlike the consortiums of the blessed in Renaissance paintings, each saint cherishing the apparatus of his martyrdom: GAY DENTISTS. BLACK AND WHITE LOVERS. GAYS FROM BAKERSFIELD. LATINA LESBIANS. From the foot of Market Street they marched, east to west, following the mythic American path toward optimism.

I followed the parade to Civic Center Plaza, where flags of routine nations yielded sovereignty to a multitude. Pastel billows flowed over all.

Five years later, another parade. Politicians waved from white convertibles. Dykes on Bikes revved up, thumbs upped. But now banners bore the acronyms of death. AIDS. ARC. Drums were muffled as passing, plum-spotted young men slid by on motorized cable cars.

Though I am alive now, I do not believe that an old man's pessimism is truer than a young man's optimism simply because it comes after. There are things a young man knows that are true and are not yet in the old man's power to recollect. Spring has its sappy wisdom. Lonely teenagers still arrive in San Francisco aboard Greyhound buses. The city can still seem, I imagine, by comparison to where they came from, paradise.

♦

Four years ago on a Sunday in winter—a brilliant spring afternoon—I was jogging near Fort Point while overhead a young woman was, with difficulty, climbing over the railing of the Golden Gate Bridge. Holding down her skirt with one hand, with the other she waved to a startled spectator (the newspaper next day quoted a workman who was painting the bridge) before she stepped onto the sky.

To land like a spilled purse at my feet.

Serendipity has an eschatological tang here. Always has. Few American cities have had the experience, as we have had, of watching the civic body burn even as we stood, out of body, on a hillside, in a movie theater. Jeanette MacDonald's loony scatting of "San Francisco" has become our go-to-hell anthem. San Francisco has taken some heightened pleasure from the circus of final things. To Atlantis, to Pompeii, to the Pillar of Salt, we add the Golden Gate Bridge, not golden at all but rust red. San Francisco toys with the tragic conclusion.

For most of its brief life, San Francisco has

Richard Rodriguez is the author of Hunger of Memory, *an autobiography, and* Mexico's Children, *which Viking will publish next year. He is an associate editor at the Pacific News Service in San Francisco.*

Was "queer-bashing" as much a manifestation of homophobia as a reaction against gentrification?

entertained an idea of itself as heaven on earth, whether as Gold Town or City Beautiful or Treasure Island or Haight-Ashbury.

San Francisco can support both comic and tragic conclusions because the city is geographically *in extremis*, a metaphor for the farthest-flung possibility, a metaphor for the end of the line. Land's end.

To speak of San Francisco as land's end is to read the map from one direction only—as Europeans would read or as the East Coast has always read it. In my lifetime, San Francisco has become an Asian city. To speak, therefore, of San Francisco as land's end is to betray parochialism. Before my parents came to California from Mexico, they saw San Francisco as the North. The West was not west for them.

I cannot claim for myself the memory of a skyline such as the one César saw. César came to San Francisco in middle age; César came here as to some final place. He was born in South America; he had grown up in Paris; he had been everywhere, done everything; he assumed the world. Yet César was not condescending toward San Francisco, not at all. Here César saw revolution, and he embraced it.

Whereas I live here because I was born here. I grew up ninety miles away, in Sacramento. San Francisco was the nearest, the easiest, the inevitable city, since I needed a city. And yet I live here surrounded by people for whom San Francisco is a quest.

I have never looked for utopia on a map. Of course, I believe in human advancement. I believe in medicine, in astrophysics, in washing machines. But my compass takes its cardinal point from tragedy. If I respond to the metaphor of spring, I nevertheless learned, years ago, from my Mexican parents, from my Irish nuns, to count on winter. The point of Eden for me, for us, is not approach but expulsion.

After I met César in 1984, our friendly debate concerning the halcyon properties of San Francisco ranged from restaurant to restaurant. I spoke of limits. César boasted of freedoms.

It was César's conceit to add to the gates of Jerusalem, to add to the soccer fields of Tijuana, one other dreamscape hoped for the world over. It was the view from a hill, through a mesh of electrical tram wires, of an urban neighborhood in a valley. The vision took its name from the protruding wedge of a theater marquee. Here César raised his glass without discretion: To the Castro.

◆

There were times, dear César, when you tried to switch sides if only to scorn American optimism, which, I remind you, had already become your own. At the high school where César taught, teachers and parents had organized a campaign to keep kids from driving themselves to the junior prom in an attempt to forestall liquor and death. Such a scheme momentarily reawakened César's Latin skepticism.

Didn't the Americans know? (His tone exaggerated incredulity.) Teenagers will crash into lampposts on their way home from proms, and there is nothing to be done about it. You cannot forbid tragedy.

◆

By California standards I live in an old house. But not haunted. There are too many tall windows, there is too much salty light, especially in winter, though the windows rattle, rattle in summer when the fog flies overhead, and the house creaks and prowls at night. I feel myself immune to any confidence it seeks to tell.

To grow up homosexual is to live with secrets and within secrets. In no other place are those secrets more closely guarded than within the family home. The grammar of the gay city borrows metaphors from the nineteenth-century house. "Coming out of the closet" is predicated upon family laundry, dirty linen, skeletons.

I live in a tall Victorian house that has been converted to four apartments; four single men.

Neighborhood streets are named to honor nineteenth-century men of action, men of distant fame. Clay. Jackson. Scott. Pierce. Many Victorians in the neighborhood date from before the 1906 earthquake and fire.

Architectural historians credit the gay movement of the 1970s with the urban restoration of San Francisco. Twenty years ago this was a borderline neighborhood. This room, like all the rooms of the house, was painted headache green, apple green, boardinghouse green. In the 1970s homosexuals moved into black and working-class parts of the city, where they were perceived as pioneers or as blockbusters, depending.

Two decades ago some of the least expensive sections of San Francisco were wooden Victorian sections. It was thus a coincidence of the market that gay men found themselves living with the architectural metaphor for family. No other architecture in the American imagination is more evocative of family than the Victorian house. In those same years—the 1970s—and within those same Victorian houses, homosexuals were living rebellious lives to challenge the foundations of domesticity.

Was "queer-bashing" as much a manifestation of homophobia as a reaction against gentrification? One heard the complaint, often enough, that gay men were as promiscuous with their capital as otherwise, buying, fixing up, then selling and moving on. Two incomes, no

dldren, described an unfair advantage. No soner would flower boxes begin to appear than anonymous reply was smeared on the sewalk out front: KILL FAGGOTS.

The three- or four-story Victorian house, like Victorian novel, was built to contain sevl generations and several classes under one f, behind a single oaken door. What strikes is the confidence of Victorian architecture. irs, connecting one story with another, deibe the confidence that bound generations gether through time—confidence that the ily would inherit the earth.

If Victorian houses exude a sturdy optimism day, they are also associated in our imagitions with the Gothic—with shadows and owebby gimcrack, long corridors.

he nineteenth century was rearkable for escalating optimism en as it excavated the backstairs, e descending architecture of ghtmare—Freud's labor and gels's.

I live on the second story, in oms that have been rendered as pty as Yorick's skull—gutted, rattled, in various ways unked, added skylights and new ndows, new doors. The hallway mains the darkest part of the ouse.

This winter the hallway and lobare being repainted to resemble eighteenth-century French foy-Of late we had walls and carpet Sienese red; a baroque mirror ng in an alcove by the stairwell. ow we are to have enlightened sterity of an expensive sort—lack-and-white marble floors and ux masonry. A man comes in the afternoons texture the walls with a sponge and a rag and paint white mortar lines that create an illuon of permanence, of stone.

The renovation of Victorian San Francisco to dollhouses for libertines may have seemed, the 1970s, an evasion of what the city was tually becoming. San Francisco's rows of oried houses proclaimed a multigenerational thodoxy, all the while masking the city's unnventional soul. Elsewhere, meanwhile, doestic America was coming undone.

Suburban Los Angeles, the prototype for a ew America, was characterized by a more arently radical residential architecture. There as, for example, the work of Frank Gehry. In he 1970s Gehry exploded the nuclear-family ouse, turning it inside out intellectually and in ct. Though, in a way, Gehry merely completd the logic of the postwar suburban tract house—with its one story, its sliding glass doors, Formica kitchen, two-car garage. The tract house exchanged privacy for mobility. Heterosexuals opted for the one-lifetime house, the freeway, the birth-control pill, minimalist fiction.



◆

The age-old description of homosexuality is of a sin against nature. Moralistic society has always judged emotion literally. The homosexual was sinful because he had no kosher place to stick it. In attempting to drape the architecture of sodomy with art, homosexuals have lived for thousands of years against the expectations of nature. Barren as Shakers and, interestingly, as concerned with the small effect, homosexuals have made a covenant against nature. Homosexual survival lay in artifice, in plumage, in lampshades, sonnets, musical comedy, couture, syntax, religious ceremony, opera, lacquer, irony.

Barren as Shakers and as concerned with the small effect, homosexuals have made a covenant against nature

I once asked Enrique, an interior decorator, if he had many homosexual clients. "*Mais non,*" said he, flexing his eyelids. "Queers don't need decorators. They were born knowing how. All this A.S.I.D. stuff—tests and regulations—as if you can confer a homosexual diploma on a suburban housewife by granting her a discount card."

A knack? The genius, we are beginning to fear in an age of AIDS, is irreplaceable—but does it exist? The question is whether the darling affinities are innate to homosexuality or whether they are compensatory. Why have so many homosexuals retired into the small effect,

hotograph by F. Scianna/Magnum

The impulse is not to create but to re-create, to sham, to convert, to sauce, to rouge, to prettify

the ineffectual career, the stereotype, the card shop, the florist? *Be gentle with me?* Or do homosexuals know things others do not?

This way power lay: Once upon a time the homosexual appropriated to himself a mystical province, that of taste. Taste, which is, after all, the insecurity of the middle class, became the homosexual's licentiate to challenge the rule of nature. (The fairy in his blood, he intimated.)

Deciding how best to stick it may be only an architectural problem or a question of physics or of engineering or of cabinetry. Nevertheless, society's condemnation forced the homosexual to find his redemption outside nature. *We'll put a little skirt here.* The impulse is not to create but to re-create, to sham, to convert, to sauce, to rouge, to fragrance, to prettify. No effect is too small or too ephemeral to be snatched away from nature, to be ushered toward the perfection of artificiality. *We'll bring out the highlights there.* The homosexual has marshaled the architecture of the straight world to the very gates of Versailles—that great Vatican of fairyland—beyond which power is converted to leisure.



In San Francisco in the 1980s the highest form of art became interior decoration. The glory hole was thus converted to an eighteenth-century French foyer.

◆

I live away from the street, in a back apartment, in two rooms. I use my bedroom as a visitor's room—the sleigh bed tricked up with shams into a sofa—whereas I rarely invite anyone into my library, the public room, where I write, the public gesture.

I read in my bedroom in the afternoon because the light is good there, especially now, in winter, when the sun recedes from the earth.

There is a door in the south wall that leads to a balcony. The door was once a window. Inside the door, inside my bedroom, are twin green shutters. They are false shutters, of no function beyond wit. The shutters open into the room; they have the effect of turning my apartment inside out.

A few months ago I hired a man to paint the shutters green. I wanted the green shutters of Manet—you know the ones I mean—I wanted a weathered look, as of verdigris. For several days the painter labored, rubbing his paints into the wood and then wiping them off again. In this way he rehearsed for me decades of the ravages of weather. Yellow enough? Black?

The painter left one afternoon, saying he would return the next day, leaving behind his tubes, his brushes, his sponges and rags. He never returned. Someone told me he has AIDS.

◆

Repainted facades extend now from Jackson Street south into what was once the heart of the black "Mo"—black Fillmore Street. Today there are watercress sandwiches at three o'clock where recently there had been loudmouthed kids, hole-in-the-wall bars, pimps. Now there are tweeds and perambulators, matrons and nannies. Yuppies. And gays.

The gay male revolution had greater influence on San Francisco in the 1970s than did the feminist revolution. Feminists, with whom include lesbians—such was the inclusiveness of the feminist movement—were preoccupied with career, with escape from the house in order to create a sexually democratic city. Homosexual men sought to reclaim the house, the house that traditionally had been the reward for heterosexuality, with all its selfless tasks and burdens.

Leisure defined the gay male revolution. The gay political movement began, by most accounts, in 1969, with the Stonewall riots in New York City, whereby gay men fought to defend the nonconformity of their leisure.

It was no coincidence that homosexuals migrated to San Francisco in the 1970s, for the city was famed as a playful place, more Catholic than Protestant in its eschatological intuition. In 1975 the state of California legalized consensual homosexuality, and about that same time Castro Street, southwest of downtown, began to eclipse Polk Street as the homosexual address in San Francisco. Polk Street was a string of bars. The Castro was an entire district. The Castro had Victorian houses and churches, bookstores and restaurants, gyms, dry cleaners, supermarkets, and an elected member of the Board of Supervisors. The Castro supported baths and bars, but there was nothing furtive about them. On Castro Street the light of day penetrated gay life through clear plate-glass windows. The light of day discovered a new confidence, a new politics. Also a new look—a noncosmopolitan, Burt Reynolds, butch-kid style: beer, ball games, Levi's, short hair, muscles.

Gay men who lived elsewhere in the city, in Pacific Heights or in the Richmond, often spoke with derision of "Castro Street clones," describing the look, or scorned what they called the ghettoization of homosexuality. To an older generation of homosexuals, the blatancy of sexuality on Castro Street threatened the discreet compromise they had negotiated with a tolerant city.

As the Castro district thrived, Folsom Street, south of Market, also began to thrive, as if in

unterdistinction to the utopian Castro. The olsom Street area was a warehouse district of iddled alleys and deserted streets. Folsom reet offered an assortment of leather bars, an ening's regress to the outlaw sexuality of the fties, the Forties, the nineteenth century, and on—an eroticism of the dark, of the Reeperhn, or of the guardsman's barracks.

The Castro district implied that sexuality was ore crucial, that homosexuality was the cenal fact of identity. The Castro district, with its e-cream parlors and hardware stores, was the volutionary place.

Into which carloads of vacant-eyed teenagers om other districts or from middle-class suburbs ould drive after dark, cruising the neighborood for solitary victims.

The ultimate gay basher was a city supervisor amed Dan White, ex-cop, ex-boxer, exreman, ex-altar boy. Dan White ad grown up in the Castro district; e recognized the Castro revolution r what it was. Gays had achieved ower over him. He murdered the ayor and he murdered the homoexual member of the Board of upervisors.

♦

atherine, a sophisticate if ever here was one, nevertheless disisses the two men descending the isle at the Opera House: "All so leek and smooth-jowled and silverhaired—they don't seem real, poor arlings. It must be because they on't have children."

Lodged within Katherine's comlaint is the perennial heterosexual nnoyance with the homosexual's reedom from child-rearing, which laces the homosexual not so much eyond the pale as it relegates the omosexual outside "responsible" ife.

It was the glamour of gay life, after all, as much as it was the feminist call to career, that ncouraged heterosexuals in the 1970s to excuse hemselves from nature, to swallow the birthontrol pill. Who needs children? The gay bar ecame the paradigm for the single's bar. The gay couple became the paradigm for the selfish couple—all dressed up and everywhere to go. And there was the example of the gay house in illustrated life-style magazines. At the same time that suburban housewives were looking outside the home for fulfillment, gay men were reintroducing a new generation in the city heterosexual men and women—to the complacencies of the barren house.

Puritanical America dismissed gay camp followers as Yuppies; the term means to suggest infantility. Yuppies were obsessive and awkward in their materialism. Whereas gays arranged a decorative life against a barren state, Yuppies sought early returns—lives that were not to be all toil and spin. Yuppies, trained to careerism from the cradle, wavered in their pursuit of the northern European ethic—indeed, we might now call it the pan-Pacific ethic—in favor of the Mediterranean, the Latin, the Catholic, the Castro, the Gay.

The international architectural idioms of Skidmore, Owings & Merrill, which defined the city's skyline in the 1970s, betrayed no awareness of any street-level debate concerning the primacy of play in San Francisco nor of any human dramas resulting from urban redevelopment. The repellent office tower was a fortress raised against the sky, against the street, against the idea of a city. Offices were hives where money was made, and damn all.

It was the glamour of gay life that encouraged heterosexuals in the 1970s to excuse themselves from nature, to swallow the birth-control pill

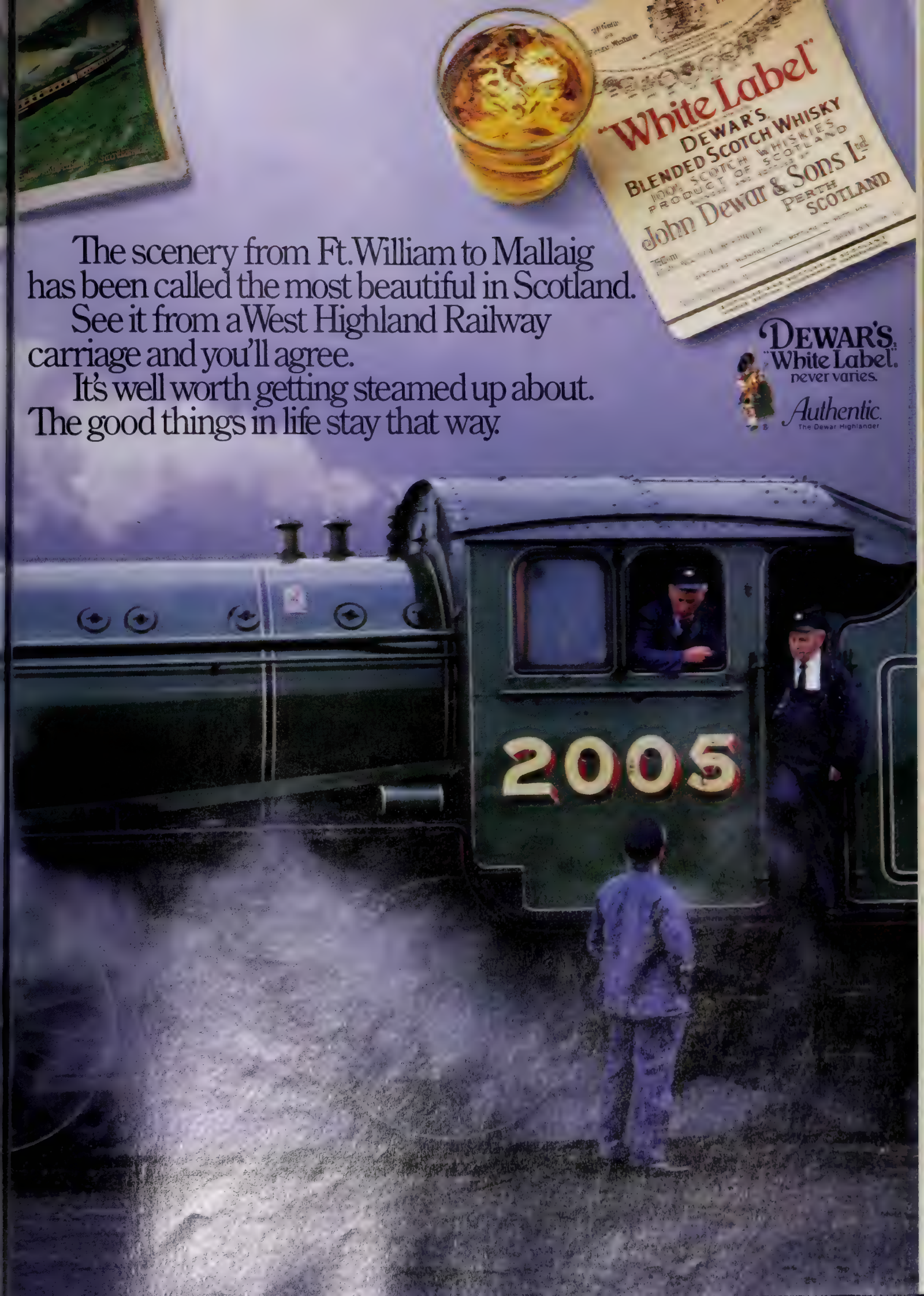


In the 1970s San Francisco was divided between the interests of downtown and the pleasures of the neighborhoods. Neighborhoods asserted idiosyncrasy, human scale, light. San Francisco neighborhoods perceived downtown as working against their influence in determining what the city should be. Thus neighborhoods seceded from the idea of a city.

The gay movement rejected downtown as representing "straight" conformity. But was it possible that heterosexual Union Street was related to Castro Street? Was it possible that ei-

Photographs by DC Productions #10/The Image Bank





The scenery from Ft. William to Mallaig has been called the most beautiful in Scotland.

See it from a West Highland Railway carriage and you'll agree.

It's well worth getting steamed up about. The good things in life stay that way.

DEWAR'S "White Label" never varies.

Authentic.
The Dewar Highlander

The gym is at once a closet of privacy and an exhibition gallery. All four walls are mirrored

ther was related to the Latino Mission district? Or to the Sino-Russian Richmond? San Francisco, though complimented worldwide for holding its center, was in fact without a vision of itself entire.

In the 1980s, in deference to the neighborhoods, City Hall would attempt a counter-reformation of downtown, forbidding "Manhattanization." Shadows were legislated away from parks and playgrounds. Height restrictions were lowered beneath an existing skyline. Design, too, fell under the retrojurisdiction of the city planner's office. The Victorian house was presented to architects as a model of what the city wanted to uphold and to become. In heterosexual neighborhoods, one saw newly built Victorians. Downtown, postmodernist prescriptions for playfulness advised skyscrapers to wear party hats, buttons, comic mustaches. Philip Johnson yielded to the dollhouse impulse to perch angels atop one of his skyscrapers.



♦

In the 1970s, like a lot of men and women in this city, I joined a gym. My club, I've even caught myself calling it.

In the gay city of the 1970s, bodybuilding became an architectural preoccupation of the upper middle class. Bodybuilding is a parody of labor, a useless accumulation of the laborer's bulk and strength. No useful task is accomplished. And yet there is something businesslike about the habitués, and the gym is filled with the punch-clock logic of the workplace. Machines clank and hum. Needles on gauges toll spent calories.

The gym is at once a closet of privacy and an exhibition gallery. All four walls are mirrored.

I study my body in the mirror. Physical revelation—nakedness—is no longer possible, cannot be desired, for the body is shrouded in meat and wears itself.

The intent is some merciless press of body against a standard, perfect mold. Bodies are "cut" or "pumped" or "buffed" as on an assembly line in Turin. A body becomes so many extrovert parts. Delts, pecs, lats.

I harness myself in a Nautilus cage.

Lats become wings. For the gym is nothing if not the occasion for transcendence. From homosexual to autosexual . . .

I lift weights over my head, baring my tee like an animal with the strain.

. . . to nonsexual. The effect of the ov developed body is the miniaturization of t sexual organs—of no function beyond wit. B hold the ape become Blakean angel, revolvi in an empyrean of mirrors.

♦

The nineteenth-century mirror over the fi place in my bedroom was purchased by a deco tor from the estate of a man who died last year AIDS. It is a top-hea piece, confusing styl Two ebony-painted c umns support a frieze painted glass above t mirror. The frieze d picts three bourge Graces and a couple free-range cherubs. T lake of the mirror h formed a cataract, a at its edges it is beg ning to corrode.

Thus the mirror th now draws upon r room owns some brig curse, maybe—so memory not mine.

As I regard this m ror, I imagine St. A gustine's meditati slowly hardening in syllogism, passing down through centuries confound us: Evil is the absence of good.

We have become accustomed to figures dis pearing from our landscape. Does this not l us to interrogate the landscape?

With reason do we invest mirrors with the perstition of memory, for they, though gl though liquid captured in a bay, are so often fragile than we are. They—bright ovals or tangles or rounds—bump down unscathed, spilled through centuries, whereas we . . .

The man in the red baseball cap used to jog religiously on Marina Green. By the time it curs to me that I have not seen him for mont I realize he may be dead—not lapsed, moved away. People come and go in the c it's true. But in San Francisco in 1990, d has become as routine an explanation for di pearance as Allied Van Lines.

AIDS, it has been discovered, is a plagu absence. Absence opened in the blood. sence condensed into the fluid of passing e tion. Absence shot through opalescent tug semen to deflower the city.

And then AIDS, it was discovered, is a r

taphorical disease, a disease like any other. sence sprang from substance—a virus, a y bubble perched upon a needle, a platter of intention served round: fever, blisters, a th sentence.

♦

first I heard only a few names—names con- ted, perhaps, with the right faces, perhaps . People vaguely remembered, as through cataract of this mirror, from dinner parties from intermissions. A few articles in the ss. The rumored celebrities. But within nths the slow beating of the blood had found bay.

One of San Francisco's gay newspapers, the *Area Reporter,* began to accept advertise- nts from funeral parlors and casket makers, erting them between the randy ads for leath- ars and tanning salons. The *Reporter* invited memade obituaries—lovers writing of lovers, nds remembering friends and the blessings of exceptional life.

Peter. Carlos. Gary. Asel. Perry. Nikos.

Healthy snapshots accompany each annal. the Russian River. By the Christmas tree. ting a beer. In uniform. A dinner jacket. A in gown.

He was born in Puerto La Libertad, El Salvador. He attended Apple Valley High School, where he s their first male cheerleader.

From El Paso. From Medford. From Germany. m Long Island.

I moved back to San Francisco in 1979. Oh, I d had some salad days elsewhere, but by 1979 as a wintry man. I came here in order not to distracted by the ambitions or, for that mat- , the pleasures of others but to pursue my own bition. Once here, though, I found the com- ny of men who pursued an earthly paradise arming. Skepticism became my demeanor to- ard them—I was the dinner-party skeptic, a n believer in Original Sin and in the limits of ssibility.

Which charmed them.

He was a dancer.

He settled into the interior-design department of mp's, where he worked until his illness.

He was a teacher.

César, for example.

César could shave the rind from any assertion expose its pulp and jelly. But César was oth- wise ruled by pulp. César loved everything at ripened in time. Freshmen. Bordeaux. ésar could fashion liturgy from an artichoke. sterday it was not ready (cocking his head, tating the artichoke in his hand over a pot of ld water). Tomorrow will be too late (Yorick's ull). Today it is perfect (as he lit the fire be- ath the pot). We will eat it now.

If he's lucky, he's got a year, a doctor told me. If not, he's got two.

The phone rang. AIDS had tagged a friend. And then the phone rang again. And then the phone rang again. Michael had tested positive. Adrian, well, what he had assumed were shingles . . . Paul was back in the hospital. And César, dammit, César, even César, especially César.

That winter before his death César traveled back to South America. On his return to San Francisco he described to me how he had walked with his mother in her garden—his mother chafing her hands as if she were cold. But it was not cold, he said. They moved slowly. Her summer garden was prolonging itself this year, she said. The cicadas will not stop singing.

When he lay on his deathbed, César said everyone else he knew might get AIDS and die. He said I would be the only one spared—"spared" was supposed to have been chased with irony, I knew, but his voice was too weak to do the job. "You are too circumspect," he said then, wagging his finger upon the coverlet.

So I was going to live to see that the garden of earthly delights was, after all, only wallpaper—was that it, César? Hadn't I always said so? It was then I saw that the greater sin against heaven was my unwillingness to embrace life.

♦

It was not as in some Victorian novel—the curtains drawn, the pillows plumped, the streets strewn with sawdust. It was not to be a matter of custards in covered dishes, steaming possets, *Try a little of this, my dear.* Or gathering up the issues of *Architectural Digest* strewn about the bed. Closing the biography of Diana Cooper and marking its place. Or the unfolding of discretionary screens, morphine, parrots, pavilions.

César experienced agony.

Four of his high school students sawed through a Vivaldi quartet in the corridor outside his hospital room, prolonging the hideous garden.

In the presence of his lover Gregory and friends, Scott passed from this life . . .

He died peacefully at home in his lover Ron's arms.

Immediately after a friend led a prayer for him to be taken home and while his dear mother was reciting the Twenty-third Psalm, Bill peacefully took his last breath.

I stood aloof at César's memorial, the kind of party he would enjoy, everyone said. And so for a time César lay improperly buried, unconvincingly resurrected in the conditional: would enjoy. What else could they say? César had no religion beyond aesthetic bravery.

At first I heard only a few names—names connected, perhaps, with the right faces, perhaps not

Men who had sought the aesthetic ordering of existence were recalled to nature

Sunlight remains. Traffic remains. Nocturnal chic attaches to some discovered restaurant. A new novel is reviewed in the *New York Times*. And the mirror rasps on its hook. The mirror is lifted down.

A priest friend, a good friend, who out of naïveté plays the cynic, tells me—this is on a bright, billowy day; we are standing outside—"It's not as sad as you may think. There is at least spectacle in the death of the young. Come to the funeral of an old lady sometime if you want to feel an empty church."

I will grant my priest friend this much: that it is easier, easier on me, to sit with gay men in hospitals than with the staring old. Young men talk as much as they are able.

But those who gather around the young man's bed do not see spectacle. This doll is Death. I have seen people caressing it, staring Death down. I have seen people wipe its tears, wipe its ass; I have seen people kiss Death on his lips, where once there were lips.

Chris was inspired after his own diagnosis in July 1987 with the truth and reality of how such a terrible disease could bring out the love, warmth, and support of so many friends and family.

Sometimes no family came. If there was family, it was usually mother. Mom. With her suitcase and with the torn flap of an envelope in her hand.

Brenda. Pat. Connie. Toni. Soledad.

Or parents came but then left without reconciliation, some preferring to say cancer.

But others came. Sissies were not, after all, afraid of Death. They walked his dog. They washed his dishes. They bought his groceries. They massaged his poor back. They changed his bandages. They emptied his bedpan.

Men who sought the aesthetic ordering of existence were recalled to nature. Men who aspired to the mock-angelic settled for the shirt of hair. The gay community of San Francisco, having found freedom, consented to necessity—to all that the proud world had for so long held up to them, withheld from them, as "real humanity."

And if gays took care of their own, they were not alone. AIDS was a disease of the entire city; its victims were as often black, Hispanic, straight. Neither were Charity and Mercy only white, only male, only gay. Others came. There were nurses and nuns and the couple from next door, co-workers, strangers, teenagers, corporations, pensioners. A community was forming over the city.

Cary and Rick's friends and family wish to thank the many people who provided both small and great kindnesses.

He was attended to and lovingly cared for by the staff at Coming Home Hospice.

And the saints of this city have names list in the phone book, names I heard call through a microphone one cold Sunday in A vent as I sat in Most Holy Redeemer Church. might have been any of the churches or comm nity centers in the Castro district, but it ha pened at Most Holy Redeemer at a time in t history of the world when the Roman Catho Church still pronounced the homosexual sinner.

A woman at the microphone called upon vo unteers from the AIDS Support Group to con forward. One by one, in twos and three throughout the church, people stood up, your men and women, and middle-aged and ol straight, gay, and all of them shy at bein called. Yet they came forward and assembled i the sanctuary, facing the congregation, gri ning self-consciously at one another, thei hands hidden behind them.

I am preoccupied by the fussing of a man si ting in the pew directly in front of me—in h seventies, frail, his iodine-colored hair combe forward and pasted upon his forehead. Fingers c porcelain clutch the pearly beads of what mus have been his mother's rosary. He is not the so of man any gay man would have chosen to be come in the 1970s. He is probably not what h himself expected to become. Something of th old dear about him, wizened butterfly, powdere old pouf. Certainly he is what I fear becoming And then he rises, this old monkey, with th most beatific dignity, in answer to the micro phone, and he strides into the sanctuary to tak his place in the company of the Blessed.

So this is it—this, what looks like a Christ mas party in an insurance office and not as i Renaissance paintings, and not as we had al ways thought, not some flower-strewn, some sequined curtain call of grease-painted heroes gesturing to the stalls. A lady with a plastic can dy cane pinned to her lapel. A Castro clone with a red bandanna exploding from his hip pocket. A perfume-counter lady with an Her mès scarf mantled upon her left shoulder. A black man in a checkered sports coat. The pink haired punkess with a jewel in her nose. Here, too, is the gay couple in middle age, wearing in terchangeable plaid shirts and corduroy pants. Blood and shit and Mr. Happy Face. These know the weight of bodies.

Bill died.

. . . Passed on to heaven.

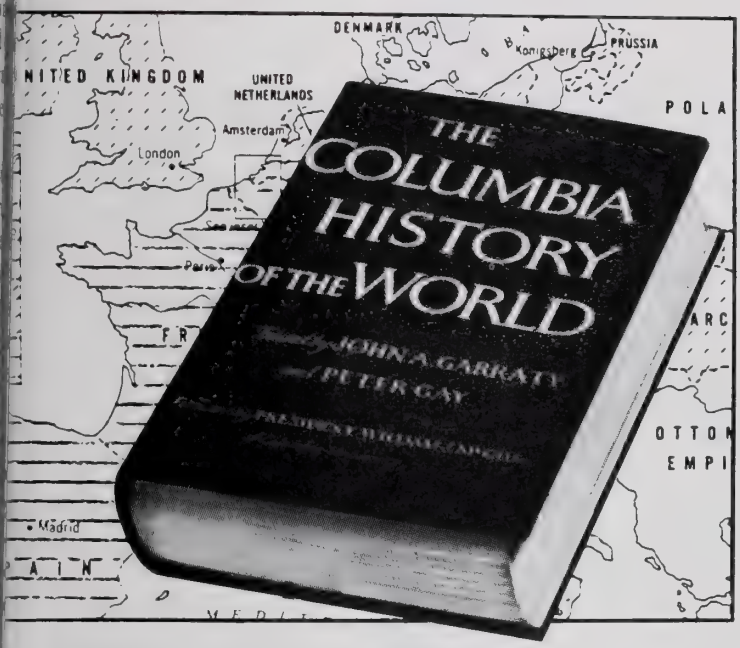
. . . Turning over in his bed one night and then gone.

These learned to love what is corruptible, while I, barren skeptic, reader of St. Augustine, curator of the earthly paradise, inheritor of the empty mirror, I shift my tailbone upon the cold, hard pew. ■

Columbia University Presents

The History of the World in One Brilliant Volume!

This classic work represents the best efforts of Columbia University's most renowned scholars. Its scope is monumental, covering all aspects of our history from the beginning of the universe to the modern age. Add to this its remarkable depth, quality and balanced vision, and the result is a volume of unrivaled scholarship and authority.



The Story Behind the *Columbia History*

The creation of the *Columbia History* was among the most important scholarly projects of recent years. A team of 40 Columbia professors collaborated on it, including historians, economists, political scientists, sociologists, biologists and astronomers. Each scholar contributed sections on his subject or period of expertise. Editors Peter Gay and John A. Garraty, both eminent historians and writers, interwove the material into a cogent narrative of the world's history.

A Book of Permanent Value—for Only $9.95

Unlike most books today, the *Columbia History* has enough reading material for several lifetimes of reading. Over the years, you'll turn to the *Columbia History* to explore new areas of interest and reread the sections that have always fascinated you. You will have an ever-growing understanding of Western civilization's origins and progress, plus an expanding awareness of non-Western history and culture. *The Columbia History* is a perfect addition to anyone's library because it is both a well-written historical narrative and an authoritative reference work.

Most books of this scope, size, and permanent value sell for exorbitant prices, but thanks to Barnes & Noble's 60% discount, the *Columbia History* costs only *$9.95*. Surely, that's a small price to pay for a life-long investment in learning and a reference you'll turn to often.

Why Everyone Needs a World History

Let's face it—most of us, whatever our educational credentials, have large gaps in our knowledge of history. There are whole eras and countries we know nothing about; even in familiar subjects, we're sometimes a bit hazy on the sequence of events. A book of world history, particularly an excellent one like the *Columbia*, can fill the gaps in our learning and give us a solid chronological framework. Nearly 100 distinctively drawn and rigorously reasearched maps visually document the world as it evolved from the ancient past to the brooding present. 1,237pp.

SPECIAL OFFER
60% Discount
Published at $25.00
NOW ONLY $9.95

Barnes & Noble Unconditional Guarantee
You must be completely satisfied with every item you order from Barnes & Noble by mail, or you may return it to us, for a full refund.

Barnes & Noble
Booksellers Since 1873

DEPT. C233
126 FIFTH AVE.
NY, NY 10011

1041631. Please rush me _____ copies of the **Columbia History of the World** at your special sale price of $9.95 (plus $1.75 postage and handling). **Add sales tax for deliveries to CT, MA, MN, NJ, NY, PA, & CA (6%).**

Name _____

Address _____ Apt.# _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

☐ Check ☐ Mastercard ☐ VISA ☐ American Express

Expiration Date Month/Year ☐☐☐☐

Credit Card Number ☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐

Signature _____

SWEET CHEEKS

By Lee K. Abbott

In the end all she had was, well, the whatnots: doodads as odd and silly and, to use her daddy's phrase, downright unnecessary as tits on a teacup, whachamacallits useless and excessive enough to offend a soul as merry and rich as Old King Cole. To her it was "stuff," no more sensible to have than a bikini at the North damn Pole. But afterward—after he'd moved to Dallas and July had turned into November and there was scarcely an *A*, *B*, or C about him she did not dream of—she found herself unable to junk any of it: which, as she told the plenty in Las Cruces who listened, was the problem, wasn't it?

She'd met him, the lawyer, at the Southside Johnny concert at the Pan Am Center at NMSU, and later, when they knew each other by first name and she could see he wasn't just a spiffed-up cowboy with spit for brains, he took her to El Patio, a bar in Old Mesilla, and, what with his talk about quote wrongful employer discharge and antitrust unquote (plus an entire chorus of "It's Not Unusual" he could do the Tom Jones of), he succeeded in more or less sweeping her right off her too damn big feet.

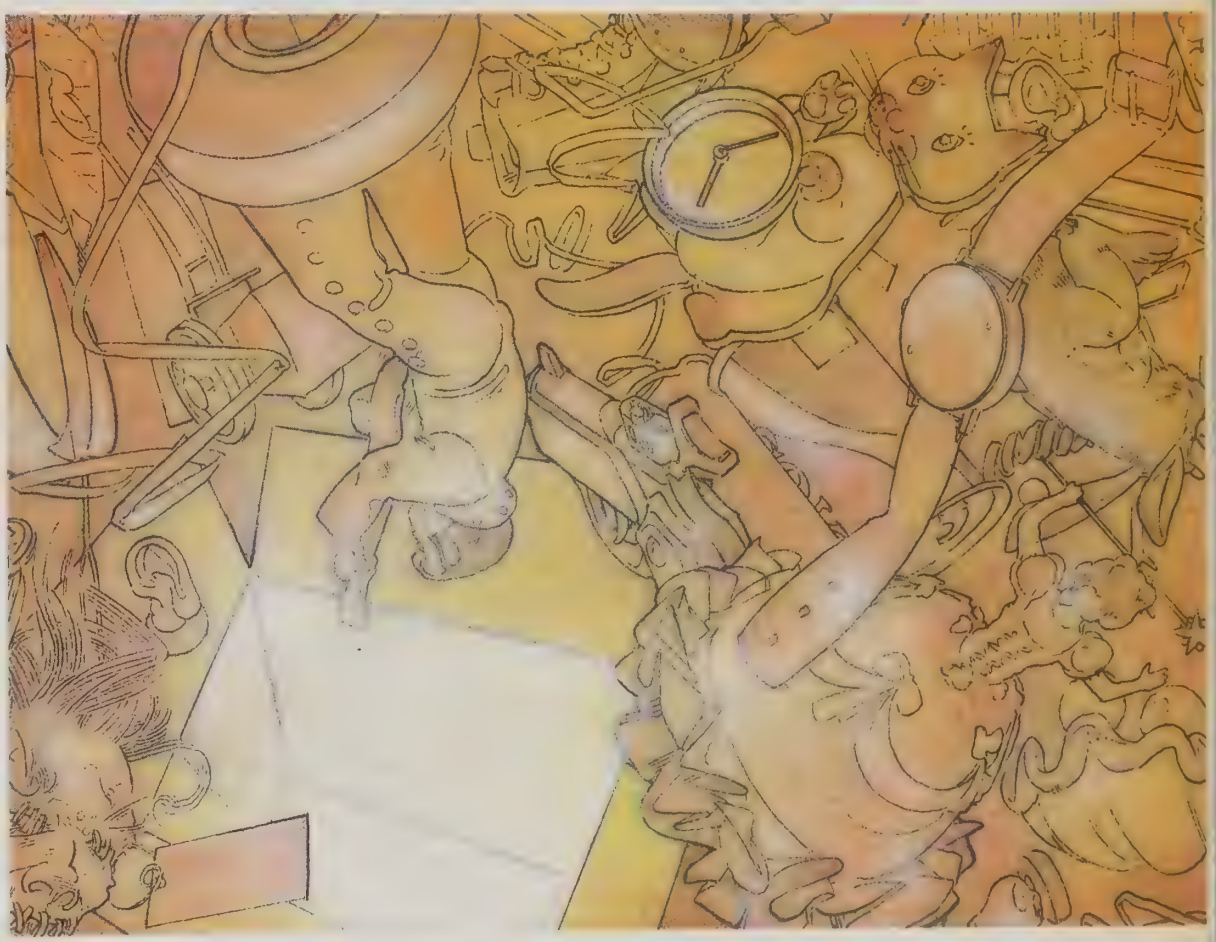
At first he didn't spend the night. He'd call her at the bank, Frank Papen's ten-story eyesore on Main Street across from the Loretto Shopping Center, and say how about the greyhound races in Juárez. Or dinner at the Coronado Country Club in El Paso. Or let's go up to Picacho Hills and play ourselves some golf. And she'd go, him the sort who watched his language and used his turn signals and was at pains to say excuse me every time he went to the gents. They'd bet the dogs or eat high on the hog or play nine holes of the most wayward golf in the desert, then he'd drive to her house on Calle del Sol, the three-bedroom piece of cardboard her old man had bought her after she'd graduated from ENMU in Portales. They'd sit around watching Letterman or Arsenio and whatever shoot-'em-up TNT had on cable, maybe do a little reefer she kept in her nightstand, trade shots or just drink straight from the bottle, then they'd make love, as shy and solicitous and eager beaver as what the word "naughty" tells us. But he never stayed over. You'd hear him in the A.M., clattering in the bathroom or getting into his pants, humming sha-la-la's from the Beatles half of history, and next he'd be at her ear, saying, Goodnight, Cheeks. Or Babycakes. Or Sweet Chips. Crapola that there ought to be a law against using with an honest-to-goodness grown-up.

By Halloween the stuff had started coming in. The Turd-riffics first, no kidding. Miniature soccer and football players made out of, get this, sanitized horse manure. Whoa, she said. What the devil. But he raised his finger to his lips, storybook and sweet-as-you-please: Shhhhhh. Next arrived the leather ashtray. Then a plaster of Paris frog in polka-dot panties and brassiere. An argyle sock to fit Ki Kong. The U.S.S. *Constitution* in bottle. Ex libris bookplates. The yup, books: *The Redneck Way Knowledge*, which was blank, and pound of Nostradamus gobbledygoo which should have been. A Beefeat gin refrigerator magnet. Sea mo keys. Ash from Mount Saint Helen Alvin and the Chipmunks recitir *Hamlet*, that section about being ar not. What on earth, she said. Wh the heck. And each time, his face l by that smile the white-collar teac the blue in Disneyland, he'd say it w for fun. Gags to cheer everybody u Laughter, medicine, all that jazz.

A week later he'd told her he love her. Gosh: all those words, and with out the singsong that gooey is. An she, caught off guard by the sixty pound concrete candlestick sitting a her feet, asked him, please, prett please, to repeat himself. He go down on one knee, à la Valentinc clasped his hands across his chest, h an expression that shot right to th core of her. No kidding, he said Around them—on the floor, agains the walls, chockablock on the shelve he'd nailed up one weekend—wer six months of UPS and parcel post: game of Twister, a crackpot's idea o the Eiffel Tower in toothpicks, a Bay er aspirin the size of a chafing dish every color Pez candy in the universe a papier-mâché Roman Colosseum. And here came those words again—and again and again, as remarkable a snow in Panama. Wait, she told her self, and tried to. Wait. But she go only to three-Mississippi before she'd

[A recent story collection] nds, published by Put-

ked him up by the necktie, her
t thudding in her throat, saying
, holy moly, she loved him too.
really really did.
till the stuff came—each the each
ial is. A wrought-iron Liberace.
ee "Money Back Guaranteed"
nies from heaven. A state-of-
bama–approved electric chair
teries not included), an old-timey
ox that said DO NOT
N: CURSE IN EFFECT, and
ooh-la-la nightgown that
block letters warned
ns and dads everywhere
KEEP OUT OF REACH OF
LDREN—itself an hour's
th of ha-ha-ha. And she
posed the stuff would be
ning still if, of course, he
n't told her in July that
d taken a new job. In
as.
She was sitting and he
n't; then he was and
'd found the other dozen
ces in the room to lean
inst. She felt like a jug-
, tossing an apple—or a
in saw—beyond her lim-
an absurd image. It was
opportunity, he said. The
ance of a you-know-what.
wey & Howes was the
mma-yamma-yamma.
er a moment she didn't
ow what he was saying,
y that, eyes fixed to the
of him or to the right or
what was reported to be a
tified hair ball from a cer-
ed Montana polled Hereford, she
s saying *yes*, the do-or-die parts of
insides cracking or instantaneous-
drying up. Yes, she did understand.
, they would stay in touch. Yes,
s was rotten luck. Yes, no reason
s had to change anything. There
s, after all, Greyhound and
nerican Airlines and her own Buick
Sabre. Yes, yes, yes—a hiss that,
all the difference it made, you
uld have heard in Zululand.
They made love that night, their
t. They mumbled *excuse me* a lot.
nd *pardon me*. And damn near tried
keep their give-and-take free of any
itchat that had an *L* or an *O* or a *V*
an *E*—trying, it seemed already, to
ach each other across time and dis-



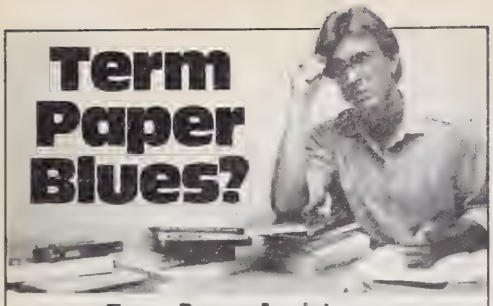
tance, plus whatever other dimensions heartache could be measured by. As before, he got up early, and, courtesy of a Ronald Reagan nightlight, he tiptoed around the bedroom, pulling on his loafers, tucking in his shirt, zipping his trousers. A minute later he stood in the bathroom, combing the hair he was proud of, brushing his teeth, gargling, and making the other sounds—those ten or ten million notes the Rolling Stones had once upon a time used to assert that things were bad and might not get better. Then, appearing like a ghost beside her, he bent to her ear, the smell of him as hopeful and promising as the money she was around day after day after day.

"Good night, Oodles," he said.

The first man after that was a polo player from that Hurd rich-boy bunch up the Hondo Valley near Ruidoso, a so-and-so as subtle in courtship as a thunderclap. Next was an Aggie assistant basketball coach, Irk Something Something: On the dance floor of the Thunderbird Lounge and to the wah-wah of Uncle Roy and the Red Creek Wranglers, he didn't even make it to the bridge of "Loving on Back Streets" before he was whispering sweet blah-blah-blahs about Helen of Troy and Cleopatra, anybody from any age with the right chromosomes. So, while she waited for the tabs and slots of herself to match correctly, there wasn't anybody.

Away from work, she felt lost. She didn't stop at, say, My Brother's Place. No Cork 'n' Bottle. One time she went into Ikard's Furniture across the street, but without him—the lawyer—it wasn't the same. She didn't know, for example, what the dickens could be done with a settee. So she went home. Watched Sam Donaldson pick on some under secretary of whatever. She made it about a third into *The Name of the Rose*, always quitting where what's-his-name, you know, found about the thousandth croaked monk. Geez, what a life, ratty and cockeyed and dull. She watched ESPN, the International Barefoot Skiing Championships,

stration by David Johnson



Term Paper Assistance

Catalog of 19,278 research papers

Order Catalog Today with Visa/MC or COD

Toll Free Hot Line **1-800-351-0222**

California & Canada: (213) 477-8226

Monday - Friday 10 am - 5 pm (Pacific time)

Or send $2.00 with coupon below

Our 306-page catalog contains detailed descriptions of 19,278 research papers, a virtual library of information at your fingertips. Footnote and bibliographic pages are free. Ordering is easy as picking up your phone. Let this valuable educational aid serve you throughout your college years

EXAMPLES OF CATALOG TOPICS. . .

15759 - WORK RELATED STRESS Ways to minimize and manage stress, emphasizing human relations and environmental approaches. 9 footnotes, 7 bibliographies, 6 pages

15842 - GROUNDWATER CONTAMINATION Origins types, economic, political, health aspects. Proposed solution based on cost/benefit analysis of social capital. 12 footnotes, 8 bibliographies, 8 pages

Research Assistance also provide custom research and thesis assistance. Our staff of 75 professional writers, each writing in his field of expertise, can assist you with all your research needs

QUALITY GUARANTEED!

RA since 1970

RESEARCH ASSISTANCE

11322 Idaho Avenue, Suite 206 - XR

West Los Angeles, California 90025

Please rush my catalog. Enclosed is $2.00 to cover postage

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State ____ Zip _____

Predict SAT* scores for 7, 8 or 9th graders.

Don't wait until grade 12. College is too important. Learn where your child stands today and have time to work on weaknesses. Call today.

1-800-442-7728

Testing private independent school children for over 30 years

Secondary School Admission Test Board

then switched the channel to yell the questions at the boneheads on *Jeopardy*. Sure, she and the lawyer talked, fairly often at first. He called her—what?—Sweetums or Honey Bunch, bragged about the Simon Legrees he saved a dozen good guys from, asked when she was coming for a visit. Six Flags, he said. The Texas School Book Depository.

That was his word, "visit," as if she were one of his Lambda Chi brothers, as if he weren't the only person she'd ever, ever, ever wrenched herself inside out for. He didn't mean to be cruel, she knew, but there it was anyway—miles and miles of dirt and weeds and a big blank sky between what was and what most assuredly was not. It was a form of fate, she decided, forces as real as the Elvis Presley piggy bank on her bureau. Sometimes the bear this, sometimes the bear that—wasn't that how love went? Yin for an hour, yang for two. No, she assured him, she wasn't mad. No, not upset. No, not at all. And suddenly he was gone, in regard to love nothing to listen to except the crackle and buzz that hanging up is.

One day she tried to get rid of his stuff, the goodies. In the kitchen she sought to imagine the world without 60 percent of the doohickeys piled on her dinette table. Without the clamshell lamp. Without Christ on a Crutch. Without that glow-in-the-dark Thumbelina or Tinkerbell some Taiwanese Wong Ho had snazzed up with a Scarlett O'Hara hoopskirt and a rhinestone wand. From the utility room she dragged out a box, but, after coming oh-so-close to just plopping into it whatever she grabbed first, she thought *what the hell* and started wrapping each piece in newspaper—the Dribble Glass, the New Guinea Witch Doctor's Shrunken Head—as if, like in the poem, so much depended on the relation of one object to another, and that to yet another, until all objects—this plastic piece of lunacy and that—were related exactly as, well, fate had intended.

An hour whooshed by. Down the street the ice cream truck was playing its chimes, "Popeye the Sailor Man." An Uncle Sam know-it-all had come on NPR to say who was losing in Latvia, Estonia, among poor Baltic bastards everywhere. Another voice, th also sleepy and full of private schoo ing, repeated gossip about—who?- Johannes Brahms maybe. Christ. Sh poured a drink, Johnnie Walke poked at a ham salad sandwich, the she found herself, chin on her han wondering what the dickens she w going to do. She had a box. It was ful Now what? From the phone book sh scribbled down the numbers of th Disabled American Veterans, th Salvation Army, the Military Ord of the Purple Heart, and she was on two digits from a tax-deductible don tion when she realized, as much wit her heart as with her head, that by th weekend she could be telling a d gooder named Tito or Floyd that wh he had lugged to his truck was a gen ine imitation body-part chess se toes, ears, eyeballs—the works. A t ken of affection.

That Friday she went out wit the service manager for Lacke Chevrolet-Toyota. It was Novembe time not to be damaged anymor Grow up, she scolded the self in th mirror. Pull the shoulders back. P on a happy face. They drove to th Double Eagle, where she ate, she ha to admit, like a pig. Gulf shrimp th size of a fat man's fingers. Chicke stuffed, rolled, dipped, and every oth er cooking verb from France. In th lounge, knee-to-knee in chairs so lo you needed help to climb out, the had cocktails: a bourbon for him, f her a green thing with a paper paraso He was her age, twenty-eight, and d vorced but not nearly ruined from i He was a Libra to her Cancer—th two of them, they agreed, as suitab matched as any with houses and cus and sun-sign mumbo jumbo.

At her doorstep she thought to in vite him in—God, she did not wa to call it a nightcap—but she wo dered how to explain the, you kno stuff. The coasters from Triassic per od limestone. The shopping bag Wacky Wall Walkers. The *s-t-r* double-*f*. It was late, he said. Big d tomorrow, Saturday, he had to g She started counting again—one Mississippi, two—numbers enough say or do anything that could be sa or done in her condition. She ima ined she was already in bed alon staring at the two-person sombrero

e wall. She remembered the dreams e had—the weird they were, and e cold—the way they seemed to af- ct a look-alike named Mary Jo. He'd ll in the morning, he said. Okay? he considered his eyes, which ren't a whit like the lawyer's, and s hands-on-hips way of keeping his mmy in. Why not, she said. That uld be terrific. And then, the sec- d after she jiggled her key in the ck, he kissed her as she hadn't been ssed since high school, lips too ashed to be anything but meaningful.

She tried to love him after this. y, did she. At the bank, a mortgage plication from a Greene or a Men- za spread on the desk like gigantic aying cards, she'd think of the ways r service manager was good to her. e liked slow dancing—the conver- tion, the quarter waltz—and even new the alibi, a ballroom trick for tting out of a corner. He could boil alian, he said, a joke. Raised a Bap- st, he didn't know what he was now here his hands flew all over the ace, like crazed birds), but he be- eved in something, if only the whole eing greater than the sum of its wide- pread parts. He'd played football for he Aggies, but, not altogether en- aged by the biology and American it and Tuesday–Thursday sociology e sat through, he quit. He knew bout plants: zinnias, azaleas, the erb family. When he was going to be te, he called. He didn't nag her bout smoking, and, best of all, that rst night he actually entered her ouse, the night they slept together, e didn't utter one evil thing about he knickknacks she was the mistress f. "Neat," was what he said. He ouldn't believe it. Wow. He picked p the itty-bitty Hong Kong rick- haw, studied it as thoroughly as ainstakingly pointless handiwork an be studied. Will you look at this, e said. He touched the Popsicle- tick bird cage, the .44 magnum ciga- ette lighter, the Texas jackalope. Wow.

It was clear, she thought, that he oved her—that his, too, was a world ilted and loose and loud—and she ished she could see inside him (as he could see inside her anatomically orrect man doll) and thus [illegible] what his organs were d[illegible]

thumping heart. Those pink, wet wrinkles of the brain. She took his hand, could smell on it the work he did, and steered him toward the bedroom. She would learn something, she hoped, and when they were undressed, his outfit more neatly hung than hers, she did.

The lawyer, she began. Her service manager was holding her—his name was Bobby and he was blond, even his movie-star mustache—and here she was, hers the tone best used for "true" and "false" in school, telling about a guy, the lawyer, who'd filled her up and set her spinning and gave her eight becauses for every event, good or bad, under high heaven. She described a trip to White Sands—the national monument, not the missile range—and how the sun worked in that flat, wasted world, and what common animals the clouds were, plus who said what when, and why time went bang-bang-bang. She told about the afternoon the lawyer shampooed her hair, the nerves he'd struck. Her service manager was holding her—his name, yes, was Robert Ray Dunbar, and he could sew a coat button, he supposed, and spoke enough Mayfield High Español to be understood in jail—and here she was, harebrained as any mad scientist she'd heard of, talking about, as it had been talked about to her, asset-based financing as well as which Japanese sedan to buy and why. She told about window-shopping with the lawyer—in particular, oohing over a bed big as a wrestling mat, and how scared or dumbstruck he'd been, as if humbled by what could be accomplished in that faraway corner or this. He hailed from Nebraska, she said. A Cornhusker. His parents were Ellen and Russell. He'd had a mutt named Moe, after the Stooge. He threw right-handed, hated Brussels sprouts, read Leon Uris and anything *Time* magazine said was funny. Salsa made his nose run. In eighth-grade shop he'd planed a mahogany table, kissed his first girl the night Jimmy Carter campaigned in Omaha . . . What else?

She was shaking. She had taken everything out, she believed, hook by hasp by hinge by nail, and now she was herself a million-zillion thingamajigs, each vital and tiny and dumb,



OF WRITERS BY WRITERS FOR WRITERS

Subscribe to *Poets & Writers Magazine*, and six times a year you'll receive news of publishing opportunities and upcoming grants and awards, essays by and interviews with poets and fiction writers, reports of literary activities around the country and abroad, announcements of literary prize winners, and classifieds that list everything from jobs to house rentals.

"*Poets & Writers Magazine* is the most continuously successful means for American writers and poets to stay in touch with each other. The sense of community it gives to those who care for and write our literature remains inspiring and invaluable."
–William Stryon

1 year $18 — 2 years $32. Send check or money order to the address below. American Express orders accepted by phone, fax or mail. Call or write for foreign rates.

Poets & Writers Magazine
72 Spring Street, Dept. H2
New York, NY 10012
(212) 226-3586 Fax (212) 226-3963



LIBIDO

Erotica For People Who Like To Read

Sample issue $6
- Quarterly -
In the U.S. $20
Elsewhere $30
(For surface mail. For Airmail add $20 to Europe and $30 to Asia, Australia and South America.)
P.O. Box 146721, Chicago, IL 60614

and she guessed she had only four-three-two minutes to find them there and there and there and so make herself whole again. What, she said. What? Her service manager held her—his name, Lordy, was Bobby, like a kid, a charter member of the Vic Tanny health club on the bypass—and here she was, watching her arms tremble and ordering herself, for crying out loud, to pay attention: There was much in life to know and maybe life enough to know it. It's all right, he was whispering. Truly.

Then, not with all his might, he squeezed her, this decent Bobby person, and she grew curious to learn what he might say, or do, if he discovered that beneath him now, wriggling and moaning "ah-ah-ah," was not her at all but only the bone and hair and flesh of a fool using her name.

Each day, she thought, became a wall between herself and the lawyer. Each day a wall. She tried new food—Thai and Jewish—and this, too, became part of a wall. So did the clothes she bought: the too expensive espadrilles, a blouse a red she'd never seen before, underwear as wicked as she could stand without snickering. The wall, she told herself. She subscribed to *Southwest Art* and, more foolish business, to *The Sporting News*, aiming to lose herself in the mysteries unique to Remington Indians on the warpath and to batting averages. She and Bobby went to the community theater at the old State movie house on the downtown mall, what had once been as bleak and windswept and jerkwater a Main Street as any she could conceive of, and, sitting in the front row, she willed herself into that September-remember world of *The Fantasticks* or into whatever woe-is-me drama eight bucks had bought. Another day. Another wall.

One weekend—was it already May?—they went to Albuquerque, driving almost without saying a word, nature racing past at sixty, sometimes seventy, miles per hour, Bobby's pickup as quiet as a capsule in deepest space. He had something to tell her, he announced when they reached the Holiday Inn. She didn't have to listen, he said, but he was going to speak his mind anyway. She regarded herself and this place. There were no windup toys, no herky-jerky contraptions that chattered and squeaked and went snap-crackle-pop. There was a bed, not seriously meant to live with, and a too high table and a too hard chair and a Motorola color TV, plus carpet that must've been the ugly brown easy cleaning is—but no felt cloth duck appliqué flyswatter. No coffee mug with elephants on it having sex. No four-leaf clover hunting hat for Bullwinkle the Moose.

Instantly, she knew what Bobby was hemming and hawing about, the exact words he'd use, what the entire unfair, stupid, me-me-me sentence would be. Even if he took a half hour, even if he stood on his head (which he could), it would start with "I" and end a billion years later with "you." Don't, she said. He snatched up her suitcase, set it down, moved it twice more, then told her *fine,* his expression sideways and not simple anymore as one-plus-one, and then—bless him—he said anew what a grand old time they'd have that night.

In July she took her vacation, which, except for a weekend at her daddy's cotton farm outside of Portales, she spent at home. In the afternoons, content with himself and everything else under the sun, Bobby came over, usually with a six-pack of Bud Light, once with a bottle of Cuervo Gold they quit drinking before the bottom of. Bobby fixed the grease trap in the kitchen sink. He barbecued, his secret sauce one part Jif peanut butter. They went roller-skating, did the hokey-pokey with nearly one hundred other folks thrilled to be falling down. Oh, it was summer, the valley hot as those drugstore joke-postcard scenes of hell, the sky too far up to be real or blue. She lay on her stomach in the backyard, her pillow an Ayatollah beach towel, her bathing suit the one she hadn't worn since college. Bobby, she said. Two giant steps away, he was on his knees, painting an Adirondack chair he'd thought might be cheap to send away for, and immediately she didn't know why she'd called his name or what, if anything, might blurt out of her. He was wearing Bike athletic shorts, those now mostly splotched by the green in the bucket at his fe
Bobby, she said, at last sure what w
going to be said next. She had be
thinking about the heat—the d
close, mean kind this world was—a
now his head came up, cocked, l
hair so blond you wondered how
got here to planet Earth. Yes, he sai
Not *yeah,* not *huh,* not *what:* yes. S
given what was what, who who, s
wondered the only thing she coul
Are you happy?

He looked—wasn't this goofy?
high and low, as if he'd lost his walle
and said at last, as she knew he woul
sure—an answer that came with
smile and a shrug. What about you?
neighbor dog, Rex, was barkin
somewhere a door slammed too har
and way off Mikey-Mikey-Mikey w
being hollered for. Yes, she said.
guess I am. And in a second, the ce
ter of her still as night, she actual
was. Happy. She had a thought, t
fast to catch up to; then another, th
the one to hold. In her bathroon
above the toothbrush holder, was
Siamese cat clock, its ticktock ey
that blinked each second. So was sh
happy? On her dresser sat a woo
hobnailed-boot pencil holder. So w
she? In her guest lavatory hung Esp
ranto wallpaper. Yes, she was. Still c
her stomach, she watched Bobb
painting—swish, swish, swish. He
was a man who couldn't whistle, wh
loved Fernando Valenzuela and ever
other Los Angeles Dodger, who w
allergic to mustard. Here he was. Ey
closed now, she was concentrating,
picture in her mind of gizmos tigh
ened and arranged and sorted an
swept clean away, of a room empty
the horizon, of surfaces shined an
sterile and hard; of herself, strong an
honest as a nickel, letting go of
least a year of stored-up laughter. An
then the vision was gone—poof—
and she had not jumped up squealin
to give this man the hug of his ve
own life.

July. September. Thanksgiving
Happy New Year. This is how her yea
went—in chunks, in spasms. She
roll over in bed and a month would b
gone. She'd stub her toe and look u
to see Lincoln's Birthday on the ca
endar. One night she kissed Bobb
and March, its raw wind and some
time frost, disappeared. April becam

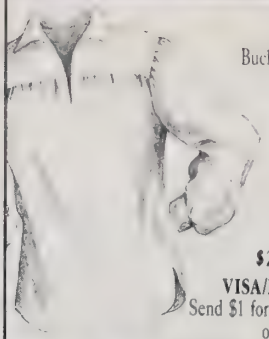
afternoon, May a day with no junk ail, June a doorbell going dong-ng-ding. Soon it was July, and she iew, every cell and tissue and essed thump-thump-thump of her iew, that he'd call. The lawyer. She ranged to be home as often as possi-e. She had a project, she told Rob-t Ray Dunbar, busy work from the nk. A merger, she told him. Don't orry, she said. She needed a month, at was all. Everything was fine be-ween them, she insisted. She used r daddy's word: hunky-dory. He emed doubtful, scratched his cheek, oked near and far for help: You sure? he smiled, smooched him as a moth-might: Of course, what was not to e sure of? You could see his brain ork, the clever gears and cogs of it. m getting a speedboat, he said. hey'd go waterskiing at Elephant utte, okay?

After he'd driven away, after he'd onked to say bye-bye, she shut the oor to wait. He wouldn't call to-ight, the lawyer. Her phone was a oke can, but it wouldn't ring. Not night. She just flat out knew. It ouldn't ring until between him there nd her here, as between the moon nd Mars, there was nothing, not ven an idea. So, patiently and delib-rately, she began taking down the alls. Those many, many days. That estern novel she'd chuckled to the otin'-tootin' end of. That kit to knit ith. That color of hair she now had. er Volkswagen wristwatch had to e set, her Tiny Alice tea service olished.

Oh, he'd call, bet your bottom dol-ar. And the conversation, sigh-filled nd helter-skelter with whys and herefores, would rattle on for hours. love you, he'd say, words never said efore anywhere, anytime, words neant to stand for everything you ould make or wish for. I miss you, e'd declare, and she would feel in im the holes and hollows she felt in erself. The backward that time ran, he topsy-turvy. Again he'd say it. Again. The food of it, the warmth. The phone, its innards composed of vires and solder and miracles. A reath from her, deep as deep goes. Hello, she'd say.

"Honey pie," he'd start, "is that ou?"

DEVA Buccaneer Shirt



FOR MEN & WOMEN

Buckle your swash in our dashing shirt with gathered front and back yokes. Wear it tucked in or out. Fine, smoothly finished pure cotton in Dusty Rose, Royal Blue or White. State height, weight, bust/chest measurement (up to 48").

$29 ppd. and guaranteed.

VISA/MC call 1-800-222-8024.

Send $1 for fabric samples and catalogue of 40 styles (Free with order).

DEVA, a cottage industry
Box HAHO, Burkittsville, MD 21718

IS FRANCE WHERE YOUR HEART IS?

FRANCE TODAY brings you an insider's view of contemporary France: cultural insights, business and political analyses, people, places and events. It's current, controversial, out-of-the-ordinary reading for the American who'd rather be *en France.*

Entirely in English. 10 issues/$25.

To subscribe, call toll free:

1-800-272-0620

France Today 1051 Divisadero, Suite 105 San Francisco, CA 94115

Your dying is your responsibility.

Support the right of the terminally ill to die with dignity. Call for information.

Good Life Good Death
THE HEMLOCK SOCIETY

1-800-247-7421

P.O. Box 11830
Eugene, OR 97440

It's like having a VCR with every TV in your home . . .

Wireless Video Beamer only $69.95*

But read this ad for an even better deal!



• Wireless Video Beamer transmits VCR and other video output to every television set in your home. No batteries are needed.

It's really very simple: Connect the *Wireless Video Beamer* to your VCR, with the provided cables, plug in the power supply that is also provided, extend and adjust the antenna, and you are ready to go. You can now see your favorite movie, not just on the television set to which your VCR is usually connected, but on any TV set in your home. There are no wires, and nothing else to plug in. Transmission is over the air, by FM signal. Both the video and the audio are as clear, strong and crisp on the receiving TV as if the units were "hard wired". Transmission of VCR movies is, of course, the primary purpose of the *Wireless Video Beamer*. But you are not limited to that. Any other video source—TV or camcorder, for instance—will work just as well. Range of *Video Beamer* is 100 ft., sufficient for even the largest home.

The *Wireless Video Beamer* is another advanced Rodelvox electronic product, exclusively represented by Haverhills in the United States. We import these instruments in large quantities and can therefore offer them at the surprisingly low price of just $69.95. Compare that to similar devices sold in specialty stores or advertised in national mailorder catalogs for as much as $150. But we have an even better deal: ***Buy two for $139.90 and we'll send you a third one with our compliments—absolutely FREE!*** Enjoy your video twice as much. Take full advantage of your fine equipment, and get VCR reception all over your home. Order the *Wireless Video Beamer* today!

FOR FASTEST SERVICE, ORDER
TOLL FREE (800) 882-3050
24 hours a day, 7 days a week

Please give order Code #4185A496. If you prefer, mail check or card authorization and expiration. We need daytime phone number for all orders and issuing bank for charge orders. Add ship. insur. $6.95 for one; $8.95 for three. Add sales tax for CA delivery. You have 30-day return and one-year warranty. We do not refund shipping charges.

For quantity orders (100+), call Ernest Gerard, our Wholesale/Premium Manager at (415) 543-6570 or write him at the address below.

since 1967
haverhills®
131 Townsend Street, San Francisco, CA 94107

WASHINGTON'S KOHL FRONT

Embracing a chancellor, eschewing debate

By Christopher Hitchens

How probable would it have seemed just four years ago, say, that this decade would open with Martin Heidegger as the favorite philosopher among Washington's Big Think right-wingers and Helmut Kohl the favorite European statesman among White House conservatives? What could have happened, respectively, to Edmund Burke and Margaret Thatcher?

What happened, I suspect you are already recalling, was the summer '89 exodus from the German Democratic Republic; September '89's weekly "prayers for peace" demonstrations in Leipzig; Gorbachev's October visit to the GDR (during which he warned Erich Honecker and encouraged Egon Krenz); the opening of the Berlin Wall on November 9; the GDR's free elections in March, in which conservatives triumphed; the monetary union of the Germanys East and West in July; and the call for a full political union of the Germanys, which should be accomplished by year's end.

There is, in such a shorthand ticking off of these momentous events, a sense of the inevitable, and so it was inevitable too, perhaps, that the member of the State Department Policy Planning Staff with whom I was lunching recently would now cite Heidegger (not Burke) as a necessary ally against the romantic and toxic ideas of 1789, and that Kohl (not Thatcher, as during the Reagan years) would get the heartiest presidential handshake at summits and the first and longest presidential phone chats before and after these meetings. The Germans, after a forty-five-year hiatus, are once again the *subjects* (not merely the objects) of their own history, and Washington—where developments of this kind are mostly conditioned by power—has simply adapted according to the local laws of transmutation.

But the *nature* of Washington's reckoning with the new and powerful Germany is not inevitable; it is *political*. That it should appear inevitable—natural and passive—is itself political. Washington is coming to new terms not with a multifarious German culture or a complex German history; Washington is getting cozy (or trying to) with the regime of Helmut Kohl. That Kohl embodies some of the darker strains of German culture and history is not debated or even discussed. That he is a chancellor who may quite soon and suddenly find himself unpopular among a united German citizenry—as I write, unemployment in the East and economic uneasiness in the West are rapidly increasing—is not considered. What are the "inevitabilities," historically speaking, of narrowness, shortsightedness, and silence?

On the surface there is nothing narrow about the German chic that is rapidly taking hold among Washingtonians of all political persuasions. When I run into a colleague or acquaintance, be it a columnist or a Hill staffer, it seems that he or she is always just departing for, or just returned from, a trip to the Federal Republic—fully sponsored, or course, by some or another German foundation or *Stiftung*. Each of the major West German political parties now has its own *Stiftung* in Washington: the Konrad Adenauer for the Christian Democrats, the Friedrich Ebert for the Social Democrats, the Friedrich Naumann for the Free Democrats. Lately, the Christian Social Union, long the personal instrument of the late Franz-Josef Strauss, has opened the Hanns Seidel Stiftung, named for a staunch Bavarian conservative and sharing quarters with the Heritage Foundation. (The absence of the Greens is attributable, at least in part, to unworldliness and incompetence, but it also underscores my point that Washington is developing its new relationship not with Germany but with certain ascendant Germans.)

The impressive volume of trips, and the roundtables, lunches, and seminars for politicians, businessmen, and journalists, would seem to be eclipsing the once-fabled ability of the British to suborn and mesmerize American clubland and academia. (It was this—a kind of geopolitical penis envy or, perhaps more properly, a sense of a potency lost—that churned the bile of Thatcher's trade minister and intimate, Nicholas Ridley, and caused him last summer to wax anti-Teutonic to *The Spectator*.) Even the Rhodes scholarships, once the special certificates of a chummy entente, are

Christopher Hitchens is the Washington editor of Harper's Magazine.

w being challenged by an academic ogram run from the country that odes strove, above all, to diminish America's affections. The new holarship extends only in one rection, from West Germany to Harrd University, though Chancellor hl's office has plans to finance a nilar program in the other direcn. It is named the McCloy Scholarip, after the banker, intelligence ru, and nuclear warrior John McCloy. McCloy was the nited States proconsul in occpied Germany after World ar II; more important for the gime sponsoring the scholarips, McCloy did much after e war to recuperate the former erman elite.

Chancellor Kohl's governent is the patron of more than e McCloys. His private office as its own counselor for erman-American cultural reions and its own network of sbursements. Recently, for kample, Kohl's office granted out $9 million apiece to Harard, Georgetown University, nd the University of Califoia at Berkeley—the moneys be used for the establishent of programs in German nd European studies.

There is a strong governent presence in other generly cultural and academic odies, such as the German larshall Fund, set up by German business as a "thank you" r Marshall Plan aid and today major backer of, among other ings, National Public Radio. The olkswagen Foundation and the erman Historical Institute, each a earer of what the German Embassy alls *Kulturpolitik*, are both closely nked to the Education Ministry in onn. So is the Fulbright program's erman-American branch, in which, ntypically, well over 50 percent of he budget is contributed by the Gerhan Foreign Ministry. To imagine hat any or all of this funding is not spent to make a political point is... well, is to imagine.

Yet there is, to a limi[illegible] nyway, a spirit of debate and inqu[illegible]

to this particular aspect of German chic. Not long ago, for example, the Social Democratic Friedrich Ebert Stiftung hosted a large and open event in concert with Democrats 2000, one of the party's liberal caucuses, at which congressmen along with a variety of American political activists were provided an opportunity to meet and talk with Germans and other Europeans from both sides of the (former) Wall. At an earlier Ebert-sponsored gathering, Washingtonians were able to hear the educated misgivings of Marcus Meckel, foreign minister of the GDR and deputy chairman of the East German Social Democrats, about the sweeping and autocratic conduct of Kohl's unification policy. (A recent, prominent example: Lothar de Mazière, victor in the East German elections and Helmut Kohl's Christian Democratic counterpart, heard of the accords on unification reached by Kohl and Gorbachev in the same way George Bush did—via the final public communiqué from Kohl and Gorbachev.)

There is almost no spirit of debate and inquiry, however, to be found among those whose job it is to formulate and announce American policy toward Germany and to see that such announcements are calmly received. If there is indeed going to be a new "special relationship," in which one powerful European country runs a portion of the world in concert with the United States, it is being designed and run by and for insiders in much the same way as was the "special relationship" the United States had (until yesterday) with Great Britain. "Closely held" is the term one most often hears used for the administration's German policy. Listen, say the President's "people" as one reaches the stage of confidential murmurs over that third glass of iced tea, the President does too have a "vision thing." He desires to be remembered—he *intends* to be remembered—as the man who consolidated a conservative, capitalist, united Germany within the NATO alliance.

Only Bush and his buddy, Secretary of State James Baker, propose and dispose, in concert with Kohl. Their

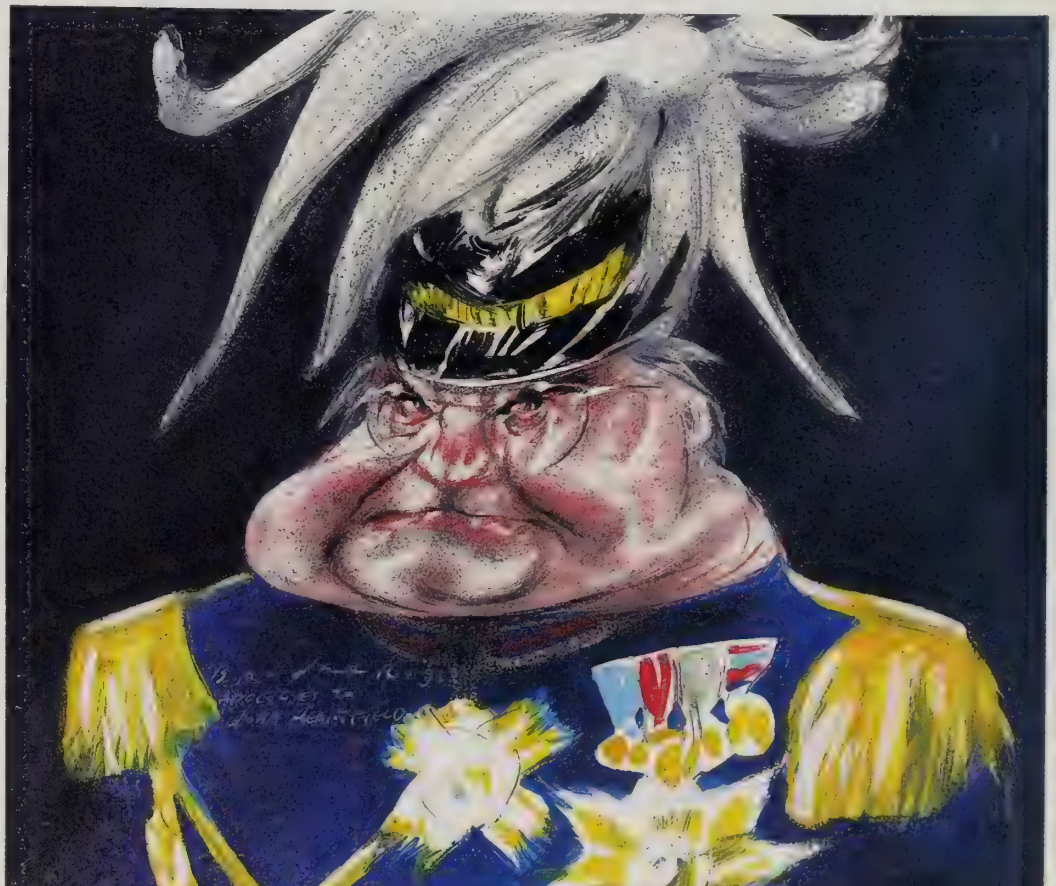


Illustration by Steve Brodner

Brighter kids for under $2.00 a month



Reading CRICKET magazine helps children have more adventurous minds and active imaginations. CRICKET is for very special children. Children who are curious about their world. Children who love to read. *Children just like yours!*

$14.95 for an EIGHT-ISSUE TRIAL subscription. Send no money. We will bill you later. *Save over $15.00 off the regular twelve-issue price!* Order now by calling toll free or by sending us the coupon below.

Name_____

Address_____

City, State, Zip_____

1-800-BUG PALS (1-800-284-7257, Ext. 5C)
CRICKET, Box 52933, Boulder, CO 80322

Cricket

5HMN3

AGNI

"An essential publication... heavy-duty writers"
— *Boston Globe*

"One of the few spiritual lifelines of the national literary community"
— Sven Birkerts

Announces #31/32

A special issue with:
Kate Millett • Sissela Bok
Robert Hass • John Updike
D.M. Thomas • William Stafford
Deborah Digges • Peter Dale
Scott • Andre Schiffren
Monroe Engel • Pamela Berger

With special features on:
Social Control and the Arts: An International Perspective
Peter Dale Scott's *Coming to Jakarta*

Individuals: $12/year, $23/two years.
Institutions: $24/year, $48/two years.

AGNI, Creative Writing Program, Boston University, 236 Bay State Road, Boston, MA 02215

trustee at the State Department, Robert Zoellick, is the only adept and initiate privy to the mysteries. Even General Vernon Walters, yeoman of the Cold War and leathery veteran of the inner-party struggle, is considered "out of the loop" in his post as ambassador to West Germany. It was Walters who, by attracting a public rebuke from Baker for speaking without authorization about the timing of unification, inadvertently drew attention to the fact that, first, the United States *had* no timetable of its own and, second, that it had decided to accept Helmut Kohl's timetable. The other day I saw Walters standing thwartedly at Dulles Airport after the Pan Am flight had debouched its German passengers into the baggage hall. He was waiting for his car and driver, and rapping his timepiece, and twisting his great head to and fro on a cascade of wattles, as if looking for a sign. But by the time my bus had come, and idled, and filled, and finally pulled away, he was still there, signaling to a heartless void.

In pursuit of their German "vision thing," just what impression do Bush and Baker want to give? Are they trying to take credit for something that was going to happen anyway, a tactic very dear to the heart of our President and his man? And what price are they willing to pay to be on the side (Kohl's) that's winning? We can get some idea of the price from Chancellor Kohl, who is fond of telling his supporters that the Bush administration is for his regime a *Glücksfall:* a piece of extreme, uncovenanted luck; a free gift; a blank check.

Kohl *is* Germany, not only in the White House but also on Capitol Hill, where all argument or questioning about the pace and rhythm of events is likewise deemed irrelevant, almost indecent. Where are the hearings of the Senate Foreign Relations Committee or the congressional interrogations of the Defense and Treasury departments? United States policy toward a fast-emerging regional superpower is being made in the most unexamined way. To bring back Heidegger once again: The philosopher had a weird concept he called *Gelassenheit,* which approximately translates as fatalism, indifference, complacency, resignation

Highly antimodernist (and distinct
un-American), it nevertheless ca
tures some of the extraordinary pe
missiveness with which, after decad
of high-handed intervention i
German life and society and politic
the U.S. political leadership
deciding to let Germany h
Germany.

Out with it, then. Am I expres
ing a wariness about the German n
tional character or not? It is more jus
and also more accurate, to say that th
problem is national *history,* and tha
decent inhibitions about raising th
character question are retarding cor
sideration of the historical record—
how we got *here* from *there.*

I say "decent inhibitions" becaus
the American stake in overcomin
anti-German pathology, after all,
not a small one. Twice in this centur
the United States has committed it
self in Europe against massive Ger
man state ambitions. Not all th
aspects of this American commitmen
were wholesome or admirable, how
ever. Between the years 1915 an
1918, German identity was semi
criminalized in the United States, with
absurd and vicious denunciations o
"Teutonism," of German music an
literature, and even of German foo
and German dogs. During World Wa
II, Henry Morgenthau Jr., the secre
tary of the treasury, won a hearin
within the government for his ow
version of race theory, which argue
that the foulness of National Social
ism was an expression of the specifi
cally German psyche. Along with hi
reactionary co-thinker in the British
Parliament, Lord Vansittart, Morgen
thau urged a policy of total and indis
criminate reprisal, up to and including
the leveling of postbellum German
into a "nonindustrial, pastoral na
tion" with no rights but many duties

Truman rejected the Morgentha
Plan, and its author resigned; but her
is where a problem arose. After th
defeat of the Morgenthau Plan, polic
went to the opposite extreme. John
McCloy, as High Commissioner fo
Germany, pursued a policy of conser
vative orthodoxy and amnesia, rehir
ing and cleansing (for purposes o
anticommunism and "stability"

ny of the old gang. It is this amne- and this uncritical attitude toward rman conservatism that linger in ashington. Is it wrong to ask if the nking of the rehabilitated "old ng" lingers in Bonn? Is it inappro- ate to feel uneasy that Kohl has osen as his "historical adviser" one fessor Michael Stürmer, who a few rs ago wrote a series of articles for e *Frankfurter Allgemeine* asserting t Germany needed a more posi- e, healthy consciousness of its own story? Let me phrase the problem in e careful words of German émigré Ralf Dahrendorf of St. Anthony's llege at Oxford, whose book- ngth essay, *Reflections on the Revolu- n in Europe*, is to be published this nth by Times Books:

> Helmut Kohl likes few words as much as "fatherland." When he speaks of the *Vaterland*, the deep, almost Wagnerian sound resonates through his not inconsiderable frame, so that often, and characteristically, he tries to sweeten it a little by adding an adjective like *wunderschön*. "Our wondrously beautiful fatherland" is what he is about. What exactly it means is not so easy to tell; but certainly the language annoys more critical minds.

And so it should. Before us is the eat question: how to have a Ger- any that is for the first time simul- neously unified, democratic, and mposed in relations with its neigh- rs. Citizens of other nations need t apologize for making this their siness. And the United States has, ntil recently, been unhesitating in s willingness to criticize *certain* Ger- ans—weighing in against the neu- alists and the disarmament forces ecall Richard Perle's attack on the erman antinuclear movement as an xpression of "Protestant angst") and stracizing West German foreign inister Hans-Dietrich Genscher un- l very recently for his softness on the ussians. Yet now it is considered bad anners to ask questions of Helmut ohl, the very man whose style and earing most disturbs not only sensitive outsiders but thoughtful Germans like Dahrendorf.

There is a rightful reason for this nxiety, and its name is Bitburg. When German intellectuals like Ha

JETOUR



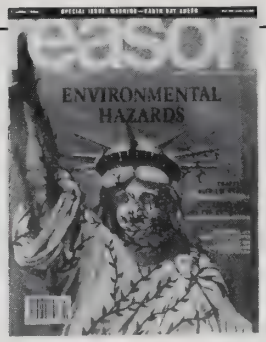
Hong Kong and Japan

Let JETOUR escort you to this mystical land. Twenty years experience. A network of Asian tour offices ...JETLINE telephone service to assist with business appointments or questions. JETOUR is your best guide to the Orient for business or pleasure. Guaranteed departures.

Call your travel agent or call
JETOUR Toll Free 800-367-2380

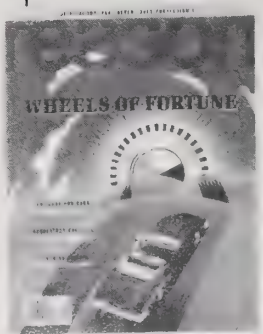
USTA $5 MILLION CONSUMER PROTECTION

AmericanAirlines
Something special in the air.



"There's something now in every issue that we want to read. The magazine's off to a lovely rebirth."
—THE 1990 MEDIA GUIDE

WITHIN
...clear voices, clear thinking
REASON





Available at better newsstands.
Or send $4.00 for a sample copy to :

reason
2716 Ocean Park Blvd. Suite 1062
Santa Monica, CA 90405



PIETÀ by Michelangelo

We doubt that Michelangelo himself could have fashioned a better reproduction than this. Eleganza is proud to make it available. Made from bonded Carrara marble. Two sizes on alabaster bases. 18½". 39 lbs ...$718 ppd; 9" (incredibly detailed)...$129 ppd. Check, VISA, MC. Unqualified guarantee. **Artbook color catalogue pictures more than 300 items, unforgettable as Christmas gifts, $6.**

ELEGANZA LTD. *Importers of Fine Statuary*
Magnolia Village • 3217 W. Smith #1010
Seattle, WA 98199 • 206/283-0609

THE BEST FILMS YOU NEVER SAW.

Now you can rent or purchase VHS videotapes by mail. Over 1,200 hard-to-find quality films are available, including **Branagh's *Henry V, Camille Claudel,*** and ***The Cook, The Thief...***

Our library includes foreign and independent films, limited release features, Hollywood classics, cult favorites and documentaries.

It's simple and inexpensive. Makes a great gift. Phone or write for free information and list of films.

1-800-258-3456
Home Film Festival®
P.O. Box 2032. Scranton, PA 18501

THE ULTIMATE CHAIR
for back relief and relaxation!



. . .and 25 other products for a healthy back!

BackSaver™ **FREE 14 page catalog 1-800-251-2225 or write**
53 Jeffrey Ave., Dept. HMO, Holliston, MA 01746 In MA 508-429-5940

SOLUTION TO THE SEPTEMBER PUZZLE

C	A	S	T	O	R	S	A	L	M	O	N
E	N	E	R	V	A	T	E	G	A	G	A
N	C	N	S	E	N	O	R	S	N	A	P
S	H	I	P	R	G	R	I	N	G	O	S
E	O	L	I	C	Y	M	A	U	L	L	B
S	R	E	C	A	M	E	L	F	E	L	L
S	T	E	E	L	E	D	H	F	R	O	E
P	O	T	S	L	R	P	A	L	A	C	E
A	R	E	C	T	I	F	I	E	D	K	D
C	U	S	T	O	M	E	R	S	A	N	E
E	S	T	O	N	E	A	D	E	M	U	R
S	C	A	R	E	D	T	O	A	S	T	S

NOTES FOR "QUADRANTS"

Note: Upper left quadrant: one letter moved; upper right: one letter changed; lower left: two letters switched; lower right: no change. ACROSS: 1. C(aribbean)-A-STRO(anagram) & Lit; 6. SALO(O)N, anagram; 10. VENE(anagram)-RATE; 11. GA(G)S; 13. SNORE, hidden; 14. S(O)AP: 15. H(I-P . . .)8; 16. GO-RINGS; 17. OLEIC, anagram; 18. L-LAM reversed; 20. (t)AC(t)-ME; 21. FEE-L; 23. S(now)-LE (ETE)D; 26. F(RO)E, OR reversed; 27. OPTS, anagram; 30. P(A . . .)LACE & Lit; 32. CERTIFIED, anagram; 35, COSTUMER, anagram; 36. SANE, "seine"; 37. ONE-T-S(tudent) reversed; 38. DEMUR(e); 39. SA-(CRE . . .)D; 40. TO-AS(T)S. DOWN: 1. SENEC(a)S, reversed; 2. RAN-CH-O; 3. ELSIN(or)E, reversed; 4. COVE-RALL(y); 5. AN(GR)Y; 6. STORIED, anagram; 7. SERIAL, anagram; 8. MANG(I)ER; 9. NAPE, hidden; 12. GALL(i-can); 13. PISCES, anagram; 14. SOU-FF-LES; 19. B(. . . L)ENDERS; 22. LOCKOUT, anagram; 23. S-CAPES; 24. TOURS(i), anagram; 25. HAIRDO, anagram; 28. TASTE, hidden & Lit; 29. (ad)MIRED; 31. A-DAMS; 33. E-TON reversed; 34. FEAT(herbrains).

SOLUTION TO SEPTEMBER DOUBLE ACROSTIC (NO. 93). (JOHN) IRVING: A PRAYER FOR OWEN MEANY. Baseball . . . is a game with increasingly heightened anticipation of increasingly limited action. At least, Little Leaguers . . . never devoted the attention to spitting or to tugging at . . . armpits . . . that is the essential expression of nervousness in the adult sport.

CONTEST RULES: Send the quotation, the name of the author, and the title of the work, together with your name and address, to Double Acrostic No. 94, *Harper's Magazine*, 666 Broadway, New York, N.Y. 10012. If you already subscribe to *Harper's*, please include a copy of your latest mailing label. Entries must be received by October 8. Senders of the first three correct solutions opened at random will receive one-year subscriptions to *Harper's Magazine*. The solution will be printed in the November issue. Winners of Double Acrostic No. 92 are Ed Stein, Mamaroneck, New York; Herb Kraushaar, Shawnee Mission, Kansas; and Mary Ellen Fellows, London, Ontario, Canada.

gen Habermas and Günter Grass gi
voice to their skepticism and sen
something mindless and uncritical
Kohl's triumphalism, it is becau
they remember that hinge event a
the part played in it by an administr
tion shaped by both Bush and Bake
Habermas has spent much of the pa
three years rebutting the new scho
of revisionist German historians-
among them Ernst Nolte, Hellm
Diwald, and Andreas Hillgruber-
who argue that there was nothi
uniquely inhuman or shameful in th
Third Reich and even that the Hitle
ites were merely "borrowing" fro
their "Asiatic" enemies to the east
discussing final solutions at all. Ar
when did this submerged current b
gin to flow again? It began to gai
impetus and confidence, and a r
spectable hearing, as a direct cons
quence of Bitburg. The significanc
to Germans of Bitburg—remembere
by Americans, if remembered at al
as a rare wobble in Michael Deaver
presidential choreography—was tha
it represented an American indu
gence, at the most exalted level,
Kohl's project to sweeten and pretti
the *Vaterland* principle.

It was Kohl's idea that Reagan pa
tronize a cemetery peopled by Na
war dead. (As the *Washington Pos*
generally a lenient commentator
noted, "Our president was in tha
eight minutes forever being cue
nudged, positioned—stage-manage
—by the Chancellor.") And onl
after Bitburg did Kohl address th
congress of German ethnics expelle
from Polish Silesia and grow ominous
ly vague about the "greater" Germa
state boundaries of 1937. If Kohl ha
now lamely amended this position
with how much sincerity we canno
be sure, can it be said that his chang
of heart was traceable to any Unite
States influence? That influence, i
fact, would seem to have been fel
the other way. *Ich bin ei
Bitburger.*

Not long ago a delegation o
Czechs came to Washington, plead
ing. They were too tactful to say
"Save us from a German hegemon
we did not seek," but their privat
talks with White House officials an
on Capitol Hill left no doubt that thi

the primary thought in their
ds: alternative sources of capital
technology. They left without
ring any answer. Maybe we can-
afford such aid, and indeed, in the
ds of Senator Sam Nunn of Geor-
"economics puts the Germans in
driving seat." Or maybe Washing-
believes it cannot afford to open a
ussion in which German hegemo-
would be mentioned. I dined last
mer with a West German corre-
ndent who is uneasy with Kohl
with Washington's embrace of
n; discussing the American role in
tern Europe, he used not only the
d "insolvent" but also the word
troverted." Let us not offend Herr
hl.

But what are the stakes? Is there
thing more to this than the desire
e on best terms with the winner?
ce "Allied" agreements with Ger-
ny lapse upon unification, there
l be, it is true, a contest for bilater-
elations. And as a quid pro quo for
likely U.S. withdrawal of nuclear
es from Germany (also done for
purpose of helping Kohl domesti-
ly), the United States has a chance
keeping its huge bases and listening
sts at Wiesbaden, Ramstein, and
merhaven. Moreover, with Ger-
ny as its anchor within NATO,
Bush-Quayle-Baker-Cheney ad-
nistration will be fortified against
subversive notion of a common
ropean agreement based on the
nference on Security and Coopera-
n in Europe. The CSCE nations to-
her number about three dozen, and
s the specific weight of the United
tes in the CSCE is less than it is
thin the NATO club. But all of the
ve depends not on our relation-
p with Germany but on our un-
estioning support of the current
ancellor.

In Germany scholars and intellec-
ls have long debated the relation-
p between *Geist* (spirit or mind)
d *Macht* (power). Historically,
ese thinkers have been aware that
e relationship between the two has
t been a happy one. Currently, as
ans-Dietrich Genscher has put it,
ere is a choice between the idea of
Europeanized Germany and
ospect of a Germanized

Continued

You deserve a factual look at . . .

Jerusalem

Whose city—whose "holy city" is it?

It's over twenty years that the city of Jerusalem has been reunited under Israeli administration. But there is still much talk, lately even from our own government, that the solution of the intractable "Middle East Problem" will not be possible until Israeli Jews stop "settlements" in the eastern part of the city, relinquish their "occupation" and restore the holy city—or at the very minimum, its eastern part—to those who claim to be its "rightful owners," the Moslem Arabs.

What are the facts?

■ Before the end of the 1967 Six-Day War, during which the Israeli Defense Forces reconquered Jerusalem from the invading Jordanians, claims to Jerusalem being a Moslem holy city were rarely, if ever, asserted. Jerusalem had always been a city in which many religions and nationalities lived side by side. It was only after the old city was back in Jewish hands that the Moslem Arabs declared their willingness to wage "jihad" (holy war) to bring the city back into Arab possession.

■ The notion to call Jerusalem an Islamic holy city has only come about in modern times and now has gained currency by dint of constant repetition. The basis for the claim is that Jerusalem does indeed contain an Islamic holy site, namely the Al Aksa Mosque. It is close to the place from which Mohammed is believed to have ascended to heaven. Mohammed himself never set foot in Jerusalem. But aware that it was the holy city of Christians and Jews, and wishing to convert them to his new religion, he commanded his followers to build a mosque in Jerusalem. In recognition of the city's holiness to Jews, Moslems built the Al Aksa Mosque. But never in Moslem history did this mosque compare in significance to the Moslem holy cities of Mecca and Medina—cities that no "infidel" may visit.

■ It's on the basis of this religious tradition that the Moslems designated the entire Jewish Temple Mount to be their holy site. The Israeli Government, in its constant spirit of accommodation to Moslem sensibilities, has largely acceded to this tradition and has put the area in and around the Al Aksa Mosque entirely under Moslem control. But how would Christians feel if, instead of from the Temple Mount, the Moslem tradition had Mohammed ascend from the Church of the Holy Sepulchre, and if the Moslem Arabs were to claim that site as their property? The Christian world, often ready to consent to Moslem claims against Jews and Israelis, would be greatly astonished. But Moslem Arab assertiveness doesn't end there. On the tenuous claim to the Temple Mount, they have construed a claim to the entire city of Jerusalem (or at the very least to its eastern part), which they have declared to be their "third holiest city." And it would be an insult to all Moslems and all Arabs to leave the city in the hands of the "infidel Jews."

■ But the city of Jerusalem—in contrast to such cities as Baghdad, Cairo, and Damascus—has never played any major role in the political and religious lives of the Moslem Arabs. It was never a political center, never even a provincial or sub-provincial capital. It was the site of one Moslem holy place, but otherwise a civic and religious backwater to the Arabs. The passion for Jerusalem was not discovered by the Moslem Arabs until most recent history.

Jews are not the usurpers in Jerusalem. They have been living there since the Biblical era and have been the majority population since the 19th century. Jews have holy sites in most cities of the world. But do they claim sovereignty over those cities because of it? Of course not! It would be preposterous. And the Moslem Arab claim to Jerusalem, based on the Al Aksa Mosque on the Temple Mount, is just as untenable. Jerusalem has been the center of Jewish life, of Jewish yearning, and of Jewish thinking for over 3000 years. That is the reason that the State of Israel has rededicated the Jewish holy city to be its indivisible capital.

This ad had been published and paid for by

FLAME

Facts and Logic About the Middle East

P.O. Box 590359 ■ San Francisco, CA 94159

FLAME is a tax deductible, non profit educational 501(c)(3) organization. Its purpose is the research and publication of facts regarding developments in the Middle East and exposing false propaganda that might harm the interest of the United States and its allies in that area of [illegible]. Your tax-deductible contributions are welcome. They enable us to pursue these goals and to publish these messages in national newspapers and magazines. We have virtually no overhead. Almost all of [illegible] goes for our educational work, for these [illegible] messages and for related direct mail.

Yes, I want to help in the publication of these ads and in clarifying the situation in the Middle East. I include my tax-deductible contribution in the amount of

$ _____. H/7

My name is _____

I live at _____

In _____ State _____ Zip _____

Mail to: FLAME, P.O. Box 590359, San Francisco, CA 94159

CLASSIFIED

EDUCATION

Study Chinese at home. Free brochure. Write: AICS, Box 453, Charles Town, W. Va. 25414.

Fully approved university degrees. Economical home study for bachelor's, master's, and Ph.D. degrees, fully approved by California State Dept. of Education. Prestigious faculty counsels for independent-study and life-experience credits (5,100 enrolled students, 500 faculty). Free information: Richard Crews, M.D. (Harvard), President, Columbia Pacific University, Dept. 2F90, 1415 Third Street, San Rafael, Calif. 94901. (800) 227-0119; in Calif., (800) 552-5522 or (415) 459-1650.

SPEAK FRENCH OR ANY LANGUAGE
AS U.S. DIPLOMATS DO!
Self-study audiocassette courses developed for U.S. State Dept. now at **savings up to 60%!** Call or write for FREE catalog **1-800-722-6394.**
AUDIO-LANGUAGE INSTITUTE®
516 Fifth Avenue, Dept.H11Suite 507, NY, NY 10036.

How to master another language. Let European experts teach you. Valid for any language. SASE for free information. Cal, P.O. Box 1915, Lowell, Mass. 01853.

Bachelor's, Master's, Doctorate. Guide to colleges offering nonresidential degree programs through independent home study. Accredited, economical, accelerated programs. Credit given for prior accomplishments and work experience. Free detailed brochure. Write: Doctor John Bear, P.O. Box 826-H1, Benicia, Calif. 94510.

Research papers: 18,278 papers available—all academic subjects. Rush $2 for 306-page catalogue. Custom writing also available. Research, 11322 Idaho, No. 306HB, Los Angeles, Calif. 90025. Toll-free hotline: (800) 351-0222; in Calif., (213) 477-8226.

Speak a Foreign Language Like a Diplomat!
Learn on your own with audio-cassette courses used by U.S. State Dept. Programmed for easy learning, 47 languages in all. Comprehensive. Call or write for free catalog. **1-800-243-1234**
AUDIO-FORUM® Dept. 653 Guilford, CT 06437

Superlearning. Triple learning speed through music. Languages, data. Maximize memory, potentials. Stressless. Free excerpt, catalogue. Superlearning, 1290 W. 11th, No. 105-H6, Vancouver, B.C. V6H 1K5, Canada.

OUT-OF-PRINT BOOKS

Caxton Booksearch. Box 709, Sister Bay, Wis. 54234. Please send phone/address with wants. (414) 854-2955.

Established book service for sale. Small international out-of-print book-search business. Needs nurturing book lover with an eye to detail. Professional systems intact. Mail-order business can be run as a home-based business from any location. Pro Libris, 88 Ossipee Road, Somerville, Mass. 02144. (617) 628-7487.

BOOKS

Manuscripts wanted, all types. Publisher with 70-year tradition. (800) 695-9599.

Canadian Books: Used, out-of-print, paperbacks, hardbacks. Any Canadiana, Arctic, or sea books. Wells Group, 958 Page Avenue, Victoria, B.C. V9B 2M6, Canada.

Obtain your books (new or in-print) easily, pleasantly, reliably—with one soothing call to Minnesota. Tell us what you need; we ship immediately or will special-order. Gringolet Bookstore, Minneapolis, Minn. (800) 468-4347.

Old-book scout locates out-of-print books. Write: Greenmantle, P.O. Box 1178HP, Culpeper, Va. 22701.

Booklover's smorgasbord. Free catalogue. Iron Kettle Books, Hancock Road, Williamstown, Mass. 01267.

Anarchist Cookbook. Available again: $22, postpaid. Barricade Books, Box 1401-E, Secaucus, N.J. 07096.

Bargain Books
Publishers' overstocks, remainders, imports—over 3,000 titles at up to 80% savings in our **FREE CATALOG!** Biography, History, Art, Nature, Gardening, Cooking, Fiction—something for everyone, including about 600 new titles monthly. Write:
Hamilton Box 15-711, Falls Village CT 06031

Celo Valley Books will produce your book professionally and economically. One percent of profits to charity. Write: 346 Seven Mile Ridge Road, Burnsville, N. C. 28714.

Anthroposophy. What is it? Free catalogue of more than 300 books on medicine, farming, education, nutrition, family life, inner development. Anthroposophic Press, Route 4, Box 94-A1, Suite 9, Hudson, N.Y. 12534.

Antichrist. Will you be subject to him? Will you accept his mark on your forehead or hand? To escape, read *Creation and Culmination* by Bible scholar Arthur Standard. Hardcover, $10.80. D&S Distributors, P.O. Box 296, Chester, N.J. 07930.

Shackles of Dogma and Authority. Powerful treatise on establishment tyranny. Acclaimed by Pulitzer Prize-winning columnist. Send $4 to Independent Publications, Box 102, Ridgefield, N.J. 07657.

The Catalogue Compendium. Find absolutely anything by mail. Over 1,300 catalogues, detailed descriptions, witty rev addresses: $10.95. Sarandy Product 2059 W. Bullard, #350M, Fresno, 93711.

How You Can Help Your Friends in C Send $9.95 (add $1.50 S&H) to Yo Publications, Box 12247-H, San Diego, if. 92112.

Nostradamus's predictions 400 years Subscribe. Find out: $22/year, 6 issues sample. TWT Press, Box 155-UR91 Boston, Mass. 02124.

COMPUTER PROGRAM

WISDOM OF THE AGES
First electronic book of quotes, sayings & ideas brings over 1,000 world's greatest minds to PC screens & printers. Select subject timeless knowledge to act, write & speak better; earn more.
Only $79.00 for all 5 disks.
30 day money-back guarantee.
MCR Agency, Inc. 1-800-767-6797
6116 Merced Ave. Dept. #81H
Oakland, CA 94611

LIE DETECTION

The art and certainty of discerning hon and deception. Successful "mind reac for the layperson. Learn noncoercive, e tive, nonmechanical, powerful, covert t niques used to replace polygraph, etc governmental and civilian applicat Send $14.95 to LIE-CUES, Box 231 Chapel Hill, N.C. 27514.

REAL ESTATE

Repossessed VA and HUD homes avai from government for $1 without c check. You repair. Also tax-delinquent closures. Call (805) 682-7555, ext. H-1 for repo list in your area.

GENEALOGY

Irish genealogy. Write: Hibernian Rese Ltd., 22 Windsor Road, Dublin 6, Irel Call (353) 1-966-522 (24 hours).

VACATION RENTALS

Hawaiian Islands—Molokai, Kaluako sort. Polynesian studio with kitchen. $5 night. (800) 225-7978 or (800) 950-55

Maine—Port Clyde and Tenants Ha wonderful homes, fully furnished, imm late, and comfortable. From $200 to $2 per week, year-round. C. Lang, P.O. 282, Tenants Harbor, Me. 04860. 372-8906.

GIFTS

Penis poster (23″×35″) depicts 12 an penises (man to whale). Scientific nov $10 ppd. to Poster K, Box 673, Bloom ton, Ind. 47402.

CLASSIFIED RATES: Minimum ten words. One time, $2.20 per word; three times, $2.10 per word; six times, $2.00 per word; twelve times, $1.85 per w Telephone numbers count as two words. Box numbers, ZIP codes count as one word. CLASSIFIED DISPLAY: Minimum one inch. One time, $13 column inch; three times, $[illegible]75 per column inch; six times, $120 per column inch; twelve times, $105 per column inch. The closing for classified copy i first of the month, two months prior to cover date. Prepayment is required. Make checks payable to *Harper's Magazine* and send to Harper's Classified, Broadway, New York, N.Y. [illegible] your telephone number on all correspondence. Address inquiries to Andrew Walko, Classified Advertising Man

ntic koala bear, 8" x 10", color photo. for framing, gift, niece, nephew. Send 5 plus $6 S&H to Anne Charles, Inc., 115, 1355 West Palmetto Park Road, Raton, Fla. 33486.

W YORK SUBWAY CALENDAR

ots, hat snatchers, and track sniffers...Legends Lore of the New York Rail since 1904...the plete subway story with graphics and photos nd $8.95 for full color '91 wall calendar to:
ASPARAGRAPHICS
East 2nd Street, Suite 3B, New York, NY 10009

catalogue. Quality, affordable wooden puzzles. North Star Toys, 617A NSR, a, N.M. 87556.

HAT SADDAM'S MUM NEVER TOLD HIM #1

Jumping the gun twice (before Nukes are ready) is Ungracious and besides, tantalizes the More-Than-Shield-In-Mind West which well knows

HE WITH THE FINAL 40 YEARS OF OIL (2030-2070) *WINS!*

erica runs dry 2030, all others by 2018, but Mideast percs to 2070+

al 3x4 **Metal Plaques** for the less complacent, cele- g *avec élégance* National Issues, serious commen- the frivolous:
- *Ecological Saviors/Epochal Brainstorms*
- *For the Next* Douanier: *Oscar Wilde*
- *Tribute to the Keating Five...Senators*
- *"Liberate the Golf Courses!" Karl Marx, after a 148*

others, $5.50; 3 for $12. Recessed on 4x6 walnut, 9.50. (Intro Dues save $10: 4 annual on walnut, $29) text too! MC/Visa; eves, (216) 237-2837. **Plaque-Of-Season Club,** 1260 Hopkins, Berkeley, CA 94702

Library Game: $5.98. Ages 5 and up. Christmas gift. Free catalogue. Alex's es, Box 810, Birmingham, Mich. 2.

Get the 1980's!

HARPER'S INDEX TO THE 1980's, a special, expanded version of **Harper's Index** that sums up the last decade. This listing of more than eighty surprising numbers, facts, figures, and rankings originally appeared in the January issue of *Harper's Magazine.* Illustrated full-color reprints are now available for $4 each.

Mail your check payable to Harper's Magazine to: Promotion Department, Harper's Magazine, 666 Broadway, NY, NY 10012

MERCHANDISE

rist videos: $2, SASE. NAT-FAME), Box 383, Venice, Calif. 90294.

king for AKMAT bags? Guatemalan os? Sentani sago bowls? Unique artifacts specialty. Illustrated catalogue, $3. New ess: C. Thresher's Semi-Tropic Ethno- hic, 1811 Hether Street, Austin, Tex. 4.

cession, 1924, Talbot Sugar Puff Waffel hine. Functioning. Collectible. P.O. 312, St. James City, Fla. 33956.

Your name in Japanese on parchment. Suitable for framing: $10. Fashion hair bows, elegant fabrics: $8. Zodiac pendants, gold-plated, free chain: $10. Yumiko, 250 Northeast 107 Street, Miami, Fla. 33161.

Old-time radio on cassettes. Send for free list. Old-time Radio, 706 Northstar, San Antonio, Tex. 78216.

LITERARY SERVICES

Looking for a publisher? Learn how you can have your book published, promoted, and distributed. Send for free booklet: HP-2, Vantage Press, 516 W. 34th Street, New York, N.Y. 10001.

ART

Preserve your memories. Have your portrait hand-painted in oil on canvas. Highly skilled artist will work from photograph. Also, Old Masters reproductions in oil and designs according to your specifications. Free catalogue: International Fine Arts Gallery, P.O. Box 2575, Postal Station P, Thunder Bay, Ontario P7B 5G1, Canada; or fax (807) 344-4840.

EMPLOYMENT

Rocky Mountain Employment Newsletter. Current openings, all occupations, Western U.S. Free details: Intermountain-4R, 3565 Pitch, Colorado Springs, Colo. 80908-1311. (719) 488-0320, ext. 418.

Get paid for reading books: $50 to $100 per book. Write: Calco Publishing, Dept. C-66, 500 South Broad, Meriden, Conn. 06450.

Jobs in Japan. Send SASE. Larsen, 200 West Aero, #4, Payson, Ariz. 85541

GOURMET

Chili recipe booklet—with beans and without, mild to hot. Send $5 to Redwood Recipes, P.O. Box 215, Highwood, Ill. 60040.

The Scrumptiously Delicious Ice Creams Book. Thirty exotic, plain, and fancy recipes for homemade ice cream; plus 4 sherbets and 17 varieties of toppings: $6.95. Rock Farm, Dept. A, Box 866, Pocahontas, Ark. 72455.

Pepperoni lasagna grande—starting from scratch, the dough, the sauce, and the special stuffing for one of the most exotic lasagna dishes you've ever tasted. Send $3.95 to Rock Farm, Box 866, Pocahontas, Ark. 72455.

Easy Bakhlava!
Armenian/Middle Eastern Recipes

EASY BAKHLAVA, HUMMOS, STUFFED GRAPELEAVES, TABOULLEH, SHISH KEBAB, PILAF, and much more!

for over 20 nutritious and tasty recipes, send $5.00 to S. Muranyan, P.O. Box 574, Watertown, MA 02272-0574

Save money. Make great tasting beer at home. Simple recipe, $3. B & W Enterprises, 2010-D Longleaf Drive, Hoover, Ala. 35216

Unusual gourmet, natural, and imported soups. Send $5 for sample packet of three. Soups of the World, Dept. 274-H, 3104 O Street, Sacramento, Calif. 95816.

Try the best. Iowa-grown choice beef and pork cuts. Via UPS. Wrapped for your freezer or theirs. Guaranteed. Rector's Heartland Foods. (800) 446-9711.

Finnaiccia—an exquisite, sensual pasta dish. Created and brought to this country from Italy in the 1900s. A family treasure. Recipe for dough, stuffing, and sauce: $3.95. Rock Farm, Box 866, Pocahontas, Ark. 72455.

Gourmets & Friends. Single connoisseurs discreetly introduced. International social and business contacts. Write: G&F, Box 11652-A, Houston, Tex. 77293.

TRAVEL

Homestay in Russia. Sleep beneath handmade quilts, eat home-cooked meals. Two weeks, two cities, two English-speaking families sharing your interests. Travelling Shoes, Box 4410-B, Laguna Beach, Calif. 92652. (714) 752-9036.

GALÁPAGOS

You, 9 other adventurers and our licensed naturalist will sail by yacht to explore more islands than any other Galápagos expedition. 60 trip dates. Machu Picchu option. Free brochure.

Inca Floats 415-420-1550
1311-HP 63rd St., Emeryville CA 94608

Itinerary planning for the independent traveler. We design trips anywhere to your specifications and budget. Recommendations for routes, hotels, sightseeing, and more. Write or call for free planning guide. Travel Design Associates, 299 Riverside Drive, New York, N.Y. 10025. (212) 222-2743.

PUBLICATIONS

Proof Jesus fictional. Scholarly proof Flavius Josephus created fictional Jesus, Gospels: $5. For details send SASE to Abelard, Box 5652-H, Kent, Wash. 98064.

Travel to
France...
without your passport!
Subscribe to the JOURNAL FRANÇAIS D'AMÉRIQUE, America's largest selling French language newspaper. News, politics, travel, books, cinema and much more... *tout en français.*
24 times a year for only $31

• 1 year (24 issues) for $31
To order, call 1-800-272-0620 or write to: **Journal Français d'Amérique** Rm. 114-2, 1051 Divisadero St. San Francisco, CA 94115

The People. Marxist biweekly since 1891. Four months/$1, one year/$4. *The People* (H), Box 50218, Palo Alto, Calif. 94303.

Big Forehead Express: monthly journal of news analysis, commentary. Sample issue, $1. Incite Information, P.O. Box 17406, Arlington, Va. 22216.

Secret pact of Christopher Columbus reveals adherence to his Jewish heritage. Illustrated, scholarly, authentic documentation. Send $6 to JAM, Box 5371, Brownsville, Tex. 78523.

CLASSIFIED

ASSOCIATIONS

Knighthoods for gentlemen, honors for ladies. Brochure, $3. Nobilitat-H, 316 Edward Street, Victoria, B.C. V9A 3E6, Canada.

Bertrand Russell Society. Information: HM, RD 1, Box 409, Coopersburg, Pa. 18036.

BUSINESS OPPORTUNITIES

Let the government finance your small business. Grants/loans to $500,000. Free recorded message: (707) 449-8600. KW6.

Earn $50 to $100 for filling out forms. Send $1 application to McLaurin, Box 276228, San Antonio, Tex. 78227-6228.

Read books for pay. Call (900) 847-7878 (99cents/min.) or write: PASE–RN9, 161 Lincolnway, North Aurora, Ill. 60542.

This works. Earn $25,000 a month. Proven success. Nine years in business. For free information write: West Coast Publishing/Financial Research Division, 1118 NE 105th Street, Suite 37, Vancouver, Wash. 98665.

PERSONALS

Condoms by mail. Avoid condom purchase anxiety syndrome (CPAS). Write for free color brochure or send $4 for discreetly packaged samples. Money-back guarantee. Allegro Specialties, Box 21881, Baton Rouge, La. 70894.

Extraordinary psychic counselor. Randal Clayton Bradford. Energy enhancement/healing. Phone consultations. Visa/MC/Amex. (213) 820-5281 or (213) REA-LITY.

Classical Music Lovers' Exchange. Nationwide link between unattached music lovers. Box 31, Pelham, N.Y. 10803. (800) 233-CMLS.

Meet women worldwide. Free 32-page catalogue. America's most respected correspondence service. Cherry Blossom, 190 HR Rainbow Ridge, Kapaau, Hawaii 96755. (808) 961-2114, anytime.

Single Booklovers gets cultured singles of all ages acquainted. Established 1970. Nationwide. Write: Box 117, Gradyville, Pa. 19039; or call (215) 358-5049.

Attractive Oriental women. Free details. Enclose six 25¢ stamps. Anticipations, 3380 Sheridan, 178HC, Amherst, N.Y. 14226.

Japanese women seek friendship/marriage. Other Orientals too. Pacific Century Correspondence, 110 Pacific 208K, San Francisco, Calif. 94111. (816) 924-1668.

Beautiful Latin, Asian ladies seek friendship, marriage. Free photo brochure. Latins, Box 1716-HR, Chula Vista, Calif. 92012. (619) 425-1867.

Artistic Connections—linking single lovers of the arts across the nation. Music, art, film, literature, dance, drama, photography. Write: AC, Box 116, Chatham, N.J. 07928.

Cultured singles, nationwide. Older women/younger men; younger women/older men. Send LSASE to Anachron, Box H-326, New York, N.Y. 11367.

Scandinavia, Poland, USSR, South America: Worldwide correspondence for sincere, unattached, educated members. Scanna, P.O. Box 4-HP, Pittsford, N.Y. 14534. Call (716) 586-3170.

Asian women desire romance. Overseas, sincere, attractive. World's no. 1 service. Free details, photos. Sunshine International Correspondence, Box 5500-NA, Kailua-Kona, Hawaii 96745. (808) 325-7707.

Asian Girls. Free information. J.W., P.O. Box 2329, Jakarta, Pusat, Indonesia.

Hate an empty mailbox? Receive letters from all over the world. Inexpensive, enjoyable, lifelong hobby. Send LSASE for details. Letters Everywhere, Dept. HP, P.O. Box 218, Watertown, Mass. 02272-0218.

Meet beautiful women. We supply photos, names, and addresses. Send for free details. Merit, Box 74758-H, Los Angeles, Calif. 90004.

Meet Christian singles. Nationwide. Phone or mail introductions. No fee, donations only. Write: Box 90-20-WE, Van Nuys, Calif. 91409.

At the Gate. Meet singles sharing values on peace, ecology, personal growth, and human rights. Free details. Box 09506-HP, Columbus, Ohio 43209.

Philippine ladies introduce themselves on video. Seek marriage-minded men. VIP, Box 1815, Brookline, Mass. 02146. (617) 734-5851.

Beautiful Pacific ladies seek sincere gentlemen for love, marriage. Free photo brochure. Simpatica. (800) 421-4686, afternoons.

Traditional single ladies. Correspondence, marriage. Dignified presentations since 1984. Asian Experience, Box 1214JA, Novato, Calif. 94948. (415) 897-2742.

SWM, Divorced, 57, video producer, writer, background film, literature, theater, journalism, college teaching, seeks attractive, literate woman. (615) 432-4903.

MISCELLANEOUS

Acrosticians Club. Free *Acrostics Network*, details, puzzles. Mock, 1030-A Delaware, Berkeley, Calif. 94710.

Supernatural cloud—highlighting Earth's rotational displacement. Water-stained cross, $3. Nieder, P.O. Box 311972, New Braunfels, Tex. 78130.

Translations: French/German/English. Fax: (604) 733-5360. Phone: (604) 731-0356.

Inventions, ideas, new products. Presentations to industry. National exposition. (800) 288-IDEA.

Continued from page 79

The Soviet Union has been too co pliant with the second, for reasons capital hunger. The United Kingdo has been too myopic even about t first, for reasons of national pri and atavism. Official Washingto without serious discussion, has ch sen to proceed as if there is no re difference between the two. Here, the year of German unification, Ge and *Macht* are only on nodding ter and the sense of *Gelassenheit* overpowering.

October Index Sources

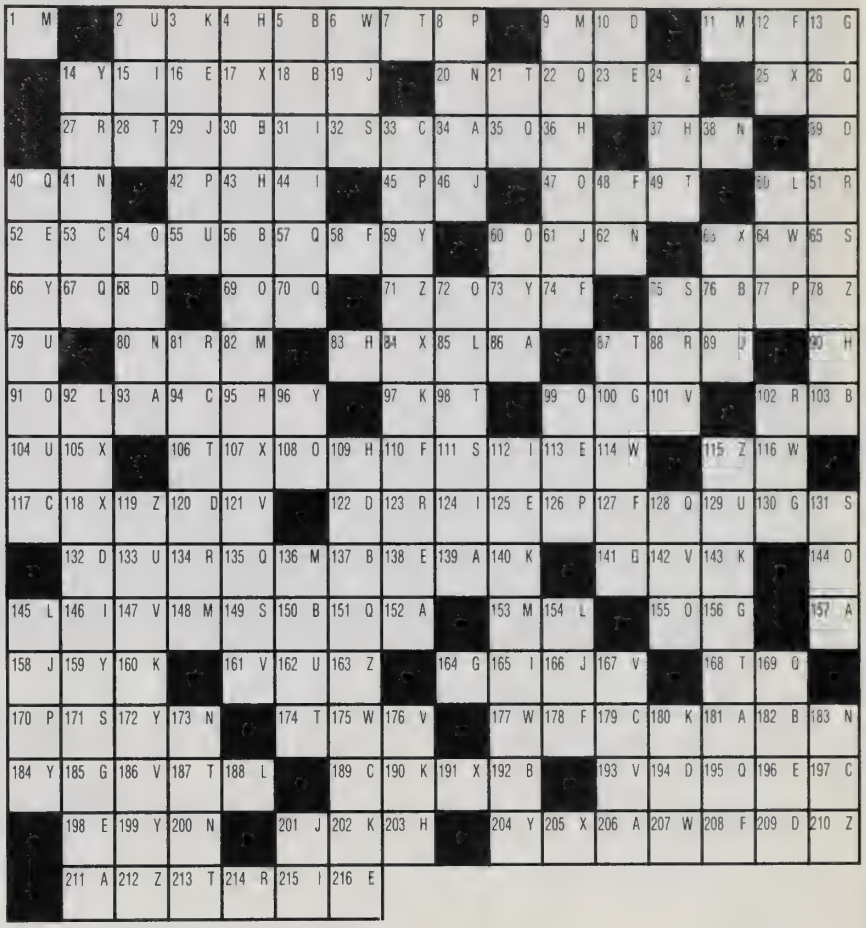
1 United States Energy Information A ministration; **2** Safe Energy Communic tion Council (Washington); **3** Bill Slat *Newsweek* (New York City); **4** Center f Media and Public Affairs (Washingto **5** World Bank (Washington); **6** Unit States Fish and Wildlife Service (Laur Md.); **7** Landscape Services (Santa Ba bara, Calif.); **8** *Los Angeles Times*; **9** P ish Embassy (Washington); **10** Germ Information Center (New York City); *New York Times* (Moscow); **12,13** Gall Organization (Princeton, N.J.); **14** Ge *tlemen's Quarterly* (New York City); United States Office of Technolo Assessment; **16** Gallup Organizatio (Princeton, N.J.); **17** Massachusetts N tional Guard (Reading); **18,19,20** Pa ents' Music Resource Center (Arlingto Va.); **21** Gavin Edwards, *Spin Magazi* (New York City); **22** *A Basic Vocabula of Elementary School Children*, by H. Rinsland (Macmillan, New York City **23** Gary Ingersoll, University of Indian (Indianapolis); **24** *Chronicle of High Education* (Washington); **25** M&M-Ma (Hackettstown, N.J.); **26** National Inst tute of Dental Research (Bethesda, Md. **27** Mary Story and Patricia Faulkne Division of Human Development a Nutrition and the Adolescent Healt Program, University of Minnesota Scho of Public Health (Minneapolis); **28** Bri Voice Systems (Wichita, Kan.); **29** D tective Sergeant James Pawlik, Washin ton, D.C., Police Department; **30** Burea of Prisons, Federal Medical Cente (Rochester, Minn.); **31** Maureen Dow *New York Times* (Washington); **32** Uni ed States Senate Judiciary Committe **33,34** Times Mirror Center for the Pe ple & the Press (Washington); **35** Unite States Congress; **36** Representative Da Glickman (Washington); **37** Marsha Space Flight Center (Huntsville, Ala. **38** Air Logistics Center, Kelly Air For Base (San Antonio, Tex.); **39** K ma (Hinesville, Ga.).

DOUBLE ACROSTIC NO. 94

by Thomas H. Middleton

The diagram, when filled in, will contain a quotation from a published work. The numbered squares in the diagram correspond to the numbered blanks under the WORDS. The WORDS form an acrostic: the first letter of each spells the name of the author and the title of the work from which the quotation is taken.

The letter in the upper right-hand corner of each square indicates the WORD containing the letter to be entered in that square. Contest rules and the solution to last month's puzzle appear on page 78.



CLUES

A. Peasant revolt — 93 86 157 211 206 / 181 139 34 152

B. Moving about — 150 5 137 30 18 / 103 182 76 56 / 192

C. Irritates, provokes — 53 94 179 117 33 189 197

D. Disfiguring, spoiling, marring — 68 209 10 194 122 120 132 39

E. Dismissed; ignored (2 wds.) — 196 52 216 23 113 16 138 198 / 125

F. Service stripe (2 wds.) — 48 178 110 12 208 58 127 74

G. Bunk, nonsense — 13 141 156 164 185 130 100

H. Implies, hints — 109 43 36 4 203 90 37 83

I. Impressive, conspicuous — 146 44 112 165 215 15 124 31

J. Horse racing (2 wds.) — 166 158 19 201 61 29 46

K. Implements for chopping — 180 190 143 160 202 3 97 140

L. Incarnate, make concrete — 145 50 92 154 85 188

M. "Warty Bliggens, ____" by archy (2 wds.; Don Marquis, *archy and mehitabel*) — 153 136 148 11 9 1 82

N. Evil, brutal act — 80 62 200 38 20 183 41 173

O. Extinguished, as a cigar, e.g. (2 wds.) — 54 99 91 65 155 105 14 69 / 72 47

WORDS

P. Excessively and tastelessly affected (hyph.) — 8 126 77 170 42 45

Q. Alienation — 67 26 151 195 22 35 135 57 / 128 40 70 169

R. Happenings; special times — 123 95 214 51 27 134 88 81 / 102

S. Charged, loaded — 75 149 65 111 32 171 131

T. Name, title — 213 87 106 49 187 21 174 28 / 168 98 7

U. Wasted — 104 129 2 79 89 133 162 55

V. Short-lived — 176 147 167 142 193 101 121 161 / 186

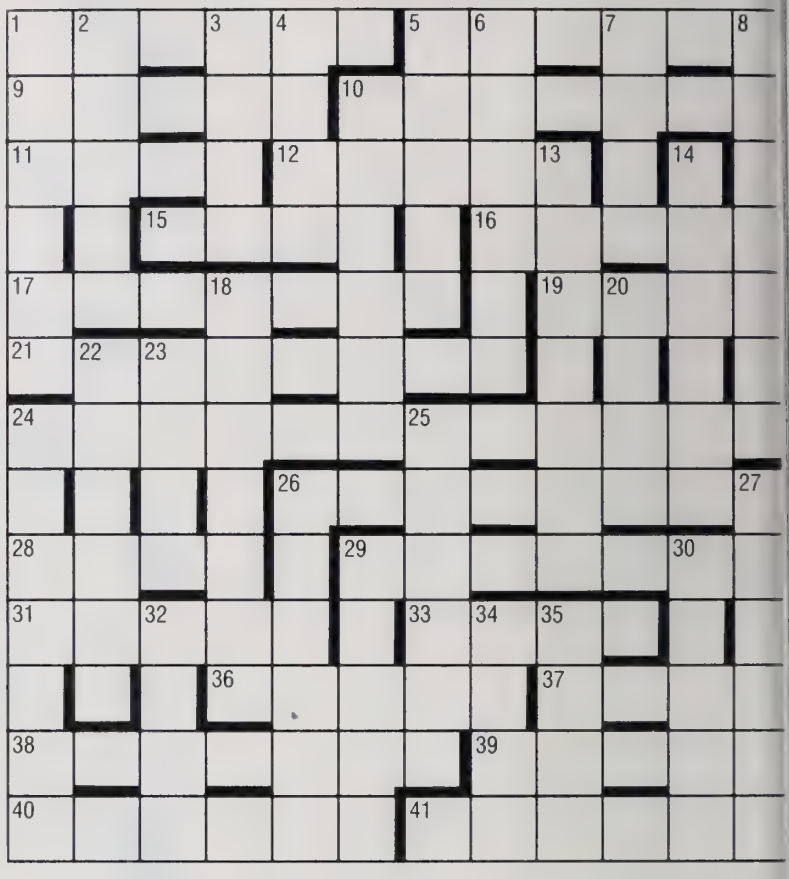
W. Check, keep under control — 207 6 177 175 64 114 116

X. Eng. novelist and dramatist (1904–86; *Goodbye to Berlin*) — 25 191 118 105 107 63 205 84 / 17

Y. Making remarks — 184 199 59 14 172 66 96 159 / 73 204

Z. Made suitable — 115 78 71 212 24 210 119 163

PUZZLE



See 24 Across

by E. R. Galli and Richard Maltby Jr.

Twelve of the clue answers are synonyms of words of the same length to be entered in the diagram in their respective places. Those entries could be said to make this puzzle a 24A.

Clue answers include three proper names and three uncommon words (29A, 6D, 22D). The solution to last month's puzzle appears on page 78.

Across

1. Like a rock rendering, yet sad (6)
5. Scratches . . . lots of them (6)
9. Construction equipment is covered by fuming (5)
10. Dandy performance—nothing very loud (7, *hyph.*)
11. Progress imperceptibly, heading off the hard stuff (4)
12. M.D. I vilified, holding back, showing bruises (5)
15. Shoot back—it gives soldier weight (4)
16. Show dread to be in debt without credit? Just the opposite! (5)
17. Timid female gossip (7)
19. The great Czech conductor has no time for parts of concerti (4)
21. English revised roles in Shakespearean locale (8)
24. SEE INSTRUCTIONS (7,5)
26. Merriment, around Republican, becomes tedium (8)
28. Piece of useful nail bone (4)
29. Spiritual interpretation, one past backing, for example (7)
31. Romans' 50 and 8 used in numbers game (5)
33. Avoid unending diversion on the railroad (4)
36. Swiss mathematician's article in French accepted in Europe (5)
37. Get rid of the last traces of Bacchus in the old testament (4)
38. Assume responsibility for Poles in track (7)
39. Fool lodging in New York (5)
40. Mafia's counsel covers up failure (6)
41. Club Med, hot system (6)

Down

1. Fixture that illuminates, somewhat disconcertingly (6)
2. Fidelity is true nonsense to a husband (5)
3. The prince is heartless once again (4)
4. Considering, but not berating, food store (4)
5. Two more than this number seen around this number: (5)
6. Turkish boat, about one half barque (6)
7. Roll up a hill (4)
8. A city's fingerprint? Could be like NY's (7)
10. With a bit of Kaopectate, doctor cures Patsy (6)
13. Cleaning up? It's almost expected with con game (7)
14. Scallion's ongoing confusion with flowers (6)
18. Is it hairy to appease following con? (7)
20. Something prized endlessly in Old English molding (4)
22. Bound along, but move lazily with work (6)
23. Wander with crowd in circle? Just the opposite! (4)
24. Most wretched bum left us holding nothing (7)
25. Look angelic, possibly, after taking one out (6)
26. Grumble, say, after mass (6)
27. In a fixed position, one time, in plant (6)
29. Moderate associate captures the Loop (5)
30. Gulf and Exxon once mixed glue and gypsum (5)
32. Belligerent god, unending source of irritation (4)
34. Our age starts off to force greater action (4)
36. Church dropping the Spanish fellow (4)

Contest Rules: Send completed diagram with name and address to "See 24 Across," *Harper's Magazine*, 666 Broadway, New York, N.Y. 10012. If you already subscribe to *Harper's*, please include a copy of your latest mailing label. Senders of the first three correct solutions opened at random will receive one-year subscriptions to *Harper's Magazine*. Winners' names will be printed in the December issue. Winners of the [illegible] are Kay Arrowsmith, Bronx, New York; John K. Martin, Sommerville, Massachusetts; and Dan Thompson, [illegible]



Reserve Your Seat Now For 52 Weeks Of The Saint Louis Symphony Orchestra.

As long as you have a radio, you have a ticket to one of the most dynamic seasons of the Saint Louis Symphony. Not to mention one of the longest.

Right now, National Public Radio is bringing you a full year's worth of weekly performances from Powell Hall. The world's greatest music, from Beethoven to Bernstein. From the classics you know, to some of the innovative new composers you'd expect from the Saint Louis Symphony.

So check with your local NPR station. Reserve your seat. And make it a comfortable one.

You could be there 52 weeks.

Southwestern Bell Corporation

Southwestern Bell is proud to support this series from the Saint Louis Symphony Orchestra. Leonard Slatkin, Music Director and Conductor.

THE PERFECT RECESS



PARLIAMENT
Lights



SURGEON GENERAL'S WARNING: Smoking By Pregnant Women May Result in Fetal Injury, Premature Birth, And Low Birth Weight.

8 mg "tar" 0.7 mg nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC method.

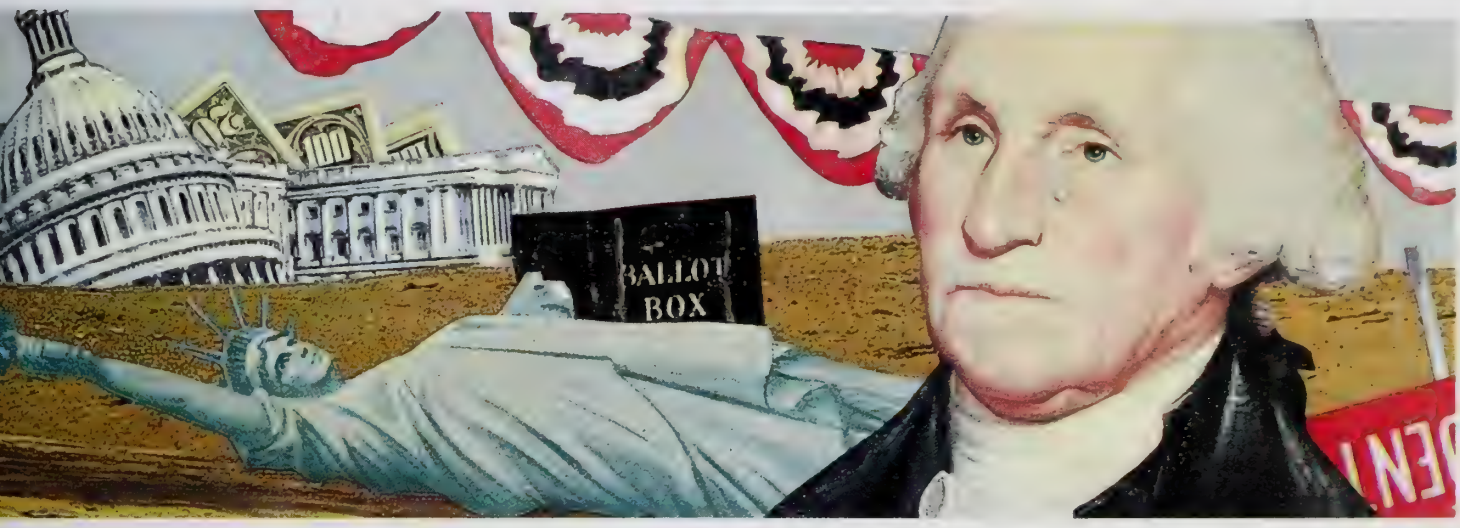
November

...South Africa Without

3 9042 02348827 0

NOVEMBER 1990
$2.50

HARPER'S



DEMOCRACY IN AMERICA?
Not Only the Economy Is in Decline
By Lewis H. Lapham

BURLINGAME
OCT 18 1990
LIBRARY

WHEN SCHOOLS FAIL CHILDREN
An English Teacher Educates His Kids at Home
By David Guterson

BIG CHILLS
My High School Reunion, in Romania
By Andrei Codrescu

NATIVITY, CAUCASIAN
A story by Allan Gurganus

...endell Berry,
the food processor

01#35
HAR 01
01250004
94010
BURLINGAME CA
480 PRIMROSE RD
BURLINGAME PUBL LIB
HP BRL7P1480P099
#125E ********** 5-DIGIT 94010

TONY KEMPLIN *is an autoworker who recalls sitting down with management every few years to argue the fine points of contract language. Now he sits down with management every day, over lunch, and argues baseball, Hondas and why the barbecue sauce isn't hotter. Here, he discusses partnership, the very heart of a brand new car company called Saturn.*

"...Okay, let's be straight about this. You couldn't say labor and management have had the rosiest of relationships. We've had our share of knockdown-dragouts over the years. So it kind of feels like we're on a new frontier here.



We don't have time clocks. Nobody wears ties. It's hard to tell engineers from technicians, and, you know, it doesn't seem to matter. It's just labor and management on the same team.

© 1995 Saturn Corporation

Of course, you can't just [illegible] group of people together and expect them to start right in and work that way.

JAN 10 1991
MAR - 2 1991
MAR 10 1991

One thing we do, as a team-building exercise, is each of us straps on mountaineering gear, climbs up a pole and jumps off.

People ask, 'What does jumping off a forty-foot pole have to do with building a car?'

Well, I'm the kind of guy who doesn't even want to stand on a chair. But there I was, forty feet up, and four people holding a rope are keeping me from breaking my neck. Two assembly line technicians, an engineer and a finance guy.



That's when it really hits you what Saturn means when they talk about partnership. 'Cause you know it won't be a very pleasant landing if only a couple of people are doing their job.

Funny, the things you have to go through to build a better car...."

SATURN

A DIFFERENT KIND of COMPANY. A DIFFERENT KIND of CAR.

If you'd like to learn more about Saturn and our new sedans and coupe, please call us at 1-800-522-5000.


Opening Black could be the start of something beautiful.
Johnnie Walker
BLACK LABEL
AGED 12 YEARS
Ultimately, there's Black.
JOHNNIE WALKER® BLACK LABEL® BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY, 43.8% Alc/Vol (86 Pº)

HARPER'S

FOUNDED IN 1850 / VOL. 281, NO. 1686
NOVEMBER 1990

Letters 4
Passage across the Rio Grande — *Francisco C. Gómez Jr.*

Harper's Index 13

Readings 15
Telling Foreign Truths — *David Rieff*
On the Run with Noriega — *Captain Ivan Castillo*
Censorship and Its Aftermath — *Nadine Gordimer*
The Machine in the Kitchen — *John Thorne*
Waiting for a Glass Eye — *a memoir by Natalie Kusz*
"Let Us Pledge" — *a poem by Wendell Berry*
And . . . — *Yehuda Amichai, Leszek Kolakowski, U.S. Central Command*

Essay 47
DEMOCRACY IN AMERICA? — *Lewis H. Lapham*
Not only the economy is in decline

Report 58
WHEN SCHOOLS FAIL CHILDREN — *David Guterson*
An English teacher educates his kids at home

Story 66
NATIVITY, CAUCASIAN — *Allan Gurganus*

Sibiu Letter 72
BIG CHILLS — *Andrei Codrescu*
My high school reunion, in Romania

Acrostic 83 *Thomas H. Middleton*

Puzzle 84 *E. R. Galli and Richard Maltby Jr.*

Cover: Illustration by Victoria Kann

per's Magazine is owned and published monthly by Harper's Magazine Foundation, 666 Broadway, New York, New York 10012. Allen Austill, Chairman. Copyright 990 by the Harper's Magazine Foundation. All rights reserved. The trademark *Harper's* is used by Harper's Magazine Foundation under license and is a registered trademark ned by Harper & Row Publishers, Inc. The trademark *Harper's Index* is a registered trademark owned by the Harper's Magazine Foundation. Printed in the U.S. Second- s postage paid at New York, New York. In Canada, second-class postage paid at Mississauga, Ontario. POSTMASTER: Send all address changes to *Harper's Magazine*, Office Box 1937, Marion, OH 43305. ISSN0017-789X. CHANGE OF ADDRESS: Please provide both address from last issue and new address. Allow six weeks advance ice. SUBSCRIPTIONS: $18 one year. Canada and U.S. possessions, add $2; other foreign, add $20 per year. Send orders to *Harper's Magazine*, P.O. Box 1937, Marion, 43305. SUBSCRIPTION PROBLEMS: Write *Harper's Magazine*, P.O. Box 1937, Marion, OH 43305, or call (800) 347-6969; Canada (614) 382-3322, M-F, 8 A.M.– P.M., Eastern time. All requests for PERMISSIONS and REPRINTS must be made in writing to *Harper's Magazine*, 666 Broadway, New York, NY 10012. *per's Magazine* will not consider or return unsolicited nonfiction manuscripts that have not been preceded by a written query. *Harper's* will consider unsolicited fiction. solicited poetry will not be considered or returned. No queries or manuscripts will be considered unless they are accompanied by a self-addressed, stamped envelope.

HARPER'S

Editor
Lewis H. Lapham
Executive Editor
Michael Pollan
Senior Editors
Gerald Marzorati, Jack Hitt
Managing Editor
Ellen Rosenbush
Art Director
Deborah Rust
Associate Editors
Charis W. Conn, Ilena Silverman, Colin Harrison
Assistant Editors
Elliott Rabin, Paul Tough
Assistant to the Editor
Ann K. Stern
Interns
Matthew Butcher, Noah Green, Randi S. Rose

Contributing Editors
L. J. Davis, Mark Edmundson, Darcy Frey, Francisco Goldman, Vicki Hearne, Craig S. Karpel, Barry Lopez, Peter Marin, George Plimpton, Bob Shacochis, Earl Shorris, Jacqueline Simon, Eric Treisman, Philip Weiss, Tom Wolfe
Washington Editor
Christopher Hitchens

John R. MacArthur, *President and Publisher*

Vice President and General Manager
Jeanne Dubi
Vice President, Corporate and Public Affairs
Ellen Ryder
Vice President, Circulation
Lynn Carlson
Circulation Manager
Judith Brienza
Assistant to the Publisher
Diane Kraft
Receptionist/Advertising Assistant
Noreen Assing
Staff
Joseph Malits, Frank DiBartolo

ADVERTISING SALES
666 Broadway, New York, New York 10012
(212) 614-6500
Mary Anne Malley
Evan G
Debra G
Advertising
Advertising

LETTERS

Passage Across the Rio Grande

The injustices suffered by Mexicans at the hands of the Immigration and Naturalization Service that Earl Shorris chronicles ["Borderline Cases," August] happen every day. At the root of the bloodshed and suffering along the U.S. border is our collective ignorance about the function of undocumented workers. I consistently hear apocryphal stories about how undocumented workers ruin our economy. But, I wonder, who will pick the fruit, wash the cars, and do the many service-oriented jobs in this country that no one else will do? People argue that undocumented workers burden our social services, but that is because these workers are not counted in the census, and thus their taxes are not funneled back to their districts.

The simple truth is that the United States doesn't stop the flow of undocumented workers because the ramifications of doing so would reverberate across the whole Southwest economy. If the government *actively* fined employers who hired undocumented workers, it could stop the demand for these workers. Furthermore, the amnesty program is not a solution, for it only pits documented workers against undocumented workers, further lowering wages and increasing oppression.

The torment of Mexicans trying to evade the INS is an enduring reali
As a child, I remember many tin
crossing into Tijuana, Mexico, to v
it my grandparents. I especially
member that when we crossed back
the evenings, the INS helicopt
would circle overhead, flashing th
lights on the hillside just across t
border. The sound of the helicopte
blades echoed through my body as i
were hollow and made me anxio
However, I was safe within my p
ents' car and I was an American ci
zen with light skin. It was understoo
though not discussed, that the he
copters were searching for desper
people. My parents often comment
in Spanish that this country is not
ing but suffering for the undocume
ed, but they come because they
needed and they have dreams.

Francisco C. Gómez Jr.
Somerville, Mass.

Harper's Magazine welcomes Letters to the Editor. Short letters are more likely to be published, and all letters are subject to editing. Letters must be typed double-spaced; volume precludes individual acknowledgment.

National Wealth and Nationalism

John Lukacs argues in his ess
"The Stirrings of History" [Augu
that the history of the twentieth ce
tury has been driven by nationali
and not by economic forces. But
dismissing the economic underpi
nings of nationalism, Lukacs misrea
history.

Would Germany be such a dom
nant force in Europe if not for h
economic prowess? Would the Ea
ern European and even the Russi
republics be reverting to ferve
nationalism had it not become ob
ous that the Soviet economy was se

structing? The self-determination ovements in Poland, Latvia, and e Ukraine evolved in the face of unanging Russian military strength—e same number of tanks and soldiers ever. Power is based as much on the ility to produce economic goods as is on guns.

Similarly, the United States is still ong militarily, having appeared to ve won the Cold War, but nevereless it is a weakening international rce because of low industrial proctivity and ever higher debt.

The link between nationalism and onomics exists elsewhere, though a different way: Although it is posble that Lukacs is correct in his asrtion that the political union of urope will not come about in 1992, e reason is that the countries inolved are prosperous currently and ill therefore be reluctant to give up overeignty for questionable economgain.

Economic forces are woven into all cial and political fabrics. Labor, roductivity, property, and consumpon are integral to the power that is ationalism. And what is nationalism not a people's desire to control their untry's economic destiny and mainin their unifying traditions of lanuage, culture, and history?

lan Geller
an Francisco

As a former citizen of the British mpire, I am intrigued by John Lucacs's essay, which compels genuine oul-searching on the part of the reader. I went through Lukacs's piece, exhanging the word "tribalism" for nationalism," including in his asserion that "all the isms *are* wasms—exept one, the most powerful ism of his century, indeed, of the entire emocratic age, which is nationalsm." Lukacs himself states in his oncluding paragraph that "two dangerous circumstances" threaten the world: one, the thrust for increasing wealth; the other, for tribal power.

Historians—and politicians and itizens, too—must become courageous enough to look straight into the lack heart and bloody history of trib alism. Here they will en[illegible] least common denom[illegible]

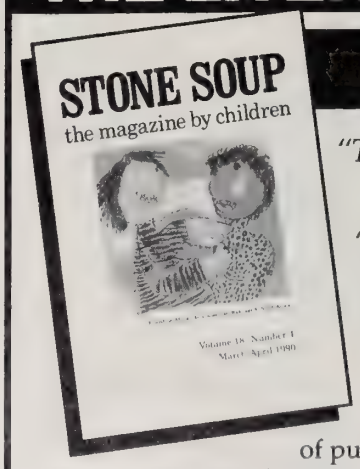
Last year we saved our
property and casualty customers $50 million
in workers' compensation medical costs.

We get paid for results.®



CIGNA COMPANIES • PROPERTY & CASUALTY INSURANCE • DEPT. R3, PHILA., PA 19192

THE LITERARY MAGAZINE
BY CHILDREN



"The New Yorker of the 8 to 13 set."
MS. MAGAZINE

"The subtle power and incredible sensitivity behind these stories written by youngsters is difficult to describe."
HOME EDUCATION MAGAZINE

STONE SOUP, now in its 19th year of publication, is a bi-monthly collection of fiction, poetry, book reviews, and art by children. Printed on quality paper, with color art throughout and an Activity Guide in every issue, STONE SOUP both entertains and inspires young readers. Frequent features include writing by Navajo children and art by Soviet children.

STONE SOUP is published five times a year, every two months from September to June.

☐ 1 yr. $22 ☐ 2 yrs. $38 ☐ 3 yrs. $52
☐ Check Enclosed. Bill my ☐ VISA ☐ MC
Card # _____
Exp. Date _____ Phone _____
Signature _____

Name _____
Address _____
City, State, Zip _____
☐ Please send a gift card.
Gift from _____

P.O. BOX 83, SANTA CRUZ, CA 95063: 1-800-447-4569

Our flexible approach to managed
health care helped save one of our clients
$32 million last year.

We get paid for results.®

CIGNA

CIGNA Companies • Employee Benefits • Dept. R4, Hartford, CT 06152

affairs and perhaps even discove why the future of humankind contin ues to be threatened by violence.

Rachel Kilsdonk
Sherwood Park, Alb., Canada

Lasch's Argument About Argument

Christopher Lasch is certainly righ when he states in his essay "The Los Art of Political Argument" [Read ings, September] that American have lost their zeal for public debate but he misses the mark when he write that "the job of the press is to encour age debate, not to supply the public with information."

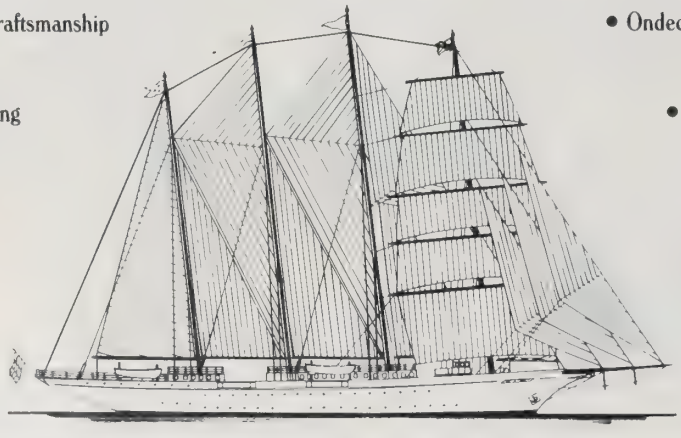
Lasch can't seriously want us to re turn to the pre-Walter Lippmann era, when newspapers didn't even pretend to be organs of truth but were simply forums for invective. Because they represented only one point of view, the nineteenth-century American newspapers that Lasch embraces were usually printed for and read by people with predetermined political and philosophical views. A vigorous and healthy debate was often stifled rather than cultivated, and such opinionated control of information brought us a war with Spain in 1898. Today, in a world in which critical thinking is in short supply—a point that Lasch accepts—nothing would be more deleterious than an editor with a cause and a soapbox from which to promote that cause.

For the public to be able to hold an intelligent dialogue and not merely bark out prattle, they must have information from which to build a credible opinion. The editorial pages of every newspaper in the land are filled with people's opinions, and God help us if we ever took the majority of their suggestions to heart.

Robert G. Wick
Marion, Ill.

Christopher Lasch makes a fundamental error early in his essay when he contends that print culture continued to make a valuable contribution to political debate only so long as it "rested on the remnants of an oral tradition . . . shaped by the rhythms and requirements of the spoken word, in

• European Craftsmanship
• Ondeck Vita-Course
• 360 Feet Long
• 226 Feet Tall
• Newly Built
• Two Pools



STAR CLIPPERS
TALLEST of the TALL SHIPS

One and two-week Caribbean cruises aboard true clipper ships sail from St. Martin every Sunday. Calling daily on the loveliest Virgin or Leeward Islands, these memorable voyages will be experienced by only 180 convivial guests. The romance begins on our first ship, s.v. *STAR CLIPPER*, July 7, 1991. In January 1992 our second Tall Ship s.v. *STAR FLYER* arrives to catch Caribbean breezes and then summers in the Mediterranean. Call or write for our new brochure. Your travel agent will handle all the details. From $99/day dbl. occ.

Ships' Registry: Luxembourg

STAR CLIPPERS℠
Clipper Ship Cruises
800 442-0551
2833 Bird Ave., Dept.
Miami, FL 33133-4604

icular by the conventions of ver-
argumentation." The opposite is
: It is the revival of oral patterns of
ourse that has eroded our tradi-
of written argument and under-
ed political debate.

asch takes nineteenth-century
t journalism as his model, suggest-
that the press acted then as "an
nsion of the town meeting." If
quality of spoken argument in
se days was unusually high, then it
ore likely that the town meetings
e functioning as extensions of de-
es in the press. Improvised verbal
uments are fun but almost never
uinely coherent. Imagine trying to
ke sense of the transcript of a lively
ner-table conversation. Lasch's
antic notion of what old-time ver-
argument might have been like
ds him to a critique of modern print
rnalism. Despite his genuine in-
nts, it's hard to swallow Lasch's
nclusion that the twentieth-
tury concept of objective report-
has somehow ruined political
ate.

Words on paper are the basis of
nocratic debate. The greatest early
litical oratory came from Greek
iters, not talkers. It is no coinci-
nce that the ancient Greek tradi-
n of poetry gave way to oratory only
er literacy became reasonably
mmon. Many of the great ancient
eeches—the funeral oration Thu-
dides put in Pericles' mouth is only
e most famous example—were nev-
delivered. They are speeches only
literary convention.

Of course people often speak well.
t sustained debate is fueled by the
per consumed by an engaged, read-
g public. The oral tradition, whose
pposed passing Lasch laments, is in
t alive and dominant in the form of
levision. We live in an oral culture,
Marshall McLuhan correctly
ught us. That's the problem.

If we accept that the written word
s historically been the staple of
ealthy political argument, then any
vestigation into the deterioration of
blic discourse these days must begin
looking at our thin diet of oral elec-
onic communication.

hn Geddes
ttawa

In pension management
our commitment to service has led to client
and asset retention rates of 93%.

We get paid for results.® CIGNA

CIGNA COMPANIES • PENSIONS • DEPT. R5, HARTFORD, CT 06152



ADVICE AND DISSENT

They're contentious and contagious. They're the McLaughlin Group. (clockwise from left) Jack Germond, Eleanor Clift, John McLaughlin, Fred Barnes, Morton Kondracke, and Pat Buchanan.
Made possible by a grant from GE.

THE McLAUGHLIN GROUP
Check your local listing for station and time.

We bring good things to life.

AC301

Our investment professionals manage
over $36 billion in assets worldwide.

We get paid for results.®



CIGNA Companies • Investments • Dept. R6, Hartford, CT 06152

Not Bullish on War

I read with utter revulsion the press release [Readings, September], distributed by a corporate consulting firm, enthusiastically predicting that "contractors and systems manufacturers will have a bright future in the Nineties despite the winding down of the Cold War. . . . Future violence will be generated by border claims, competition for natural resources, and ethnic and religious conflicts." The release goes on to specify "conflict scenarios" in various nations that "could stimulate demand for relatively sophisticated weaponry and support systems." Thus, our illustrious weapons industry reveals its morbid strategy for disposing of its merchandise of death in the face of a diminishing Cold War. As civilized societies in Europe rejoice over a new era of cooperation and the diminished threat of war, American weapons makers are plotting to exploit instability wherever it next occurs.

Now, Third World countries struggling to supply citizens with the basic necessities of life can expect to have American arms panderers knocking on their doors, huckstering their ghastly wares, seeking profits, and promising massive loss of life. If the current American S&L crisis does not result in a financially bankrupt United States, our unrestricted arms sales will demonstrate to the world our profound moral bankruptcy.

Stephen Cottrell
Broomall, Pa.

The Thrill of Poverty

If Domino's Pizza founder Thomas Monaghan's "Thrill of Poverty" [Readings, August] is supposed to be funny, his attempt is in bad taste. If he is serious that "one of the most exciting things in the world is being poor," his speech indicates a value system that is arrogant and self-serving.

Monaghan might well make poverty more fun if he devoted a fair share of his pizza millions to improving the educational and job opportuniti inner-city children.

Dick Royal
Hammond, Ind.

The excerpt from Thomas M ghan's speech is very amus particularly with the smug littl troduction saying that Monagh wealth is estimated to exceed $ million. That is a real capper— smug note. The impression give that of a soft, comfortable capit speaking patronizingly on someth he knows nothing about. That pression also happens to be wrong causes me to question your prese tion of the subject. In other wo Monaghan has been set up.

Left out of the presentation is fact that Monaghan *came* from po ty. He was raised in an orphanage, gan his pizza business with one store, and failed many times; through years of effort, 100-h workweeks, and the persistence performing a simple task more ciently and punctually than any else, he turned that single store in business empire that now empl thousands of people. What M aghan is really expressing is the k of mental attitude that helped achieve such an impossible thing, self-confidence that if his $500 lion were taken from him, he co rebuild his empire. His speech presses regret that he won't be gi the chance or the years to do it ag that the struggle itself is as reward as the achievement.

Karl Wenclas
Detroit

Civil Liberties and Impuriti

I agree with Lewis Lapham's po in "Sermons and Soda Water" [No book, August] that our current tional obsession with pollutants a impurities borders on hypochondr but I think he misses its significan Like all neuroses, hypochondr works as a displacement, a psych evasion in which a deep-seated an ety or resistance is projected or something more immediate so that doesn't have to be faced.

All of us are, both knowingly a

Accept no substitutes.

At the end of the day, only one thing really matters. Not how hard you worked. Or how long you worked. But what you accomplished.

We're speaking, of course, about results. Simply put, the difference between merely pacifying a customer or truly satisfying him.

By consistently providing our customers with results, we have become one of the world's largest insurance and financial services organizations.



With locations in over 65 countries.

By providing results, we've established the leading employee life and health benefits company in the nation.

And have grown our clients' retirement plan assets to over $26 billion.

In similar fashion, we've become one of the world's foremost property and casualty insurers.

But no matter which CIGNA company you work with, you'll find that our people listen harder, work smarter and respond faster. They have to.

Because while there may be a substitute for many things, we've never heard of a reasonable facsimile for results.

Write the CIGNA Companies, Dept. R7, Philadelphia, PA 19192.

We'll show you exactly how important results can be to the successful care and feeding of your business.

We get paid for results.® CIGNA

PROPERTY AND CASUALTY INSURANCE • EMPLOYEE BENEFITS • PENSION AND INVESTMENT

unknowingly, exposed to a variety of impurities, carcinogens, unwanted chemicals, etc. The current mania regarding these noxious influences may be a way of avoiding the deeper, truly fundamental changes required in our society if we are to avoid environmental disaster. These changes threaten personal comfort and standards of living, not to mention a few sacred cows. For instance, it is easier to denounce secondhand smoke with righteousness than to argue for a world without private automobiles, which have a much more destructive effect on our air quality; easier to denounce carcinogens in drinking water than to question the profit-oriented system that put them there.

And speaking of displacements: Is it possible that Lapham's article is itself a displacement? Perhaps, deep down, he feels guilty; he knows he should quit smoking but can't face the trauma of trying.

Jamie Dopp
Victoria, B.C., Canada

Usually Lewis Lapham's Notebook touches a sympathetic note with me, and his August column concerning our obsession with neo-Puritan cleanliness was no exception—until I read his comments about nonsmokers. To anyone who has had a migraine triggered by the smell of a noxious cigar or suffered an asthmatic attack from cigarette smoke, secondhand smoke is serious business. Violating a nonsmoker's air space is not just a social faux pas, on a par with breaking wind in an elevator. The latter is merely unpleasant. Besides migraines, asthma, allergies, and other medical conditions known to be brought on by tobacco smoke, do smokers really have the right to aggravate our chances of catching more serious, chronic diseases such as emphysema and cancer?

I am quite happy to allow Lapham to indulge his habits, and were he a Canadian citizen, subject to the benefits of our public health-care system, I would even find it acceptable to have my taxes fund any medical treatme his habit might eventually cause hi to require. But am I a milita shrieker if I refuse to share his air?

Marc A. Schindler
Gloucester, Ont., Canada

The "Madame Guillotine" wh gave Lewis Lapham angry glances f smoking didn't care how "sinfully" h was treating *himself.* She was angry b cause he was imposing his stinkir smoke on *her* clothes and in *her* bod Instead of quietly accepting his abus she should have emptied the neare fire extinguisher in his face.

Blinded by addiction and brain washed by advertising, too many in considerate smokers seem to thin they have some God-given right t impose their habit on others. That quite wrong: One's right to swing you fist ends at my nose—as does one' right to smoke.

David Booth
Philadelphia

Add strength to your fitness equation.



A HEALTH-CLUB WORKOUT IN THE COMFORT OF THE NORDIC FITNESS CHAIR.

Cross train for added upper-body strength.

Do it from the comfort of the Nordic Fitness Chair, while watching the evening news.

The Nordic Fitness Chair is a revolutionary concept that allows you to add strength training to your aerobic exercise program, and helps you achieve Balanced Fitness — the new fitness standard for the '90s.

The Nordic Fitness Chair will change the way you look, and the way you think about fitness.

It will also add strength to your life. [illegible] the Nordic Fitness Chair you work against isokinetic resistance to tone, strengthen and condition the muscles in your upper body. Something running or walking just won't do.

6 exercises.
3 times a week.
That's all it takes.

The Nordic Fitness Chair's "Basic 6" workout takes only minutes a day, 3 times a week, so it will fit into even the busiest schedule. An advanced program recommends specific exercises for improvement in tennis, swimming and golf.

Balanced Fitness is within easy reach.

Call:
1-800-848-7786.

NORDICFITNESSCHAIR™
from NordicTrack

Send for
FREE VIDEO & Brochure

❑ Please send me a free brochure
❑ Also a free video tape
Name _____
Street _____
City _____ State _____ Zip _____
Phone ( ) _____

NordicTrack 141C Jonathan Blvd. N.
Chaska, MN 55318

874K0 A CML Company

-- James S. Brady --
President Reagan's Press Secretary
Shot on March 30, 1981 by John Hinckley

This handgun statistic just broke his silence

"Add your voice to mine. Help me beat the gun lobby.



Ever since I was shot, I have watched from my wheelchair as the gun lobby blocked one sane handgun control proposal after another.

But I'm not just watching anymore. I'm calling on Congress to pass a common sense law -- the Brady Bill -- requiring a seven-day "cooling-off" period before the purchase of a handgun so police have time to check if the buyer has a criminal record.

The Brady Bill (S.1236 & H.R.467) will save thousands of lives and prevent tens of thousands of crippling injuries. 91% of the American people -- *and 87% of American handgun owners* -- support it. And so does every major law enforcement organization in the country.

In fact, it seems the only people against the Brady Bill are psychopaths, criminals, drug dealers and the gun lobby.

So why hasn't Congress passed it? Because too many members of Congress are afraid of the gun lobby and too many take the gun lobby's PAC money.

In the last six years -- while handguns were killing 120,000 Americans -- the gun lobby poured $4 million into Congress' pockets to block sane handgun laws.

The gun lobbyists say a seven-day wait is "inconvenient." I'd like to see one of them try spending a day in my wheelchair.

Can we beat the gun lobby? YES -- if we raise our voices together, we can send Congress a message they can't ignore: vote this bill in or we'll vote you out."

Here's all I'm asking you to do and it's real easy.

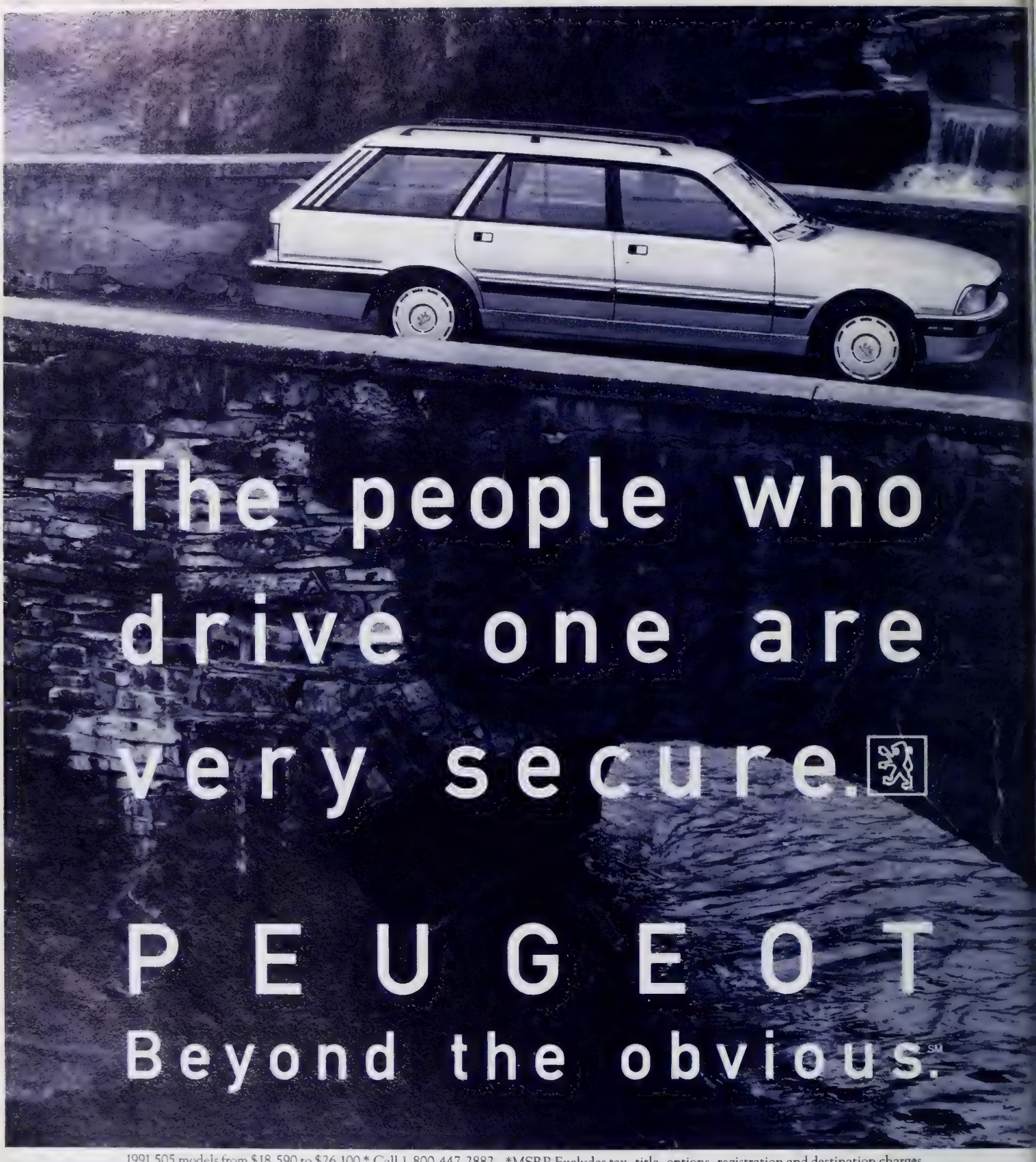
Just call 1-900-226-4455

and for only $2.75, charged to your phone bill, we'll send a letter in your name to Congress supporting the Brady Bill. We'll also send you a copy.

Call anytime -- our lines are open 24 hours a day!

Help me break the gun lobby's stranglehold on Congress!

This public safety message brought to you by Handgun Control, Inc. 1225 Eye St., NW, Washington, DC 20005



1991 505 models from $18,590 to $26,100.* Call 1-800-447-2882. *MSRP. Excludes tax, title, options, registration and destination charges.

Do you feel secure in your automobile?

Addressing this concern has been a Peugeot goal for 100 years. And nowhere is that better demonstrated than in the 8-passenger 505 SW8 and SW8 Turbo wagons.

Within a sleek, graceful body, Peugeot has amassed one of the industry's longest lists of features to help you avoid danger. In the event of the unforeseen, however, front and rear crumple zones will collapse at a controlled rate, dissipating the force of an impact.

But the most dramatic safety feature is that, unlike all other wagons, the SW8 has its third seat facing forward. Children love to sit in the back, and in a Peugeot, they face away from the crumple zone, and potential harm. It just seemed the obvious thing to do.

HARPER'S INDEX

Cost of maintaining the U.S. military force in the Persian Gulf region, per day : $32,000,000
Cost of implementing the savings and loan bailout, per day : $148,000,000
Percentage of Americans who oppose reducing federal deposit insurance coverage from $100,000 per account : 57
Average size of the balance in an American bank account : $7,815
Amount the German government has pledged to help pay for U.S. military operations in the Gulf : $1,000,000,000
mount it has pledged to pay the Soviet Union to resettle Soviet troops stationed in East Germany : $13,000,000,000
Amount a cousin of Saudi Arabia's King Fahd lost at casinos on the French Riviera in August : $21,640,000
Percentage change, since 1980, in federal R&D spending on solar energy : −90
Percentage change, since 1980, in the cost of generating solar power : −73
Percentage of the Department of Energy's proposed 1991 R&D budget that would be spent on defense : 42
Ratio of hazardous waste produced by the Pentagon to that produced by the top 3 industrial-waste producers : 2:1
Number of U.S. states that dispose of hazardous waste in another state : 50
Percentage of Americans who say that the leftovers in their refrigerators are more than four weeks old : 5
Maximum running speed of a wild turkey, in miles per hour : 25
World's record for the heaviest turkey ever raised, in pounds : 75
Number of subscribers to *The Ostrich News*, worldwide : 2,450
Average number of live male chicks the U.S. egg industry discards each day : 550,000
Chances that an animal caught in a trap will be discarded because it is not the targeted animal : 3 in 10
Percentage of hunting injuries in Georgia that are the result of hunters falling out of trees : 36
Percentage of registered Democrats who say that fishing is their favorite spectator sport : 1.8
Prairie dogs shot at the Top Dog World Championship Prairie Dog Shoot held in Nucla, Colorado, last July : 2,956
Number of public telephones Southwestern Bell has installed this year that can be used while on horseback : 3
Number that can be used while seated in a golf cart : 1
rcentage of GOP state chairmen who say they would prefer someone other than Dan Quayle on the ticket in 1992 : 27
Names on U.S. voter-registration rolls that represent people who have died or moved to another district : 20,000,000
umber of Democratic presidential candidates since 1932 who received the majority of U.S. newspaper endorsements : 1
Campaign contribution for which Arizona senator Dennis DeConcini says he "would literally go anyplace" : $10,000
Number of Georgia third-graders Representative Newt Gingrich paid $2 for every book they read last summer : 282
Price of a child's bulletproof denim jacket from the Guardian Group in New York City : $500
rice of a can of DrugAlert, an aerosol that detects traces of illegal drugs on household surfaces : $16.65 (see page 27)
tio of Coast Guard employees disciplined for drug violations to drug smugglers caught by the Coast Guard in 1988 : 1:3
Chances that a CIA officer stationed in Mexico City can speak Spanish : 1 in 5
ttendance at a "reenactment" of the Panama invasion, at McChord Air Force Base in Washington last July : 125,000
Estimated number of time capsules buried worldwide : 10,000
rice of a set of "RN" golf balls from the gift shop at the Nixon Library and Birthplace in Yorba Linda, California : $6
Members of the '70s Preservation Society : 36,000
Percentage of *Wigwag* magazine readers who say they know someone who knows James Taylor : 15
time *NBC Nightly News* devoted in August to an interview with Omar Sharif about U.S.–Arab relations, in seconds : 20
Number of sandbags the U.S. Army has shipped to Saudi Arabia since August 2 : 2,000,000

[illegible] available as of September 1990. Sources are listed on page 82.
"Harper's Index" is a registered trademark.

Carillon Importers, Ltd., Teaneck, N.J.

BOMBAY SAPPHIRE.
POUR SOMETHING PRICELE

READINGS

[Essay]

TELLING FOREIGN TRUTHS

Adapted from "Homelands," by David Rieff, in the Winter/Spring 1990 issue of Salmagundi. *Rieff is the author of* Going to Miami: Tourists, Exiles, and Refugees in the New America.

On June 13, 1940, as the German army marched into Paris, Simone Weil confided a startling and seemingly perverse observation to her journal. "This is," she wrote, "a great day for the people of Indochina."

Few remarks could have been more ill-timed. Indeed, when it is remembered at all, Weil's comment is usually dismissed as a particularly outrageous example of her unslakable thirst for self-abnegation. It is not very difficult to make the case, as even her admirers have tended to do, that Weil carried loyalty to abstract principle beyond humane limits and, in doing so, shirked that most primordial of all moral claims, a proper respect for oneself and an appropriate measure of loyalty and love for one's family and community. After all, what other French Jew, or, for that matter, what other French citizen who was not pro-German, would have chosen at that instant of catastrophe to stand off at such a distant remove from her own interests, intently carving out the moral space to muse impartially over the repercussions her country's defeat would have upon one of its more remote overseas possessions?

If Weil found it [illegible], as she undoubtedly did, to sympathize unstintingly with the suffering peasants of Cochin China than to look after even her most immediate and justifiable interests, does this mean that she was wrong about Vietnam? The truth is that Weil was stunningly, self-evidently right. June 13, 1940, *was* a great day for the Indochinese people. The empire that France had succeeded in holding together after the First World War would not long survive 1945 despite the best efforts of the colonial powers. The enemy of my enemy is my friend, the old adage goes, which is why the Vietnamese had every reason to welcome a French defeat.

This does not mean that June 13, 1940, was a less tragic day for the peoples of Europe—especially for the Jews and the inhabitants of Eastern Europe and of the Soviet Union—or for the world itself because of this other significance. Indeed, at the deepest level, people recoil from Weil's remark because, understandably, they feel that it somehow taints or impeaches the suffering the Nazis visited on Europe. They also feel that there is something immoral about Weil's impartiality. Perhaps they are right. But that is not the whole story, for what Weil did was to open to question our entire notion of history, its crevices and fault lines, as Ernst Bloch called them, or, to put it another way, the sense in which different people are occupying the same space but living through different historical epochs.

As I write, an American army is girding for war in the Arabian desert. To people in the United States, as in most of the developed world, it is self-evidently just that a nation-state

called Kuwait be restored and Iraqi imperialism thwarted. To many Arabs, however, even those who loathe Saddam Hussein and have supported the United Nations sanctions against him, the affair is more complicated. Pan-Arabism, which is to say the denial of the legitimacy of individual states within what is called the Arab Nation, remains an enduring hope, while the insertion of a Christian army into the Gulf carries with it echoes not of liberation but of colonialism. The war fever presently gripping this country should not make us forget how things look in the streets of Amman.

Weil would not have made such a mistake. In one ruthless, Olympian sentence, Weil reminded us that the history we in the West care about, and over which we rightly grieve or rejoice, is the history neither of everywhere nor of everyone. She invites us to undertake that most uncomfortable act of reasoning, the realization that an event which for us is cause for mourning may be celebrated by other people every bit as decent as ourselves as the moment when hope first dawned.

The Argentine filmmaker Edgardo Cozarinsky tells the story of visiting, in the company of a Colombian friend, the port of Palos, from which Columbus sailed. As they stared west, Cozarinsky found himself strangely moved. "Here," said this Jew from the pampas, "began our salvation." He found himself fixed by a hard stare and a copper-hued grimace. "Here," the Colombian retorted acidly, "began *our* enslavement." For Cozarinsky, the notion of America as a haven, an escape route for his ancestors from the Europe of inquisitors and pogroms, was so deeply ingrained that it never occurred to him that his Colombian friend would see the same event in a diametrically opposing light. To see it through his mestizo friend's brown eyes rather than through his own steel-blue ones was like entering another world. And once Cozarinsky had looked from this vantage point, the world was, he reports, unalterably changed for him.

"IS THIS GREAT NEWS FOR EUROPE ALSO TO BE WELCOMED BY THE REST OF THE WORLD—WHICH IS, NO OFFENSE INTENDED, MOST OF THE WORLD?"

It was precisely this transformation that Weil was trying to effect with her remark, her reminder to herself and to us that, as J. M. Cameron once summarized her view, to think about what was just was to think about the place of impartiality and disinterestedness. It was this notion of justice that Weil extended to politics and to history. And while it would have been preposterous to hear Weil's remark from General de Gaulle or from the chief rabbi of Paris, whose obligations were to their own constituencies and, more profoundly, to their own time, it was precisely the right remark for a thinker to make.

That day in 1940, the day that announced the European calamity, was the worst possible moment to tell foreign truths. For Europeans needed their strength to save themselves. In 1989 Europeans, already strong, grew stronger. The year was one of celebration, as freedom was restored to the peoples of Eastern and Central Europe. That Czech culture which Milan Kundera, to his eternal discredit, self-servingly described as having been destroyed forever bobbed up alive and well, and Havel in his jeans is in the castle. Honecker gone, Kadar gone, Zhivkov gone, and even Europe's Idi Amin, Ceauşescu, "the genius of the Carpathians," also, finally, gone. It does not seem likely that the Red Army will be staying either. What better news, in short, could there be for humanity than this collapse of the Soviet Empire?

Not so fast. Is this great news for Europe also to be welcomed by the rest of the world, which, no offense intended, is most of the world? The truth is that not only is this question not being answered, it is scarcely being asked outside of a few radical magazines in the West and a few political organizations in the East (particularly New Forum in East Germany). No wonder the responses to the democratization of Eastern Europe are as glum in the Third World as, earlier, they were to the prospect of the European Community of 1992. Beyond sheer altruism, is there really any reason for a Nigerian or a Peruvian to be pleased that Europe will be even richer, even more self-sufficient in labor, raw materials, and food, than it was before? Or are they not likely to be seized with the legitimate fear that Europe will simply pay less attention? It's happening already, this European *je m'en foutisme* toward the ex-colonial world. "There is no document of civilization," Walter Benjamin wrote, "that is not at the same time a document of barbarism." No people could be more civilized than the democratic Czechs; the question is whether their freedom will be bought at a barbarous price—whether their loans will be forgiven while credit is cut off to Africa, their products favored, their struggles underwritten while the non-European peoples of the world get on with the very bad time they have been having or, arguably, have an even worse time of it.

There is no fault in Europe's self-absorption. Even Weil recognized that preferential love was no sin. But it is no mark of civilization either. Let Europe have its euphoria. It is, after all, an



om "The Face of India," a portfolio by Keri Pickett, a photographer who lives in Minneapolis. In the ture above, taken outside a temple in rural Rajasthan, India, a Hindu sadhu, or ascetic, has buried nself as a form of renunciation. At the time the picture was taken, the sadhu had been buried for a mber of days; the coins around his head are alms left by Hindus praying at the temple. A selection of ckett's photographs of Indian religious practices appeared in Vol. II, No. 1, of Turnstile, *a literary rnal published in New York City.*

honor to have lived in 1989. But afterward, when the celebrating subsides, and the playwright in his jeans no longer sits in the castle and has gone home to write—when, in short, states have again become states, with all their great, ingrained wickedness, their petty venalities—then let Europe decide what kind of document its freedom really is and how the rest of the world should react to the good news. If Europe decides to help the colonial world it once pillaged, if Europe remembers not only the enslavement visited upon it by foreign powers but also the enslavement it visited for so long upon the colored peoples of the earth, when Europeans were lords of the earth, then 1989 in Prague and Sofia, East Berlin and Budapest, Bucharest and of course Moscow, that 1989 of miracles, will turn out to have been a great day for the entire world. If not, if instead of at least attempting to help in a serious, committed manner those people whose societies Europeans themselves fractured and drained, if Europeans ignore their obligations, close ranks, and get ready, both metaphorically and actually, to repel boarders, and cover their ears against the harsh, hysterical, and finally just claims of the poor of the world, then 1989, while a great day for Europe, will turn out to have been a very different kind of day for—let's use Simone Weil's modest example—the people of Indochina.

[Buzzwords]

ACCENTUATE THE NEGATIVE

From "Language: A Key Mechanism of Control," a pamphlet sent recently to Republican candidates running in state elections this November by Gopac, a conservative group headed by House Republican whip Newt Gingrich. Gopac used focus groups to create lists of politically effective terms for Republican campaigns.

As you know, one of the key points in the Gopac [instructional audio and video] tapes is that "language matters." As we mail tapes to candidates, and use them in training sessions across the country, we hear a plaintive plea: "I wish I could speak like Newt."

That takes years of practice. But we believe

that you can have a significant impact on your campaign if we help a little. That is why we have created this list of words and phrases.

This list is prepared so that you might have a directory of words to use in writing literature and letters, in preparing speeches, and in producing material for the electronic media. The words and phrases are powerful. Read them. Memorize as many as possible. And remember that, like any tool, these words will not help if they are not used.

OPTIMISTIC POSITIVE GOVERNING WORDS

Use the list below to help define your campaign and your vision of public service. These words can help give extra power to your message.

common sense	passionate
courage	peace
crusade	pioneer
dream	precious
duty	pride
empower(ment)	principle(d)
fair	pristine
family	pro-environment
freedom	prosperity
hard work	reform
help	rights
liberty	strength
light	truth
moral	vision
movement	workfare

CONTRASTING WORDS

Often we search hard for words to define our opponents. Sometimes we are hesitant to use contrast. These are powerful words that can create a clear and easily understood contrast. Apply these to the opponent, his record, proposals, and party.

anti-child	liberal
anti-flag	lie
betray	machine
bizarre	obsolete
cheat	pathetic
collapse	radical
corruption	red tape
crisis	self-serving
decay	sensationalists
deeper	shallow
destroy	shame
devour	sick
disgrace	status quo
excuses	steal
failure	taxes
[illegible]	they/them
hypocrisy	traitors
incompetent	welfare

[Guidelines]

TOUCHY TOPICS IN THE GULF

From "Customs and Culture," a chapter in the troop-information pamphlet distributed by the U.S. Central Command to all U.S. armed forces in Saudi Arabia. Soldiers are encouraged to keep this pocket-size booklet with them at all times.

SENSITIVE SUBJECTS

This list of sensitive subjects is general in nature and applies to the entire Area of Responsibility (AOR) [i.e., the Persian Gulf region]. The following items and topics should be avoided or handled carefully.

☐ Articles and stories showing U.S.-Israeli ties and friendship.
☐ Material deemed immoral or critical of state policies or actions; pictures of men and women embracing, kissing, in sexual encounters, dancing; images of male or female nudity.
☐ Sensual advertisements for perfume, blue jeans, women's lingerie, gambling, alcohol, etc.
☐ Ads for pork or shellfish.
☐ Arab student demonstrations in the United States.
☐ Anti-Arab demonstrations or sentiments in the United States.
☐ Films or newsclips featuring pro-Zionist actors and actresses (e.g., Barbra Streisand, Liz Taylor).
☐ Discussing U.S. involvement in supporting Israel and Israel's current presence in Lebanon; U.S. strategic cooperation with Israel.
☐ Implying that the United States might consider an intervention action in the Gulf without being "invited."
☐ Discussing the "Jewish lobby" and U.S. intelligence given to Israel.
☐ Discussing strategic cooperation between the United States and any country in the AOR.
☐ Discussing the host country's reservations about the peaceful intentions of other Arab states.
☐ Discussing the presence and role of AWACS in the AOR.
☐ Discussing unfavorable actions by Arabs while out of the AOR, such as "playboy"-type activities; misrepresentation of Arabs in the U.S. press.
☐ Proselytizing for non-Islamic religions.
☐ Implying that any Arab country is totally dependent on foreign manpower for its economic and military structure.
☐ Criticizing Islamic religious customs, women's rights, enforced dress and moral standards,

TAKE ANY 3 FOR $1 EACH

us a 4th at $4.99.

NO RISK, NO COMMITMENT.

MPIRES AND THEIR LEGACIES

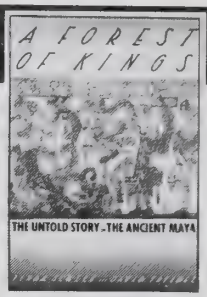
e Devil's Horsemen *by James Chambers.* The th-century Golden Horde—one of the most vastating armies ever. **8094.** $16.95/**$10.95**

e Indian Frontier of the American West, 1846 890 *by Robert M. Utley* **8490.** $19.95/**$13.95**

Search of the Indo-Europeans: Language, chaeology and Myth *by P.J. Mallory* **6015.** $29.95/**$22.50**



1859. $15/**$10.50**



6056. $29.95/**$22.95**



4887. $29.95/**$22.50**



5884. $27.50 **$18.50**

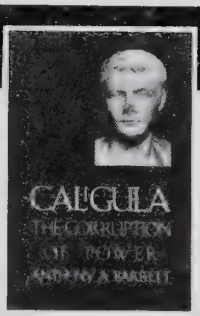
TATESMEN, GENERALS nd THE RULING CLASS

atherine the Great *by John T. Alexander* **1073.** $24.95/**$18.95**

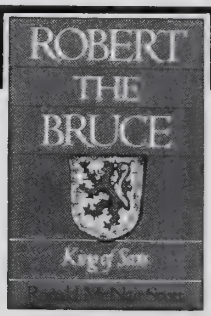
apoleon and Hitler: A Comparative Biography *Desmond Seward* **1891.** $19.95/**$14.95**

eanor of Aquitaine and the Four Kings *Amy Kelly* **7187.** $20/**$14.50**

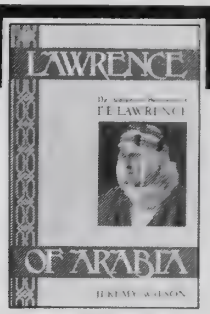
tler: The Path to Power *by Charles Bracelen ood* **1701.** $24.95/**$18.95**



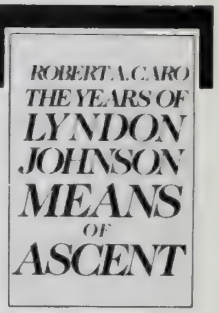
4564. $27.50/**$21.50**



3467. $19.95/**$15.95**



5520. $35/**$26.50**



5058. $24.95/**$21.95**

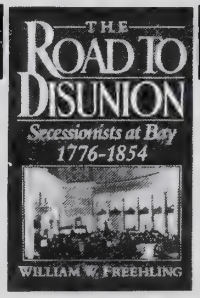
IMELESS ISSUES, NDURING IDEAS

e Bible as History, 2nd Revised Edition *Werner Keller.* Archaeology and science cument biblical history. **3012.** $14.95/**$10.95**

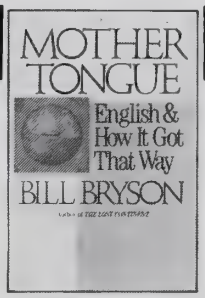
rnie's America: The Best of Ernie Pyle's 30s Travel Dispatches *Edited by David Nichols* **2428.** $21.95/**$16.50**

e Price of Admiralty *by John Keegan* **1297.** $21.95/**$17.95**

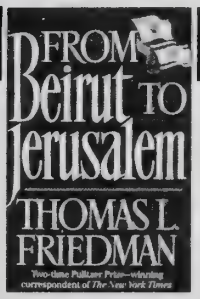
ood in History: Revised Edition *by Reay nnahill.* A sweeping overview of human eating abits. **2410.** $19.95/**$16.95**



5967. $35/**$22.95**



5900. $18.95/**$15.95**



1925. $22.95/**$17.50**



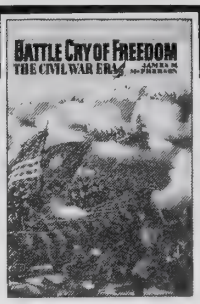
1875. $22.95/**$18.50**

HE WARRING WORLD

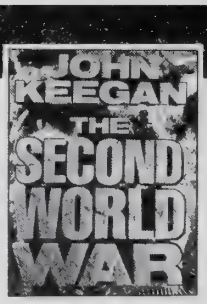
nunder Gods: The Kamikaze Pilots Tell Their ory *by Hatsuho Naito* **2220.** $18.95/**$16.50**

e Battle of Britain: The Greatest Air Battle of orld War II *by Richard Hough and Denis chards.* Britains's "finest hour." **2386.** $27.50/**$21.50**

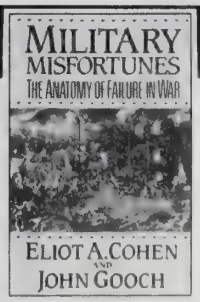
vil War Battlefield Guide *by The Conservation nd with Frances H. Kennedy, Editor.* 64 superb aps detail the battles of the Civil War. **4994.** $29.95/**$22.95**



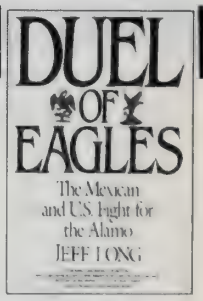
3988. $35/**$22.50**



3434. $29.95/**$23.50**



3004. $22.95/**$17.95**



5892. $22.95/**$17.95**

(First price is publisher's list. **Boldface** is Members' Price.)

Save on the best recent history titles.

No matter what area of history you enjoy reading about most, you'll nd that History Book Club offers some of the finest selections being ublished today. And no book club we know offers greater savings– much as 30% off publishers' list prices.

You can save even more by taking advantage of our Introductory ffer. Select any three books on this page for $1 each when you ke a fourth book at $4.99, plus shipping and handling. Thereafter, ou're not obligated to order any more books. You may cancel embership at any time by notifying History Book Club. We may ncel your membership if you elect not to buy at least one book in y six-month period.

How the Club works. You'll be able to choose from 150 to 200 ooks featured each month. History Book Club always offers its embers well-made, long-lasting editions.

You'll receive our *Review* and a dated Reply Form 14 times a year bout every 3½ weeks), plus up to 4 more offers of special selections. you want the "Editors' Choice," do nothing–the book will come auto- atically. If you want another book, or no books at all, return the Reply rm by the date specified. A shipping and handling charge is added to ch shipment.

Your HBC guarantee: If you receive an unwanted "Editors' hoice" because you had less than 10 days to decide, simply return it d pay nothing.

History Book Club®
Camp Hill, PA 17012-8805

Please enroll me in History Book Club according to the no-risk, no-commitment terms outlined in the accompanying ad. Send me the four books whose numbers I have listed below. Bill me $1 each for the 3 choices on the left, and the fourth at $4.99, plus shipping and handling.

H067-11-0

0-14

Name_____
(Please print clearly)

Address_____ Apt. #_____

City_____ State_____ Zip_____

All orders subject to approval. Prices generally higher in Canada

© 1990 History Book Club, Inc.

and media coverage and censorship.

□ Photographing airport or port facilities, military sites, women, religious sites, or anything that would cast a negative light on the host country.

□ Referring to the Arab blacklisting of U.S. companies that do business with Israel or the Arab boycotting of companies that have strong Zionist representation in executive positions.

[Debriefing Report]

ON THE RUN WITH MANUEL NORIEGA

From a secret report, prepared by the Joint Debriefing Center of the U.S. Army's 470th Military Intelligence Brigade, regarding the interrogation of Captain Ivan Castillo, Manuel Noriega's chief bodyguard. Castillo, identified in the report as "source," was with Noriega during the U.S. invasion of Panama on December 20, 1989; Castillo surrendered to U.S. forces four days later. The report was obtained by Paul Lashmar, a reporter in London for Granada Television's World in Action.

Source said that on December 19 Noriega and his party returned to Panama City from a political rally in Colón and proceeded to one of his offices. At approximately 2200 hours Major Gonzalo Charlo Gonzáles called Noriega and told him that all indications pointed to a U.S. military action of some type. Source stated that Noriega was drinking whiskey when he spoke to Gonzáles. Source said that although rumors were rampant that invasion was forthcoming, Noriega kept drinking his favorite alcoholic beverage, Old Parr whiskey. Marcela Tasón, Noriega's personal secretary and executive assistant, made some telephone calls to check out the rumors of a U.S. invasion.

Captain Asunción Gaitán was present for part of the time, although he left after Charlo Gonzáles called at 2200 hours. Gaitán said that he was leaving to plan "the defense of the city."

Sergeant Carlos Cortillo was ordered to go out and pick up one of Noriega's girlfriends. Source claimed not to remember her name but insisted that she was not a prostitute.

At approximately 2300 hours the group separated, and Noriega's security escort [including Castillo] prepared to take him to Ceremi, the military recreational center where Noriega had a suite. Noriega left with a four-door Hyundai, a Mercedes sedan, and a Toyota Land Cruiser. The Mercedes was a decoy to fool potential assassins or kidnappers. Noriega rode in the Hyundai.

Source stated that by 2300, as they drove toward Ceremi, there was a significant PDF [Panamanian Defense Forces] presence in the streets, with some PDF light-armored vehicles speeding toward the city. Despite the warnings indicated by the military movements, Noriega was drunk and asleep in the car. Source stated that he was somewhat baffled by Noriega's behavior but believed at the time that Noriega either knew what he was doing or knew something that source didn't.

At Ceremi the girlfriend was brought to Noriega's suite. Noriega complained to source that there were too many armed soldiers around his suite; he wanted to keep a lower profile.

At approximately midnight bombs began to explode outside the facility. One of the security escorts ran down to the suite and told source that paratroopers were landing everywhere. Noriega, still clothed, emerged from his suite and asked source what was happening. Source immediately told Noriega to don civilian clothes and prepare to depart immediately.

Source stated that when he went outside he saw "a sky full of paratroopers." Source, Noriega, the girlfriend, and Sub-Lieutenant Pinto [one of Noriega's security escorts] got into the Hyundai and drove away. Pinto did the driving. They were followed by the escort in the Land Cruiser.

Source stated that despite fears of U.S. military action, they had no contingency plan and no safe houses where they could hide in case of emergency. In fact, during the car ride Noriega

[Correction]

MASSACHUSETTS MIRACLE

From a correction in the July 21 Fresno Bee, *a daily newspaper published in Fresno, California. The correction appeared in the September/October* Columbia Journalism Review.

An item in Thursday's Nation Digest about the Massachusetts budget crisis made reference to new taxes that will help put Massachusetts "back in the African-American." The item should have said "back in the black."

© Philip Morris Inc. 1990





For people who like to smoke...

LIGHTS
Regular
and
Menthol



BENSON & HEDGES

SURGEON GENERAL'S WARNING: Quitting Smoking Now Greatly Reduces Serious Risks to Your Health.

11 mg "tar," 0.8 mg nicotine av. per cigarette, by FTC method

asked source several times, "What are we going to do?" Source repeated that during the U.S. invasion Noriega was drunk and incoherent.

Source decided to drop off the girl for her own safety. Noriega wanted to return to his Ceremi suite to recover a talisman that he had left there. Source said Pinto had to convince Noriega that it would be impossible to return.

Noriega decided to go to Pinto's house, which was located in a military residential area where most PDF members live. At Pinto's home source dialed several phone numbers for Noriega. Vicky Amado, Noriega's mistress, was called. After asking her about her well-being, Noriega told her to go to her mother's home.

Major Eduardo López Grimaldo, the PDF's public affairs officer, was also called. Source was told by Noriega that Grimaldo was crying and in a state of panic. He told Noriega that he wanted to seek asylum.

After two hours, still without any specific plan, the party left Pinto's home and drove around the area. They eventually drove by a police station. Noriega hid because he did not want to be seen by anyone. (Source explained that over the last few months Noriega had become increasingly distrustful of everyone.) Source was told at the station that UESAT [Panamanian special forces] personnel had driven by a short time earlier asking about Noriega and his escort. Noriega said to source, "Dammit, those guys are looking for me."

Noriega had spoken with Marcela Tasón, his personal secretary, who had told them to go to the home of Eleana Krupnik. The Krupniks were personal friends of Noriega's. They drove to the house, which source described as "a grand house." Marcela Tasón's husband, Ulysses Rodriguez, was already present at the Krupnik house. Noriega was taken to a large room in the back of the house, equipped with a bed, a telephone, a bar, and a television set. Noriega and Tasón made telephone calls.

Source reported that at one point Noriega called his physician, Dr. Martín Sosa, and asked him if he could stay at his house. Noriega told source that Sosa refused to let him go there. Noriega was hurt by Sosa's refusal.

Source stated that they heard bombing, which convinced the party that they were about to be attacked. A decision was made to move to a safer place. Source stated that on the way they saw looters and were more afraid of the armed looters than they were of the U.S. troops.

Tasón drove source, Noriega, and Ulysses to the home of Ulysses' sister, in the Campo Lindbergh area. For the next four days, the three men hid in this location. The house was a very modest flat with limited furniture. Because there were no curtains on the windows, it was necessary to crawl when moving around the living-room area.

Noriega spent most of his time lying in bed and thinking. Source said that Noriega looked like a defeated man. He appeared depressed and jumpy. Source talked to him several times and tried to lift his spirits. Ulysses was constantly drinking alcohol and talking belligerently about fighting the U.S. troops. Noriega took source aside and told him to take the vehicle keys away from Ulysses, because Ulysses was obviously drinking too much.

At one point Ulysses suggested contacting a homosexual friend who could disguise Noriega as a woman. Noriega refused, saying the friend would probably give away his hiding place, and

[Memorandum]

THE TOTAL MORALE BOOSTER

From a memorandum written by U.S. Army Major General Robert L. Ord III and distributed in April to Army officers in charge of personnel. The memo appeared in the September Washington Monthly.

1. The Army has long been known for its esprit de corps—many units boast a special motto of recognition to distinguish their members.

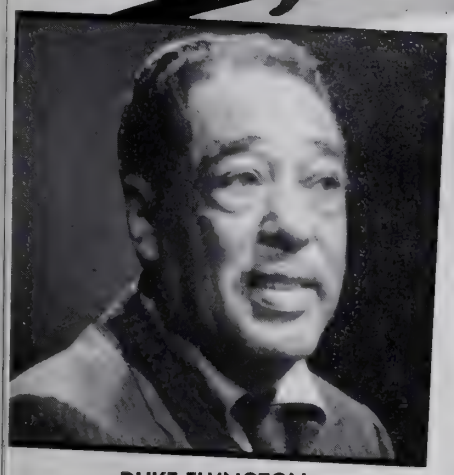
2. In keeping with this tradition and reinforcing our solidarity, PERSCOM [Total Army Personnel Command] military and civilian personnel are encouraged to use the "TOTAL ARMY"/"TOTAL VICTORY" motto whenever possible. For instance, when rendering hand salutes, the junior PERSCOM soldier should say, "TOTAL ARMY," and the senior soldier should respond, "TOTAL VICTORY"; when leaving meetings, the senior person should say, "TOTAL ARMY," with those in attendance responding, "TOTAL VICTORY."

3. As our distinctive unit insignia—the globe, the sword, and the arrows—shows, we are one organization that touches every soldier and Department of Army civilian worldwide.

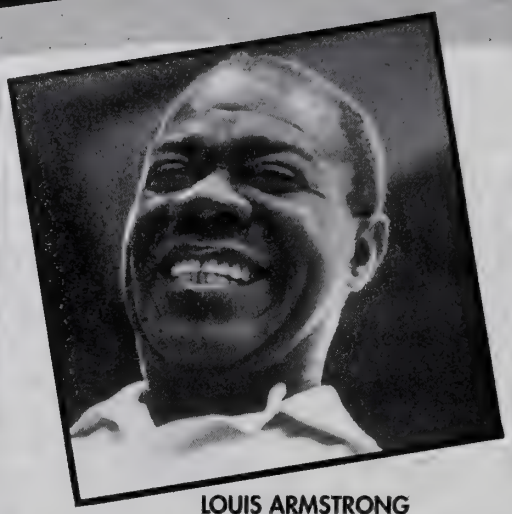
4. Let this greeting be one that forms a special tie between each of us here at PERSCOM.

"TOTAL ARMY"/"TOTAL VICTORY"

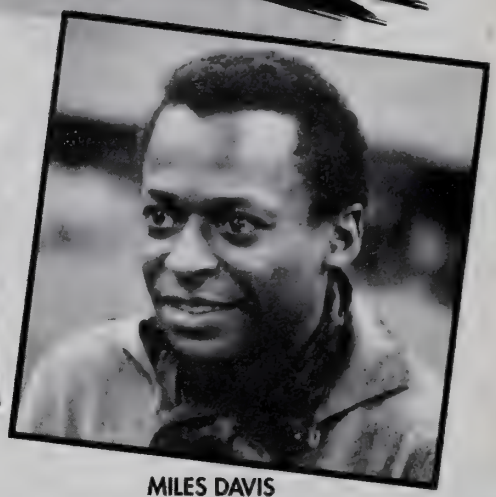
EXPLORE THE *Legends of Jazz*



DUKE ELLINGTON



LOUIS ARMSTRONG



MILES DAVIS

to the music that shaped America's dynamic art form...on original recor- of landmark albums. Music from the dary masters of Jazz...artists like ie Parker, Billie Holiday, Herbie ock, Count Basie, John Coltrane, y Goodman, Thelonious — and of course — trong, Ellington and — and many more!

nd in **Free** photo-packed ets, you'll meet these er musicians, and sit in eir most spectacular ding sessions.

true bargain, **The nds of Jazz** pro-, from The Columbia c Collection, is the convenient way to a library of essential ecordings on a risk-free , without obligation to buy a thing.

nd it all begins with your first three nark classics: Duke Ellington: *At ort,* his biggest-selling album...Louis trong: *The Hot Fives,* the historic ons that established him as one of the est jazz artists ever...and Miles Davis: *of Blue,* one of the most significant ns by one of the most influential jazz pet players.

hey're yours to preview for 14 days free. See the coupon for full details.



FOR ONLY

3 JAZZ CD'S OR CASSETTES $9.95

(plus $2.95 shipping and handling). It's your introduction to **The Legends of Jazz.**

© 1990 Columbia House

THE LEGENDS OF JAZZ

Mail to: The Columbia Music Collection
Dept. Q-13, P.O. Box 1134, Terre Haute, IN 47811

YES! I want to explore **The Legends of Jazz**. I understand that:

- **My first set will contain:** Louis Armstrong, *The Hot Fives*...Duke Ellington, *At Newport*...and Miles Davis, *Kind of Blue,* PLUS my FREE booklet, for a 14-day Risk-Free Audition. I may keep them for just $9.95 plus $2.95 shipping and handling.
- **If I am not completely delighted,** I may return the entire set within 14 days for a full refund and you will cancel my subscription. The booklet is mine to keep no matter what I decide.
- **About every other month**, I will receive another set of landmark jazz recordings to preview Risk-Free for 14 days. I may keep them for just $29.95 for 3 CDs or $19.95 for 3 cassettes, plus $2.95 shipping and handling. Or I may return all 3 within 14 days for full refund or credit, as applicable, or return just those I don't want for a refund or credit of $9.98 per CD or $6.65 per cassette.
- **I understand that there is no minimum** number of albums to buy, and that I may cancel at any time.

Please send my recordings in (choose one): ❑ Compact Discs ❑ Cassettes
779017 C5 C6

NAME

ADDRESS

CITY STATE ZIP

For fastest service, call toll-free & charge to your credit card: 1-800-542-6600

Note: We reserve the right to reject any application or cancel any subscription. Applicable sales tax will be added to all orders. Please allow 4-6 weeks for delivery.

SEND NO MONEY • MAIL COUPON TODAY JZ-01

was angry at what he and source thought was an undignified and dumb proposal.

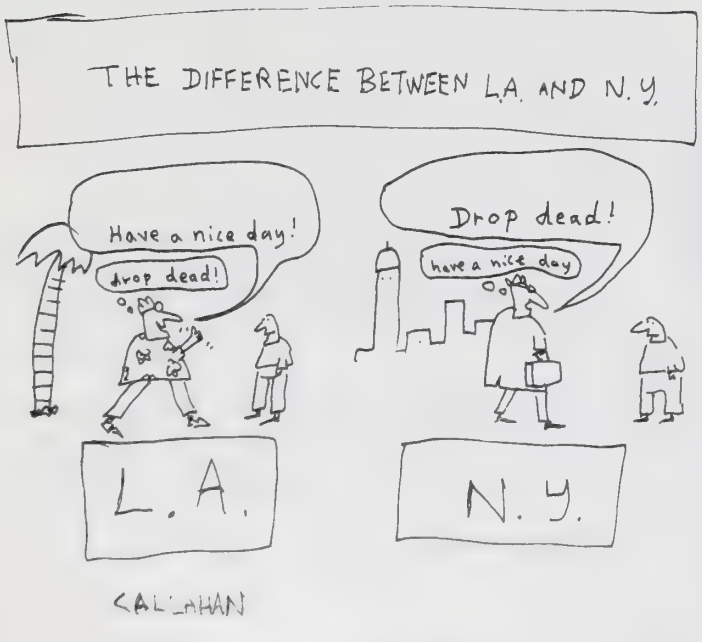
Source learned by listening to commercial radio that there was no resistance and that Panamanian life was getting back to normal. Source overheard neighbors talking about merchandise they had looted and overheard them trading the items. Source stated that as a boy, he had seen incidents of Panamanian nationalism directed at the United States, and that he had expected a similar reaction to the U.S. invasion. However, radio reports forced him to realize that there was no national will to fight.

Source left Noriega and Ulysses on the morning of December 24, after telling Noriega that he should get some help moving out of the area. Ulysses drove source away and dropped him off at the Friendship Road area. Source surrendered.

[Memorandum]

INSIDER BASEBALL: HOW SUNUNU SOLD SOUTER

From a confidential memorandum prepared by Patrick B. McGuigan for the executive staff of Coalitions for America, a conservative lobbying group for whom McGuigan served, until recently, as chief legal policy analyst. The memo describes a meeting held in the office of John Sununu, White House chief of staff, on July 24, the day after President Bush announced his nomination of David Souter to the Supreme Court. McGuigan was an informal adviser to the Reagan administration during the 1987 Senate hearings on Supreme Court nominee Robert Bork. The document, marked ABSOLUTELY NO LEAKS, *was obtained by Murray Waas, a reporter for* The Village Voice.



From the Utne Reader.

I was ushered into the chief's office. Also present were Bill Kristol [Dan Quayle's chief of staff], John Schmitz [deputy counsel to the President], and Ed Rogers [Sununu's executive assistant]. Sununu asked me, "How are we doing?" I replied, "Well, John, you guys could have hit a home run if you'd picked [Texas appeals court judge] Edith Jones. Instead, you've hit a blooper single that has barely cleared the mitt of the first baseman, who's backpedaling furiously and almost caught the ball." Sununu smiled and replied, "Pat, you're wrong. This is a home run—and the ball is still ascending. In fact, it's just about to leave Earth's orbit."

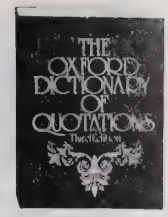
To this I replied, "Look, I don't necessarily disagree on the merits. Two years from now, our people will probably look back at Souter, who will have written the key opinion overturning some outrageous decision, and say, 'It turned out that guy did get to home base after all.' My point is not that Souter is a bad judge. My point is that at a time when you could have knocked one out of the park with my people, you did what looks easy for confirmation. You've done nothing—make that, very little—to help yourself with your base, at a time when you needed to energize them for the elections. In the long run, in terms of the law and maybe politically in time for 1992, you've probably done the right thing. But in the short run, you've done nothing to help yourself." We then talked briefly but rather specifically about Souter's record over the years. There were no words exchanged that would constitute any specific assurances on any specific issue, but the general thrust of this discussion definitely made me feel better.

Sununu indicated that the President was extremely impressed with Edith Jones. The last two potential nominees Bush considered were Jones and Souter. Sununu explained: "He *really* liked Edith. The final cut was his, and it was a political judgment call on which one we'd be most likely to get through. His decision was for Souter, but I can tell you Edith starts next time at the top of the stack." He was cautious on this: "Something could change that, but I believe she'll get the next one." (My analysis is that it *is* true that liberal fury will *have* to be less at the next one—by then they will truly have lost the high court. Assuming the next vacancy comes from the remaining liberal-radical wing—Stevens, Blackmun, Marshall—jurists generally of our perspective will be up to four votes already

Like 3 books, man. For a little bit of bread. Only $3. That's cool. No heavy scene. You dig?



Three masterworks Pulitzer Prize winner Annie Dillard: *...m at Tinker Creek, ...American Childhood ...The Writing Life.* (3-in-1 vol.)
QPB: $11.95



***482.** This latest edition of the famous dictionary has 40,000 memorable quotations.
Hardcover: $45
QPB: $18.95



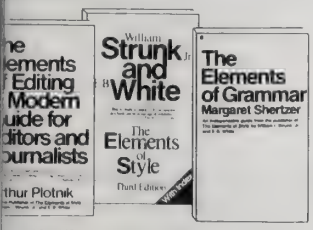
...8. A fascinating ...ection of ...dern religious, ...templative and ...irational writing.
...rdcover: $29.95
...PB: $14.95



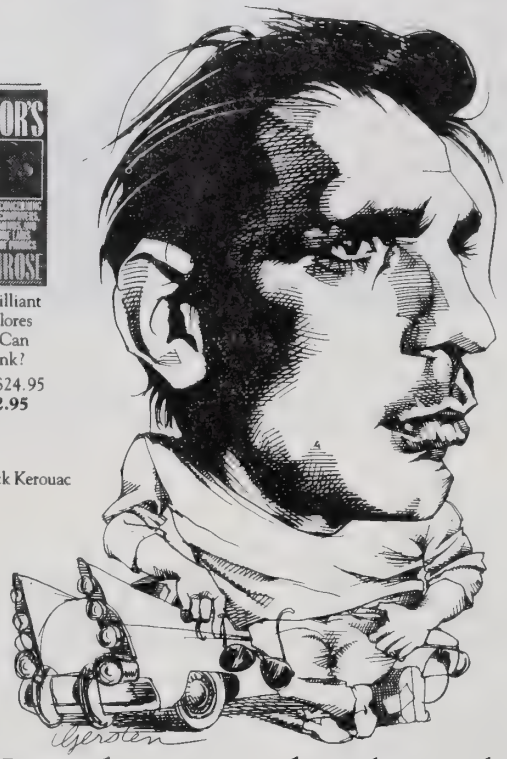
457. A rich collection of North American Indian folklore.
Hardcover: $19.95
QPB: $10.95



***469.** This brilliant best seller explores the question: Can computers think?
Hardcover: $24.95
QPB: $12.95



...9. *The Elements of Style* discusses what ...od writing is; *The Elements of Grammar* ...ves the rules to follow; *The Elements of ...diting* describes what's said best—and ...hat's best left unsaid.
(3-volume set)
QPB: $10.95



Jack Kerouac

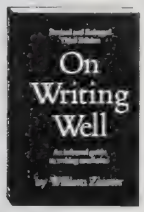
(Translation: 3 books, 3 bucks. No commitment. No kidding.)

Any way you say it, Quality Paperback Book Club offers a great deal—any three books for $3, plus shipping and handling.

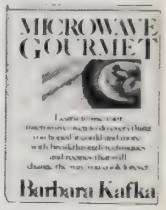
QPB offers fiction, history, science, biography, how-to books—priced at up to 60% less than their hardcover counterparts. As a member you'll get the *QPB Review* 15 times a year (about every 3½ weeks). And when you buy books (after the special offer) you'll earn Bonus Points. You can barter these for free books—you pay just shipping and handling. With QPB, there's no hassle about commitment. If you can't find the books you want, you can split at any time. So just choose your 3 books today.



488. The long-awaited second novel, from the author of *An American Romance.*
Hardcover: $18.95
QPB: $7.95



124. The fourth edition of the bestselling classic includes two new chapters and new sections with a special emphasis on writing by women.
Hardcover: $19.95
QPB: $7.95



***330.** An award-winning food writer offers more than 600 recipes for your microwave oven.
Hardcover: $19.95
QPB: $9.95



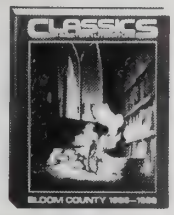
281. With over 500 new entries, this revised bargain hunter's guide tells you where to buy everything from sunglasses to Beluga caviar.
QPB: $10.95



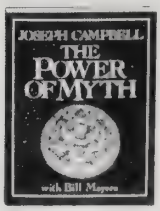
321. Stephen Hawking offers a convincing big picture of the origins of the cosmos.
Hardcover: $18.95
QPB: $8.95



...7. Over 1600 prob-...-solving drawings ...h explanations on ...ry aspect of home ...air.
...Hardcover: $24.95
QPB: $12.95



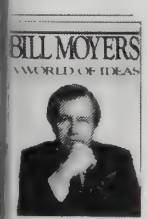
172. The best of Bloom County—600 black-and-white and 80 color comic strips featuring Milo, Binkley, Steve Dallas, Bill the cat—and, of course, Opus.
QPB: $10.95



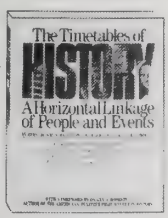
423. A scholar on mythology tells how myths have shaped our lives.
Hardcover: $27.50
QPB: $15.95



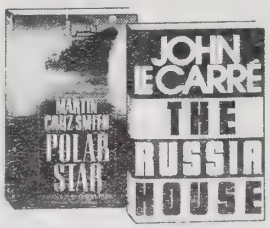
464. A teenage con artist comes of age under the tutelage of gangster Dutch Schultz. From the author of *Ragtime*
Hardcover: $19.95
QPB: $9.95



2. Bill Moyers ...erviews promi-...nt thinkers about ...erything from ...rality to science.
...lardcover: $29.95
QPB: $15.95



267. The story of civilization in a unique chart format.
Hardcover: $29.95
QPB: $15.95



158. Taut suspense set in Russia, from two masters of the spy thriller.
(2-volume set)
Hardcovers: $39.90
QPB: $15.95

***QPB Exclusive:** The only softcover edition now available.

How QPB Membership Works.

...lection. Each *QPB Review* lists a new Selection. If you want it, do nothing ...it will be shipped automatically. If you want another book or no book ...all, complete the Reply Form always enclosed and return it by the specified date. (A shipping and handling charge is added to each shipment.)

...eturn Privilege: If the *QPB Review* is delayed ... you may return it for credit.

...ancellations: You may cancel membership at any time by notifying QPB. We may cancel your membership if you elect not to buy at least one book in any six-month period.

OK. Send me my 3 books for 3 bucks. No heavy commitment. You dig?

Quality Paperback Book Club,® P.O. Box 8804, Camp Hill, PA 17011-8804

Please enroll me in QPB and send me the 3 choices I've listed below, billing me only $1 each, plus shipping and handling charges. I understand that I am not required to buy another book. You will send me the *QPB Review* (if my account is in good standing) for at least six months. If I have not bought at least one book in any six-month period, you may cancel my membership.

0-16

Indicate by number your 3 choices

Name *(Please print clearly)* QB067-11-0

Address Apt.

City State Zip

QPB® Quality Paperback Book Club

Prices are generally higher in Canada © 1990 Quality Paperback Book Club. All orders subject to approval.





From Dead Head Families, *a proposal for a book by Mari Kane, a San Francisco photographer. For the last three yea Kane, using a mobile studio, has photographed families at Grateful Dead concerts around the country. On the right are To Collins and his son Tyrone, from Marin County, California; on the left are Allen (a.k.a. Lizard) and his son Nathan, fro Oceanside, California. Lizard had recently been granted custody of Nathan when the photo was taken.*

—with O'Connor and White the fifth and sixth, but then again they might be the ones most likely to leave voluntarily—with the liberals headed for the door.)

I warned them what was coming. "I hate to bring this up, but I must. I must tell you I hate this city. It distorts people. It's often evil. Here it is: This morning at 8 A.M. I spoke at some length with a woman reporter, a prominent member of the press corps who covers many issues, including the Court, and who is going to stay with the Souter story. This woman told me that last night, after everyone had filed their stories, a bunch of reporters were sitting around drinking. A recurring theme in the conversation was: 'Hmmm. This guy's fifty years old. Never married. Seems not to date. Wonder if he's gay?' My friend told me that [National Public Radio reporter] Nina Totenberg was already on a plane on her way to New Hampshire." Sununu replied without any hesitation and with what struck me as complete confidence: "They won't find anything, because there is nothing to find. That is nonsense." We in the movement often call Nina "the Bitch" because of what she did to Ginsburg three years ago. [Totenberg broke the story that Supreme Court nominee Douglas Ginsburg had smoked marijuana.]

Right about this time the door to Sununu's office opened. At first I did not recognize the smiling blond-headed man leaning in at an angle through the door. Then I realized it was Vice President Dan Quayle. Quayle came in and launched into a fascinating quick-sketch summary of the Senate Policy Committee luncheon from which he'd just returned.

I told the story of my appearance on *The 700 Club* that morning with Pat Robertson, in which I indicated that when I was in New Hampshire in 1987–88 with the du Pont campaign, Souter's name was frequently mentioned to me by pro-family, grass-roots conservatives as an example of the kind of person who should move up to the federal bench. I also noted that Souter has the "great blessing" of strong support from John Sununu, whom conservatives know, like, and trust. At the same time, Souter has the burden of strong support from [moderate New Hampshire senator] Warren Rudman, the Republican member of the Senate perhaps most disliked and distrusted by movement conservatives.

Sununu indicated to me, "You've got to admit there are certain advantages to having one of the leading moderates so strongly for the nominee." I did admit as much but reminded him that Rudman made a promise to me concerning Judge Bork and did not keep his word. I said, "I just want you to understand why, even though we trust you, some of us are ambivalent about a guy Rudman is calling a 'classic conservative.' "

The meeting was extremely cordial, blunt. I told Sununu we would steadily gear up while learning more about the guy, but that I trusted Sununu and *would,* in fact, gear up. I told him it was difficult to ask my allies to do much more than gear up steadily and carefully. He thought that was "fair enough."

Sununu said other things too personal to in-

clude even in this memo. It was an important session in which, I believe, we got the assurances needed to move forward. At the same time, it was personally fulfilling at the deepest level.

[Speech]

CENSORSHIP AND ITS AFTERMATH

From a speech given by Nadine Gordimer at the international Writer's Day conference sponsored by PEN in London last June. The speech came four months after South African president F. W. de Klerk ended the ban on the African National Congress and other antiapartheid groups and lifted a number of restrictions on the press. Gordimer's address appeared in the August issue of Index on Censorship, *published in London. Her new novel,* My Son's Story, *was published last month by Farrar, Straus and Giroux.*

There is not one of us writing in South Africa today who has not either begun or spent the major part of a working life under conventional censorship and the chain-mail laws that reinforce it. While most have chafed at and some fiercely fought censorship, we have got used to it. To paraphrase Graham Greene, every country becomes accustomed to its own restrictions as part of its own violence. We have defied censorship and/or found ways around it. At the same time, inevitably, it has brought about deeper reactive consequences in our writers. And what is true of us is surely true of any other country where the *very defiance* of oppression creates defining restrictions of its own. I was in Hungary at a conference last year, and the session devoted to our host Hungarian writers revealed in them what I can only call fear of freedom—fear, for a writer, meaning not knowing how you are going to write next. Although they were overjoyed, as citizens, at their new freedom, they were bewildered about its meaning at the internal level from which the transformation of the entities of living into the writer's vision takes place. With the vise on the writer's head removed, there disquietingly is revealed—an aftermath of censorship I believe we've never considered—a cramped and even distorted imagination.

For when I speak of the reactive consequences of censorship I am referring to the *other* pressure upon the writer that censorship calls into being. The counterpressure of resistance also, ironically, screws tight the vise. Defiance of censorship and the regime it serves calls upon the writer to cut and weld his work into a weapon. It is necessary. But he may have to discard much of his particular insight in the process. It is impressed upon him that certain themes are relevant; certain modes are effective. Accustomed to the confines of allegory and allusion, our Eastern European colleagues now have to teach themselves that they may choose among numerous other modes to express life experience. Accustomed to the obsessive demands of selecting every situation and word for its trajectory against apartheid, South African writers will have to open themselves to a new vocabulary of life.

Many are ill-prepared, particularly the young writers. For everywhere there has been censorship the counter-orthodoxy of resistance in lit-

[Instructions]

MY MOTHER, THE DRUG CZAR

From the directions for DrugAlert, a "unique and easy to use" aerosol spray that allows parents to test their children's clothes and possessions for traces of drugs. A three-canister set containing 150 "tests" costs $49.95.

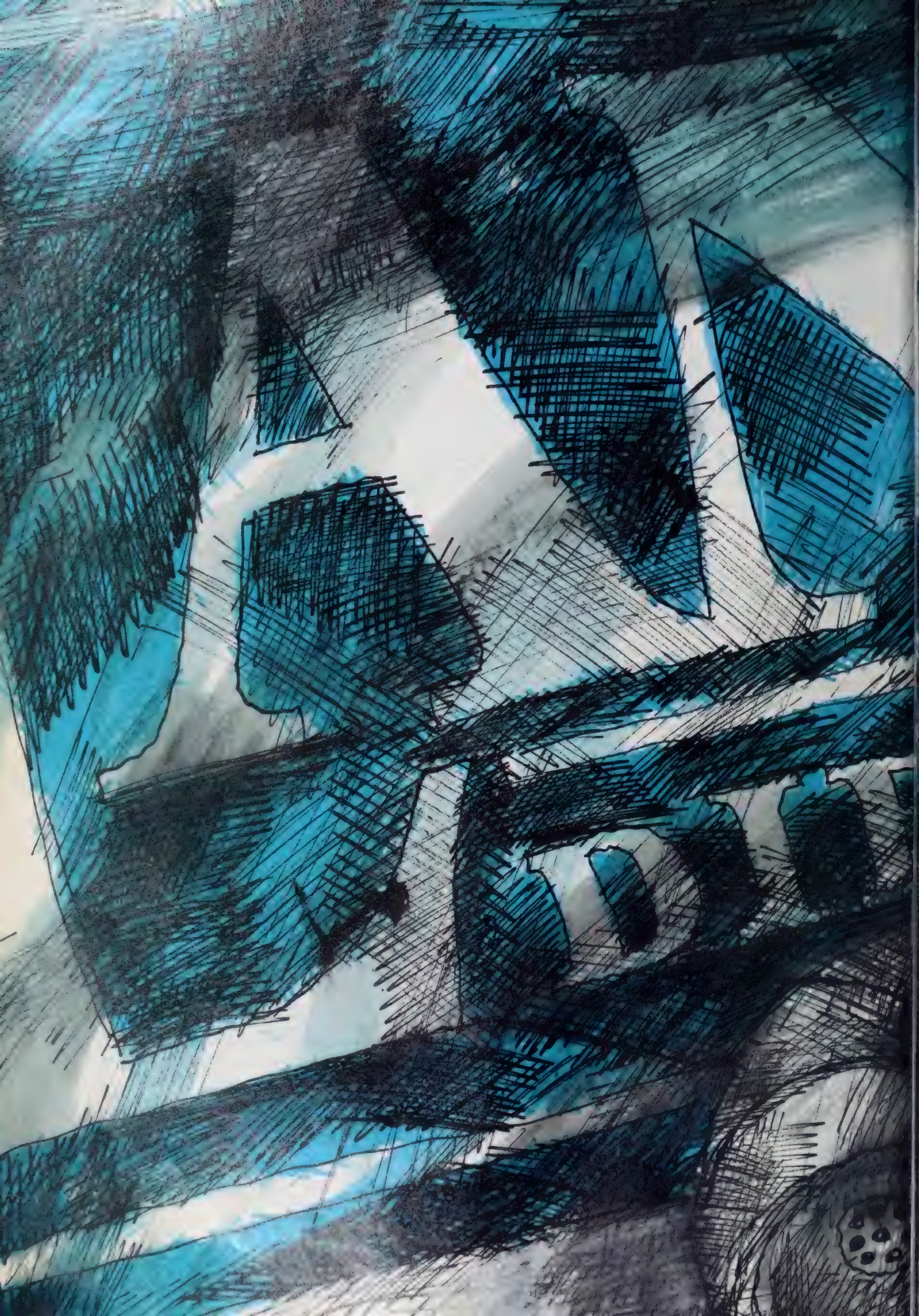
Your kids are surrounded by drugs in school, at the mall, everywhere. Have they experimented? Are they caught up in it? How do you find out? DrugAlert will tell you if drugs have invaded your home. DrugAlert does not test kids; it tests objects and detects the presence of drugs —tiny traces on dressers, sinks, books, etc.

DIRECTIONS:

1. Wipe suspected surface with dry, white paper, tissue, or paper towel.
2. Shake DrugAlert canister well.
3. Hold DrugAlert eight to ten inches away and spray on the paper. Use sparingly.
4. For cocaine/crack, check for *turquoise* staining. For marijuana/hashish, check for *reddish-brown* staining.

IMPORTANT: DrugAlert can detect even microscopic residual traces of illegal drugs. Do not expect your entire paper to change color.

You can carry DrugAlert wherever you like, from bedroom to bathroom to the backyard party. Always keep it in sight. Let your kids know your love *and* your strength. Take charge of your home and the lives of your kids.





Discover the Lands' End Experience
of quality, value and service.
Please call for a free catalog of clothing,
gifts, luggage and occasional surprises.
Toll-free 1-800-356-4444
or write Lands' End, XX-78
1 Lands' End Lane, Dodgeville, Wisconsin 53595

[Poem]

WE DID WHAT WAS EXPECTED OF US

By Yehuda Amichai. From the Summer 1990 issue of Partisan Review. *Amichai is a poet and novelist who lives in Israel. Translated from the Hebrew by Karen Alkalay-Gut.*

We did what was expected of us.
We went out with our children
to pick mushrooms in the same forest
we'd planted when we were children.

We learned the names of wildflowers
whose smell was as sweet
as senselessly spilt blood.
We put great love into small bodies.
We stood alternately enlarged and diminished
in the eyes of the mad, divine bearer of
binoculars.

And in the war between light and darkness
we loved the good and quieting dark,
and hated the aching light.
We did what was expected of us.
We loved our children
more than our homeland.
We've dug all the wells in the ground
and now we're digging into space—
wells, wells, without beginning and without
end.

We did what was expected of us.
We arranged our lives in flower beds and
shade,
and straight pleasant walks
as in the garden of an asylum for the insane.

Our despair is domesticated and grants us
tranquillity.
Only the hopes remain—
wild and vociferous hopes
break the night and tear the day.

We did what was expected of us.
We were like those who enter a movie theater
passing the flushed or pale exiters
weeping quietly or laughing out loud.
And they enter without a second glance,
without
turning, into the light and the darkness and
the light.
We did what was expected of us.

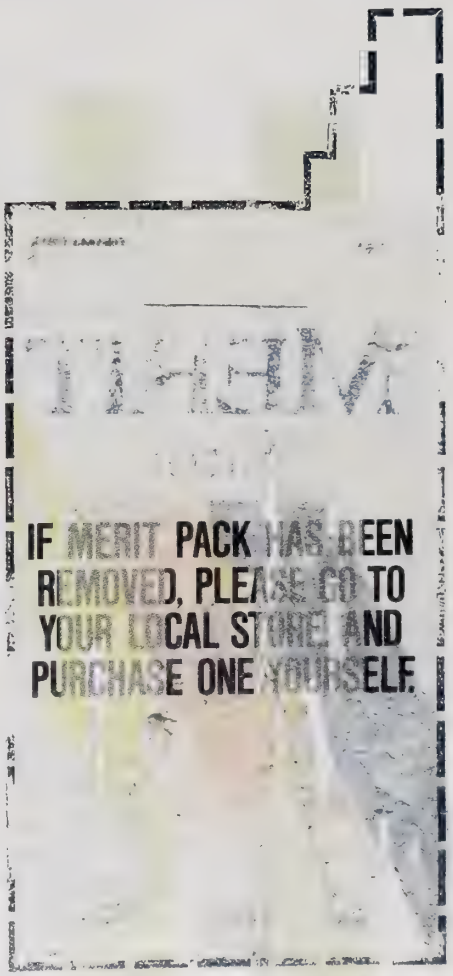
erature has also come about. It has been an era when, in Brecht's words, "to speak of trees is treason." And to quote Albie Sachs, the African National Congress's constitutional adviser and a fine writer: "Instead of criticism, we get solidarity criticism. Our artists are not pushed to improve the quality of their work; it is enough to be politically correct. . . . It is as though our rulers stalk every page . . . everything is obsessed by the oppressors and the trauma they have imposed. . . . What are we fighting for, if not the right to express our humanity in all its forms, including our sense of fun and capacity for love and tenderness and our appreciation of the beauty of the world?"

We must not think that when tyrants fall and there is a new constitution in his/her country the writer regains all that has been lost. It is not a matter of not having anything left to write about. Only those who jumped on the anti-apartheid and anticommunist bandwagons, having nothing in their baggage but the right clichés, will lose their dubious inspiration and need to find some other way of selling themselves. The real writers, on the contrary, will have the less sensational, wonderfully daunting task of finding ways to deal with themes that have been set aside in second place while writing was in battle dress—the themes of "humanity in all its forms," human consciousness in all its mystery, which demand not orthodoxy of any nature but the talent and dedication and daring to explore and convey freely through the individual sensibility. Many writers, constricted by censorship on one side and the orthodoxy of the antimode on the other, have never developed the ability to deal with anything outside the events and emotions their historical situation prescribed.

While we rejoice at new freedom for writers in many countries long denied it, and work for freedom for writers in those countries where the many devices of censorship still prevail, we must also remember that writers are never freed of the past. Censorship is never over for those who have experienced it. It is a brand on the imagination that affects the individual who has suffered it, forever. Where censorship appears to be swept away in the rubble of toppled regimes, let us make sure that it does not rise again to the demands of some future regime, for the generations of writers who will grow up, anywhere in the new world in the making. As African National Congress Secretary of Culture Barbara Maskela has said bluntly, and surely for all of us: "We are not prepared to see culture become a case of arrested development, frozen at the point of liberation. Nor will we be content with a culture vulnerable to becoming the fiefdom of some future oppressive ruling class."

Prove it yourself.

In nationwide taste tests, smokers agreed Merit tastes as good as or better than cigarettes with up to 38% more tar. Now we're bringing the test directly to you.



SURGEON GENERAL'S WARNING: Smoking Causes Lung Cancer, Heart Disease, Emphysema, And May Complicate Pregnancy.

© Philip Morris Inc. 1990

Kings: 8 mg "tar," 0.6 mg nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC method.

[Treatise]

THE GENERAL THEORY OF NOT-GARDENING

By Leszek Kolakowski. From Modernity on Endless Trial, *a collection of Kolakowski's essays that the University of Chicago Press will publish next month. Kolakowski teaches philosophy at the University of Chicago and at Oxford University.*

Those who hate gardening need a theory. Not-gardening without a theory is a shallow, unworthy way of life.

A theory must be convincing and scientific. Yet to different people, different theories are convincing and scientific. Therefore, we need a number of theories.

The alternative to not-gardening without a theory is to garden. However, it is much easier to have a theory than actually to garden.

Marxist Theory

Capitalists try to corrupt the minds of the toiling masses and to poison them with their reactionary "values." They want to "convince" workers that gardening is a great "pleasure" and thereby keep them busy in their leisure time and prevent them from carrying out the proletarian revolution. Besides, they want to make them believe that with their miserable plot of land they are really "owners" and not wage earners and in this way win them over to the side of the owners in the class struggle. To garden is therefore to participate in the great plot aiming at the ideological deception of the masses. Do not garden! Q.E.D.

Psychoanalytical Theory

Fondness for gardening is a typically English quality. It is easy to see why this is so. England was the first country to take part in the Industrial Revolution. The Industrial Revolution killed the natural environment. Nature is the symbol of Mother. By killing Nature, the English people committed matricide. They are unconsciously haunted by feelings of guilt, and they try to expiate their crime by cultivating and worshiping their small, pseudonatural gardens. To garden is to take part in this gigantic self-deception. You must not garden. Q.E.D.

Existentialist Theory

People garden in order to make Nature human, to "civilize" it. This, however, is a desperate and futile attempt to transform being-in-itself into being-for-itself. This is not only ontologically impossible; it is a deceptive, morally inadmissible escape from reality, as the distinction between being-in-itself and being-for-itself cannot be abolished. To garden, or to imagine that one can "humanize" Nature, is to try to efface this distinction and hopelessly to deny one's own irreducibly human ontological status. To garden is to live in bad faith. Gardening is wrong. Q.E.D.

Structuralist Theory

In primitive societies life was divided into the pair of opposites work/leisure, which corresponded to the distinction field/house. People worked in the field and rested at home. In modern societies the axis of opposition has been reversed: People work in houses (factories, offices) and rest in the open (gardens, parks, forests, rivers, etc.). Such distinctions are crucial in maintaining the conceptual framework whereby people structure their lives. To garden is to confuse the distinction between house and field, between leisure and work; it is to blur, indeed to destroy, the oppositional structure that is the basis of thinking. Gardening is a blunder. Q.E.D.

Analytical Philosophy

In spite of many attempts, no satisfactory definitions of *garden* and of *gardening* have been found; all existing definitions leave a large area of uncertainty about what belongs where. We simply do not know what exactly a garden and gardening are. To use these concepts is therefore intellectually irresponsible, and actually to garden would be even more so. Thou shalt not garden. Q.E.D.

[Essay]

THE MACHINE IN THE KITCHEN

From "Cuisine Mécanique," by John Thorne, in the Spring 1990 issue of The Journal of Gastronomy, *published by the American Institute of Wine and Food in San Francisco. Thorne, who lives in Castine, Maine, is the author of a collection of essays,* Simple Cooking, *and a quarterly newsletter of the same name. His essay "Vulgar Recipes" appeared in the November 1989 issue of* Harper's Magazine.

Arriving a little late at America's culinary renaissance, I encountered the food processor and the microwave oven together sometime in the mid-1970s. As often happens at such a joint encounter, the two machines became firmly



Sunflower Field," a computer-generated picture by Deborah R. Fowler, Norma Fuller, James S. Hanan, d Allan Snider. The artists, who are students of Przemyslaw Prusinkiewicz, a computer scientist at the niversity of Regina in Saskatchewan, Canada, created the image on a Silicon Graphics IRIS workstation. sing a program called Pfg *(Plant and fractal generator), the artists simulated the DNA instructions govern- g a sunflower's development to "grow" this field of plants; the spiral patterns of the flower heads were then odeled using a mathematical equation. Rendering this image required forty-five hours of continuous pro- ssing time on a mainframe computer. The picture appears in* The Algorithmic Beauty of Plants, *by usinkiewicz and Aristid Lindenmayer, published by Springer-Verlag in New York City.*

linked in my mind. At the time, however, I thought there was a clear distinction to be made between them. Although each was designed to make kitchen work faster and easier, the food processor seemed to be opening whole new culinary horizons to the home cook, while the microwave was nothing more than the boon tool of the I-hate-to-cook crowd, a hyped-up gadget that did things incredibly fast at the cost of doing them well.

If Carl Sontheimer, the entrepreneur who adapted and marketed the food processor in America, was a genius, it was as much for knowing not only that the time was ripe for this machine but exactly which cooks it was ripe *for*—those of us who thought we wanted to take cooking seriously. Other manufacturers copied the machine but missed the mark: They colored it pink, softened its formidable lines, and advertised it as another kitchen work-saver, a kind of turbo-blender.

If you had no interest in that sort of thing, a food processor was a mistaken purchase. The Dad who bought one as a surprise for Mom to help her out with the kitchen chores was in for a rude surprise: If Mom didn't own at least one French cookbook, she most likely put the machine away under the counter after the first exploratory spin.

In truth, the food processor was a work-*maker*. The sorts of things you were drawn to do with it you wouldn't even think of trying without it: shredding your own rillettes, sieving your own quenelles, hand-mounting your own mayonnaise.

But to the fledgling serious cook, the Cuisinart, dressed in its spotless kitchen whites, presented itself not merely as a tool of professional chefs (which it was) but as a professionalizing one, the sole essential shortcut to chefdom. We had only to follow instructions to jump straight from *commis* to *gros bonnet*—at least in our own kitchen. Or so we thought.

Before we can begin to understand what machines have done to our cooking, we first need to take account of the impact of an earlier kitchen technology: the cookbook. My generation (by which I mean those who came of age under the lingering aura of the Kennedy presi-

dency) did, I still think, bring a breath of fresh air into the American kitchen. College education had made our minds hungry for new experiences; now our mouths were catching up. We were open to a new kind of culinary adventuring: We wanted to be exposed to the connoisseurship of food as well as the eating of it.

But our strength was also our weakness. We had learned to think in the classroom, where the printed page brought what was, for most of us, our first real interactions with culture. Hence, it was also via the printed page that we expected to master French cooking—just as we had done French literature.

Unfortunately, as much as cookbooks attracted us—and seemed attractive in themselves—they were simply not up to the intellectual caliber of the books from which we received what was best about our education. Our understanding of English literature, for example, would have been quite different if it had never gotten beyond anthologies of "best" poems.

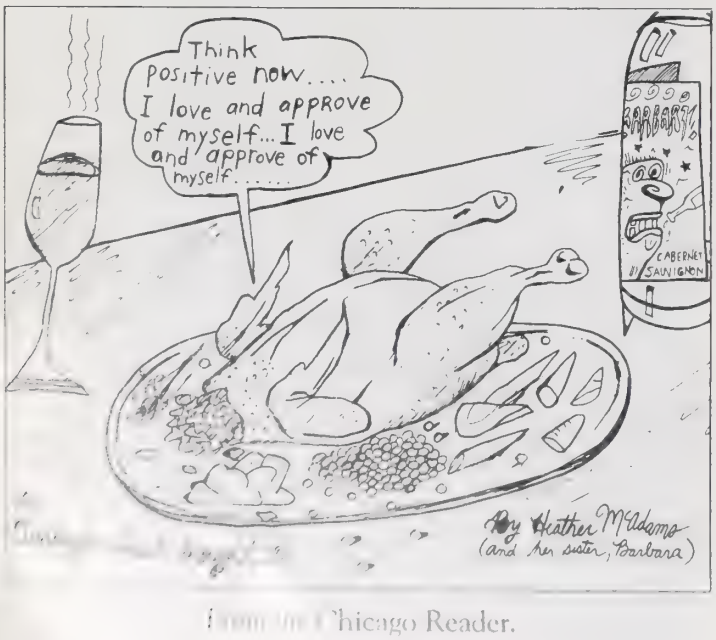
This, however, is the way food writing was—and still almost entirely is—done. Its great shameful secret is its utter intellectual poverty: It may sometimes tell you things you never knew, but nowhere does it make you think. Food writers collect recipes, which, like folk songs or stuffed birds, are considered ends enough in themselves. The recipe collection—the cookbook—is the original kitchen machine. If it did not exist, there could be no food processor, no microwave oven—probably no cooking at all as we now know it. Recipes collapse the fullness of lived experience into a mechanical succession of steps that, once parsed, can be followed by anyone. But the result—the made dish—is only a copy, a simulacrum whose true meaning lies somewhere else. This does not much matter in a cuisine whose coherence still lies in a complex amalgam of tradition, prejudice, shared skills, and that ultimate common denominator: available ingredients.

The danger arises when the use of recipes becomes so prevalent that this coherence is lost—because recipe cooking cannot bring it back. Even if a cook internalizes enough familiar recipes so as not to need to consult cookbooks often, this explains nothing about a cuisine in which all recipes are essentially beside the point. A food writer from a recipe-based cuisine likewise has no choice but to reduce all culinary experience into recipes. Even our best culinary writers present French cuisine as simply a standard repertoire of recipes, provincial and classical, that all French cooks prepare—some better and some worse than others. Recipes do play their role in French cooking, without a doubt, but that cuisine is much better explained as a complex, interacting network of artisanal skills. Because the language of recipe writing cannot capture the fragile ecology of such an artisanal culture, there is an inevitable rupture between the experience the French have of their cooking and the way that cookbook writers attempt to capture it.

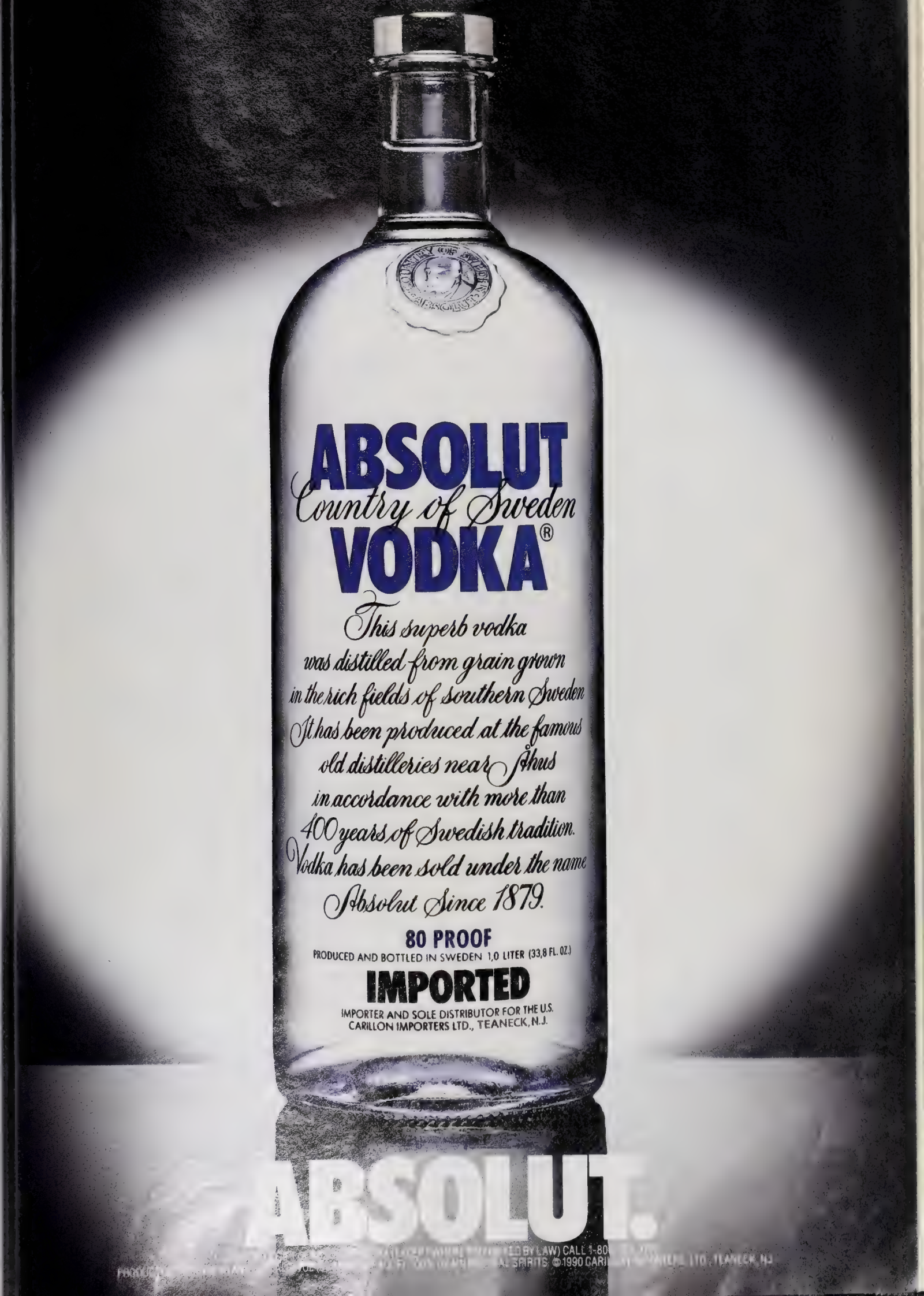
This problem is not easily discernible in any individual recipe, and it was on individual recipes that my generation tended to concentrate. We treated each one the way we had been taught to read a poem: intensely, producing an ingenious personal reading, a kind of edible explication. How we got from the one to the other was of no great moment as long as the results showed brilliance. We were willing to learn ad hoc the necessary skills but even more willing to see them, as opportunity arose, relegated to a machine.

Most machines assist the cook without disrupting or denying that hard-earned repository of manual experience whose density gives depth and meaning to the dishes it produces. Just as a motor can help turn a steering wheel without robbing a driver of all feel for the road, so can another crank an eggbeater without denying the tactile mastery gained from working a whisk in batter.

The food processor is different. It is not an electric knife (which had already been invented, only to prove itself nothing much) but a cutting *machine*. It pushes the cook's hand aside, for it works far too quickly for the body to control it directly. Our responses are simply not fast enough; we learn to count seconds instead. Set the steel blade in place; fill the container with basil, pine nuts, garlic, and chunks of Parmesan; and switch the motor on. The machine be-



From the Chicago Reader.


ABSOLUT
Country of Sweden
VODKA®
This superb vodka
was distilled from grain grown
in the rich fields of southern Sweden
It has been produced at the famous
old distilleries near Åhus
in accordance with more than
400 years of Swedish tradition.
Vodka has been sold under the name
Absolut Since 1879.
80 PROOF
PRODUCED AND BOTTLED IN SWEDEN 1,0 LITER (33,8 FL. OZ.)
IMPORTED
IMPORTER AND SOLE DISTRIBUTOR FOR THE U.S.
CARILLON IMPORTERS LTD., TEANECK, N.J.
ABSOLUT.

gins to sauce the ingredients so immediately that they seem to flow together; for its operator, there is a genuine sensual delight in the way, so quickly, so smoothly, it pulps the basil, grinds the cheese, and, as the olive oil starts dribbling down the feeding tube, plumps it all into a thick and unctuous cream.

Sensual it truly is, but it is the sensuality of an observer, not a participant. The food processor does not enhance the cook's experience. Instead, that work is divided between the mind, which directs it, and the machine, which performs it. The body's part is reduced to getting out the tools and (mostly) cleaning up afterward.

Historically, the cost of this usurpation was not only the loss of kitchen work by which the body had formerly refreshed itself, exercising genuinely demanding skills and shaping work to the tempo of personal rhythms. There were two other unexpected consequences. The first was that, by strength of example, the food processor began to corrode the meaning of *all* kitchen work. What could not be done effortlessly, cleanly, perfectly, now became by comparison drudgery, all the more susceptible to replacement by some other, cleverer machine. The second consequence was one to which we *nouveaux cuisinistes* were especially vulnerable. Members of a wealthy, acquisitive culture who could pick the ingredients of our meals almost at will, we had now been given a machine that allowed us to prepare an almost unlimited number of complex dishes without any kind of physical restraint.

None of this, of course, was the food processor's fault. But just as the automobile changed the landscape of America in ways that no one had expected or prepared for, the food processor shifted the nature of culinary reality—more slowly for the culture at large but almost immediately in the microculture that was beginning to take food seriously. As it proliferated, it began raising the stakes for all, even for those who did not yet possess one. And it is this effect—in an equally unexpected way—that we have just begun to experience with the microwave.

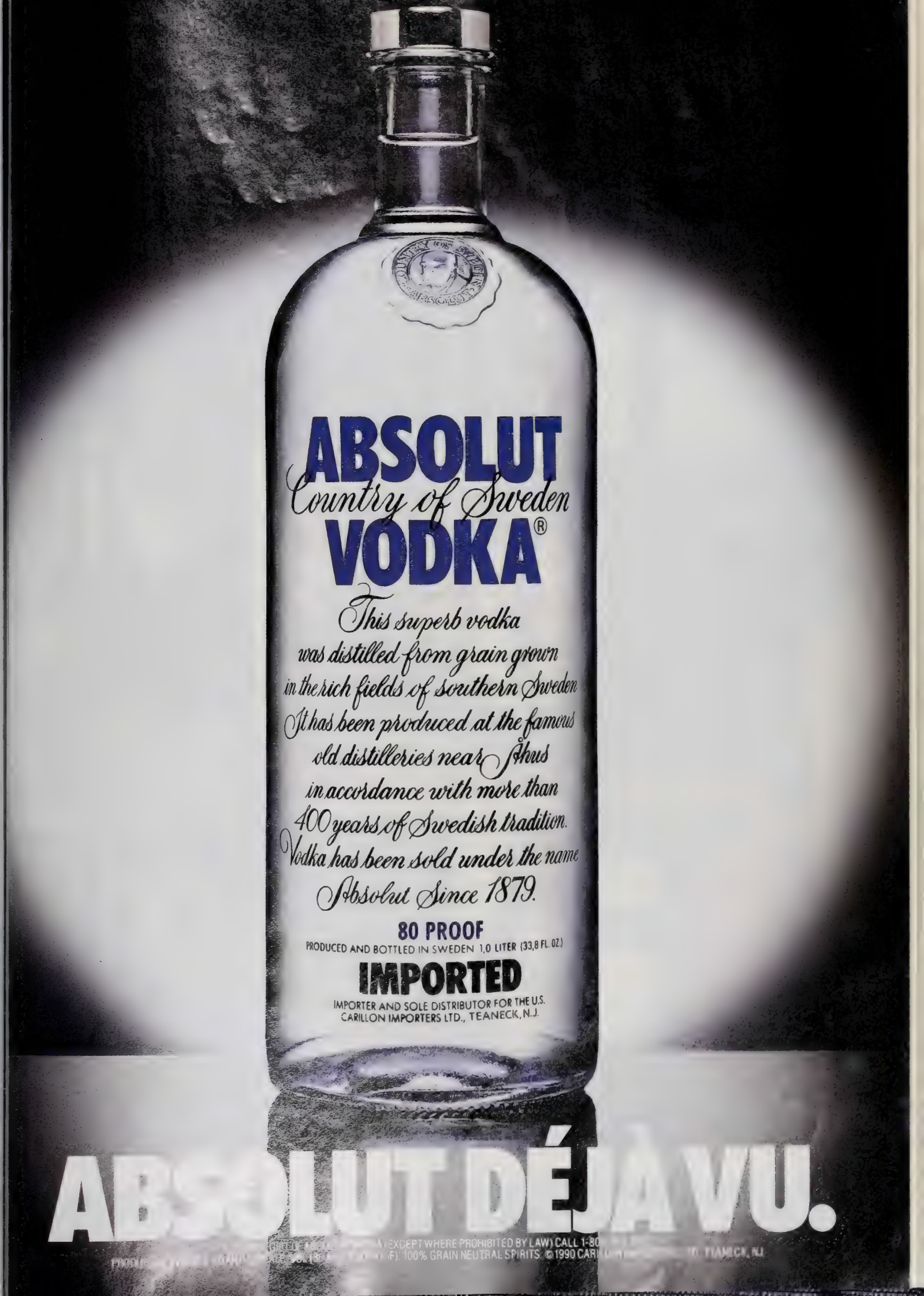
Unlike the food processor, the microwave oven has no French ancestry or even, until relatively recently, any influential food-world friends. It lacks the assertively simple high-tech styling and the associations with haute cuisine that might have provided it with Cuisinart-like cachet. In fact, with its buttons, buzzers, and revolving carousels, the microwave, from the very start, has seemed irredeemably prole—right down to the reason for owning one. For, no matter the culinary arguments voiced in its favor, the only truly compelling reason to own a microwave is still the first: It is the best medium yet devised for the almost instant reheating of cooked food.

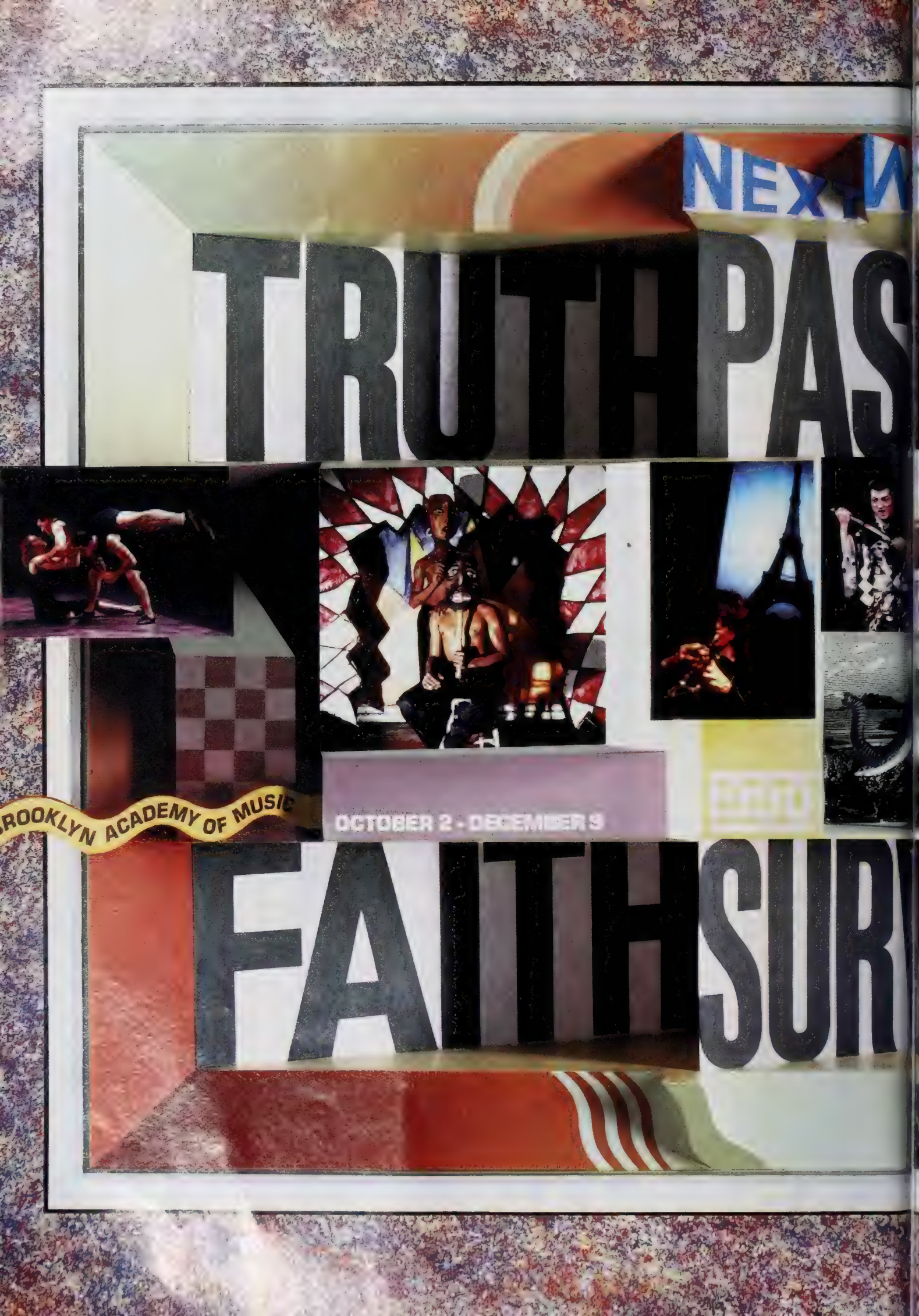
Even so, what made the microwave seem irresistible to its purchasers was not all that different from what made the food processor seem so desirable. Both fed a fantasy of participating in a cuisine whose rationale had already evaporated, no matter how delicious its dishes. For the microwave owner, however, that cuisine was the familiar American supper. With its assistance, a family could dispense with a regular cook and even a common dinnertime—and still sit down to the familiar trinity of meat, starch, and vegetable, served piping hot on a premium plastic plate.

What the proponents of this new work-free microwave cuisine do not understand—and what we seem to be in no position to teach them—is that the impoverishment cooking has undergone in our hands has left them even less able than we to imagine a cuisine not based on the promiscuous use of recipes or the necessary convenience of machines. We, too, are still convinced that, by following recipes and using devices such as food processors and microwave ovens, we are "saving" time. But by doing this, we have externalized the experience of cooking into a series of unwanted chores. We are being made more efficient—at the cost of a whole realm of experience.

To understand what has really happened to us, imagine attempting to reverse the process. Imagine *wanting* to take a whole afternoon to prepare supper leisurely—without food processor, microwave oven, or cookbook. To live, after all, is to experience things, and every time we mince an onion, lower the flame under a simmering pot, shape the idea and substance of a meal, we actually gain rather than lose lived time. Anyone who has seriously attempted to do such cooking knows that it requires a kind of commitment that we are no longer able to give our quotidian lives, for this experience has become too dear for casual expenditure.

The devices making more and more demands on our actual lived time do not themselves provide experience to compensate for what they have taken away. Instead, they provide a compressed, fictive experience that does not take place in genuinely lived time. As cooking has become more and more like watching television—the mind kept busy, the body left essentially uninvolved—it has forced onto our eating the same kind of pretend-life. A frozen microwave entrée like an Armour Dinner Classic or a Swanson's Le Menu dinner might in this sense be viewed as a cookbook brought to its ultimate consummation: a food book that can be opened and its contents devoured. Like cookbooks,


ABSOLUT
Country of Sweden
VODKA®
This superb vodka
was distilled from grain grown
in the rich fields of southern Sweden
It has been produced at the famous
old distilleries near Åhus
in accordance with more than
400 years of Swedish tradition.
Vodka has been sold under the name
Absolut Since 1879.
80 PROOF
PRODUCED AND BOTTLED IN SWEDEN 1,0 LITER (33,8 FL. OZ.)
IMPORTED
IMPORTER AND SOLE DISTRIBUTOR FOR THE U.S.
CARILLON IMPORTERS LTD., TEANECK, N.J.
ABSOLUT DÉJÀ VU.
EXCEPT WHERE PROHIBITED BY LAW) CALL 1-80
F). 100% GRAIN NEUTRAL SPIRITS. ©1990 CAR
TEANECK, NJ


NEXT
TRUTH PAS
FAITH SUR
BROOKLYN ACADEMY OF MUSIC
OCTOBER 2 - DECEMBER 9



THE NEXT WAVE.
MUSICAL. THEATRICAL. ANIMAL.

Horses, an elephant, a monkey and a goat help human dancers probe the fragile balance of life.

Macbeth meets a samurai's sound and fury in the shadow of a giant Buddhist altar.

Intoxicating harmonies ring out from the Middle Eastern zarb and santur.

Sit back, and let the Next Wave crash over your senses. The Brooklyn Academy of Music is at it again. And they intend to stretch the canvas of cultural evolution with everything from a vision of heaven inspired by **Uncle Tom's Cabin** to near-revolution at a Catholic school dormitory.

In addition, four premieres from Next Wave Next Door mark a joint effort between BAM and the Canadian artistic community. Watch one performance animate lovers from Marc Chagall's paintings while another uses murder to divine truth.

From October 2 to December 9, artists from around the world will tease, upset and electrify eager and unsuspecting minds alike. This year's performances will dissect **Truth, Passion, Faith** and **Survival** with the cutting edges of sound and gesture, light and form.

Fitting inspiration for Philip Morris Companies Inc., whose people bring fresh perspectives to many fields. In Enterprise as well as the Arts.

PHILIP MORRIS COMPANIES INC.

Kraft General Foods • Miller Brewing Company
Philip Morris USA • Philip Morris International Inc

• Philip Morris Companies Inc. 1990. Photographs from left to right by Martha Swope • Jeff Day • Paula Court • Point Tokyo Ltd. 1987 • Christine Guest • Danielle Pierre

[List]

BEYOND FUCHSIA

From a list of the colors available in the fall 1990 Tweeds catalogue. The list, which was compiled by Tweeds, is used by employees as a reference guide. Tweeds is a mail-order clothing business in Roanoke, Virginia.

Name	*Description*
Alaska	light celery green/ pale green-gray
Amish	dark blue
Aubergine	deep plum
Bamboo	grayish taupe/light khaki
Bear Heather	brown with heather specks
Bordeaux	wine maroon
Breen	olive undertone
Buffalo	basic brown
Cayenne	burnt red
Cherub	dusty pink
Conch	fleshy pink
Cordovan	plum
Cypress	medium green
Dark Ink	dark navy blue
Delft	blue (slight purple tint)
Dolphin	medium blue-gray
Fig	dark olive
Ganado Red	pepper, or hot pepper
Gourd	dull mustard/pale yellow
Gravel	very light gray
Gunmetal	blue–dark gray mix
Halloween	blue-green-gray-orange
Harebell	deep purple
Hermelyn	off-white
Hide	medium brown/brass
High Noon	pale orange
Hops	off-white/crème
Lava	dull neon-orange/orange-brown
Mistle Toe	dark jade
Mongoose	brown with olive undertone
Navajo	orangy pink
Oxblood	deep burgundy
Parchment	eggshell/off-white/darker than natural
Putty	light olive green
Raisin	medium plum/dark purple
Sable	coffee with crème/light brown
Sand	off-white
Sanguine	maroon
Shell	very light pink
Smokey Sage	dark teal/green-gray
Squash	dark golden yellow
Steel Heather	steel-wool pad with heathers
Tahini	khaki/tan
Tangerine	deep orange
Tearose	tan/crème
Thunder	navy blue

these food packages arouse appetite through an experience transmitted by glossy photographs, enticing prose, and a sense—conveyed through design and pricing—that we are being given the metaphorical equivalent of a good home-cooked meal.

Invert this insight and the cookbook reveals itself to us as a kind of pretechnological TV dinner. It, too, stimulates appetite by end-running actual sensual experience and appealing directly to the mind. It, too, wraps endless sameness in metaphors that the brain hungers for, steadily blurring the distinction between actual and fictional experience. "Look," it says to the tongue, "stop complaining. Tonight we're going to France to have moussaka Provençale with Mireille Johnston." But the tongue doesn't reply; it has long since stopped paying attention.

All recipes are built on the belief that somewhere at the beginning of the chain there is a cook who does not use them. This is the great nostalgia of our cuisine, ever invoking an absent mother-cook who once laid her hands on the body of the world for us and worked it into food. The promise of every cookbook is that it offers a way back onto her lap.

She's long gone, that lady. But without the fantasy of her, none of this would be bearable. Our cuisine becomes a Borges fable or an Escher print, a universe crammed with cooks all passing the same recipes around and around, each time cooking them faster and faster . . . until everything fuses together into a little black box. Put in a piece of food on a clean plate; a minute later, take out a cooked piece of food on a dirty one—and call it progress.

[Memoir]

WAITING FOR A GLASS EYE

From Road Song, *a memoir by Natalie Kusz, published by Farrar, Straus and Giroux. Kusz and her family moved from California to Alaska in 1969. During their first winter there, when Natalie was seven, she was attacked by a husky in an isolated area and was found lying unconscious in the snow, near death. Over the next ten years she underwent more than thirty operations to save her life and reconstruct her face. Kusz, who is twenty-seven, now lives in St. Paul. She was a recipient of the General Electric Award for younger writers in 1989.*

"What does it look like under there?"

It was always this question back then, always the same pattern of hello and what's your name, what happened to your eye and what's under

WORLD&I

The Magazine For Thinking People

"... one of the most extraordinary magazines in America ..." Dictionary of Literary Biography

CURRENT ISSUES

NATURAL SCIENCE

BOOK WORLD

CULTURE

THE ARTS

LIFE

PHOTO ESSAYS

MODERN THOUGHT



nprecedented

zzling design, vital information, unparalleled variety, more than 100 icles in each issue! **The World & I** is an encyclopedia of reliable porting, expert opinion, and fascinating ideas -- all accented by over magnificent photographs and reproductions.

omplete

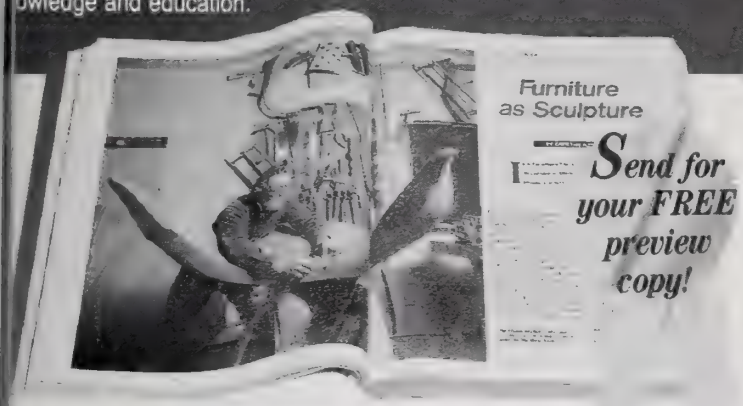
th eight editorial sections, **The World & I** provides in-depth coverage of portant news events; the latest developments in science, the arts, and ilosophy; knowledgeable reviews of books you'll want to read; and more. s the magazine for thinking people.

uthoritative, beautiful, enjoyable

e World & I's writers challenge the commonplace. Noted statesmen, tics, and scholars give **The World & I** a unique literary and topical ominence. It's also one of the most beautiful and enjoyable magazines be found, with a wealth of brilliant full-color images to please the eye.

xtraordinary value

better literary value for the money would be hard to find. **The World & I** ys for itself many times over in quality reading and as an investment in owledge and education.



Send for your FREE preview copy!

*"**The World & I** is an extraordinary assemblage of scholarly and cultural articles that is interesting, readable, and very well illustrated. ... This great publication must play a leading role in creating our future."*

Sir John Eccles, Nobel Laureate in Physiology and Medicine 1963

*"**The World & I** is one of the most original concepts in American journalistic history. The contents amply live up to the title: They combine cosmic reach with thoughtful explorations of the nature of man."*

Robert Nisbet, Historian
Albert Schweitzer Professor of the Humanities emeritus, Columbia University

"In the age of the shrinking attention span and the encapsulation of TV news, this worthy survey of current issues and cosmopolitan ideas is a blessing for serious readers."

Ray Cline, Chairman
U.S. Global Strategy Council

he World & I Risk-free Guarantee

st call toll-free **1-800-822-2822** or mail in the order form provided and we will send u the next issue totally risk-free. If you are not totally satisfied with it, simply write ancel" on the invoice and owe nothing. **(The trial issue will be yours to keep!)**

tach here and return

R.S.V.P. **Yes,** I want to order a risk-free trial subscription to **The World & I** as indicated below and receive the next issue as my trial copy.
*Offer good in U.S. only. (For first-time U.S. subscribers only)

☐ **12 months for $60**
☐ **6 months for $35**
☐ Bill me
☐ Payment enclosed
☐ VISA/MC
☐ AMEX
☐ CHECK

(Regular cover price $120 per ye

For fastest service, call toll-free 1-800-822-2822 or mail this coupon to:

AOXAP1W

Name (please print) _____ Card Number _____

Address _____ Expiration Date _____

City, State, Zip _____ Signature _____

THE WORLD&I
2800 New York Avenue NE, Washington, DC 20002

there. Usually I told the brief truth to my playmates, that the missing eye's socket was filled in now with belly skin, and a useless lid and lashes hung over it; if they pressed further, and if I was in a forthright mood, I said, "They're fixing me up for a glass eye. It looks about the same as ever." Other times, tired of spieling the same thin answers, I played to the earnest, breathing fourth-grade mouths, imagining for their pleasure a giant bottomless hole in my face, dark on the inside and so deep that only with a strong flashlight could one observe the red and festering cavity walls—and beyond them, the slick, pulsing lobe of my brain. Listening to this story, my classmates crowded in close, whispering, "Really? The dog tore it out, just tore it like that," and they looked not at me but at my eye patch, staring at it and moving their fingers unconsciously, almost as if I were not there. I felt suffocated in those stares and in the eagerness of those moving hands, for I imagined clearly what lay behind them: an impassioned wish to see, to reach up and uncover that eye, to stare and stare; the children pleaded with me to take off my patch, pressing close and whispering, "Just for me. I won't tell anyone," and I backed away toward the schoolroom door, thinking fast for an answer to hold them off. I spoke grave prophecies of wild, spontaneous infection should I ever uncover my eye in public, even once. "It has to stay patched," I said. "I could die if germs got in."

"How long," a boy asked, "how long do you have to wear that thing?"

I said, "Forever. Forever until I get a glass eye."

The children kept looking at my bandage, and a girl named Kim looked briefly at me and then back to the patch. "But doesn't it get wet in the bathtub?" she asked. "What happens when you get dirty?"

"Oh," I said, "I change it in the morning. I don't wear the *same one* forever."

Kim—or if not she, then always someone else—asked, "If I stayed the night, could I watch when you change it?" And I would go back then to my talk of germs and elaborate precautions, saying, "Even my mom can't be there or I'd get infected. Nope, it has to be totally sterile." It was a bald lie, and though it worked to save me from showing my eye, it also increased the mystique that surrounded me, bringing the children around to this topic again and again.

The single time when I did relent and agreed to show someone my eye, I was standing at the drinking fountain with my best friend, Marcy Spears, who said, "If I had an eye gone, I'd want to show you so you'd know what it was like."

"I already told you what it's like," I answered. "It's just a covered-up hole, no big deal."

Marcy smiled wide and breathed hard and grabbed my elbows with her hands. "Come on, Natalie," she said. "I'm your best friend. Please." She pushed her face close and laughed into my eyes. "Please."

"What will you tell everyone else?" I asked her, pulling my elbows away. "They'll all want to see, too."

"If it's no big deal, I'll say so, and they'll believe me." I believed her myself, and ten minutes later when we stood inside a fifth-grade bathroom stall and I peeled aside my patch, Marcy hollered into my face and ran; and until the door closed out her voice, I could hear her down the hall shouting, "I saw it. It's so ugly. Oh, my God."

So that was the only time. Before and after that day, I strove hard to be usual, to blend in, to pretend that my eye patch was not there, and I worked meticulously every morning to fit a fresh dressing exactly over the outline of yesterday's, hoping that if the eye patch looked the same as before, my friends would not recognize it as a new one, would not imagine for them-

[Poem]

LET US PLEDGE

By Wendell Berry. From the Summer 1990 issue of The Amicus Journal, *a quarterly published by the Natural Resources Defense Council in New York City. Berry's essay "Taking Nature's Measure" appeared in the March issue of* Harper's Magazine.

Let us pledge allegiance to the flag
and to the national sacrifice areas
for which it stands, garbage dumps
and empty holes, sold out for a higher
spire on the rich church, the safety
of voyagers in golf carts, the better mood
of the stock market. Let us feast
today, though tomorrow we starve. Let us
gorge upon the body of the Lord, consuming
the earth for our greater joy in Heaven,
that fair Vacationland. Let us wander
  forever
in the labyrinths of our self-esteem.
Let us evolve forever toward the higher
consciousness of the machine.
The spool of our engine-driven fate
unwinds, our history now outspeeding
thought, and the heart is a beatable tool.



Pssst ... Attracted by Religion but Afraid Someone Will Find Out?

You can't shake off the allure of the Immense Questions — love, death, goodness, suffering, and the meaning of it all. You're bummed out on various secular panaceas — old nags such as Leninism, technology, egotism, and consumerism. You sense that *the* answers are the ancient answers — those in the tradition of Moses, Jeremiah, Jesus, Augustine, St. Francis, Aquinas, Dante, Thomas More, Tolstoy, Kierkegaard, Newman, Eliot, Buber, Niebuhr, C.S. Lewis, Martin Luther King Jr., Dorothy Day, Archbishop Tutu, and Mother Teresa. But you're a thinking person, and you've been told by your peers that self-respecting intellects don't need "fairy tales."

Well, maybe it's time to think more deeply, cast off your inhibitions, and probe the romance of religion.

Recently *The New York Times Magazine* discussed the NEW OXFORD REVIEW in the context of an article on the "return to religion" among intellectuals. Indeed, we at the REVIEW are in the vanguard of today's new intellectual enchantment with what Daniel Bell terms "the sacred." Among other things, we examine religious commitments that yield progressive and humane social consequences, and we scrutinize the religious dimensions of the great thinkers, issues, and events of the past and present.

An ecumenically-minded monthly magazine edited by lay Catholics, we've been characterized by George Will as "splendid," by the University of Chicago's Martin E. Marty as "lively," by *Newsweek* as "thoughtful and often cheeky," and by *Utne Reader* as "fascinating" and "surprisingly original." Those who write for us — Robert N. Bellah, Jean Bethke Elshtain, John Lukacs, Christopher Lasch, Norman Lear, Michael Lerner, Robert Coles, and others — are pathfinders who express themselves with passion, style, and lucidity. No need to feel embarrassed in our company!

Sure, there are other magazines and journals which focus on religion, but the NEW OXFORD REVIEW is unusual in that it is neither barrenly academic nor narrowly denominational, neither ideologically predictable nor safe and evasive. We get the juices pumping.

If you yearn to spring out of the iron cage of secularism — but don't want to land in the lap of the ayatollahs, cultists, or fundamentalists — subscribe today! (Or, if you're already out of the cage — or were never in it — keep the juices flowing and give us a try!)

(Please allow 2 to 8 weeks for delivery of first issue)

SPECIAL DISCOUNT RATES FOR FIRST-TIME SUBSCRIBERS

- ☐ One-year subscription. . . . . .$14 (regularly $19)
- ☐ One-year student, unemployed, or retired person's subscription . . . . . .$12 (regularly $16)
- ☐ Two-year subscription . . . . .$23 (regularly $35)
- ☐ One-year Canadian or foreign subscription . . . . US$17 (regularly $22) Payment must be drawn in US Dollars
- ☐ Sample copy. $3.50

NAME (Please print or type)

STREET ADDRESS

CITY STATE ZIP CODE

Send coupon or letter. Make check payable to NEW OXFORD REVIEW. Mail to:

NEW OXFORD REVIEW
Room 9
1069 Kains Ave.
Berkeley, CA 94706

PAYMENT MUST ACCOMPANY ORDER

selves a graphic moment when I had stood naked in front of the mirror, throwing the old patch away.

But it was not always possible to look the same every day, for the type of patch I wore depended entirely upon the current stage of my surgeries. In the very early days after the accident, my wounds had needed more air, and I had dressed them with voluminous white cotton pads, making sure to leave breathing spaces but using more tape than I needed, stringing it across my nose, down to my jaw, up to my forehead—anchoring down every spot where the cotton might gap and let someone see underneath.

Those first months, I had been seven, the accident had just happened, and my Alaska doctors—and then my Seattle ones—were still saving my life, speaking only vaguely about a glass eye until they were sure I would live to hope for one. In Seattle, quarantined in my room because of infections or bone-graft problems, I had dreamed out loud to my mother about a far time when, in the period just before a glass eye, I could graduate to a black pirate patch, smaller and less obvious on my face. Let the surgeons take as long as they needed then, I thought; if I could be rid of the huge gauze dressings, I would wait in peace for my eye to come. Months later, when I was almost eight, my doctors said I could have a black patch for a while, at least until the next operation. That week, my aunt took the black patch for a pattern and made me forty others in calico and bright colors so I could wear a different one every day. I thanked her and took the patches home, but I wore only the black one, pressing dark against my cheek, calling to itself less attention. There was no joy, I thought, in floral eye patches when most people wore none at all.

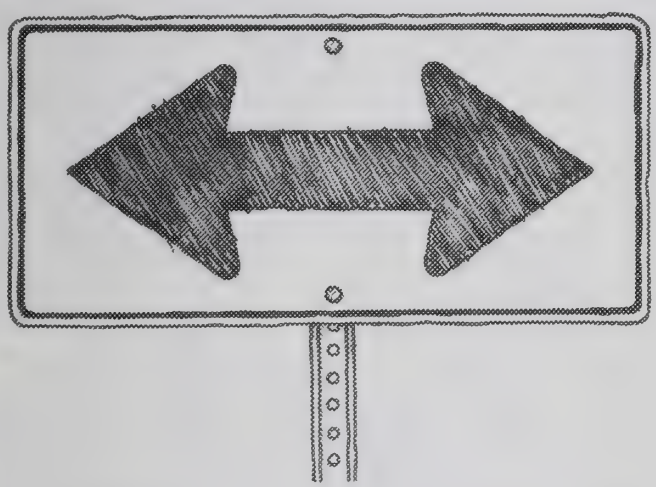
Still later, after third grade, I was allowed khaki adhesive patches almost the same color as my skin. They felt sweaty, yes, and coming off at bedtime they tore at my scars, but they were marvels to me and wonderful: small and light, completely anonymous, they had no elastic strings for schoolchildren to pull. And every morning the eye patch I lifted out from its wrapper looked identical to the one I had worn the day before. True, I still had to revert to the white cotton pads after each major surgery—begging at those times to stay home from school—but that was not often and never for very long. Beginning then, with my first adhesive patch, I could go for long periods between grafts looking the same every day, and I was sure that if I didn't mention my eye patch, it was invisible—like the dragons in my sister's room, who were there but who could not get us unless we referred to them out loud. Later, at slumber parties, I would wear my patch all night, laying my head down so as not to rub it off on the pillow and locking the bathroom door in the morning to change it before anyone else woke up. And in the seventh grade, when the pharmaceutical company reinvented their product, took to using lighter, glossy cloth, I wept with my teeth clenched and sent my mother out to buy every existing eye patch of the old style.

At home only, I uncovered my eye, allowing it to breathe, keeping my hands clean and being careful not to touch it, and my family knew to keep surprise visitors talking on the porch until I ran upstairs to the bathroom. If I had run out of patches, or had decided not to waste one on a short visit from strangers, I stayed in my room until Dad called me down with the family whistle. It was a dangerous way to live. We were all so accustomed to my face that none of us noticed whether I was "covered" or not—and while it was restful for me to feel this unremarkable at home, there were several times when my father or mother forgot to delay the drop-ins, and I stood patchless in the kitchen as they brought our friends inside. My parents' faces were lost and quiet once they realized what they had done.

I grew weary of listening so hard for cars driving up, of coming home from school, having dodged questions and strange looks all day, to find that even my home was not safe for me. It was logical, if not pleasant, to assume that in public I would be viewed as a glaring curiosity, that "out there" I would have to smile when I felt like shouting at the thousand strangers who asked the same kindly questions; at home, though, I should have found rest among these, the family who had lived within sight of my missing eye for as many years as I had myself. There came times in my middle teen years when I rose up against this fact, that even here I had to remain conscious of my eye, must have a patch always at hand, just in case a visitor came to the door; on those rebelling occasions, I chose not to run from select ones among my parents' closest friends—I sat barefaced, instead, on the couch, measuring faces as they entered, reading their thoughts from the ways in which they opened their mouths. The self-exposure was not healing for me, gave me no feeling of liberation or of sanity, and I never drew comfort from the fact that those with the largest souls could speak easily with me after that first small silence when they entered the room. My body was so tense, my knees held so tightly together, that I am not even sure why I did it, except perhaps to collect statistics: to see how many there were in the adult world who would feel toward me the way that people did at school. ■

ADELPHI UNIVERSITY: EDUCATION FOR THE 21st CENTURY. A.D. OR B.C.

The best way to prepare for the modern world is not to prepare for it.



Now that's fine for us to say, here in our ivory towers above the tree line in Garden City. But what of you?

How will you earn a living after four years exposure at Adelphi to the development and grandeur of Western Civilization?

How will you compete for spots in law school and medical school and MBA programs after devoting untold semester hours to Aristotle, Plato, Augustine, Aquinas, Descartes, Shakespeare, Dante, Locke, and Kant?

How will you discover yourself if Adelphi's curriculum is geared more directly to helping you discover ethics and logic and rhetoric and music and art and dance and drama and history and above all: ideas?

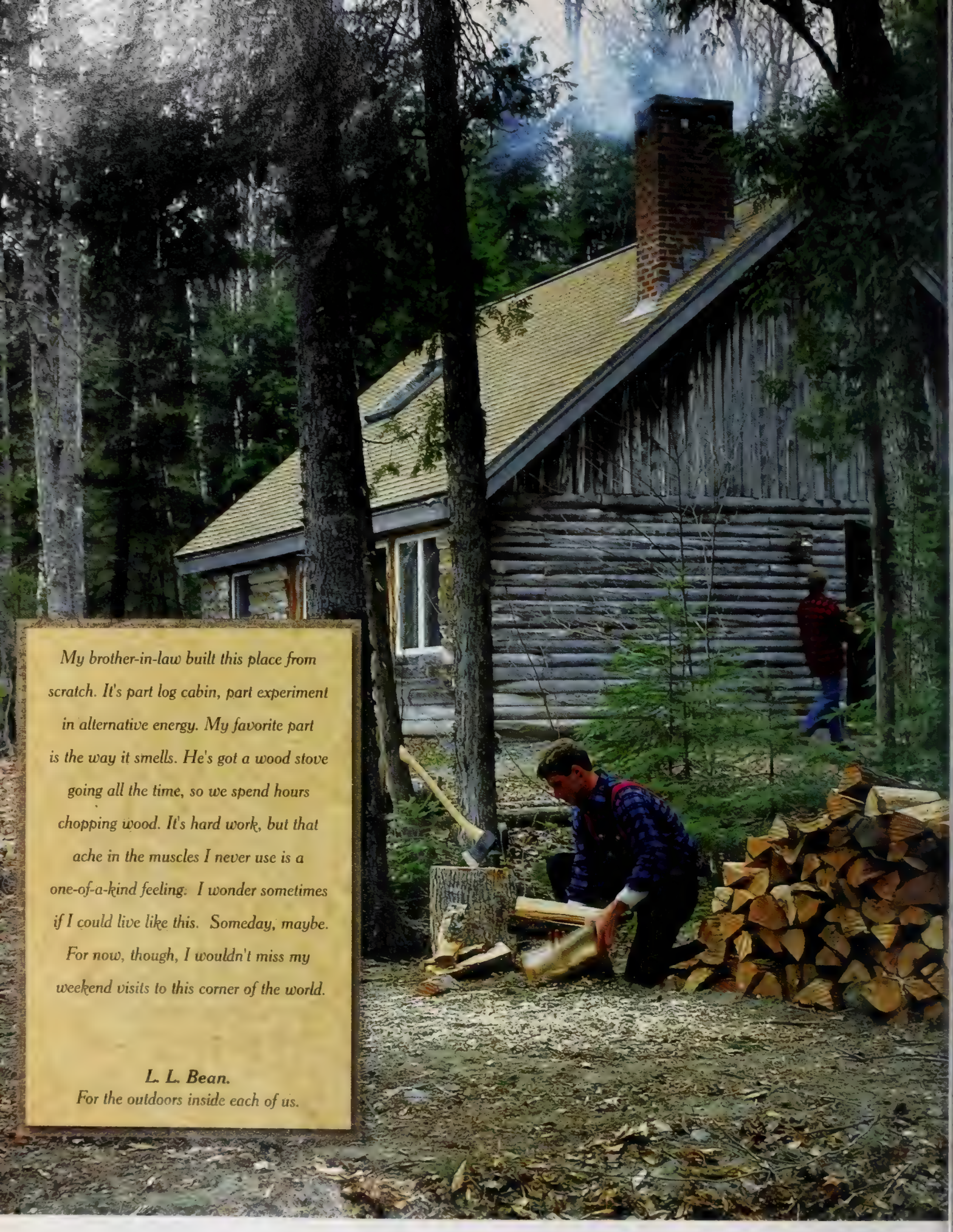
How indeed? Well, if you know the answer as well as we do, you're our kind of student. And Adelphi is your kind of university, whether your future major is accounting or biology or social work or pre-law or education or physics or math or marketing or whatever.

We invite you to send for more information about Adelphi. It comes in two forms: our ancient, yet lively brochure and our contemporary, yet crystal clear video.

We'll send both if you call (DXVI) DCCCLXXVII-MMML or call the number below.

ADELPHI UNIVERSITY

Garden City, New York 11530. (516) 877 3050.
For application materials and a video, write or call.



My brother-in-law built this place from scratch. It's part log cabin, part experiment in alternative energy. My favorite part is the way it smells. He's got a wood stove going all the time, so we spend hours chopping wood. It's hard work, but that ache in the muscles I never use is a one-of-a-kind feeling. I wonder sometimes if I could live like this. Someday, maybe. For now, though, I wouldn't miss my weekend visits to this corner of the world.

L. L. Bean.
For the outdoors inside each of us.

For 78 years, L. L. Bean has offered durable, practical products for men and women who love the outdoors.
Our catalog includes active and casual apparel, footwear, equipment and accessories.
All fully guaranteed and honestly priced. If you'd like a copy, please call ***1-800-543-9072*** *anytime.*

L.L.Bean®
FREEPORT, MAINE

© L. L. Bean, 1990

DEMOCRACY IN AMERICA?

Not only the economy is in decline

By Lewis H. Lapham

The spirit of liberty is the spirit
which is not too sure it is right.
—Judge Learned Hand

Over the course of the last eighteen months, no American politician worth his weight in patriotic sentiment has missed a chance to congratulate one of the lesser nations of the earth on its imitation of the American democracy. Invariably, the tone of the compliment is condescending. The politician presents himself as the smiling host who welcomes into the clean and well-lighted rooms of "the American way of life" the ragged and less fortunate guests, who—sadly and through no fault of their own—had wandered for so many years in ideological darkness.

The orators haven't lacked edifying proofs and instances. First the Chinese students in Tiananmen Square, holding aloft a replica of the Statue of Liberty against the armies of repression. Next the German crowds dancing on the ruin of the Berlin Wall; then the apprentice democrats triumphant in Budapest and Warsaw and Prague; then Gorbachev in Washington, amiably recanting the communist heresy to his new friend in the White House. And always the Americans, saying, in effect, "You see, we were right all along; we were right, and you were wrong, and if you know what's good for you, you will go forth and prosper in a bright new world under the light of an American moon."

At the end of last summer Ronald Reagan was in Berlin, conducting a seminar for the East Germans on the theory and practice of democracy; John Sununu, the White House chief of staff, was in Moscow showing the hierarchs in the Kremlin how to organize the paperwork of a democratic government; a synod of American journalists had gone off to Budapest to teach their Hungarian colleagues how to draft a First Amendment; in Washington the chief correspondent of the *New York Times* was celebrating the crisis in the Persian Gulf as great and glorious proof that the United States had regained its status as the world's first and foremost superpower, that all the dreary talk about American bankruptcy and decline was just so much sniveling, trendy rot.

I listen to the speeches and read the bulletins in the newspapers, and I

A majority of Americans apparently have come to think of democracy as a matter of consensus and parades, as if it were somehow easy, quiet, orderly, and safe

marvel at my own capacity for the willing suspensions of disbelief. I find myself humming along with the self-congratulatory cant on *Nightline* and *Face the Nation* or beating four-quarter time with the jingoists' chorus in *Newsweek*, and I forget for the moment that we're talking about a country (the United States of America, a.k.a. "the light of hope and reason in a dark and discordant world") in which the spirit of democracy is fast becoming as defunct as the late Buffalo Bill. About a country in which most of the population doesn't take the trouble to vote and would gladly sell its constitutional birthright for a Florida condominium or another twenty days on the corporate expense account. About a country in which the President wages war after consultation with four or five privy councillors and doesn't inform either the Congress or the electorate (a.k.a. "the freest, happiest and most enlightened people on earth") until the armada has sailed.

Although I know that Jefferson once said that it is never permissible "to despair of the commonwealth," I find myself wondering whether the American experiment with democracy may not have run its course. Not because of the malevolence or cunning of a foreign power (the Russians, the Japanese, the Colombian drug lords, Saddam Hussein, etc.) but because a majority of Americans apparently have come to think of democracy as a matter of consensus and parades, as if it were somehow easy, quiet, orderly, and safe. I keep running across people who speak fondly about what they imagine to be the comforts of autocracy, who long for the assurances of the proverbial man on the white horse likely to do something harsh and puritanical about the moral relativism that has made a mess of the cities, the schools, and prime-time television.

If the American system of government at present seems so patently at odds with its constitutional hopes and purposes, it is not because the practice of democracy no longer serves the interests of the presiding oligarchy (which it never did) but because the promise of democracy no longer inspires or exalts the citizenry lucky enough to have been born under its star. It isn't so much that liberty stands at bay but, rather, that it has fallen into disuse, regarded as insufficient by both its enemies and its nominal friends. What is the use of free expression to people so frightened of the future that they prefer the comforts of the authoritative lie? Why insist on the guarantee of so many superfluous civil liberties when everybody already has enough trouble with the interest rates and foreign cars, with too much crime in the streets, too many Mexicans crossing the border, and never enough money to pay the bills? Why bother with the tiresome chore of self-government when the decisions of state can be assigned to the functionaries in Washington, who, if they can be trusted with nothing else, at least have the wit to pretend that they are infallible? President Bush struck the expected pose of omniscience in the course of the 1988 election campaign when he refused to answer a rude question about an American naval blunder in the Persian Gulf (the shooting down of an Iranian airliner) on the ground that he would "never apologize for the United States of America. I don't care what the facts are."

As recently as 1980 I knew a good many people who took a passionate interest in politics, who felt keenly what one of them described as "the ancient republican hostility" to the rule of the self-serving few. They knew the names of their elected representatives, and they were as well-informed on the topics of the day as any government spokesman paid to edit the news. By the end of the decade most of them had abandoned their political enthusiasm as if it were a youthful folly they no longer could afford—like hang gliding or writing neosymbolist verse.

Much of the reason for the shift in attitude I attribute to the exemplary cynicism of the Reagan administration. Here was a government obsequious in its devotion to the purposes of a selfish oligarchy, a regime that cared nothing for the law and prospered for eight years by virtue of its willingness to cheat and steal and lie. And yet, despite its gross and frequent abuses of

wer, the country made no complaint. The Democratic Party (the nomi- l party of opposition) uttered not the slightest squeak of an objection. cept for a few journals of small circulation, neither did the media.

During the early years of the administration, even people who recog- zed the shoddiness of Reagan's motives thought that the country could nd a little encouragement—some gaudy tinsel and loud advertising, a t of parades, and a steady supply of easy profits. The country had heard ough of Jimmy Carter's sermons, and it was sick of listening to proph- ies of the American future that could be so easily confused with a coro- r's report. In return for the illusion that the United States was still first in e world's rankings, the country indulged Reagan in his claptrap eco- mic and geopolitical theories. For a few years it didn't seem to matter at the Laffer curve and the Strategic Defense Initiative had been import- l from the land of Oz. What difference did it make as long as the Japanese re willing to lend money and Rambo was victorious in the movies?

But it turned out that the lies did make a difference—the lies and the eagan administration's relentless grasping of illegal and autocratic privi- ge. Congress offered itself for sale to the highest bidder, and the political tion committees bought so many politicians of both denominations that was no longer possible to tell the difference between a Republican and a emocrat: Both sides of the aisle owed their allegiance to the same spon- rs. Nor was it possible to distinguish between the executive and the legis- tive functions of government. Any doubts on this score were dissolved in e midden of the Iran-Contra deals. President Reagan and his aides-de- mp on the National Security Council sold weapons to a terrorist regime Iran in order to finance a terrorist revolt in Nicaragua. The scheme bliged them to make a mockery of the Constitution, dishonor their oaths office, and seize for themselves the powers of despotism. They did so ithout a qualm, and the subsequent congressional investigation absolved em of their crimes and confirmed them in their contempt for the law and e American people. The principal conspirators were allowed to depart ith no more than a reprimand.

It was this series of events—so obviously and complacently corrupt roughout the whole course of the narrative—that proved even more maging to the American polity than the ruin of the economy. Justified y a timid Congress and excused by a compliant media, the Reagan admin- tration reduced the Constitution to a sheaf of commercial paper no more r less worthless than a promissory note signed by Donald Trump or a fi- ancial prospectus offering shares in the Wedtech Corporation.

The defeat might be easier to bear if the politicians would quit mouthing e word "democracy." If they were to say instead, "Yes, we are a great ation because we obey the rule of the expedient lie" or, "Yes, believe in ur power because we have gerrymandered our politics to serve the interests f wealth," I might find it easier to wave the flag and swell the unison of mplacent applause.

But not "democracy." Maybe "plutocracy," or "oligarchy," or even state capitalism," but not, please God, "a free nation under law" or, as a rofessor of government put it in an address to a crowd of newly naturalized itizens of Monticello, the "moral and political reasoning [that] is the re- ublic's unique and priceless heritage."

What "moral and political reasoning"? Between which voices of con- cience, and where would the heritage be exhibited to public view? On etwork television? In the United States Senate? In a high school audito- ium in Detroit?

Saddam Hussein's invasion of Kuwait presented a fairly prominent occa- ion for a display of America's moral and political reasoning, but it was a pectacle that nobody wanted to see or hear. The national choir of newspa- er columnists banged their cymbals and drums, shouting for the head of he monster of Baghdad. Loudly and without a single exception, the 535 nembers of Congress declared themselves loyal to the great American

Justified by a timid Congress and excused by a compliant media, the Reagan administration reduced the Constitution to a sheaf of commercial paper



Illustrations by Victoria Kann



©1996 Toyota Motor Corporate Services of North America, Inc.

"THE MAYOR reckons I'm like A GLASS of warm MILK. I help all of GEORGETOWN get a good night's SLEEP."

LARRY ADKINS
Georgetown Fire Chief

UNTIL LAST YEAR, GEORGETOWN, Kentucky, relied mostly on volunteers to protect the town's 12,500 people.

Even though they're a dedicated bunch of guys, they were hard-pressed to keep up with the demands of a growing town. It's the kind of situation that could keep you up nights.

Then, last September, Georgetown hired itself a professionally trained fire chief.

Since his appointment, Larry Adkins has gone through the place like a tornado.

He hired 10 full-time firefighters, all of them highly qualified. Then he outfitted every team member, volunteers included, with state-of-the-art breathing apparatus, fire-resistant uniforms and equipment. And just to make sure the gear won't collect any dust, Larry insists on a minimum three hours training and drills. Every day.

Which explains why all hands are out of the firehouse and on the way to a fire within 60 seconds of the alarm sounding. (Larry had an idea to even improve on that, but he couldn't persuade the men to sleep fully dressed inside their trucks.)

We're happy to say the taxes Toyota pays the town helped make Larry's appointment possible.

Apart from the $1,000,000 or so the revenue will amount to this year, we employ some 3,200 people in our Georgetown plant, 95% of them Kentuckians.

We're pleased to be giving the town's economy such a boost.

But we're just as pleased to know that aside from 36 firefighters, everyone in Georgetown is sleeping sounder these days.

TOYOTA

INVESTING IN THE INDIVIDUAL

Candidates speak not to voters but to PACs, to the lobbyists who can fix the money for campaigns



truth that had descended into the Arabian desert with the 82nd Airborne Division. The television networks introduced a parade of generals, all of them explicating the texts of glorious war. The few individuals who publicly questioned the wisdom of the President's policy instantly found themselves classified as subversives, spoilsports, ingrates, and sore thumbs.

The judgment is one with which I am familiar, probably because my own remarks on the state of American politics often have been attacked by more or less the same gang of adjectives. With respect to the argument in progress, I can imagine the rejoinder pronounced by a self-satisfied gentleman in his middle forties, a reader of *Time* magazine and a friend of the American Enterprise Institute. He wears a three-piece suit and speaks slowly and patiently, as if to a foreigner or a prospective suicide. Having done well by the system, he begins by reminding me that I, too, have done well by the system and should show a decent respect for the blessings of property. His voice is as smug as his faith in the American political revelation ("not perfect, of course, but the best system on offer in an imperfect world"). His argument resolves into categorical statements, usually four presented as facets of a flawless truth. As follows:

1.

The American government is formed by the rule of the ballot box. What other country trusts its destiny to so many free elections?

The statement is true to the extent that it describes a ritual, not a function, of government. Early last spring the Times Mirror Center for the People and the Press conducted a survey of the political attitudes prevailing among a random sampling of citizens between the ages of eighteen and twenty-nine. To nobody's surprise the survey discovered a generation that "knows less, cares less, votes less and is less critical of its leaders and institutions than young people in the past." The available statistics support the impression of widespread political apathy. In this month's election it is expected that as many as 120 million Americans (two thirds of the eligible electorate) will not bother to vote.

The numbers suggest that maybe the people who don't vote have good and sufficient reasons for their abstentions. Vote for what and for whom? For a program of false promises and empty platitudes? For ambitious office seekers distinguished chiefly by their talents for raising money? For a few rich men (i.e., the sixty or seventy senators possessing assets well in excess of $1 million) who can afford to buy a public office as if it were a beach house or a rubber duck?

Since the revision of the campaign finance laws in the late 1970s, most of the candidates don't even take the trouble to court the good opinion of the voters. They speak instead to the PACs, to the lobbyists who can fix the money for campaigns costing as much as $350,000 (for the House of Representatives) and $4 million (for the Senate). The rising cost of political ambition ensures the rising rate of incumbency (47 percent of the present United States Congress were in office in 1980, as opposed to 4 percent of the Supreme Soviet). The sponsors back the safe bets and receive the assurance of safe opinions. (As of last June 30, the incumbent senators up for reelection this month had collected $83.1 million for their campaigns, as opposed to $25.9 million raised on behalf of the insurgents.)

A democracy supposedly derives its strength and character from the diversity of its many voices, but the politicians in the Capitol speak with only one voice, which is the voice of the oligarchy that buys the airline tickets and the television images. Among the company of legislators in Washington or Albany or Sacramento I look in vain for a representation of my own interests or opinions, and I never hear the voice of the scientist, the writer, the athlete, the teacher, the plumber, the police officer, the farmer, the merchant. I hear instead the voice of only one kind of functionary: a full-time politician, nearly always a lawyer, who spends at least 80 percent of

time raising campaign funds and construes his function as that of a light-forwarding agent redistributing the national income into venues nvenient to his owners and friends.

Maybe it still can be said that the United States is a representative gov-nment in the theatrical sense of the word, but if I want to observe the rkings of democracy I would be better advised to follow the debate in the ech Parliament or the Soviet Congress of People's Deputies. The newly franchised politicians in Eastern Europe write their own speeches and light in the passion of words that allows them to seize and shape the urse of a new history and a new world. Unlike American voters, voters in e Soviet Union (repeat, the Soviet Union, Russia, the U.S.S.R., the vil Empire," the communist prison, etc., etc.) enjoy the right to express e full range of their opinions at the polls. Instead of marking the ballot a favored candidate, the Soviet voter crosses off the names of the politi-ans whom he has reason to distrust or despise. He can vote against all the ndidates, even an incumbent standing unopposed. Because a Soviet poli-ian must receive an absolute majority, the election isn't valid unless ore than half of the electorate votes, which means that in Moscow or ningrad the citizens can vote for "none of the above," and by doing so ey can do what the voters in New York or Los Angeles cannot do—row the thieves into the street.

2.

emocratic government is self-government, and in America the state is owned d operated by the citizens.

I admire the sentiment, and I am willing to believe that in the good old ys before most of what was worth knowing about the mechanics of gov-nment disappeared under the seals of classified information, it was still nceivable that the business of the state could be conducted by amateurs. the early years of the twentieth century it was still possible for anybody ssing by the White House to walk through the front door and expect a w words with the president. It's true that the promise of democracy is nonymous with the idea of the citizen. The enterprise requires the col-boration of everybody present, and it fails (or evolves into something se) unless enough people perceive their government as subject rather an object, as animate organism rather than automatic vending machine.

Such an antique or anthropomorphic understanding of politics no longer tisfies the demand for omnipotence or the wish to believe in kings or ieens or fairy tales. Ask almost anybody in any street about the nature of merican government, and he or she will describe it as something that elongs to somebody else, as a them, not an us. Only advanced students of olitical science remember how a caucus works, or what is written in the onstitution, or who paves the roads. The active presence of the citizen ves way to the passive absence of the consumer, and citizenship devolves to a function of economics. Every two or four or six years the politicians k the voters whether they recognize themselves as better or worse off than ey were the last time anybody asked. The question is only and always out money, never about the spirit of the laws or the cherished ideals that nbody the history of the people. The commercial definition of democracy rompts the politicians to conceive of and advertise the republic as if it ere a resort hotel. They promise the voters the rights and comforts owed them by virtue of their status as America's guests. The subsidiary argu-ents amount to little more than complaints about the number, quality, nd cost of the available services. The government (a.k.a. the hotel man-gement) preserves its measure of trust in the exact degree that it satisfies he whims of its patrons and meets the public expectation of convenience nd style at a fair price. A debased electorate asks of the state what the rich sk of their servants—i.e., "comfort us," "tell us what to do." The wish to e cared for replaces the will to act.

The active presence of the citizen gives way to the passive absence of the consumer, and citizenship devolves into a function of economics

In a democracy everything is partisan. Democratic politics is about nothing else except being partisan

3.

The American democracy guarantees the freedom of its people and the honesty its government with a system of checks and balances; the division or separation powers prevents the government from indulging the pleasures of despotism; t two-party system ensures the enactment of just laws vigorously debated and ope ly arrived at.

It was precisely this principle that the Iran-Contra deals (the trading weapons for hostages as well as the subsequent reprieves and exoneration proved null and void. President Reagan usurped the prerogatives of Co gress, and Congress made no objection. President Bush exercised the san option with respect to the expedition in the Persian Gulf, and again Co gress made no objection, not even when it was discovered that Saudi Ar bia had offered to hire the CIA to arrange the overthrow of Sadda Hussein. For the last forty years it has been the practice of the Americ government to wage a war at the will and discretion of the foreign-poli apparat in Washington—without reference to the wishes or opinions of t broad mass of the American people.

Dean Acheson, secretary of state in the Truman administration, unde stood as long ago as 1947 that if the government wished to do as it please then it would be necessary to come up with a phrase, slogan, or article faith that could serve as a pretext for arbitrary decisions. He hit upon t word "nonpartisan." Knowing that the American people might balk at t adventure of the Cold War if they thought that the subject was open discussion, he explained to his confederates in the State Department tha militant American foreign policy had to be presented as a "nonpartis issue," that any and all domestic political quarreling about the countr purposes "stopped at the water's edge."

"If we can make them believe that," Acheson said, "we're off to t races."

Among the promoters of the national security state the theory of "no partisanship" was accorded the weight of biblical revelation, and for t next two generations it proved invaluable to a succession of presidents be on waging declared and undeclared wars in Korea, Vietnam, Guatema Grenada, Panama, Cambodia, Lebanon, Nicaragua, and the Persian Gu President John F. Kennedy elaborated the theory into a doctrine not unli the divine right of kings. At a press conference in May 1962, Kennedy sai with sublime arrogance: "Most of us are conditioned for many years to ha a political viewpoint—Republican or Democratic, liberal, conservative, moderate. The fact of the matter is that most of the problems . . . that now face are technical problems, are administrative problems. They very sophisticated judgments, which do not lend themselves to the gr sort of passionate movements which have stirred this country so often the past. [They] deal with questions which are now beyond the comprehe sion of most men."

To President Bush the word "nonpartisan" is the alpha and omega government by administrative decree: a word for all seasons; a word t avoids the embarrassment of forthright political argument; a word w which to send the troops to Saudi Arabia, postpone decisions on the bu get, diffuse the blame for the savings and loan swindle. The White Hou staff takes pride in the techniques of what its operatives refer to "conflict-avoidance." Speaking to a writer for *The New Republic* in Augu one of Bush's senior press agents said, "We don't do [political] fighting this administration. We do bipartisan compromising."

But in a democracy everything is partisan. Democratic politics is ab nothing else except being partisan. The American dialectic assumes ar ment not only as the normal but as the necessary condition of its continu existence. The structure of the idea resembles a suspension bridge rat than a pyramid or a mosque. Its strength depends on the balance stru between countervailing forces, and the idea collapses unless the stres

pose one another with equal weight, unless enough people have enough rage to sustain the argument between rich and poor, the government d the governed, city and suburb, presidency and Congress, capital and or, matter and mind. It is precisely these arguments (i.e., the very stuff d marrow of democracy) that the word "nonpartisan" seeks to annul.

With reference to domestic political arguments, the word "consensus" ves the same purpose as the word "nonpartisan" does in the realm of eign affairs: It is another sleight of hand that makes possible the perpet- avoidance of any question that might excite the democratic passions of ree people bent on governing themselves. The trick is to say as little as ssible in a language so bland that the speaker no longer can be accused of rboring an unpleasant opinion. Adhere firmly to the safe cause and the pular sentiment. Talk about the flag or drugs or crime (never about race class or justice) and follow the yellow brick road to the wonderful land of nsensus." In place of honest argument among consenting adults the liticians substitute a lullaby for frightened children: the pretense that nflict doesn't really exist, that we have achieved the blessed state in ich (because we are all American and therefore content) we no longer ed politics. The mere mention of the word "politics" brings with it the or of something low and rotten and mean.

Confronted with genuinely stubborn and irreconcilable differences out revising the schedule of Social Security payments, say, or closing wn a specific number of the nation's military bases), the politicians ign the difficulty to the law courts, or to a special prosecutor, or to a esidential commission. In line with its habitual cowardice, Congress this st September dispatched a few of its most pettifogging members to An- ews Air Force Base, where, behind closed doors, it was hoped that they ght construct the facade of an agreement on the budget.

For the better part of 200 years it was the particular genius of the Ameri- n democracy to compromise its differences within the context of an open bate. For the most part (i.e., with the tragic exception of the Civil War), e society managed to assimilate and smooth out the edges of its antago- sms and by so doing to hold in check the violence bent on its destruction. he success of the enterprise derived from the rancor of the nation's loud- outhed politics—on the willingness of its citizens and their elected repre- ntatives to defend their interests, argue their case, and say what they ant. But if the politicians keep silent, and if the citizenry no longer cares engage in what it regards as the distasteful business of debate, then the merican dialectic cannot attain a synthesis or resolution. The democratic itiative passes to the demagogues in the streets, and the society falls prey the ravening minorities in league with the extremists of all denomina- ns who claim alliance with the higher consciousness and the absolute th. The eloquence of Daniel Webster or Henry Clay degenerates into e muttering of Al Sharpton or David Duke.

The deliberate imprecision of the Constitution (sufficiently vague and acious to allow the hope of a deal) gives way to rigid enumerations of ivileges and rights. A democracy in sound working order presupposes a ound of tolerance, in Judge Learned Hand's phrase, "the spirit which is t too sure that it is right." I might think that the other fellow is wrong, t I do not think that he is therefore wicked. A democracy in decay ac- ires the pale and deadly cast of theocracy. Not only is the other fellow ong (about abortion, obscenity, or the flag); he is also, by definition, an ent of the Antichrist.

4.

he Constitution presents the American people with as great a gift of civil liberties ever has been granted by any government in the history of the world.

But liberty, like the habit of telling the truth, withers and decays unless s put to use, and for the last ten years it seems as if the majority of Ameri-

The trick is to say as little as possible in a language so bland that the speaker no longer can be accused of harboring an unpleasant opinion



If democracy means anything at all it means the freedom of thought and the perpetual expansion of the discovery that the world is not oneself

cans would rather not suffer the embarrassment of making a scene (in public place) about so small a trifle as a civil right. With scarcely a murmu of objection, they fill out the official forms, answer the questions, submit t the compulsory urine or blood tests, and furnish information to the goverr ment, the insurance companies, and the police.

The Bush administration cries up a war on drugs, and the public r sponds with a zeal for coercion that would have gladdened the hearts of th Puritan judges presiding over the Salem witch trials. Of the responden questioned by an ABC/*Washington Post* poll in September 1989, 55 percer supported mandatory drug testing for all Americans, 52 percent were wil ing to have their homes searched, and 83 percent favored reporting su pected drug users to the police, even if the suspects happened to b members of their own family. Politicians of both parties meet with sus tained applause when they demand longer jail sentences and harsher law as well as the right to invade almost everybody's privacy; to search, withou a warrant, almost anybody's automobile or boat; to bend the rules of evi dence, hire police spies, and attach, again without a warrant, the wires c electronic surveillance. Within the last five years the Supreme Court ha granted increasingly autocratic powers to the police—permission (withou probable cause) to stop, detain, and question a traveler passing through th nation's airports in whom the police can see a resemblance to a drug dealer permission (again without probable cause) to search barns, stop motorists inspect bank records, and tap phones.

The same Times Mirror survey that discovered a general indifference to ward all things political also discovered that most of the respondents didn' care whether a fair percentage of the nation's politicians proved to b scoundrels and liars. Such was the nature of their task, and it was though unfair to place on the political authorities the additional and excessiv burden of too many harsh or pointed questions. "Le them," said one of the poor dupes of a respondent "authoritate."

Democracy, of course, is never easy to define. The meaning of th word changes with the vagaries of time, place, and circumstance. Th American democracy in 1990 is not what it was in 1890; democracy i France is not what it is in England or Norway or the United States. Wha remains more or less constant is a temperament or spirit of mind rathe than a code of laws, a set of immutable virtues or a table of bureaucrati organization. The temperament is skeptical and contentious, and if democ racy means anything at all (if it isn't what Gore Vidal called "the grea American nonsense word" or what H. L. Mencken regarded as a synonyn for the collective fear and prejudice of an ignorant mob) it means the free dom of thought and the perpetual expansion of the discovery that th world is not oneself. Freedom of thought brings the society the unwelcom news that it is in trouble. But because all societies, like all individuals, ar always in trouble, the news doesn't cause them to perish. They die instea from the fear of thought—from the paralysis that accompanies the wish t make time stand still and punish the insolence of an Arab who makes nuclear bomb or sells gasoline for more than twenty-five dollars a barrel.

Democracy allies itself with change and proceeds on the assumption tha nobody knows enough, that nothing is final, that the old order (whether o men or institutions) will be carried offstage every twenty years. The multi plicity of its voices and forms assumes a ceaseless making and remaking o laws and customs as well as equations and matinee idols. Democratic gov ernment is a purpose held in common, and if it can be understood as a fiel of temporary coalitions among people of different interests, skills, and gen erations, then everybody has need of everybody else. To the extent tha democracy gives its citizens a chance to chase their own dreams, it give itself the chance not only of discovering its multiple glories and triumph but also of surviving its multiple follies and crimes.



3 giants of 20th-century American literature at extraordinary savings:

Faulkner, Wharton, and O'Connor all for $5.95

(Total pub. price $100)

Save over $94 and enjoy a spellbinding welcome to award-winning Library of America, with no obligation to buy future volumes.



Here's an exceptional opportunity to enjoy the best American writing of the 20th century—and of earlier eras as well—at substantial savings. Right now, The Library of America is offering the rare opportunity to acquire three of its acclaimed volumes for less than the retail price of one:

William Faulkner. Four novels that first brought him worldwide renown: *As I Lay Dying, Sanctuary, Light in August, Sanctuary.* 1034 pages.

Edith Wharton. American society in the Gilded Age: *The House of Mirth, The Reef, The Custom of the Country, The Age of Innocence.* 1328 pages.

Flannery O'Connor. Her complete fiction, including *Wise Blood* and *The Violent Bear It Away*, together with revealing essays and letters. 1281 pages.

Right now, you can buy all three volumes for just $5.95 (a single volume regularly retails for up to $35). In the future, you may, if you wish, take additional volumes at our subscriber discounts—as much as 29% off retail. You'll always have a 15-day free examination period, and you're under no obligation to take any volume.



This special offer is our way of introducing you to one of the boldest publishing programs ever undertaken in the U.S.—The Library of America. With support from the National Endowment for the Humanities and the Ford and Mellon foundations, we set out to preserve the collected works of America's greatest writers. Once, these works could be found only in disintegrating old paperbacks or cumbersome anthologies—when they could be found at all. Now they are being made available in handsome, authoritative new editions.

Every work is complete, every word as the author intended.

Scrupulously accurate, unabridged texts are the hallmark of every Library of America volume. Already available are comprehensive editions of Herman Melville, Walt Whitman, and Eugene O'Neill; collected writings of Franklin, Jefferson, and Lincoln; novels by Henry James and Mark Twain, histories by Henry Adams, essays by Henry David Thoreau, and more, with new volumes appearing every year.

The editions are uniformly beautiful. They're hardbound in cloth, with Smyth-sewn bindings (not merely glued) and strong spines that allow the books to open easily and lie flat for comfortable reading. Each volume has up to 1,600 pages of fine, opaque, acid-free paper—equal to three, four, even five ordinary books. Elegant and compact, they're a pleasure to hold and to read.



Great savings, and no obligation now or ever.

Let us send you *Faulkner, Wharton,* and *O'Connor,* all for just $5.95, and extend to you our subscriber's privilege of reviewing other volumes and buying only the ones you want, always at discounts. Mail the coupon today, with your check or money order, and see these wonderful books for yourself. For even faster service, credit card holders can use our **toll-free order line: 1-800-321-6640.**

The Library of America
5 Norden Lane
Huntington Station, New York 11746

Please send me three volumes, *Faulkner, Wharton,* and *O'Connor.* I may keep all three for only $5.95 (total pub. price $100). If I wish, I may return all three for a full refund. I have 15 days to decide. If I decide to keep them and subscribe to The Library of America, I will receive a new volume about every other month for 15 days' free examination. I understand each volume costs $24.95 plus $3.50 shipping and handling. There's never any obligation to buy and I may cancel at any time simply by notifying you.

I am enclosing $5.95

Charge my ___ Visa ___ MasterCard

Card No. _____ Exp. _____

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State ____ Zip _____

Offer limited to new subscribers, one per address. Future prices may change. All orders subject to approval.

9HBK

Praised for its scholarship, beauty and quality.

"A great wrong...set right." New York Times Book Review

"...truly beautiful volumes that are a pleasure to have and to hold and hand down through the generations." Chicago Sun-Times

"...the best and biggest, the finest-looking, and the longest-lasting edition of its kind ever made." The New Republic

THE LIBRARY OF AMERICA

America's best writers deserve America's best editions

WHEN SCHOOLS FAIL CHILDREN

An English teacher educates his kids at home

By David Guterson

Although it remains unarticulated among us, we Americans share an allegiance to schools, an assumption that schools are the foundation of our meritocracy and the prime prerequisite to a satisfying existence. In fact, to the oft-cited triumvirate of what is ineluctable in life—birth, death, and taxes—we are prone to add an unspoken fourth: education in classrooms.

In my classroom at a public high school in an upper-middle-class milieu where education is taken relatively seriously, we read with great purpose precisely those stories that tacitly reaffirm this loyalty to schools: In *Lord of the Flies* a pack of schoolboys degenerate into killers because no teachers are around to preserve the constraints of civilization. In *To Kill a Mockingbird* the venerable Atticus Finch insists that, for all of its shortcomings—and despite the fact that his daughter, Scout, is best educated by his own good example and by life in the larger web of Maycomb County—Maycomb Elementary is *mandatory*. *The Catcher in the Rye* is in large part the story of its protagonist's maladjustment to schools, and J. D. Salinger is highly critical of the hypocrisy behind a good education; still he ultimately offers up Mr. Antolini—an English teacher—as Holden Caulfield's last best hope.

The doctrine that school is necessary, which we early imbibe while within the very belly of the beast, is inevitably reinforced after we are disgorged. The daily implacability with which the media report the decline of schools, the constant knell of ominous statistics on the sorry state of American education, the curious popularity of such books as E. D. Hirsch's *Cultural Literacy* and Allan Bloom's *Closing of the American Mind,* are signs and portents, yes—but they also serve to bolster our shared assumption that school is required not merely because we attend it but also because our common life is in such a precarious state. Our national discussion about education is a desperate one, taking place, as it does, in an atmosphere of crisis, but it does not include in any serious way a challenge to the notion that *every child should attend school.* Why? Because, quite simply, there is no context for such a challenge: We live in a country where a challenge to the universal necessity of schools is not merely eccentric, not merely radical, but fundamentally un-American.

Yet there *are* those who have challenged not exactly the schools' raison d'être but the reasons for their children's being *in* them. The children of such people have come to be called by a powerful misnomer, by a Newspeak conjoining, "homeschoolers." These children are not really *home*schoolers at all but rather young persons who do not go to school and are educated outside of institutions, persons best defined by what they don't do as opposed to what they do. There are currently about 300,000 homeschoolers in the United States—truants from one perspective, but, from another, following in the footsteps of Thomas Jefferson, Thomas Edison, Woodrow Wilson, Margaret Mead, and Andrew Wyeth.

David Guterson is the author of The Country Ahead of Us, the Country Behind, *a collection of short stories published by Harper & Row. He teaches English at Bainbridge High School, Bainbridge Island, Washington, and is at work on a novel.*

A substantial majority of homeschooling parents in America are fervently religious and view schools as at odds with Christian doctrine. Overall, however, they are a diverse lot—the orthodox and the progressive, the Fundamentalist Christian and the libertarian, the urban, the rural, the social skeptic, the idealist, the self-sufficient, and the paranoid. And studies show little or no correlation between the degree of religious content in a homeschooling program or the level of its formal structure—ranging from orthodox "structuralists," with homes set up as miniature schools, to informal programs guided only by a child's ability to learn—or the education or affluence of homeschooling parents (or lack of affluence; the median annual income of homeschooling families is somewhere between $20,000 and $30,000) and the surprising academic success of homeschooled children, who tend to score well above average on standardized achievement tests.

But despite this—and despite the fact that teaching one's own was the norm in the United States until the 1850s—homeschooling today is little more than a fringe movement, an uprising perceived by many as a sort of insult and by others as a severe admonishment: *Take more interest in your children, like us!* (A Gallup poll revealed that 70 percent of the American population disapproved of homeschooling.) The movement inspires guilt in the hearts of too many parents—a lot of them baby boomers energetically seeking money and success yet worried that their children are growing up estranged from them—guilt and the sort of rage normally reserved for heretics and cultists.

Few people realize that the homeschooling movement is populated by a large number of educators or ex-educators—parents who teach or who have taught in the schools but keep their children out of them. Their paradoxical behavior makes them at first a curiosity and finally an affront to the schools that hired them; their students are confounded by their apparent hypocrisy; their colleagues are apt to tread delicately around the subject. So saying, I'll add my own confession: I am one of these walking contradictions. I teach my neighbors' children in my high school classroom, but my wife and I teach ours at home.

We came to this decision, I should admit from the outset, viscerally, with our understanding incomplete, pondering no more than a year's trial run. We were like most parents in the turmoil we felt far in advance of our oldest son's first step onto the school bus but unlike most in our response to it: We became existentially worried.

At first it seemed this anxiety signified that something was fundamentally wrong with us. Were we overzealous, overprotective, paranoid? It was our duty, we tried to tell ourselves, to



Illustrations by Henrik Drescher

One morning the big yellow school bus arrived and our child did not get on it

override our parental instincts; school, after all, was ineluctable. And so my wife attempted to visit the local kindergarten (to no avail—its principal's policy forbade such visits) in order to assure herself that nothing dreadful might occur within its walls. Meanwhile I sought to convince myself that my own experience of student life as nightmarishly dreary and an incomparable waste of time was my own experience, only that, and that nothing legitimate could be deduced from it. And this was true: I could deduce nothing.

I wish I could write that my wife and I had excellent reasons for deciding to homeschool. We didn't. It was in the gut, and the gut, we knew, could be wrong either way. In May of 1986 we read books, in June we talked, July we wrung hands, August felt deep and hot and still, September came, and then one morning the big yellow bus arrived, waited a minute with its doors open, and our child did not get on it.

That fall we took to answering our inquisitors—friends, acquaintances, siblings, grandparents—with the all-purpose and ultimately evasive assertion that to hold a child out of kindergarten was not really so unusual, that many people do it.

Not schoolteachers, they replied.

But since then, each of our three sons has missed the bus, so to speak, and we find ourselves flung headlong into a life neither of us would have predicted.

As it turns out, it is a life our family likes, and this is our chief reason for continuing to homeschool. Our days and our children's days are various. They pass with no sense that learning is separate from life, an activity that begins at a specific point in the morning and arbitrarily ends at another in the afternoon. Instead, learning proceeds *from* our children, spurred by their interests and questions. A winter day on which snow falls is the natural starting point for discussion and reading about meteorology, weather fronts, road salts, sloped roofs, Alaska, polar bears, the invention of touring skis. A spring evening spent on a blanket in the yard as the stars begin to show themselves is a proper time for talk of constellations, for bringing out a star chart, for setting up a telescope, for questions about satellites, eclipses, comets, meteors, navigation, Columbus, the Apollo space program. When the weather is poor for roaming out of doors, our boys—five, seven, and nine—might spend hours playing Scrabble or chess, or read to one another, or draw pictures, or comb through atlases and encyclopedias because the maps and pictures interest them. At dinner, if it is impending war in the Middle East that is in the news, the atlases and encyclopedias might end up on the table, and we might be there fo two hours or more, eating, asking questions looking up precise answers, discovering how o is formed in the ground, why people fight ove it, how Islam differs from other religions, why person has to drink more water when it's hot and why camels have humps.

There are hours in the morning—two a most—when my wife sits down with our nine year-old and is systematic about writing an mathematics; later, they will practice violin to gether. Evenings are my time for nurturing ou children's interest in geography, for discussin the day's news, and for reading poems to ther before they go to bed. We try to be consisten about these matters, and yet no two days ar ever much alike, and the curriculum is devise by us according to our children's needs and im plemented by us according to our strengths an weaknesses as parents and teachers. Thus:

AUGUST 30: Reading: *The Wooden Horse*; violin *Witches' Dance*; writing: letter to Adam, fina draft; science: gas cannon, carbon dioxide.

SEPTEMBER 26: Visit to the chicken-butcherin plant and Point Defiance Zoo; violin practice journal and writing.

OCTOBER 16: Neighborhood recycling; banking violin practice; Chess Club; finished letter t Aunt Mary.

NOVEMBER 7: *Mouse and the Motorcycle,* Chap ters 3 and 4; math drill, multiplying by 4 and 5 violin practice; cursive writing; swimming witl Nathan.

What else? An ant farm, a bug jar, a pair o field glasses, a rabbit cage, old appliances t take apart. An aquarium, a terrarium, a metro nome, a collection of petrified wood, another c shells, a globe, a magnifying glass, a calculator a microscope. Felt pens, watercolors, dry cel batteries, paper-airplane kits. Swimming teach ers, lithographers, bakers, canoe builders, attor neys, inventors, flutists, fishermen. And tim to ponder all of them. To read the informatio on the backs of baseball cards, dig butter clams dye rice paper, weave on a homemade fram loom. To plant potatoes, tell tall tales, watch birds feed. To fashion a self in silence.

And people too, many of them, a large an shifting variety. Friends from Little League an music lessons, acquaintances made on the bas ketball court and in art classes. The group c homeschoolers with whom our boys put o plays, beachcomb at low tide, play chess.

And salmon. Perhaps it began, one night with merely eating one. Or with reading *Re Tag Comes Back.* Or with the man at the side o

e road with the purse seine laid out in his rd. At any rate, the salmon life-cycle exhibit the Seattle Aquarium and walking among the ll-netters at Fisherman's Terminal. And eaning debris from a salmon stream, standing it, one Saturday. Visiting the hatchery on the wha River, the fish ladders at the Rocky each Dam, the Pacific Science Center display the Nootka people. Then seeing their grand-her's catch from the Hakai Peninsula, the nes and organs, the digestive tracts of fish—e blood and murder—and mulling over eating hat was once living and the relative ethics of ortfishing. And then one day, abruptly—per-ps a plane has flown overhead or they have en from the yard a crow fly—it is *flight* that terests them, the Wright Brothers, Charles ndbergh, Amelia Earhart, drag and lift and rust and wingspan, the Museum of Flight, the eing plant, pitch, yaw, and roll...

Their education is various, alive, participa-ry, whole—and, most of all, *theirs*. Quite nkly, no school can hope to match it. It is an lucation tuned to their harmonies, local and timate as opposed to generic and imposed. hey have not learned to be fearful of learning, associate it with pain and dreariness, with mpetition, anxiety, dread. My wife and I pe that they will continue in this, that ado-scence will find them still earnestly seeking, hat they will see enough of schools—by visit-g them—to know what they are missing. We pe that colleges, if college is what they want, ill recognize their strengths without school anscripts. (Admissions boards, incidental-, increasingly recognize homeschooled chil-en as legitimate candidates.) And that their cial lives will continue to be vigorous and ne, will continue to include people of all sorts nd all ages. And finally that the life we have eveloped as a family will sustain itself on hrough *their* children, that our intimacy will ot end when *they* are parents.

It is not always, of course, so idyllic, so won-erful, so easy to wax romantic over. Much of he time, though, it is satisfying and full, a fruit-l existence for us all. We recognize that in the ng run it may have drawbacks, but in the long n no life is perfect. We can't know, finally, if his is what is best for our children and, like all arents, we are playing it by ear to some extent, oping to guess correctly what it is we should . We do know that homeschooling has given us a life we wouldn't otherwise have, and we are thankful for that.

At the same time, I go on teaching English a public high school. There my students ight bemoan the dreary meaninglessness of lassroom life and rail against its absurdities but also profess skepticism at the very mention of homeschooling. How are your kids going to make friends? they ask. Who's going to teach them algebra? How do you expect them to get into college? When do you find time to teach them anyway? What if you weren't a teacher—could you do it? Why are you *here*, Mr. Guterson?

Excellent questions, I say, sooner or later, in the approving voice of a high school English teacher. But answering them I feel the orbit of my reasoning widen—what high school students call "digression"—because in the end you can't discuss homeschooling as if it were divorced from other raging social issues. In fact, bring it up with your students' parents and you're soon fending off a touchy debate about such sacred matters as work, children, money, leisure time, and, above all, the self. Before long you are listening to hysterical pronouncements about democracy, capitalism, enculturation, the Japanese, and nearly everything else.

Let's take, for example, the assertion that children who don't go to school won't be "socialized." Most people believe school is the primary training ground for the social life we experience when we emerge from school: In its halls and classrooms, these skeptics recollect with mixed emotions, one sorts out the broad panoply of human types and then adjusts oneself to them, finds ways to modulate one's persona in the face of the great shifting tide of humanity. In this vision of things, the homeschooled child figures as an eternal outsider who, because he or she never attended school, will remain forever uninitiated in the tricky nuances of adult society. He will miss his cues at cocktail parties, he will not understand the subtleties of behaviors that come his way at the office or on the bus.

Furthermore, say homeschooling's detractors, homeschooling is *undemocratic*. They take at face value the portrait of schools as the irreplaceable agents of enculturation and, as E. D. Hirsch would have it, of cultural literacy. Jefferson's vision, after all, was that school would be democracy's proving ground, a place where all comers would take their best shot at the American Dream and where that dream would ultimately find its most basic and most enduring sustenance. Not to show up at all—at all!—is thus to give in to the forces of cultural decline, to withdraw at the moment of national crisis, and to suggest openly that if Rome is really burning, the best response is not to douse the flames or even to fiddle away beside the baths but to go home and lock the door.

Critics of homeschooling are likely to add that for America to work we must act in concert to repair our schools; that few parents are,

Our children have not learned to be fearful of learning, to associate it with pain, dreariness, competition, and dread

Homeschooled children learn under the ideal conditions that schoolteachers persistently cry out for

in fact, well qualified to teach children the broad range of things they need to know; that homeschooling allows the bigoted and narrow-minded to perpetuate their types; that despite all the drawbacks to a peer-dominated world, such a world is required if children are to grapple with relationships more egalitarian than family ones. And more: Send your child to the school of hard knocks, they say, where some bigger boy will shove him from his place in line or steal his blocks or vandalize his fingerpaintings, where he will learn forbearance and self-reliance and meet in the form of his teacher an adult who is less than perfect and less than fully attentive to his every need—where, in short, life in all of its troubling glory will present itself daily to him. A dark inversion, perversely true, of Robert Fulghum's *All I Really Need to Know I Learned in Kindergarten.*

Let me address these criticisms in order. Evidence in support of homeschooling's academic virtues is both overwhelming and precisely what we would expect if we gave the matter some reflection. Public educators have complained, into a steady, implacable wind, that with much smaller classes and more one-to-one contact they might make better academic headway. Small wonder, then, that homeschoolers score consistently well above the norm on standardized achievement tests: They're learning under the ideal conditions—alone or in groups small enough to make real learning possible—that schoolteachers persistently cry out for.

Recently, a strong case has been made that achievement tests don't tell us anything that matters, because they are culturally biased and because they are *tests*—and tests are attended by various levels of anxiety and a wide range of test-taking habits. Here some facts about homeschoolers are in order: They come predominantly from the very middle-class backgrounds that standardized achievement tests reportedly favor, and their parents are, for the most part, deeply interested in their education as well as themselves better educated than the average American adult. Thus, homeschoolers' test scores might best be compared with those of schoolchildren who come from similar test-favoring backgrounds and whose parents also are well educated and involved. Furthermore, it's true that some homeschooling parents teach "to" standardized tests—some classroom teachers do also—because states require that their children take them or because college entry is largely contingent on test scores in the absence of a school grade-point average. (Harvard, for example, admits homeschooled children and takes their SAT scores very seriously.)

Researchers have probed as well the more slippery question of whether homeschooled children are properly socialized. John Wesley Taylor V, using the Piers-Harris Self-Concept Scale—a measure of the "central core of personality"—concluded that "few homeschooling children are socially deprived." Mona Maars Delahooke placed them in the "well-adjusted" range on a personality measure known as the Roberts Apperception Test for Children; Jo Wartes, in surveys of 219 Washington State homeschoolers, found that at least half spend more than twenty hours a month in organized community activities and that more than two-thirds spent twenty to thirty plus hours a month with other children of varying ages. Linda Montgomery, after studying the leadership skills of homeschooled children, concluded that "homeschooling is not generally repressive of a student's potential leadership, and may in fact nurture leadership at least as well as does the conventional system." In my experience homeschoolers are less peer-dependent than schoolchildren and less susceptible to peer pressure. In this regard, the research merely corroborates what seems to most observers obvious.

But although homeschooling may work, it is by no means easy. Most American adults are fully competent, of course, to learn whatever they have to learn—facts, skills, methods, strategies—in order to teach their children. But should they want to do it, they should strive to be good at it, and they should face the endeavor seriously. It should bring them satisfaction; it should feel like important work. *No one* should undertake to homeschool without coming to terms with this fundamental truth: It is the fabric of your *own* life you are deciding about, not just your child's education.

This matter—the fabric of a homeschooling life—is the concern of some critics who assert that in practice homeschooling is patently sexist, that its most obvious result is the isolation of women in the home, away from the fulfillments of the workplace. (That there may be fulfillments in the home, for both sexes, as educators of children, is another issue entirely.) Yet the question of who does what in a relationship is no more or less important with regard to homeschooling than with regard to anything else: who works outside the home, who works inside, who does the dishes, changes oil in the car, shops for food, flies to Miami on a business trip. The question of *who does what* remains: who takes responsibility for the child's introduction to long division, drives her to swimming lessons, teaches him to throw a baseball, shows her how to use a calculator. Homeschooling is, in fact, no more inherently sexist than anything else in a marriage (and is less so than schools)

l if in many homeschooling families the ther is the prime mover and first cause of ıcation and the father an addendum and aux- ry, this is a reflection on the culture at large l not on the phenomenon of homeschooling. There are others who assert that although neschooling might serve well for the Ameri- middle class, other groups—the poor, the nfranchised, the immigrant—need schools flourish. After all, the public schools have torically been a crucial conduit of upward bility, they say, and point out the Vietnam- immigrants of the last twenty years, whose s get full scholarships from places like the iversity of Texas and Columbia. Yet the mo- ity they describe is next to nonexistent; a per- nent underclass is the reality in this country, d schools do as much as any other institution reinforce this state of airs. By systematizing fairness, inequality, d privilege, schools epare the children the underclass to cept as inevitable e coming drudgery of ir adult lives. At my hool, for example, asic" students are re likely to serve als in Foods I while onors" students join organization called Future Business Leaders America and enroll in courses like Leadership d Humanities. In both its social and academic ucture, my school best instructs the disen- nchised in the cruel truth that disenfran- isement is permanent.



To say that homeschoolers, for the sake of nerican democracy, *must* be institutionalized an undemocratic proposition. Both the courts d state governments recognize this, for home- hooling is legal in one form or another every- here in the United States. The Supreme urt thus far has not ruled in any explicit way homeschooling. The closest it came, in 1972, s to declare that Wisconsin's compulsory- ucation law could not, in fact, compel three mish families to send their children to high hool. Yet legal tension about homeschooling rsists—mostly as First, Ninth, and Four- enth Amendment issues: freedom of religion d the right to privacy—for the states have an terest in seeing children educated and are, ghtly, concerned that in at least some cases homeschool" ends up meaning no school. When homeschooling parents in question are emed incompetent, the courts have consis- ntly—and properly—ruled against them.) oreover, and more importantly, does anyone really believe that schools make students better democrats? Do they serve the individual and democratic society? I give them an A only for prompting peer-group relations of a sort conducive to the workings of our *economy*: Schools are in their social fabric nasty, competitive, mean-spirited, and status-conscious in the manner of the adult institutions they mimic.

Could there be something in the very nature of the school as an institution that prevents it from fully realizing its mandate to inform, educate, and develop both the individual and his or her society? Or, to put it another way, could there be something in its *manner* of being that prevents it from realizing its *reason* for being? At the high school where I teach, as at most, students come and go in sets of thirty or so at approximately one-hour intervals, an arrangement convenient to the daunting task of administering a crowd of more than 800 young people but not necessarily conducive to their education or in the best interests of society. The arrangement is instead both relatively expedient and indicative of the schools' custodial function—in essence, their primary one, since we have structured schools in such a manner as to allow this function to precede all others. Schools *keep* students first, and any education that happens along the way is incidental and achieved against the odds. It may be, finally, that schools temporarily *prevent* us from getting the education we persist in getting outside and beyond schools, where the conditions of life provide more natural motivations and learning is less abstract. *Never let your schooling get in the way of your education,* advised Mark Twain, who never attended school.

My school best instructs the disenfranchised in the cruel truth that disenfranchisement is permanent

The school I teach in is fortunate to employ some excellent teachers, honorable and earnest men and women who are quietly heroic for the sake of their students and whose presence does much to salvage some good from an otherwise untenable institution. They bring humanity to an inhumane setting and pit it against the *design* of schools, which were envisioned as factories dedicated to the efficient production of predictable, formulaic human beings.

But I find myself, like many teachers, beating my head against the classroom wall on a daily, even hourly, basis. My students are compelled to herd themselves from room to room, to sit in daily confinement with other people of precisely

Our young parents are terrifyingly selfish and unable to efface their egos for the next generation

their age and approximately their social class, to hear me out on "Sailing to Byzantium" whether or not they are ready. They are scrutinized, sorted, graded, disciplined, and their waking hours are consumed by this prison life: thirty hours a week, thirty-six weeks a year, seven to ten hours a week of "homework" twelve years running—the heart of their young lives consumed by it. What can we expect of them as adults, other than that they become, as New York City Teacher of the Year John Taylor Gatto says, "dependent human beings, unable to initiate lines of meaning to give substance and pleasure to their existence"? Penned up and locked away, shaped by television and school instead of by their community, they must struggle as adults for a satisfying life they can neither grasp nor envision.

Confining children to school is emblematic of the industrialized twentieth century, but it is also convenient for our current generation of young parents, which might best be characterized in general terms as terrifyingly selfish, persistently immature, and unable to efface its collective ego for the sake of the generation that will follow it and is *already* following it. While these people go about the business of saving the world—or of extracting everything they can from it—their children (they can hardly believe they have children, can hardly grasp the privilege of nurturing them when they are so thoroughly occupied by their attentions to themselves) need *someplace* to go. The truth is that for too many contemporary parents the school system is little more than convenient day care—day care they can feel good about as long as they don't reflect on it too deeply.

Many parents I know put more hours into their golf games or their wardrobes or into accumulating enough capital for the purchase of unnecessary luxuries than into their child's education. Because they are still children themselves, it simply doesn't occur to them to take an active role in their child's learning—in part because they expect the schools to do it all, in part because there isn't room in their souls for anybody to loom as large as themselves. For many the solution is simply to buy an education as one buys a BMW—your child's school as yet another commodity to show off. So when I talk about homeschooling I am talking about choosing less affluence in the name of more education. I am talking about giving matters intense and vital thought before one ships one's child off to school.

And while it's easy—and understandable—for parents to protest that one hasn't the time or energy for homeschooling, there is much, short of pulling children out of school, that parents can undertake today. Homeschooling is on the extreme form of a life in which all of us ca and should take part. The notion of parents educators of their children is, in the broa sense, neither extreme nor outlandish, and w should consider how instinctively parents en gage in the instruction of their children—at th dinner table, for example—and how vital a ro an expanded homeschooling movement migh play in repairing families. We should thin clearly about the problems of schools, ask ou selves why every attempt to correct them seem doomed to fail, replace in our hearts the bank rupt notion of "quality time" with a reassess ment of our role as parents. We shou recognize that schools will never solve the be rock problems of education because the prob lems are problems of *families*, of cultur pressures that the schools reflect and thus can not really remedy.

Today it is considered natural for parents leave their children's education entirely in th hands of institutions. In a better world we wou see *ourselves* as responsible and our schools pr marily as resources. Schools would cease to *places* in the sense that prisons and hospitals a places; instead, education would be embedde in the life of the community, part of the m chanics of our democracy, and all would feel devotion to its processes. Parents would me sure their inclinations and abilities and immer themselves, to varying degrees and in varyin ways, in a larger educational system designed *assist* them. Schools—educational resourc centers—would provide materials, technolog and expertise instead of classrooms, bab sitters, and bureaucrats.

Admittedly, I am a professional educato part of this vast bureaucracy. Yet I see no co tradiction in what I am doing: coming each d to where young people are, attempting with the constraints of the institution to see to th education. Each year I come to admire many my students, to like them so well that I am s to see them go; each year there are moments which I am gratified, even moved, by a senten a student has written in an essay, by a questi somebody asks. Yet for all this, for all the qui joys of the classroom, I am forever aware some amorphous dissatisfaction, some inkli that things might be better. It seems to me th many of my students should simply be els where, that they would be better served by a d ferent sort of education, that their society wou be better served by it, too. I believe this educ tion is one their parents can best provide a that they should expect schools to assist the These parents love their children with a dep that, finally, I can't match—and finally, teac ing is an act of love before it is anything else.

PUTTING THE CONSUMER FIRST

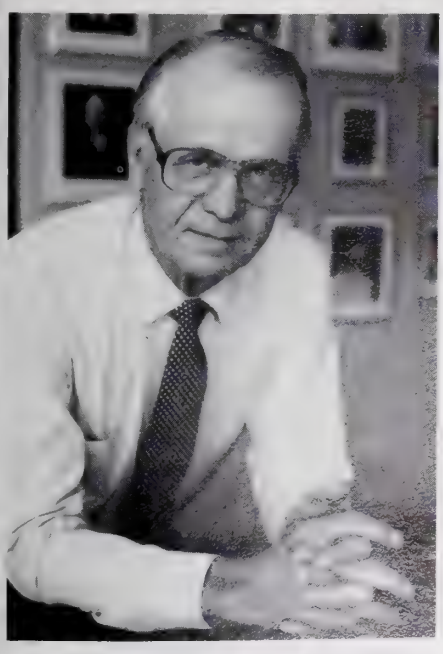
By Bob Bergland

It was a letter to the editor that caught my attention. A thoughtful writer lamented that we no longer referred to people as "citizens," especially in political or social discourse; he complained that we refer only to "consumers."

He felt that "consumers," as a generic label for members of society, somehow depicts us as a voracious lot, only out for ourselves.

My reaction to the term is the opposite: I see "the consumer" as an advocate for the buyer's interest in a market where the seller usually has the advantage. And consumer advocacy is a growing phenomenon of our time.

More practical than ever, people make all sorts of decisions as consumers. They vote as consumers, even approach education and leisure as consumers. Increasingly, people demand quality at a reasonable price. Products and services must be "value-added," backed by the information consumers want and delivered, yes, with a smile.



Bob Bergland is Executive Vice President of the National Rural Electric Cooperative Association.



The nation's 1,000 rural electric cooperatives are specially equipped to give value-added service. They are owned by the people they serve, and the cooperative structure itself puts consumers' interests and concerns first.

So, in addition to supplying reliable, at-cost light and power, electric co-ops have long been recognized for quality service to people—an approach that comes from home-grown leadership and community involvement.

Responding to local needs, they have created or revitalized small businesses, donated satellite dishes to curriculum-hungry schools, and organized health cooperatives to improve local medical care.

But whatever the product or service, a truly consumer-driven approach can benefit more than just the immediate community. Diligently applied, such a model has promise for all citizens.

America's Consumer-Owned Rural Electric Systems

A Power In The Land.

NRECA 1800 Massachusetts Avenue N.W., Washington, D.C. 20036 Telephone (202) 857-9500

NATIVITY, CAUCASIAN

By Allan Gurganus

"What's *wrong* with you?" my wife asks. She already knows. I tell her anyway.

I was born at a bridge party.

◆

This, I think, explains certain frills and soft spots in my character. I sometimes picture my own genes as so many crustless multicolored canapés spread upon a silver oval tray.

Mother'd just turned twenty-six and was eight and one half months gone. A colonel's daughter, she could boast a laudable IQ plus a smallish independent income. She loved gardening but, pregnant, couldn't stoop or weed. She loved swimming but felt too modest to appear at the club in a bathing suit. "I walk like a duck," she told her husband, laughing. "Like six ducks trying to keep in line. I *hate* ducks."

Her best friend, Cloe, local grand master, tournament organizer, was a perfect whiz at stuffing compatible women into borrowed seaside cottages for marathon contract bridge.

"Helen precious?" Cloe phoned. "I know you're incommoded, but listen, dear. We're short a person over here at my house. Saundra Harper Briggs finally checked into Duke for that radical rice diet? And not one minute too soon, you ask me. They say her husband had to drive the poor thing up there in the station wagon, in the *back* of the station wagon. I refuse to discriminate against you because of your condition. We keep talking about you, still gaga over that grand slam of yours in Hilton Head. I could send somebody around to fetch you in, say, fifteen minutes? No/yes? Will that be time enough to throw something on? Unless, of course, you feel too shaky . . ."

Hobbyists often leap at compliments with an eagerness unknown to pros. And Helen Larkin Grafton was the classic amateur, product of a Richmond that, deftly and early on, topiaries, espaliers, and bonsais its young ladies, pruning this and that, preparing them for decorative root-bound existences either in or very near the home. Helen, unmistakably a white girl, a post-deb, was most accustomed to kind comments concerning clothes or looks or her especial ability to fox-trot. And any talk about the mind itself, even mention of her well-known flair for cards, delighted her. So, dodging natural duty, bored with being treated as if pregnancy were some debilitating terminal disease, she said, "I'd adore to come. See you shortly. And God love you for thinking of me. I've been sitting here feeling like . . . well, like one great big mud pie."

The other women applauded when she strolled in wearing a loose-cut frock of unbleached linen, hands thrust into front patch pockets piped with chocolate brown. (All this I have on hearsay from my godmother, Irma, a fashion-conscious form nurse and sometime movie critic the local paper.)

With much hoopla, two velvet p lows were placed on a folding ch and the new guest settled. They de her in. Young Helen Larkin Grafto Phrases floated into the smoky a Darling girl. Somewhat birdlike. M carried her first two, you know? yes. Wonderful organizer—good wi a garden. School up North, but didn't spoil her outlook or eve her accent—pure Richmond. Go bones. Fine little game-player. Loo ing fresh as a bride.

These women liked one anoth mostly. At least they *knew* one a other, which maybe matters mor Their children carried family secre cross-pollinating, house to hous Their husbands owned shares of t same things and golfed in groups.— the women knew about each oth first, *then* either liked one another not—their husbands liked each oth (till proven wrong) but didn't alwa *know* each other deeply. Anyway, was a community. Shelter, share maids, assured Christmas cards, to greeted on the street by your fu name.

One yard above the Persian ar Caucasian rugs, temporary tableto paved a whole new level. Surfac floated along halls and crowded t second-story landing. Women hu dled from four edges toward or another. That season's mandato pastels, shoulder padding. Handba propped on every level ledge. Ma

Allan Gurganus's collection of stories and novellas, White People, will be published by Knopf in January. His story "Reunion" appeared in the November 1989 issue of Harper's Magazine.

s, banisters. Cloisonné ashtrays
tted with half-smoked cigarettes.
freshments, aspics, watercress, cu-
mber—all waiting in the kitchen.
e serving lady late, Cloe, our host-
, a plumpish blond woman, dis-
etly glancing at her watch. Such
e chatting. Exclamations over bad
nds and good. Forty belles and
ni-belles. Junior guilded. All rooms
sical with voices, the great gift of
uthern women, knowing how to
ax out sounds, all ringing like this.
ueen Anne furniture,
cestral portraits, actual
udubon prints thanks
forebears who under-
ote the project actual-
morocco-bound books,
aroon and gilt. Wil-
msburgy knickknacks,
iges, muted olive greens.
charming house chock-
ll of lovely noise, and
okers not inhaling but
oked anyway.

Cloe's prize Pekingese,
ikado, snorted under
rd tables as through
tunnel ridged with
loned columns. He
ged, grimly interested,
ward this new arrival's
ent. An ancient wheezy
ale animal, Mikado
ok the liberty en route
sniffing up as high
n women's limbs as he
uld reach, of rubbing
nguidly against the
vishy silk and hazy shins
every woman there.
loe had tied a yellow
w around his topknot;
e tolerated this on
idge days, a fair trade
r the cozy sense of being
nderneath a long play-
ouse of gaming tables, cards fatly
napping overhead. His path lay
rewn with kicked-off shoes. Dainty
omatic feet to nudge. Mikado, the
lankenships' cranky onetime rib-
on winner, is only mentioned here
ecause he suspected—before any
ving creature in this murmurous
ouse—that something was about to
ive.

He sauntered to a halt, stood unde
er table, stared—proprietary

raptured—up at the area (dare I go through with this grisly sequence and its raunchy aftermath, my life?) between the young Helen's barely opened knees.

Mikado's flat face was mostly nose, very wet, chill as the jellyish aspic now gleaming on a kitchen counter. Cataracts had silvered over both his popping goldfish eyes. Smell, swollen to exciting new dimensions, remained the one great jolt and consolation left him. He nuzzled near enough and quite almost against the silk to get a better sample scent of something rich and decidedly awry here. The placing of his wide cool snout upon her shinbone made Helen, who'd just spread her cards, shudder with a little flinch. The subtlest sort of pelvic twist, then a serene smile of recognition: "Oh, Mikado," she whispered to her geisha fan of
ards. For this was a society where la-
dies knew the names of other ladies'

gardeners and maids and lapdogs.

Next . . . into this party cubicle of china-shop small talk and play-it-safe decor, Nature lunged fairly bullishly. Intent on clobbering mere taste, it went right for a trigger spot and let loose one deep-seated wallop. It happened Now.

The Peke got hit by falling waters, about a bucket's worth. He yelped and scrambled down the hallway through a grove of table legs and female feet, skidding to safety under a favorite sideboard's shadow. Once there, Mikado collapsed and was panting when Helen, mouth a perfect O, bellowed forth in some voice totally unladylike and three full octaves deeper than her usual musical lilt, "Oh My Gawd, I've stawted!"

Cards scattered atop the table, some teetered onto her steep lap, fell to dampened Persians. Her three tablemates stood, overturned the Samsonite. With it went a coaster full



Illustration by Gwyn Stramler



Home for the holidays

Celebrate the season at The Salisbury Hotel on West 57th, the crossroads of New York.

Whatever your pleasure, whatever your business, you're at the center of everything that's going on in New York City.

In the shadow of skyscrapers and stage doors, The Salisbury offers you 320 spacious air conditioned rooms, elegantly decorated, and courteous old world room service. All at a price you can afford.

Single accommodations $108-$118. Doubles $118-$128. Suites $175-$295*. Corporate, weekend and group rates upon request. Meeting/ banquet facilities are available.

Salisbury HOTEL

123 West 57th Street
New York 10019 U.S.A.

For reservations or brochure:
• toll-free (800) 223-0680
NYC (212) 246-1300 • NYS (800) 446-4560
Cable SALISHOT • International Telex 668366

*Taxes and Gratuities Not Included

For Back Relief and Total Relaxation



Our recliner is like no other chair in the world!

Adjustable from upright to a fully horizontal position.

Office Model Available

BackSaver FREE 12 page catalog 1-800-251-2225 or write

53 Jeffrey Avenue, Dept. HM-0, Holliston, MA 01746

REMEMBER the 1980's!

Get HARPER'S INDEX TO THE 1980's, a special, expanded version of **Harper's Index** that sums up the last decade. This listing of more than eighty surprising numbers, facts, figures, and rankings originally appeared in the January issue of *Harper's Magazine*. Illustrated full-color reprints are now available for $4 each.

Mail your check payable to Harper's Magazine to: Promotion Department, Harper's Magazine, 666 Broadway, NY, NY 10012

of lipsticked butts. Table to table, downstairs then up, news darted at the speed of sound. Three women moved to help Helen stand, but she'd stretched out all her limbs. She was less seated on the chair than propped against it, semirigid as a starfish, muttering some Latin from her convent days.

First they dragged her toward the velvet chair. But Cloe, who'd just spent a fortune having that piece reupholstered, dissuaded them by backing, beckoning, through the kitchen's swinging, portholed door. The cluster veered in there and, for want of a better spot, laid Helen on the central counter, under a panel of humming fluorescent tubes. Her shoulder bumped a wooden salad bowl filled with party mix (pretzel sticks, nuts, crackers, sprinkled salts, and Worcestershire sauce) and sent this scattering across linoleum's fake brick. Other dishes toppled, too. Pink and green mints rattled dicelike everywhere, the silver compote clanged toward a corner. One red aspic fell, splitting to sheeny smithereens before the Spicer twins took charge and set the other party foods along shelves or on the floor around the waist-high counter where Helen lay, distended.

Friends bustled to hold her hands, trying to dry her skirt with paper toweling. Pattie Smiley quickly phoned the hospital for advice, forgetting to request an ambulance. Others listened in on two upstairs extensions, scolding her when she hung up. Then someone just as flustered dialed the fire department. Irma, my godmother, the movie reviewer, a short sensible woman who'd seen more films more times than practically anyone, now did what they would do in movies at such moments, on sea voyages, at Western way stations: She put water on to boil and fetched some string plus a bottle of Jack Daniel's (still in last year's Christmas gift box). She spread what seemed to be a sheet under my poor mother, rocking her from side to side. Helen, chewing knuckles, apologized to Cloe, "Really ruined your party. If I'd only guessed... Richard will be absolutely livid. Oh, this is so *unlike* me."

"Hush," Cloe said. "You couldn't know. It's Nature's doing, darling. Keep calm. Help's coming. We love you."

Others, timing her contractions the kitchen's sunburst wall cloc mumbled, Yes, they did. They patt her wrist, pressed cool terry cl scented with wintergreen across h dead-white forehead. Irma said, "F give me, dear. I hate to, but..." a boldly flapped back Helen's dre took a look, mumbled, "Uh Somebody did call someone, an a bulance or something, right?" Oth gathered behind Irma, stooped, sho heads sideways, held onto one a other. Mavis DeWitt gave an emp thetic moan, recalling her twi forty-nine-hour delivery. She wh pered, "I think I'm going hom I feel... I feel... Good-bye

At the corner of Elm Avenue a Country Club Drive, the ambulan ignoring a stoplight, overcome by t power of its siren and right of way, sected the route of a northbound f truck headed to the same address, a each vehicle, similarly entranced a headstrong with mission-of-mer noise, mistook the other for its pote echo. They collided. Nobody w badly hurt but the vehicles got pre well smashed up. A medic shunt about applying first aid to firemen in black rubber raincoats and seat on someone's lawn. The assistant f chief lifted the ambulance's hood a sniffed for smoldering.

Women fought to peek through t door's porthole. Helen was thrashi now, and Irma Stythe, resorting her war-nurse voice, ordered all p tential fainters to the living roo Then Pat Smiley barged in with ne that sirens had been heard from an stairs window and, grinning at own alertness, saw my mother l upon the work counter, legs apa surrounded by floored platters of pa foods set like offerings around so sacrificial altar—my demure mot spread-eagle where the light refre ments should be, now writhin gasping rhythmically, some hea severance already evident—and P usually so stalwart really, tottered ward the sink, blacking out en rou grabbing a hanging split-leaf phi dendron, taking this down and f ing in a ripe blur of store-bought

drooping greenery. Irma promptly ed the others out, all but the ss and the reliable Spicer twins for twenty-nine years had locally -taught home ec. These lanky s hoisted Pat from either end and hed toward the living room, ling through broken crockery, , aspic scattered here and there wobbly carnage. They'd revived hen Mikado waddled in, having d himself clean of perfectly re- able waters. He sniffed at the towels blotting Cloe's rug. A , wet to the size of a Norwegian white in the eyes, still licking his chops, sent poor Pat Smiley out with one sleepy shriek. The ers simply lifted her legs back the furniture.

Where *are* those ambulances?" got out ice tongs, any tool that ed silvery and surgical. "Sirens been at it for ten darn minutes." her's wails now filled the house. ty acquaintances took up hand- met at the front door, faces wary Helen's fate had befallen each all of them. They told one an- r in lowered voices, "We'll only be underfoot," and once assured of their basic good sense—fled.

Young Helen pleaded, between quickening seizures, to be gagged for decency's sake. She kept screeching personal charges against her husband, saying this mess was all his fault, his fault, his fault. Irma cradled Mother's head, lifted a water tumbler of Jack Daniel's, tried to tip some between the victim's lips. But Helen kept choking. So instead they doubled over a tulip-shaped potholder and simply stuffed this between chattery teeth. "Bite down," Irma told her. "It's risky to move you, dear. We hear them, hold on tight."

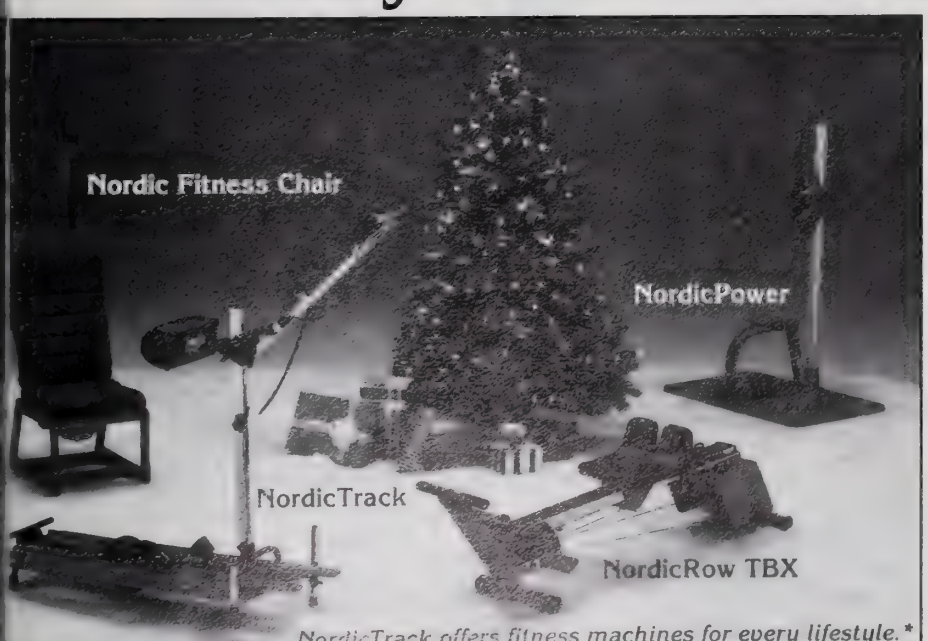
At the phone, Cloe was barking orders to the manager of the country club two blocks away. "Preston, listen and listen good. You get into a cart right now. You ride out and grab any doctor on the course. A dentist, a vet, anybody. But, Preston? Hurry. The poor little thing's head is out already."

A fringe-topped golf cart wobbled into the driveway. Two young doctors, one podiatrist plus everybody's dermatologist, wearing three-toned golf shoes and flashy shirts, barged in without knocking, found a fainted woman sprawled on the living room's chaise, hurried over, peeled back her skirt, yanked down panties. Elvyra Spicer, unmarried and long aware of men's baser drives, flew enraged across the room, slapped Dr. Kenilworth's head and sport cap, shrilling, "Not her. Not her, you. In there."

The kitchen was an epic mess. Cereal, pretzels, soils, shards of aspic, stepped-on mints both pink and green. All this litter split and crackled under their spiked shoes, which sent Cloe swooping through the kitchen door to check on her inherited Orientals. But the kitchen did smell wonderful: good bourbon. Someone with nothing better to do perked coffee.

A wet Pekingese sat on hind legs in the pantry doorway, panting, a soggy yellow ribbon draped across its head. The doctors' caddy, a handsome black kid of fourteen, now jangled in from the cart, heaving forward two golf bags. In his excitement he stood braced, as if expecting the players

Give the gift of good health this holiday season...NordicTrack.



NordicTrack offers fitness machines for every lifestyle.*

ood health. There's no question about o enjoy life to the fullest, you need to your body, mind and spirit strong. the best way to do that, is by blishing a regular fitness program.

That's why the most meaningful gift you can give this year is the gift of fitness from NordicTrack. It's the perfect gift for yourself or your loved ones. NordicTrack enables you to feel, look and be the best you can be.

NordicTrack is a gift that keeps on giving.

You'll see and feel the benefits of a NordicTrack exercise machine for years to come.

Achieve better health through weight loss, reducing risk of heart disease, hypertension and osteoporosis. NordicTrack workouts also reduce stress, and lead to vital health and a general youthful feeling that comes from a strong heart and total-body fitness.

Discover how NordicTrack can change your life forever.

NordicTrack® A CML Company

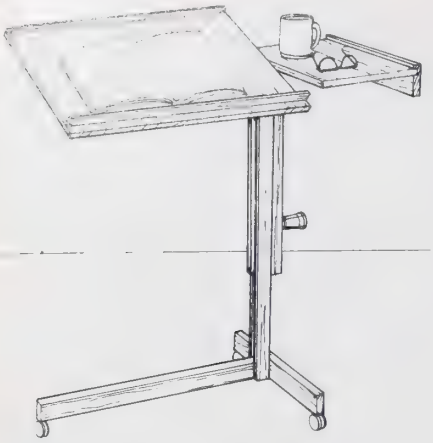
Send for FREE VIDEO & Brochure!

1-800-328-5888 Ext.200K0

❑ Please send me a free brochure for:
_____(product name)
❑ Also a free video tape ❑ VHS ❑ BETA
❑ Send me the free *NordicTrack "Fitness At Home"* catalog.
Name _____
Street _____
City _____ State _____ Zip _____
Phone ( ) _____
141C Jonathan Blvd N., Chaska, MN 55318

*Our original NordicTrack® is considered the world's best aerobic exerciser. NordicRow TBX™ gives you twice the workout of ordinary exercise machines. NordicPower™ is a new strength trainer that helps you look, feel and be the best you can be. Nordic Fitness Chair™ gives you a health club workout at home.

Lay Down Your Arms



Ah, to read without aching arms and dented elbows. Now you can with our Reader's Table from Denmark. It adjusts easily to hold your book at just the right height and angle. Reading becomes surprisingly comfortable in a chair, in bed, or beside a desk. An intelligent design, and a handsome piece of furniture in mahogany, teak, cherry, or black ash.

$184 includes shipping via UPS ground. Assembly required.

MC/VISA/AMEX/Check • Florida add 6%
Money-Back Guarantee • Catalog on Request
800-544-0880 or 407-276-4141

LEVENGER™
Tools for Serious Readers
975 S. Congress Ave., Code HRT4, Delray, FL 33445

HOW TO PUBLISH YOUR BOOK

Join our authors in a complete, reliable publishing program...one that offers publicity, advertising, friendly editorial assistance, and handsome books.

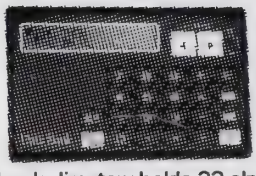
Carlton Press, a leading New York subsidy publisher, is now seeking manuscripts for publication in book form. Fiction, poetry, juveniles, how-to, biography, religious, and all non-fiction are being considered.

If you have a manuscript—or even if your book is in progress—you owe it to yourself to get the facts. Send for the informative 32-page booklet, *How To Publish Your Book*, explaining our time-tested, publishing program. You can obtain a free, professional evaluation of your manuscript's literary qualities and market potential...at no cost or obligation. Also, we'll send you a gift book to demonstrate our craftsmanship.

Write today for *FREE* booklet and publishing details.
Editor Karl Brooks

Carlton Press,
11 West 32 Street · New York 10001

ALPHA-NUMERIC DATA BANK



3 1/2" long pocket-size computer. Features include clock, calendar, 30 second alarm (snooze). Data bank directory holds 33 alphabetic records with forward & reverse for searching. Each record holds 16 characters for phone numbers, addresses, dates or other vital information. It also includes a full function 8 digit calculator with carrying pouch. Only $29.95 including postage &handling. Satisfaction guaranteed.

E. REDAL ENTERPRISES, INC.
P.O. Box 15362
Pt. Charlotte, FL 33981

Enter a whole new world of writing pleasure...

Voyager Fountain Pen only $49.95*

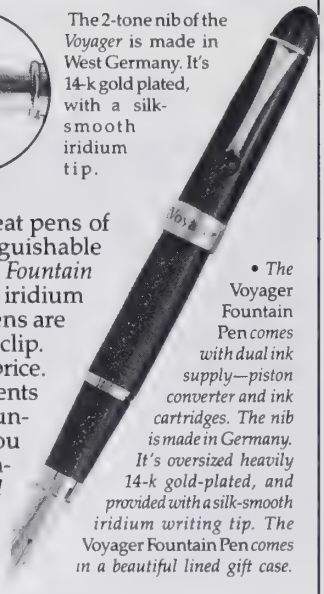
But read this ad for an even better deal!



The 2-tone nib of the *Voyager* is made in West Germany. It's 14-k gold plated, with a silk-smooth iridium tip.

The *Voyager* line of fine pens is equal or superior to the great pens of Europe and America in function and appearance, indistinguishable in heft and feel. The Germanmade two-tone nib of the *Voyager Fountain Pen* is heavily 14-k gold-plated and provided with a silky-smooth iridium tip. Just as those fine European and American pens, *Voyager* pens are tastefully decorated with gold-plated applications and pocket clip.

The truly astonishing thing about the *Voyager Fountain Pen* is the price. We are the exclusive representatives of these fine writing instruments in the United States. We can therefore bring you this superior fountain pen for just $49.95. Compare that to the $150 to $250 that you would expect to pay for equivalent U.S. or European luxury fountain pens. But we have an even better deal: ***Buy two for $99.90, and we'll send you a third one, with our compliments—absolutely FREE!*** The *Voyager* companion retractable ballpoint pen is in the same luxury execution. It costs $39.95. The "3-for-2" special deal is also available. For further substantial saving, you can buy the set—Fountain Pen and Ballpoint Pen for only $69.95. And, of course, you can buy three sets for the price of two. Start writing with what may well be the finest writing instruments in the world, get incredible savings and order your *Voyager Fountain Pen(s)* today!



• *The* Voyager Fountain Pen *comes with dual ink supply—piston converter and ink cartridges. The nib is made in Germany. It's oversized heavily 14-k gold-plated, and provided with a silk-smooth iridium writing tip. The* Voyager Fountain Pen *comes in a beautiful lined gift case.*

FOR FASTEST SERVICE, ORDER
TOLL FREE (800) 882-3050
24 hours a day, 7 days a week

Please give order **#1263A545** for Voyager Fountain Pens, **#1264A545** for Voyager Ballpoint Pens, and **#1265A545** for Voyager Sets (Fountain Pen and Ballpoint Pen). If you prefer, mail check or card authorization and expiration date. We need daytime phone for all orders and issuing bank for charge orders. Add ship./insur: $5.95 for one, $8.95 for three pens or sets. Add sales tax for CA delivery. You have 30-day return and one-year warranty. We do not refund shipping charges.

For quantity orders (100+), call Ernest Gerard, our Wholesale/Premium Manager at (415) 543-6570 or write him at the address below.

since 1967
haverhills®
131 Townsend Street, San Francisco, CA 94107

to choose a proper putter for t
situation.

Young doctors studied the ev
with a sudden wonder and old ama
ment they'd ceased feeling at the h
pital. They studied the committee
busy improvising women, studied
red rabbit-sized and wholly uninvi
little wriggler aim out toward fluo
cent light, looped to a pink cord t
spiraled downward. Irma Stythe (C
bless her sane and civil heart) guid
the creature, eased it—still trail
slick residues and varnishes—up i
general view. Just now Irma rec
nized the doctors, grinned wanly o
at them, said, "You want to slap i
proffering the ankles.

"No," Kenilworth shook his he
took his cap off, modest at the sight
women in such complete contr
"No. Please. You..." And he lif
one hand as if offering the option
waltz.

So Irma hauled off and smacked
smartly. She did this again. And or
more, until It squalled into Me. Th
all smiled to hear a new human vo
in the room. As recognition, t
caddy clapped. Applause, but jus
smattering.

The ambulance driver, nose bloo
ied, rushed in to explain the del
chatted with a doctor who dabbed
the guy's upper lip. Pattie Smil
coming to, hearing the cries, insist
on getting up. The door swung op
just long enough for the company
see Pat grin, glimpse the coral-colo
cord, blanch of human coloratic
and drop backward to the carpet
the door fell closed. They wrapp
the baby in monogrammed towels a
laid him in his mother's arms. Hele
face was puffed, glossy with tears. H
bun had come undone some time ag
brown hair a woolly pagan mess. S
gazed down at the purplish child, s
bawling, his fists already pounding
in spastic if determined blows, the
fant's flop-eared ugliness a final ind
nity in a series of such. Helen rea
sobbed now. Concerned, Elmi
Spicer tugged the potholder from t
sudden mother's mouth, but s
groaned, "You put that back."

A new siren, then the fire ch
lumbered in wearing full regalia. H
en and the infant, both wailing in d
ferent registers, were carried past t

d tables, borne over the prone Pat iley and her attendant, Elvyra, bent across her, pressing down hem, sure the men had come back a second try.

rma phoned Richard's insurance ce to make sure he knew. Some- v, no one had thought to call him. best business voice, "Yes, Irma? ually, I'm in the middle of a up Life conference. But what can for you?"

She gave one croupy giggle, then ned against the wall, fatigued. a, midwife, clamped a hand over receiver as if to smother him and d Cloe, "Richard's asking what *he* do for *me*. What are we to do with se bossy white men of ours? I swear God."

Cloe was wandering around, palms ssed to her cheeks, surveying the ains of her model kitchen. "You rd right. Go to her, Richard. Take wers. She was so brave. The baby real lung power. No, have your *retary* send the flowers. You get ving."

Cloe stumbled into the front room d collapsed on the beleaguered ise. Irma followed, stood looking wn at today's hostess, grand master, e, rubbing her neck and shoul- s, eyes mashed shut.

The twins had dragged Pat Smiley me a few doors down. Abandoned ndbags lay scattered under chairs. rds and party favors, a set of keys, e ashtray smoldering.

"Irma," Cloe lifted her head. u're still standing? Could I ask you one thing. That damask tablecloth the counter, the one that was un- r her? Would you just maybe toss it o the washer? Put in about a pound Oxydol. I can clean up the rest lat- I'll just call Fatima and her sister d their whole neighborhood to me over here and work for a solid ek. But I don't think I can quite ide the sight of that cloth just yet."

"You mean the sheet?"

"Yes, it was a tablecloth, actually. amask. You couldn't have known, na. It was Grandmother Halsey's, 70 or so. Not to fret, darling."

Irma Stythe leaned back in. Its pat- rn of wheat sheaves, bounty, har- st home, was now spread with gent gloss and gore. Mikado trotted after her toward the laundry room. Upstaged all afternoon, antsy for attention, he now rolled over, played dead dog, sat on his haunches, then—tentatively—pranced.

Irma held the tumbler full of bourbon above the chaise. Cloe sniffed, opened one eye. The big house was oddly silent now. A few yards away, some lawn mower hissed and yammered, reassuring. Cloe sat up, took the glass in both hands as a child might. She tossed back three adult swallows. Mikado circled the heaped towels, smelling them. "No," Cloe called, halfhearted. "Bad dog." But the animal climbed onto the pile, gave a huffy sigh, and, head resting on crossed paws, closed his eyes.

"How about a toast?" Irma retrieved the glass. "Here's to it, to the baby. To the neighborhood's newest. Some start, huh? And here's to our dear ole alcoholic neighborhood, God help us all."

—Then both of them glanced at the closed kitchen door. They'd just decided, without words, to go back in and start the cleaning job themselves. It would be wrong to burden the maid and her sister. Those two women had lives and troubles of their own. Besides, this was probably some sort of tribal duty, a task too ludicrous and personal to inflict on anybody else.

Cloe stood with difficulty but stretched some, steadied. "Well, my dear, are you ready?"

Irma nodded, then punched open the swinging door and lightly draped one arm across around her friend's shoulder. They lingered here on the threshold for a moment, two well-meaning white women, childhood friends, lots nearer their deaths than their births. They studied the whole mess realistically.

"You know?" Irma cheered herself. "It's not nearly so bad as I remembered."

Then they scuffed straight into ankle-deep debris, waded toward the broom closet, got boldly back to it, got on with it, with life as it is practiced on this particular handsome side street in this particular dwindling country, ladies getting on with business as usual.

World without end. Amen. ■

¡Speak Spanish like a diplomat!®

What sort of people need to learn a foreign language as quickly and effectively as possible? *Foreign service personnel,* that's who. Members of America's diplomatic corps are assigned to U.S. embassies abroad, where they must be able to converse fluently in every situation.

Now you can learn to speak Spanish just as these diplomatic personnel do — with the Foreign Service Institute's Programmatic Spanish Courses. You'll learn Latin American Spanish recorded by native speakers.

The U.S. Department of State has spent thousands of dollars developing this course. It's by far *the most effective way* to learn Spanish at your own convenience and at your own pace.

The course consists of a series of cassettes and accompanying textbook. Simply follow the spoken and written instructions, listening and repeating. By the end of the course, you'll be learning and speaking entirely in Spanish!

This course turns your cassette player into a "teaching machine." With its unique "programmatic" learning method, you set your own pace — testing yourself, correcting errors, reinforcing accurate responses.

The FSI's Programmatic Spanish Course comes in two volumes, each shipped in a handsome library binder. Order either, or save 10% by ordering both:

☐ **Volume I: Basic.** 12 cassettes (17 hr.), manual, and 464-p. text, $175.
☐ **Volume II: Intermediate.** 8 cassettes (12 hr.), manual, and 614-p. text, $145

(CT residents add sales tax)

TO ORDER BY PHONE, PLEASE CALL TOLL-FREE NUMBER: **1-800-243-1234.**

To order by mail, clip this ad and send with your name and address, and a check or money order - or charge to your credit card (AmEx, VISA, MasterCard, Diners) by enclosing card number, expiration date, and your signature.

The Foreign Service Institute's Spanish course is unconditionally guaranteed. Try it for three weeks. If you're not convinced it's the fastest, easiest, most painless way to learn Spanish, return it and we'll refund every penny you paid. Order today!

190 courses in 55 other languages also available. Write for free catalog. Our 18th year.

Audio-Forum
Room 2019
96 Broad St.
Guilford, CT 06437
(203) 453-9794



AUDIO-FORUM
THE LANGUAGE SOURCE

BIG CHILLS

My high school reunion, in Romania

By Andrei Codrescu

The twentieth reunion was in 1985. Nobody invited me to it. I'm amazed even that my name was on the officially published reunion list. It must have taken some courage to type it. Until December 1989 my name was on the shortest blacklist of Romania's secret police, the Securitate. A government decree stated that names on this list could not be publicly pronounced, "not even in crossword puzzles," an injunction so fearsome I trembled at the thought of some overwrought young poet attempting to foment revolution with "3 Across: Lives in New Orleans. Graduated from Gheorghe Lazăr Gymnazium in Sibiu, Transylvania, in 1965."



I did finally get my invitation to the twentieth reunion—on July 6, 1990. Ion Vidrighin handed it to me personally in the lobby of the hotel in Sibiu where he was waiting for me to arrive. "We sent it to you!" swore my best high school friend, with all the sincerity he could never muster, not even back then, when he was only eighteen. He was now a fairly porcine figure, a prime example of desperate eating and survival under the regime of Nicolae Ceauşescu. He knew all the girls behind the desk at the mighty Emperor of the Romans Hotel, the grandest establishment in town. (In a former, more Austrian incarnation, it had served my father as the place to misspend his youth on "women and cards," according to my mother.) One of the girls behind the desk was a lissome bottle-blond with dark Gypsy looks who laughed when I explained that I wanted the room without microphones. My friend Ion laughed, too, and winked at her. The net result of these laughs-cum-winks was that she exchanged the room key she had just given me for another. I winked as well, without knowing what it meant. I wasn't sure if the room I now had was the one with or without the microphones.

One thing I did know v
that I was back in the lanc
winks and hand signals. T
fingers drawn across t
shoulder signified epaul
and rank in the secret poli
The signal was used to sile
ly warn you that someo
was a Securitate agent, a
that's just the signal
friend made to me when t
elevator door closed behi
us. In a well-practiced d
matic whisper he also let
know that the pretty rec
tionist became famous t
days before by walking up
Nicu Ceauşescu—the la
dictator's son—during
trial and handing him a bo
quet of flowers. The gesture had be
on national TV. What I wasn't sure
was whether my best friend fr
high school was himself two-finge
across-the-shoulder.

I wasn't entirely without shado
myself. I was a hell of a lot skinn
than Ion, but I, too, had a sec
agenda—namely, to write a sto
about this reunion of my scho
chums in the chaotic days of po
revolutionary Romania. I wasn't su
whether I had come foremost as
steely-gazed observer-journalist or a
sentimental friend eager to recaptu
his past. A bit of both, I suppos
though the journalist in me was w
ried because at this late date I still d
not know whether an official reuni
was going to take place or not,
whether I would even recognize wh

Andrei Codrescu is a professor of English at Louisiana State University and a regular commentator for National Public Radio. His book The Hole in the Flag: Smoke and Mirrors in the Romanian Revolution *will be published by Morrow next spring.*

friends were.

fter I dropped my two bags on the , I opened the window. There it , my beautiful medieval burg, Si—slanted roofs, windows opened eyes in them; Gothic church ers; twisty, cobblestoned streets; rways; shady plazas; and tunnels veen towers. Nestled between the ntains on the Transylvanian pla-u, Sibiu is a large, fortified city that founded by the Germans in the lfth century; its German name is rmannstadt. My mother once ked for a German printer here ose guild was founded shortly after tenberg invented the printing ss. Around the same time, Vlad Impaler—a.k.a. Dracula—had st of Sibiu's burghers impaled for ubordination. Another of its gov-ors, Baron von Bruckenthal, had tinguished himself by inventing torture rack. Sibiu's latest master, cu Ceauşescu, did not neglect this al custom.

Braced by this tradition, Sibiu is to-a boiling multiethnic cauldron of ne 200,000 people—Romanians, rmans, Hungarians, Gypsies—sit-ed at the center of nationalist con-ts in Transylvania. Its dramatic auty owes plenty to its history. This hy I had really come back. I missed poetic melancholy of my native wn, the streets of my adolescence. auşescu's demolition mania, which led for razing Romania's past to nstruct a Stalinist hive of "agro-dustrial complexes," mercifully by-ssed the old city of my birth. "We n thank Nicu Ceauşescu for that," n explained, echoing the odd sym-thy for the ex-dictator's son that is ite widespread in his former fief-m. In addition to preserving the wn, Nicu, who liked women and ne, also made sure that there was bread and salami in the stores.

opened my bag, rummaged rough whiskey, Kents, and ibupro-n, and pulled out Madonna's *I'm eathless*. I put her on the Walk-an. Later, when we went out, there as Madonna, playing in the eleva-r! "I didn't know you had *I'm eathless* in elevators already," I said Ion. "We have everything in Romania," he replied, "except dollars."

"So what's the plan?" I asked my pal. There was no plan. There was no official reunion; most people were on vacation. It was going to be just our old gang getting together to see what twenty-five years had done to our senses of humor. Ion's sense of humor was about the same. He told me that the reason he was fat was that his girlfriend "blows instead of sucking."

Ion had probably been the skinniest kid in class. The son of an uncollectivized shepherd, he used to bring a fifteen-inch blade to school to scare the teachers and to carve the huge cheeses his father made in the high Carpathians. The two of us played hooky at the Hungarian café across from school, with our collars turned rebelliously up, drinking defiant coffee and cognac while our teachers passed by, withering under our scorn. Occasionally we were brought before the principal, Comrade Field, whose real name, we discovered, was Sausage, something we never let him live down. Comrade Sausage dispensed justice by slapping everyone equally across the face, no matter who started what or what the offense. His stinging fingers echoed in my resentful head for years, giving birth to complex fantasies of revenge visible in detail within the smoke of my cigarette. In those days my gaze would wander with the smoke, past the spiral stairway passages, the towers and spires of my beautiful Gothic town, past the blue-green and often snowy Carpathian mountain peaks surrounding us, past the fishlike shape of Romania, across the Black Sea, past the Bosporus, across the Mediterranean, straight into the future, which was hazy but had a rock and roll beat like what we were listening to now.

We spoke French and German in the café, never Romanian, of which we had plenty in school. We could get by in Hungarian, especially when it came to communicating with the paprika-red Ilona, who resembled, and no doubt tasted like, one of her whipped-cream carrot cakes. In school we also had Russian, a language everyone made an effort not to learn, which was a political statement, though not for me. Our teacher, Comrade Papadopolu, wore the



FREE Audio Catalog

At Cambridge SoundWorks we manufacture speakers and music systems designed by Henry Kloss (founder of AR, KLH & Advent), and we sell them from our factory in Newton, Mass. We also sell carefully selected audio components from brands like Philips, Pioneer and Denon. Because we sell factory-direct, you can save hundreds of dollars on components and systems. We sell nothing but "the good stuff." Our knowledgeable audio experts will help you make the right choices, without being pushy. And you can call toll-free for advice, to order or for "hook-up help" 365 days a year. This is the simplest way to get the right deal on stereo components...and there's no risk.

- **Call toll-free for factory-direct savings.**
- **UPS delivers right to your front door.**
- **Audio Experts will answer all your questions, before *and* after you buy.**
- **30-day money-back guarantee.**

To get the right deal on the right stereo, mail the coupon or call

1-800-AKA-HIFI*

24 hours a day, 365 days a year (1-800-252-4434)

Name

Address

City State Zip

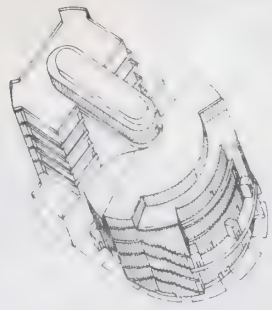
CAMBRIDGE SOUNDWORKS

154 California St., Suite 182N, Newton MA 02158

* In Canada call 1-800-525-4434 Fax 617 332 9229 Outside U.S. or Canada 617 332 5936

AR & Advent are trademarks of International Jensen Inc. AR & Advent are not associated with Cambridge SoundWorks

Did you know that



an axonometric can be found in Cambridge?

What's more, it's not alone. This three-dimensional drawing can be found among 30,000 exciting entries in the desktop ***Cambridge Encyclopedia.***

With **Cambridge,** you get an international perspective. It represents the combined work of 100 leading scholars and specialists from around the globe.

The Cambridge Encyclopedia contains 1,500,000 words of wisdom, in 1,500 pages. It is the most affordable desktop encyclopedia available today.

Why not give it as a gift to yourself, your favorite student or executive?

Find it at better bookstores.

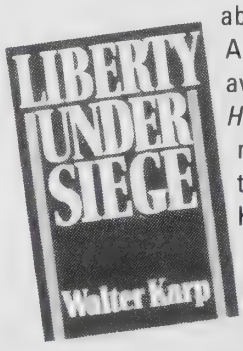
Published by
Cambridge University Press

SPECIAL OFFER

LIBERTY UNDER SIEGE

by Walter Karp

Walter Karp's powerful narrative about contemporary American politics is available to *Harper's Magazine* readers through this special offer. Karp, a contributing editor to *Harper's Magazine* for the 11 years before he died last year, first published a portion of this book in essay form in the November 1985 issue.



To receive a hard-bound copy of *Liberty Under Siege,* send a check or money order for $9.95 (includes postage and handling) along with your mailing address to: Promotion Department, *Harper's Magazine,* 666 Broadway, New York, NY 10012.

Put the whole world at your fingertips, with . . .

Venturer MultiBand Receiver

Only $99.95*

But read the ad for an even better deal!



•We have a small monthly allotment of the Venturer 2, same as the standard Venturer, but it also plays cassette tapes. It costs $30 more—$129.95. The "special deal"—3 for the price of 2—is also available for this model.

The *Venturer* Receiver gives you crisp reception over the full ten bands of the radio spectrum, including, of course, the entire AM/FM range. But you can also roam the international shortwave and ham radio bands (4 to 12 mHz) for information from all over the world. And you can pick up the TV-audio from channels 2 to 13, a great way to keep up with your favorite programs. But there is more: Listen to 24-hr. reports of the U.S. Weather Bureau, and get news of all support services—police, fire, ships, and civil defense. Then there is the aircraft band, and all 40 channels of the CB band. The *Venturer* works off your 110-volt house current, off batteries, or off any external 12-V. DC source.

We import *Venturers* in container loads and can offer them for just $99.95. But we have an even better deal: ***Buy two for $199.90, and we'll send you a third one, with our compliments—absolutely FREE!*** Take advantage of this special offer and order your *Venturer MultiBand Receiver(s)* today!

FOR FASTEST SERVICE, ORDER
TOLL FREE (800) 882-3050
24 hours a day, 7 days a week

Please give order #1195 A.M. or for the cassette version, give order #1196 [illegible]. If you prefer, mail check or card authorization and expiration. We need daytime phone # for all orders and issuing bank for charge orders. Add ship./insur.: $6.95 for one; $8.95 for three. Add sales [illegible] for CA delivery.

You have 30-day return and one-year warranty. We do not refund shipping charges.

since 1967
haverhills®
131 Townsend Street, San Francisco, CA 94107

first miniskirt in Eastern Europe, an
never heard a word she said. S
wasn't coming to the reunion. A pi

Ion's main job back then was to l
ten to me hold forth. His other j
was to defend me from the kids at t
Tech School, who were in the hal
of sweeping through our haun
whenever their team lost a soc
match and beating up everyone wi
glasses. On those occasions, Io
knife and the pleasure he took
pounding flesh were extremely satisi
ing. Once I had to stop him from u
terly destroying a young mechan
who was lying on his face in the all
under the clock tower while Ic
jumped on him over and over fro
the top of a stairway. I distracted hi
by pointing out two young facto
girls who were passing arm in arm
the bridge over our heads, their b
lowing skirts poised like bells abo
us. Ion had an interesting probler
having to do with a generous and i
ordinate amount of male flesh th
was legendary among our classmate
Many of them paid one leu (a Rom
nian dollar) to see it. A doctor ha
advised tying it with a belt around th
knee, but that was too painful, so Ic
took the occasionally embarrassin
chance of appearing in public wi
what looked like a stolen Sibiu salar
in his pants.

For intellectual stimulation, I ha
my other friends: Alex, one of th
three Jews in the class (besides myse
and Max Fischer), with whom I di
cussed philosophical problems in Ta
mudic detail after school on a stre
corner, even in the dead of wint
when we had to jump from one foot
another to keep from freezing
death; and Aurelia, with whom I en
gaged in protracted bouts of wrestlir
that always led to a reading of Baud
laire in lieu of sex. And, happil
there was Marinella. Baudelaire bore
her. But sex was her poetry, and aft
having sex with her, I inevitab
wrote poetry, which was infinite
more satisfying than just reading it.
even had the pleasure of defendir
her honor once in the schoolya
when an older kid surrounded by
clump of ruffians suggested that "Ma
inella would do this and that to all
them in no time flat." I decked hin
They jumped me. Ion showed up. W

all slapped by Comrade Sausage. ex was now a misanthropic fel- n New York who never returned none calls, and Aurelia had long emigrated to Canada after mar- the last Jew in town, our class- Max Fischer, the son of the who made my graduation suit, nly suit I've ever owned.

ere were a few others in our im- ate entourage, notably Ancuţa, was a good kid but not above fre- ting a late-night dive called The en Barrel, a catacomb dug be- n the old city wall. Gypsy fiddlers ed there who would rend the e with their violent melancholy. slapped money on their sweaty heads when they came near. e was a whole art to slapping a halant tip at just the right spot he fiddler's head. It was a disgrace iss. The cavernous round brick s with the rough-hewn wood ta- could have been there at the time çois Villon entertained his com- ons in the mid-fifteenth century. y functioning establishments and es in Sibiu dated from the twelfth ury; The Golden Barrel was a new by comparison, and the wine obscenely cheap. The tramps and zies that lived there never saw the of day, and there was enough rette smoke to keep the day out ver. Sometimes Bucur came with blue boy who died in our last year igh school from the ailment that le him blue. Sometimes Ory e, because she loved poetry. en Ory got drunk she stood on the e and sang with the fiddlers. Every s-eyed amputee in the joint wept he sour brew at those times.

utside of us, another kind of life t on. This was the life of our par- . It consisted of long lines for ev- hing, including black bread and cially the occasional meat; boring , narcotic newspapers, speaking w voices about political matters, ching out for shifty-eyed guys with ck shoes on the street corner, ping an eye out for biddies with hant ears who stood under our dows to hear if our radios were ed to the BBC, Voice of America, Radio Free Europe; the constant, ding caution, the ever thinning of material world, the galling ab

BE REMEMBERED EVERY MORNING.

Give My Favorite Coffee gift subscriptions. Each month, the people on your gift list will receive two 10 oz. bags of rare, arabica coffee. WHOLE BEAN ONLY. FREE GRINDER (limited time offer) WITH 6 AND 12 MONTH SUBSCRIPTIONS. Complete satisfaction guaranteed.

☐ 3 month $ 45 ☐ Regular
☐ 6 month 90 ☐ Decaffeinated
☐ 12 month 170 ☐ Combination

Order 1-800-222-2726. FAX: (914) 534-4403. Free brochure. Box 416 Cornwall-on-Hudson, NY 12520. 5% of all profits from the sale of My Favorite Coffee are donated to charity.

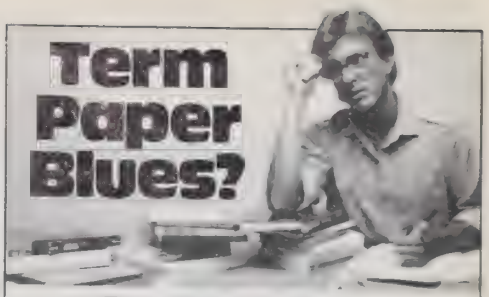
MY FAVORITE COFFEE

CONFRONTING RACIAL DIFFERENCE

Edited by
James Alan McPherson
and DeWitt Henry

A special issue of the literary magazine *Ploughshares*. Short stories, memoirs and essays addressing racial differences in the United States. $7.95 singly. $15 as first of three-issue subscription.

Ploughshares • Emerson College •
100 Beacon St. •Boston, MA 02116



Term Paper Assistance

Catalog of 19,278 research papers

Order Catalog Today with Visa / MC or COD

Toll Free Hot Line 1-800-351-0222

California & Canada. (213) 477-8226
Monday - Friday 10 am - 5 pm (Pacific time)

Or send $2.00 with coupon below

Our 306-page catalog contains detailed descriptions of 19,278 research papers, a virtual library of information at your fingertips. Footnote and bibliographic pages are free. Ordering is easy as picking up your phone. Let this valuable educational aid serve you throughout your college years.

EXAMPLES OF CATALOG TOPICS. . .

15759 - WORK RELATED STRESS Ways to minimize and manage stress emphasizing human relations and environmental approaches. 9 footnotes. 7 bibliographies. 6 pages.

15842 - GROUNDWATER CONTAMINATION Origins, types, economic, political, health aspects. Proposed solution based on cost/benefit analysis of social capital. 12 footnotes. 8 bibliographies. 8 pages.

Research Assistance also provide custom research and thesis assistance. Our staff of 75 professional writers, each writing in his field of expertise, can assist you with all your research needs.

QUALITY GUARANTEED!

RA since 1970 **RESEARCH ASSISTANCE**
11322 Idaho Avenue, Suite 206-XR
West Los Angeles, California 90025

Please rush my catalog. Enclosed is $2.00 to cover postage.

Name _____
Address _____
City _____ State ____ Zip _____

JETOUR



Hong Kong and Japan

Let JETOUR escort you to this mystical land. Twenty years experience. A network of Asian tour offices ...JETLINE telephone service to assist with business appointments or questions. JETOUR is your best guide to the Orient for business or pleasure. Guaranteed departures.

Call your travel agent or call
JETOUR Toll Free 800-367-2380

American Airlines
Something special in the air.

Someday
you may want
to die.

Support the right
of the terminally ill
to die with dignity.
Call for information.

THE HEMLOCK SOCIETY

1-800-247-7421

P.O. Box 11830
Eugene, OR 97440

Predict SAT* scores for 7, 8 or 9th graders.

Don't wait until grade 12.
College is too important.
Learn where your child
stands today and have time
to work on weaknesses.
Call today.

1-800-442-7728

Testing private independent school children for over 30 years

Secondary School Admission
Test Board

sence of something important and decent that everyone had forgotten (the right, perhaps, to be treated like adults?); the downpour of sunny lies from which there was no refuge. My mother wandered long hours after work from line to line. At the end of the day we'd be sitting before our gruel under a dim regulation sixty-watt light bulb, she too tired to speak, me too impatient to finish so that I could leave.

In school our gestures within the vast maze of boredom and frustration that we were going to inherit were purely formal. I do remember being a Pioneer with a red tie (which, like all the cool kids, I chewed down to the knot), and I remember giving the Pioneer Salute ("In the name of Marx, Engels, Lenin, Stalin, Gheorghiu-Dej, and Ceauşescu, forward!") and singing the *Internationale* before classes. I used to make a fine botch of both these rituals. In the end, my pals and I worked out good obscene phonetic equivalents that were admired far and wide even as everyone's countenance stayed (painfully) grim.

The first to leave was Alex, who emigrated first to Israel before going to New York. Soon there weren't ten Jews left in town to hold a minyan. All around us, the Germans were also leaving the country. Bucur died before graduation. Marinella ran off with the ticket taker at the Corso Cinema. Everyone applied to universities in different towns: Ion and Ancuţa to Cluj, Ory to Timişoara, Aurelia to Bucharest. After the final exams, my mother and I received the passports for which we had secretly applied two years before. This meant that we had been sold to Israel by the recently installed Ceauşescu government at $10,000 a head. (The biggest business of the Ceauşescu years was selling Jews and Germans!) Also, a local Communist Party honcho in charge of passports had his eye on our little apartment. In the fall of 1965, I said good-bye to my high school chums, my beautiful Sibiu, and Romania.

Ancuţa—the host of our little reunion—was also a portly fellow, the king of a domestic realm that included his wife, a history teacher; two graceful and self-possessed daugh Laura and Livia, educated part Vienna; and an ancient mother w stern look on her black-babusl framed face. He was a veterina keeper and caretaker of 5,000 o state's pigs, one of which was g up his succulent juices for us at very moment. His house had mc amenities I have yet to attain: an door barbecue grill, a wine cell satellite dish for his TV. I ren bered the quick-witted boy who s front of me and smirked in symp when our history teacher picke me—and tried hard to see his ou in the man before me.

Ory had filled out, too, but she clearly still in possession of that spark of long ago, a fact outlined rouge and mascara. She was a cou doctor in a town near Sibiu where dispensed mostly advice; medic are hard to come by. Amazingly, remembered poetry I had writte high school, silly verses that I long forgotten. She began rec these with abandon, to the visible tress of a giant brute with a band hand who lurked awkwardly at side. He was her husband, a fa Romanian soccer player, long reti who was chain-smoking himself an early grave.

"Goddamn Gypsies," he shou apropos of nothing.

"You go home if you don't beha said Ory.

On my right was Marcel, a c boy I recalled liking very much fo unruffled calm in the face of cons adolescent agitation. He was calm, an engineer at the waterw on the Olt River, where he meas its rise and fall, which, like Roma is both seasonal and unpredictab

Romanians are an affectionate ple. We hugged and kissed and tc ed our reunion with Ancuţa's sti plum brandy. The thick, fresh cl cooked on the grill, and the first stars appeared over the mountair

"I almost didn't come," I them, "because of the violence of miners beating up students in square." I said this only half-jokin referring to the violent events weeks before, when drunken mi —at the behest of President Iliescu—stormed into Bucharest fi

countryside and beat up students
had been protesting for two
ths in University Square against
presence of communist officials in
positions of the National Salva-
Front, the ruling party.
ut they became unexpectedly
us.
Those bastards got what they de-
ed!" shouted the soccer player, to
dismay of his wife, who agreed
the sentiment but found him
de. "There were few students
e," she said. "There were mostly
sies, speculators, foreigners . . ."
I was ready to go to the square and
t up the scum myself," Ancuţa said
ementy. "There weren't just min-
there, there were all kinds of
kers."
At the mention of "miners," they
began to speak at once. They were
aking well and persuasively, but
re was something awfully familiar
ut their articulateness. It was the
iculateness of rostrums, plenary
etings, party conferences. Amid
sudden din of their voices, I had a
den and rather chilling revelation.
friends here were . . . the miners. I
been afraid to come back to Ro-
nia because of . . . my friends!
felt suddenly remote in time and
ce—no more remote, perhaps,
n I once felt back in high school,
ere I was also a minority: a poet, a
. My friends here were all solid
porters of the National Salvation
nt, but I wondered about those
o were not present: the Germans
d the Jews who had all emigrated,
ones who hated school and every-
ng about it and were never going to
urn, the ones who were sent to pris-
for trying to escape, the ones who
led away, unable to play the system
well as my friends here . . .
The women laid out a long table
vered with clean handwoven
ths. Large dishes full of fresh and
kled cucumbers, tomatoes, and egg-
nts, as well as hams and cheeses,
re arrayed splendidly before us next
the large wineglasses and small
sses full of brandy. Almost every-
ing was homemade: the wine, a
e-year-old white from the cellar of
ncuţa's country house; the brandy,
e cheese, the salami, even the pots.
fter the hors d'oeuvres, the won-

You deserve a factual look at...

Iraq, the Arabs, the U.S., and Israel

Is there linkage between Kuwait and the "West Bank"?

Iraqi aggression against Kuwait and its designs on Saudi Arabia have startled the world. When asked to relinquish his conquest. President Saddam Hussein said that he would consider doing so,provided that Israel would withdraw from the administered territories of Judea and Samaria (the "West Bank") and from the Gaza strip. Is that a proposal that should be considered? Would such linkage be conducive to the welfare of the United States and the rest of the world?

What are the facts?

■ Some believe that the strategic value of Israel had been diminished in the wake of the "luke-warming" of the cold war with the Soviet Union. The aggression by Iraq against Kuwait and its threatening posture against Saudi Arabia show the fallacy of such thinking. The U.S. has committed (so far) over 100,000 personnel and untold military assets in the area. Saudi Arabia having purchased close to $100 billion of the world's most advanced weaponry, has been found to be totally impotent, even before the first lunge of the Iraqi aggressor and has asked for the protection of the United States. Kuwait, overrun in less than 24 hours by a small contingent of the Iraqi military, also had acquired tens of billions of dollars of sophisticated armament. All of it was "liberated" by the Iraqis. The most sensitive military secrets fell into enemy hands.

■ In order not to "offend" the Arabs, the United States Administration has asked Israel to "lie low" in this present conflict. Though highly classified and politically sensitive intelligence is provided by Israel to the U.S., Israel is indeed on the sidelines. It will in all likelihood remain in that posture unless it finds its own security threatened. And, that could very easily come about, because Hussein, feeling cornered, may attempt an attack on Israel. He would do that in the quite justified expectation that those Arab states that are now "allied" with the United States would promptly switch their allegiance. Because even though the Arabs hate each other, they are all united in their greater hatred of the Jews.

■ The U.S. carries most of the financial and military burden of the Middle East action. The Administration has decided that it is politically advisable to involve the Arab nations in this enterprise. We thus find ourselves with such unpleasant associates as, for example, Syria. Its president,Hafez Assad, though the mortal enemy of Saddam Hussein, is equally unsavory. He has slaughtered his own citizens by the tens of thousands, he is a terrorist leader specializing in killing Americans (remember PanAm 103?), and he knows the use and value of hostages. All these Arab countries are likely to ask for a "reward" for their "cooperation" with the United States. And, the world already knows what "reward" will be expected: More pressure on Israel to yield Judea and Samaria (the "West Bank') and the Gaza strip for a Palestinian independent state.

■ It is estimated that the cost of this present conflict is on the order of $50 million per day during the non-shooting stage. The cost is estimated to escalate to $1 billion per day if open hostilities break out. It is well to keep these figures in mind when discussing military aid to Israel. At present , Israel gets $1.2 billion per year in U.S. economic aid, almost all of which is repaid to the United States as service on debt. Israel also gets $1.8 billion per year in military assistance. Virtually every penny of it is spent in the United States. Compared to the cost of the present Mid-East operation, compared to the $130 billion spent each year on the defense of Europe, and compared to the $30 billion spent yearly in Japan/Korea, the contribution to Israel is a defense bargain. And there is an additional "bonus": Over 300,000 American soldiers are stationed with NATO, over 30,000 in the Far East, and close to 100,000 by now in Saudi Arabia. But there is not a single American soldier stationed in Israel and none will be requested. If and when the crunch comes, Israel will know how to inflict intolerable damage to Iraq or to any other enemy of the Judeo-Christian civilization, of which Israel is the only defender in that part of the world.

Israel is America's only reliable ally in the Middle East. Its undiminished strength and ability are of greatest political and military importance to the U.S.. Nothing must be done to diminish Israel's military potential. Yielding the "West Bank" to the hostile "Palestinians", Saddam Hussein's fanatic supporters, would be a suicidal move for Israel and a military catastrophe for the United States. One hundred retired U.S. generals and admirals are agreed that Israel must retain the Jordan River as its defense border. Those who consider Saddam Hussein's preposterous proposition that, in exchange for Iraq's withdrawal form Kuwait, Israel should withdraw from the "West Bank" do not understand the political and military realities of the Middle East.

This ad had been published and paid for by

FLAME

Facts and Logic About the Middle East

P.O. Box 590359 ■ San Francisco, CA 94159

[illegible] tax deductible [illegible] educational 501(c)(3) [illegible] research and publication of [illegible] in the Middle East and [illegible] the interests of [illegible] in national [illegible] no overhead [illegible] for these [illegible]

Yes, I want to help the publication of these ads and in clarifying the situation in the Middle East. I include my tax deductible contribution in the amount of

$ _____ 11/30

☐ My contribution is in the amount of $50 or more. Please send me your booklet containing twenty of the ads that you have published in the national media over the last two years.

My name is _____

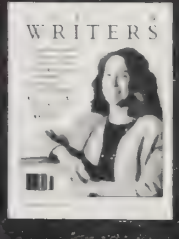
I live at _____

In _____ State ___ Zip _____

Mail to: FLAME, P.O. Box 590359, San Francisco, CA 94159



YOUTH FROM MARATHON (350BC)
While you enjoy his beauty, he speaks of you to your friends. Found under the sea. Now in The National Museum, Athens. This 10" Greek reproduction is made from chloride magnesia, used by the ancient Greeks. Beautiful bronze-like appearance. Marble base. $112 ppd. Check VISA, MC. Unconditional guarantee. **112 page art-book color catalog of more than 300 items $6. Order now and select unforgettable Christmas gifts.**
ELEGANZA LTD. *Importers of Fine Statuary*
Magnolia Village • 3217 W. Smith #1110
Seattle, WA 98199 • 206/283-0609



OF WRITERS BY WRITERS FOR WRITERS

Subscribe to *Poets & Writers Magazine*, and six times a year you'll receive news of publishing opportunities and upcoming grants and awards, essays by and interviews with poets and fiction writers, reports of literary activities around the country and abroad, announcements of literary prize winners, and classifieds that list everything from jobs to house rentals.

"*Poets & Writers Magazine* is the most continuously successful means for American writers and poets to stay in touch with each other. The sense of community it gives to those who care for and write our literature remains inspiring and invaluable."
–William Stryon

1 year $18 — 2 years $32. Send check or money order to the address below. American Express orders accepted by phone, fax or mail. Call or write for foreign rates.

Poets & Writers Magazine
72 Spring Street, Dept. H2
New York, NY 10012
(212) 226-3586 Fax (212) 226-3963

served with large ladles a delicious chicken dumpling soup from big ceramic pots with flowers on them. All through the meal, which proceeded festively and almost without politics until the very end, I noticed that none of the women—with the exception of Ory—had yet sat down to eat or talk. When I remarked on this to her, she said, "Yeah, that's the next revolution. We learned how to make one now."

There was irony flying every which way here, so I asked Ory about the way Romania's December 1989 revolution had unfolded in Sibiu. According to official accounts, Sibiu had been the site of fierce battles between Ceauşescu's Securitate troops and the army, which had gone to the side of the people demonstrating against the tyrant. Early casualty figures mentioned tens of thousands of dead people. The water allegedly had been poisoned. Securitate "terrorists" had burst into hospitals and killed the wounded. All those reports were later revised by the National Salvation Front, which began hopefully as a broad-based coalition but developed into a political party led by people with ties to the old regime. The most recent official government figures are that 896 people were killed, 2,100 wounded in the entire country, most of these by the Securitate. The water was fine. Nobody killed anybody in any hospital.

This was not Ory's understanding of events. In her opinion the army alone fired at the people. "One day there were posters calling people to the square to protest Ceauşescu. When they showed up, army sharpshooters fired in their direction from the rooftops. Later, they pumped one million rounds into our neighborhoods. We hid under tables, in bathtubs."

To my surprise, everyone at the table agreed. Although they all were supporters of the National Salvation Front, no one believed the party's account of the "revolution." In the opinion of my former classmates, Ceauşescu had been overthrown by a coup d'état plotted by chiefs of both the army *and* the Securitate and backed by the people. Initial accounts of deaths and fighting were exaggerated—but for a purpose. Not sure h
or if their coup would succeed, t
conspirators had created mass hyste
by showering bullets into city squa
and showing piles of bodies on T
They even used simulated gunf
through loudspeakers in certain ar
of the city to make the people tre
ble. The whole world had been tak
in by the ably staged media play.

As my friends spoke, a strange fe
ing engulfed me. Most of what th
said sounded true, but there seemed
be something missing, one element
the plot that no one cared to me
tion. Here, in the middle of t
sumptuous feast, I experienced the
riness of another (hardly new) reve
tion: They were all blaming the ar
for the shootings; none of the
blamed the Securitate. And yet t
official government line was that t
Securitate—not the army—mass
cred all those people who were unc
niably massacred in Bucharest, Sib
and elsewhere. Could my friends a
have been . . . ? I felt like drawing t
fingers across my shoulder, but I h
no one to do it for.

In any case, the point they w
making, and which was being c
roborated everywhere these days,
that many shots had been fired, b
few in defense of Ceauşescu. He h
been betrayed by everyone. Even l
son, who'd been in charge at Sib
hadn't ordered anybody to fire at de
onstrators. Ironically, the Peopl
Army started shooting at the crow
at the same time that the army w
officially coming over to "the side
the people." However, the shooti
was intended to create more pa
than corpses. Romania's TV revol
tion had only *one side*.
everyone had been on it

For the next ten or twelve hours
flickered in and out of ourselves
clouds of smoke. There were snatch
of song, gales and ripples of laughter
caught now and then the wide-op
sober eyes of Ancuţa's beautif
daughters, staring at the proceedin
with a combination of curiosity a
disbelief. "What the hell's wrong wi
the new generation?" their fath
asked. "They don't have our talent
said Ion, meaning, no doubt, som
thing obscene. "And what's so spec

t *us*?" I asked. Ory leaned for-
, drunkenly confident. Her hus-
had passed out in his chair.
imism!" she said.
quarter of a century had passed.
t between us like a dark uncon-
's mass, lit only now and then by
ld remark. In addition to time,
ere separated by languages, poli-
a sea (the Black Sea), and an
n (the Atlantic). On my side, my
anian was rusty, having been
ticed only on the phone with my
her (with whom I have an accent-
ntenance contract for the purpose
eeping my *R*s rolling). My whole
t life had taken place in America
e American language. My Roma-
was frozen in that eighteen-
-old curl of existential-sexual
ancholy smoke at Ilona's café. I
ly got their jokes, and I was, no
ot, missing all the subtleties,
re the real story was. But on their
there was hardly any way I could
made them see *my* story, the ec-
c madness of an American poet's
ived in several cities on the coasts
wo different oceans—a life, I
ht add, in complete sympathy
rebellious students of all causes.
ave another brandy, and another
e!
o tell you the truth, they scared
my friends, these supporters of
National Salvation Front, ap-
iders of brutal drunken miners
beat up students and Gypsies.
maybe I scared them, too, a
vn-up journalist, part of that pow-
l and mythic media that runs the
ld they've never seen. Yet some-
all of us quite clearly felt an affec-
that the years had not dimmed. I
gnized, under the layers of a cruel
e, the hopeful adolescents we had
e been. Another brandy now and
would drop off altogether, with all
lesh and compromises.
Next day, after an hour or so of agi-
d sleep during which the eyes in
rooftops of Sibiu blinked without
ease under the full gothic moon
l the microphones in the wall
ked up my every muttering, I rose
see how bad it would feel to stand.
prisingly, I felt little pain. The
k buffers between drinks had done
ir job. There was a knock at th-

Continued on

DO SOME EARTHLY GOOD

Join the Sierra Club—
the world's largest grassroots
environmental organization.

Call Toll Free:
1-800-544-9884
8am-11pm EST Monday-Friday.
Visa and MasterCard Accepted.

	Indiv.	Joint
Regular Dues	$33	$41

Or Write To:
SIERRA CLUB Public Information
Dept. J-247, 730 Polk Street, San Francisco, CA 94109
Annual dues include *Sierra* subscription ($7.50) and Chapter publications ($1). Dues are not tax-deductible.

IS FRANCE WHERE YOUR HEART IS?

FRANCE TODAY brings you an insider's view of contemporary France: cultural insights, business and political analyses, people, places and events. It's current, controversial, out-of-the-ordinary reading for the American who'd rather be *en France*.

Entirely in English. 10 issues/$25.
To subscribe, call toll free:
1-800-272-0620
France Today 1051 Divisadero, Suite 106 San Francisco, CA 94115

Brighter kids for under $2.00 a month



Reading CRICKET magazine helps children have more adventurous minds and active imaginations. CRICKET is for very special children. Children who are curious about their world. Children who love to read. *Children just like yours!*

$14.95 for an EIGHT-ISSUE TRIAL subscription. Send no money. We will bill you later. *Save over $15.00 off the regular twelve-issue price!* Order now by calling toll free or by sending us the coupon below.

Name_____
Address_____
City, State, Zip_____

1-800-BUG PALS (1-800-284-7257, Ext. 5C)
CRICKET, Box 52933, Boulder, CO 80322

Cricket 5HMP9

SOLUTION TO THE OCTOBER PUZZLE

S	T	E	A	D	Y	S	C	O	R	E	S			
C	R	A	N	E	P	E	A	C	O	C	K			
O	O	Z	E	L	I	V	I	D	T	L	Y			
N	T	T	W	I	G	E	Q	U	A	I	L			
C	H	I	C	K	E	N	U	S	O	L	I			
E	L	S	I	N	O	R	E	T	G	A	N			
F	O	W	L	I	N	G	P	I	E	C	E			
O	L	A	I	G	R	A	Y	N	E	S	S			
U	L	N	A	R	A	N	A	G	O	G	E			
L	O	T	T	O	L	D	U	C	K	E	A			
E	P	H	E	U	L	E	R	O	U	S	T			
S	P	O	N	S	O	R	G	O	O	S	E			
T	U	R	K	E	Y	M	E	T	H	O	D			

NOTES FOR "SEE 24 ACROSS"

ACROSS: 1. STEADY, anagram; 5. SCORES, two meanings; 9. HO(IS)T; 10. SHOW-O-FF; 11. (b)OOZE; 12. LIVID, hidden in reverse; 15. GI-WT reversed; 16. C(OWE)R; 17. F-EARFUL; 19. SOL(t)I; 21. E-LSINORE (anagram); 26. G(R)AYNESS; 28. ULNA, hidden; 29. AN-AGO-GE(reversal); 31. L-OTTO; 33. SHUN(t); 36. EU(LE)R; 37. O(. . . US)T; 38. SPO(NS)OR; 39. N(INN)Y; 40. FIASCO, hidden; 41. METHOD, anagram. DOWN: 1. SCONCE, hidden; 2. T-ROT-H; 3. AN(dr)EW; 4. DELI(berating); 5. SE(V)EN; 6. CA-I-(bar)QUE; 7. A-TOR, reversed; 8. SKYLINE, anagram; 10. SUC(K. . .)ER; 13. DU(c)-STING; 14. LILACS, anagram of scalli(on); 18. (con)CILIATE; 20. O(GE. . .)E; 22. LOLL-OP; 23. R(O)AM; 24. F(O)ULEST, anagram; 25. GLANCE(i), anagram; 26. M-UTTER; 27. SE(A-T)ED; 29. ALL(O)Y; 30. G-ESSO; 32. THOR(n); 34. (o)UR-(a)GE; 36. CHAP(el).

SOLUTION TO OCTOBER DOUBLE ACROSTIC (NO. 94). J(OHN L.) AND K(AREN) HESS: THE TASTE OF AMBIVALENCE. A segment of the middle class is struggling to get out of the mainstream. . . . But . . . weaned on junk foods and soda pop . . . subject to the same . . . pressures as their conformist neighbors, yet desperate to be chic and "with-it," they are pathetically easy marks for the "gourmet" . . .

. . . the name of the author, and the title of the work, together with your name and address, to Harper's Acrostic No. 95, *Harper's Magazine*, 666 Broadway, New York, N.Y. 10012. If you already subscribe to *Harper's*, please include a copy of your latest mailing label. . . . ived by November 8. Senders of the first three correct solutions opened at random . . . subscriptions to *Harper's Magazine*. The solution will be printed in the December . . . uble Acrostic No. 93 are William Geer, Salt Lake City, Utah; Donald Dexel, . . . and Julius Kunz, Spring Valley, Ohio.

CLASSIFIED

ART

Preserve your memories. Have your portrait hand-painted in oil on canvas. Highly skilled artist will work from photograph. Also, Old Masters reproductions in oil and designs according to your specifications. Free catalogue: International Fine Arts Gallery, P.O. Box 2575, Postal Station P, Thunder Bay, Ontario P7B 5G1, Canada; or fax (807) 344-4840.

House portraits: Pen and ink from photo. Matted and framed to your liking; $185. Free shipping, 100 percent guaranteed. SASE for free brochure to A.P. Nichols, 7601 South Arbory Lane, Laurel, Md. 20707.

REAL ESTATE

Repossessed VA and HUD homes available from government for $1 without credit check. You repair. Also tax-delinquent foreclosures. Call (805) 682-7555, ext. H-1716, for repo list in your area.

LITERARY SERVICES

Looking for a publisher? Learn how you can have your book published, promoted, and distributed. Send for free booklet: HP-2, Vantage Press, 516 W. 34th Street, New York, N.Y. 10001.

Poets—sell your poems for $500 each. Free details. Editor, Box 3491-H, Knoxville, Tenn. 37927.

Manuscript critique/editing service. "Writer's Network"—free brochure. Wordsmiths, P.O. Box 1373, Brooklandville, Md. 21022.

Celo Valley Books will produce your books professionally and economically. One percent of profits to charity. Write: 346 Seven Mile Ridge Road, Burnsville, N. C. 28714.

LIE DETECTION

The art and certainty of discerning honesty and deception. Successful "mind reading" for the layperson. Learn noncoercive, effective, nonmechanical, powerful, covert techniques used to replace polygraph, etc., in governmental and civilian applications. Send $14.95 to LIE-CUES, Box 2313-H, Chapel Hill, N.C. 27514.

BUSINESS OPPORTUNITIES

Let the government finance your small business. Grants/loans to $500,000. Free recorded message: (707) 449-8600. KW6.

Read books for pay. No experience. Call (900) 847-7878 (99 cents/min.), or write: PASE-ZG6, 161 Lincolnway, North Aurora, Ill. 60542.

VACATION RENTALS

Getaway weekends—Winnipesaukee, waterfront, year-round. Will mail video. (617) 721-1266.

Furnished, Oregon coast cottage, January–June, $400 per month. (503) 547-4151.

Hawaiian Islands—Molokai, Kaluakoi resort. Polynesian studio with kitchen. $50 per night. (800) 225-7978 or (800) 950-5541.

Vacation home in perched medieval village on French Riviera: $650 monthly. Long-term rates. Write: Linc, 2B Residence d'Hennemont, St. Germain-en-Laye 78100, France.

GENEALOGY

Irish genealogy. Write: Hibernian Research Ltd., 22 Windsor Road, Dublin 6, Ireland. Call (353) 1-966-522 (24 hours).

TRAVEL

Homestay in Russia. Sleep beneath handmade quilts, eat home-cooked meals. Two weeks, two cities, two English-speaking families sharing your interests. Travelling Shoes, Box 4410-B, Laguna Beach, Calif. 92652. (714) 752-9036.

Itinerary planning for the independent traveler. We design trips anywhere to your specifications and budget. Recommendations for routes, hotels, sightseeing, and more. Write or call for free planning guide. Travel Design Associates, 299 Riverside Drive, New York, N.Y. 10025. (212) 222-2743.

GALAPAGOS

You, 9 other adventurers and our licensed naturalist will sail by yacht to explore more islands than any other Galápagos expedition. 60 trip dates. Machu Picchu option. Free brochure.

Inca Floats 415-420-1550
1311-HP 63rd St., Emeryville CA 94608

GIFTS

Christmas elegance. Long-lasting Appalachian handcrafted wreaths. (800) 359-3347. MC/Visa.

The Library Game: $5.98. Ages 5 and up. Great Christmas gift. Free catalogue. Alex's Games, Box 810, Birmingham, Mich. 48012.

Penis poster (23″×35″) depicts 12 animal penises (man to whale). Scientific novelty. $10 ppd. to Poster K, Box 673, Bloomington, Ind. 47402.

Authentic koala bear, 8″×10″ color photo. Great for framing, gift, niece, nephew. Send $21.95 plus $6 S&H to Anne Charles, Inc., Suite 115, 1355 West Palmetto Park Road, Boca Raton, Fla. 33486.

ASSOCIATIONS

Knighthoods for gentlemen, honors for ladies. Brochure, $3. Nobilitat-H, 316 Edward Street, Victoria, B.C. V9A 3E6, Canada.

Bertrand Russell Society. Information: HM, RD 1, Box 409, Coopersburg, Pa. 18036.

EMPLOYMENT

Jobs in Japan. Send SASE. Larsen, 200 West Aero, #4, Payson, Ariz. 85541.

Get paid for reading books: $50 to $10(book. Write: Calco Publishing, Dept. C 500 South Broad, Meriden, Conn. 064

MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS

Flutes/panpipes: 250 varieties. Many cultures. Catalogue, $3. Lew Price, Bo (R), Garden Valley, Calif. 95633.

FOREIGN NEWSPAPERS

Worldwide English newspapers/magaz Sampler: three for $2.98. Free broch Multinewspapers, Box DE-HO, Dana P Calif. 92629.

GOURMET

Chili recipe booklet—with beans and v out, mild to hot. Send $5 to Redwood ipes, P.O. Box 215, Highwood, Ill. 60(

Easy Bakhlava!
Armenian/Middle Eastern Recip

EASY BAKHLAVA, HUMMOS, STUFFED GRAPELEAVES, TABOULEH, SHISH KEBAB, PILAF, and much more!

for over 20 nutritious and tasty recipes, send $5.00 to: S Maranjian, P O Box 574, Watertown, MA 02272-05

Nutty cookies. Five easy recipes—grea gifts and holidays. Send $5 and SASE to tek, P.O. Box 101, Valley Stream, 11582-0101.

Singles. Good-food lovers discreetly i duced. Write: Gourmets & Friends, 11652-A, Houston, Tex. 77293.

OUT-OF-PRINT BOOKS

Caxton Booksearch. Box 709, Sister Wis. 54234. Please send phone/address wants. (414) 854-2955.

Established book service for sale. Sma ternational out-of-print book-search ness. Needs nurturing book lover with a to detail. Professional systems intact. order business can be run as a home-b business from any location. Pro Libri Ossipee Road, Somerville, Mass. 02 (617) 628-7487.

COMPUTER PROGRAM

WISDOM OF THE AGE

First electronic book to give PC users easy access to tir knowledge from over 1,000 great minds-**Eastern & We** Focuses 6561 sparkling quotes, sayings & ideas-some quite many ways. Helps users act, write & speak learn more in less time.

Only $79.00 - 30 day money back guara

MCR Agency, Inc. 1-800-767
6116 Merced Ave. #81H 9am to 7p
Oakland, CA 94611 Fax 415-444

BOOKS

Nostradamus's predictions 400 years Subscribe. Find out: $22/year, 6 issues sample. TWT Press, Box 155-UR91 Boston, Mass. 02124.

Manuscripts wanted, all types. Publi with 70-year tradition. (800) 695-9599

CLASSIFIED RATES: Minimum ten words. One time, $2.20 per word; three times, $2.10 per word; six times, $2.00 per word; twelve times, $1.85 per v Telephone number counts as one word. Box numbers, ZIP codes count as one word. CLASSIFIED DISPLAY: Minimum one inch. One time, $13 column inch, three times, $120 per column inch; six times, $120 per column inch; twelve times, $105 per column inch. The closing for classified copy first of the month, two months prior to cover date. Prepayment is required. Make checks payable to *Harper's Magazine* and send to Harper's Classified Broadway, New York, N.Y. 10012. Include telephone number on all correspondence. Address inquiries to Andrew Walko, Classified Advertising Mar

ian Books: Used, out-of-print, paper- hardbacks. Any Canadiana, Arctic, books. Wells Group, 958 Page Ave- Victoria, B.C. V9B 2M6, Canada.

your books (new or in-print) easily, tly, reliably—with one soothing call nnesota. Tell us what you need; we mediately or will special-order. Grin- Bookstore, Minneapolis, Minn. (800) 47.

Bargain Books

lishers' overstocks, remainders, imports—over 00 titles at up to 80% savings in our **FREE** ALOG! Biography, History, Art, Nature, Garden- , Cooking, Fiction—something for everyone, luding about 600 new titles monthly. Write: **amilton** Box 15-711, Falls Village CT 06031

ook scout locates out-of-print books. Greenmantle, P.O. Box 1178HP, per, Va. 22701.

over's smorgasbord. Free catalogue. Kettle Books, Hancock Road, mstown, Mass. 01267.

hist Cookbook. Available again: $22, id. Barricade Books, Box 1401-E, Se- s, N.J. 07096.

Living Through Atheism. Dynamic, tful treatise on a fulfilling, emancipat- e-style without mythical delusions. $4 to Independent Publications, Box Ridgefield, N.J. 07657.

BOOKS ON AUDIOTAPE

DARWIN
The Origin of Species (abridged)
FREUD
Introductory Lectures (abridged)
JAMES
Varieties of Religious Experience (abridged)
NIETZSCHE
Selections

Each title (2 cassettes) $14.95 VISA/MC +$2.25 shpg

Discounts for schools and libraries

(800) 282-1225

Box 1456, Mendocino, CA 95460

SCHOLARLY

store shopping at home: 15%–25% unt. Current bestsellers. Backlist. o. Videos. Relax and give us a call. MC. Dragon River Enterprises. (800) 334.

oughtful gift idea. *The Age of Washing- George Washington's Presidency, 1789–* 308 pages. Illustrated. Called "excel- humanizing view of the first presi- '—*Booklist*, February 1, 1990. Send 95 to the author: G.W. Nordham, 67 E. ect Street, Waldwick, N.J. 07463.

You Can Help Your Friends in Crisis. $9.95 (add $1.50 S&H) to You/Me ications, Box 12247-H, San Diego, Cal- 112.

PUBLICATIONS

People. Marxist biweekly since months/$1, one year/$4. *The P* Box 50218, Palo Alto, Calif. 94

Secret pact of Christopher Columbus reveals adherence to his Jewish heritage. Illustrated, scholarly, authentic documentation. Send $6 to JAM, Box 5371, Brownsville, Tex. 78523.

Proof Jesus fictional. Scholarly proof Flavius Josephus created fictional Jesus, Gospels: $5. For details send SASE to Abelard, Box 5652-H, Kent, Wash. 98064.

MERCHANDISE

Your name in Japanese on parchment. Suitable for framing: $10. Fashion hair bows, elegant fabrics: $8. Zodiac pendants, gold-plated, free chain: $10. Yumiko, 250 Northeast 107th Street, Miami, Fla. 33161.

DEVA Cotton Clothes



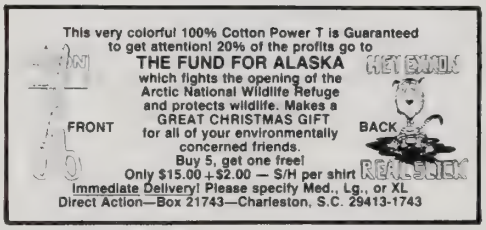
For men and women ... tops, pants, shorts, nightwear and much more. Hand crafted in 22 luscious colours. Send $1 for catalogue and fabric samples.



DEVA, a cottage industry, Box HAAQ
Burkittsville, MD 21718 1-800-222-8024

Looking for ASMAT bags? Guatemalan santos? Sentani sago bowls? Unique artifacts our specialty. Illustrated catalogue, $3. New address: Thresher's Semi-Tropic Ethnographic, 1811 Hether Street, Austin, Tex. 78704.

This very colorful 100% Cotton Power T is Guaranteed to get attention! 20% of the profits go to
THE FUND FOR ALASKA
which fights the opening of the Arctic National Wildlife Refuge and protects wildlife. Makes a GREAT CHRISTMAS GIFT for all of your environmentally concerned friends.
Buy 5, get one free!
Only $15.00 +$2.00 — S/H per shirt
Immediate Delivery! Please specify Med., Lg., or XL
Direct Action—Box 21743—Charleston, S.C. 29413-1743



Your Chinese seal, custom-designed "chops." 7316 Sanbartolo Avenue, Carlsbad, Calif. 92009.

EDUCATION

Bachelor's, Master's, Doctorate. Guide to colleges offering nonresidential degree programs through independent home study. Accredited, economical, accelerated programs. Credit given for prior accomplishments and work experience. Free detailed brochure. Write: Doctor John Bear, P.O. Box 826-H1, Benicia, Calif. 94510.

Speak a Foreign Language Like a Diplomat!

Learn on your own with audio-cassette courses used by U.S. State Dept. Programmed for easy learning. 47 languages in all. Comprehensive. Call or write for free catalog 1-800-243-1234 Dept 653
AUDIO-FORUM® Guilford, CT 06437

Research papers: 18,278 papers available—all academic subjects. Rush $2 for 306-page catalogue. Custom writing also available. Research, 11322 Idaho, No. 306HB, Los Angeles, Calif. 90025. Toll-free hotline: (800) 351-0222 in Calif., (213) 477-8226.

SPEAK FRENCH OR ANY LANGUAGE
AS U.S. DIPLOMATS DO!
...courses developed for ...savings up to 60%! Call 1-800-722-6384.
...LANGUAGE INSTITUTE®
... NY 10036

Superlearning. Triple learning speed through music. Languages, data. Maximize memory, potentials. Stressless. Free excerpt, catalogue. Superlearning, 1290 W. 11th, No. 105-H6, Vancouver, B.C. V6H 1K5, Canada.

Study Chinese at home. Free brochure. Write: AICS, Box 453, Charles Town, W. Va. 25414.

Fully approved university degrees. Economical home study for bachelor's, master's, and Ph.D. degrees, fully approved by California State Dept. of Education. Prestigious faculty counsels for independent-study and life-experience credits (5,100 enrolled students, 500 faculty). Free information: Richard Crews, M.D. (Harvard), President, Columbia Pacific University, Dept. 2F90, 1415 Third Street, San Rafael, Calif. 94901. (800) 227-0119; in Calif., (800) 552-5522 or (415) 459-1650.

PERSONALS

Classical Music Lovers' Exchange. Nationwide link between unattached music lovers. Box 31, Pelham, N.Y. 10803. (800) 233-CMLS.

Meet women worldwide. Free 32-page catalogue. America's most respected correspondence service. Cherry Blossom, 190 HR Rainbow Ridge, Kapaau, Hawaii 96755. (808) 961-2114, anytime.

Single Booklovers gets cultured singles of all ages acquainted. Established 1970. Nationwide. Write: Box 117, Gradyville, Pa. 19039, or call (215) 358-5049.

Cultured singles, nationwide. Older women/younger men; younger women/older men. Send LSASE to Anachron, Box H-326, New York, N.Y. 11367.

Asian women desire romance. Overseas, sincere, attractive. World's no. 1 service. Free details, photos. Sunshine International Correspondence, Box 5500-NA, Kailua-Kona, Hawaii 96745. (808) 325-7707.

Condoms by mail. Avoid condom purchase anxiety syndrome (CPAS). Write for free color brochure or send $4 for discreetly packaged samples. Money-back guarantee. Allegro Specialties, Box 21881, Baton Rouge, La. 70894.

Meet beautiful women. We supply photos, names, and addresses. Send for free details. Merit, Box 74758-H, Los Angeles, Calif. 90004.

Meet Christian singles. Nationwide. Phone or mail introductions. No fee, donations only. Write: Box 90-20-WE, Van Nuys, Calif. 91409.

At the Gate. Meet singles sharing values on peace, ecology, personal growth, and human rights. Free details. Box 09506-HP, Columbus, Ohio 43209.

Beautiful Latin, Asian ladies seek friendship, marriage. Free photo brochure. Latins, Box 1716-HR, Chula Vista, Calif. 92012. (619) 425-1867.

Extraordinary psychic counselor, energy healer, and problem solver. Telephone appointments. Randal Clayton Bradford. (213) 820-5281 or (213) REALITY. Visa/MC/AmEx.

CLASSIFIED

Attractive Oriental women. Free details. Enclose six 25¢ stamps. Anticipations, 3380 Sheridan, 178HC, Amherst, N.Y. 14226.

Japanese women seek friendship/marriage. Other Orientals too. Pacific Century Correspondence, 110 Pacific 208K, San Francisco, Calif. 94111. (816) 924-1668.

Beautiful Pacific ladies seek sincere gentlemen for love, marriage. Free photo brochure. Simpatica. (800) 421-4686, afternoons.

Traditional single ladies. Correspondence, marriage. Dignified presentations since 1984. Asian Experience, Box 1214JA, Novato, Calif. 94948. (415) 897-2742.

Fun-loving, professional woman. Caribbean. Varied interests, seeks best friend/husband. P.O. Box 59201, Philadelphia, Pa. 19102.

Meet Thai women: 16-page, 100 color-photo catalogue, $5. Thai Ladies, Box 11495 (H), Honolulu, Hawaii 96828. (808) 734-0099.

Shalom Singles. Connects Jewish singles interested in the arts, sports, travel, books, public affairs, etc. Nationwide. P.O. Box 1827, Germantown, Md. 20875. (800) 695-SHALOM.

Artistic Connections—linking single lovers of the arts across the nation. Music, art, film, literature, dance, drama, photography. Write: AC, Box 116, Chatham, N.J. 07928.

Scandinavia, USSR, Europe: Worldwide correspondence for bright, savvy, unattached professionals (since 1980). Scanna, P.O. Box 4-HP, Pittsford, N.Y. 14534. (716) 586-3170.

Serious worldwide singles correspondence. Responses are predominantly from the Philippines. Free brochure; exciting, fun, but serious video if qualified. Angel Express, Box 2418H, Falls Church, Va. 22042.

Message dreams are possible. Dream booklet gives practical guidelines in asking for and interpreting such dreams. One person's experiences humbly offered for examples. $20. Heaven's Gift Inc., Suite 103, Box 176, Lancaster, N.Y. 14086.

Asian Girls. Free information. J.W., P.O. Box 2329, Jakarta, Pusat, Indonesia.

MISCELLANEOUS

Inventions, ideas, new products. Presentations to industry. National exposition. (800) 288-IDEA.

Acrosticians Club. Free *Acrostics Network*, details, puzzles. Mock, 1030-A Delaware, Berkeley, Calif. 94710.

Supernatural cloud—highlighting Earth's rotational displacement. Water-stained cross, $3. Nieder, P.O. Box 311972, New Braunfels, Tex. 78130.

Continued from page 79

door. Here was Ion, his countenance lit by a lascivious grin due, no doubt, to some salacious exchange with the girls at the front desk.

We were going to the mountaintop. The car lurched through brilliant pastures. We passed peasant carts full of hay with children waving from them. At some point we disembarked, and here was the whole gang, looking as fresh as if the politics of darkness and last night's drinks had never washed over them. They were carrying picnic baskets full of cooked meats, wines, and aperitifs. We hiked up to some kind of decaying sculpture park nestled between crags. Laura and Livia, joined by their mother, sang in German. At the crest we stopped to take in the breathtaking view and to toast ourselves with fluted glasses of brandy. Everyone was singing now, except me. I never could sing. Above us somewhere was Ion's father's sheep farm, where I had once spent a magical summer. We were in a beautiful place, where I forgot for a moment the ever present politics of Romania.

This day, too, turned into evening, and evening turned into night at Ancuţa's country house in the beautiful village of Sălişte, not far from the sculpture park. The cellar of the country house was well stocked. Every gorgeous chunk of rolled ham and pickled tomato stood in Technicolor splendor on its dish as if posing for a camera.

The state of festive exhilaration and profoundly bewildering alienation deepened the next evening when my friends, their spouses, and their children came to a dinner I gave in their honor at the hotel restaurant. They hired a singer and panpiper for the occasion, "a famous professor of music," a man who looked me directly in the eyes and, in the dulcet tones that make "one's soul flow out," as the Romanians say, asked me why I had left home, my mother country, my hearth. Just as I began to wonder myself, awash as I was in sentiment and brandy, the tenor of his songs changed. He began singing nationalist Transylvanian songs, and the whole table joined in. The Hungarians, Germans, Jews, and even people from Bucharest cringed at their tables. Songs forbidden during Ceaus cu's era, fascist Iron Guard anthe poured out: songs directed agai foreigners, of which clearly I was —though forgiven for the mom —and against émigrés, and I was given for that too . . .

Next day, I stood hung over and wildered on the balcony of my h room and pondered the deeply t bled soul of my native country. I co see, all along the central street, portraits of the graduates of the y 1990 displayed in store windo Among them were the 1990 gradua of the Gheorghe Lazăr Gymnaziu including Ory's daughter, Cosmi looking innocently at the ye 2000, or 2005. I felt for them. It w be tough.

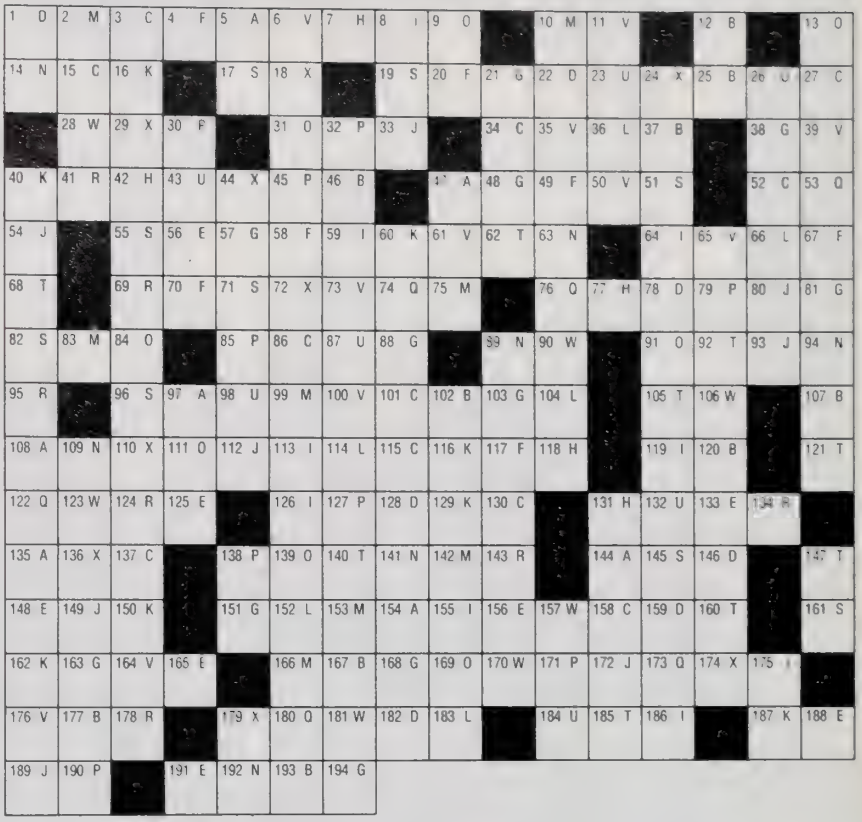
November Index Sources
1 Center for Defense Information (Was ington); **2** Resolution Trust Co (Washington); **3** NBC News–*Wall St Journal* poll (Washington); **4** U.S. Fed al Deposit Insurance Corp./U.S. Office Thrift Supervision; **5,6** Embassy of t Federal Republic of Germany; **7** *Le Pa sien* (Paris); **8** U.S. Congressional R search Service; **9** Solar Energy Indust Assoc. (Washington); **10** U.S. Dept. Energy; **11** U.S. Dept. of Defense/U. EPA–Citizen Action (Washington); U.S. EPA; **13** Gallup–Saran Wrap p (Princeton, N.J.); **14,15** National T key Federation (Reston, Va.); **16** *Ostri News* (Cache, Okla.); **17** Animal Prote tion Institute of America (Sacrament Calif.); **18** Humane Society (Washin ton); **19** Centers for Disease Contr (Atlanta); **20** Gallup Organization; Michael Mehew, Ten Ring Gun Cl (Nucla, Colo.); **22,23** Southwestern B (St. Louis); **24** Maura Pierce, *The Was ingtonian* (Washington); **25** 100% Vote HumanSERVE (N.Y.C.); **26** *Unreliab Sources: A Guide to Detecting Bias in Ne Media*, by Martin A. Lee and Norma Solomon (Carol Publishing Grou N.Y.C.); **27** *Arizona Republic* (Phoenix **28** Rep. Newt Gingrich (Washington **29** Guardian Group (N.Y.C.); **30** She Test Corp. (Yonkers, N.Y.); **31** *San Jo Mercury News* (Calif.)/*Harper's* researc **32** Angelo M. Codevilla, Hoover Inst tution (Stanford, Calif.); **33** McChor Air Force Base (Tacoma, Wash.); **34** Pa Hudson, Oglethorpe University (Atla ta); **35** Richard Nixon Library and Birth place (Yorba Linda, Calif.); **36** '7 Preservation Society (N.Y.C.); **37** *Wi wag* (N.Y.C.); **38** NBC News (N.Y.C. **39** Defense General Supply Cent (Richmond, Va.).

DOUBLE ACROSTIC NO. 95

by Thomas H. Middleton

The diagram, when filled in, will contain a quotation from a published work. The numbered squares in the diagram correspond to the numbered blanks under the WORDS. The WORDS form an acrostic: the first letter of each cells the name of the author and the title of the work from which the quotation is taken.

The letter in the upper right-hand corner of each square indicates the WORD containing the letter to be entered in that square. Contest rules and the solution to last month's puzzle appear on page 79.



CLUES

WORDS

A. Holes, tunnels; shelters, refuges — 47 97 108 154 135 / 144 5

B. Husband of Alcmene and father of Iphicles — 12 37 107 167 25 / 102 193 46 177 120

C. Tatterdemalions — 3 86 27 52 15 / 115 34 137 158 101 130

D. Signals by gesture; lures, entices — 128 78 1 22 146 159 182

E. Fragrant; odoriferous — 188 125 165 191 148 156 133 56

F. Restore, bring back to a preferable condition — 70 20 49 117 58 4 67

G. Hastened, increased in speed — 81 38 21 168 103 151 57 48 / 163 194 88

H. Uneven, so as to cause jolts — 77 42 7 131 118

I. Fat, fatness — 8 126 113 64 186 175 119 59 / 155

J. Turns, as on an axis — 112 54 189 93 172 149 33 80

K. Shawnee Indian chief (1768–1813) — 129 150 60 162 40 116 16 187

L. Charmingly or exquisitely beautiful — 66 114 152 [illegible]

M. Eerie, weird, spooky — 153 142 [illegible]

N. On deck — 89 192 [illegible]

O. Covenant, esp. between God and man — 91 84 9 13 111 169 139 26 / 31

P. "It is quite a ____ problem" (hyph.; Conan Doyle, "The Red-Headed League") — 45 32 30 171 127 138 79 85 / 190

Q. Powerful U.S. administrator (1895–1972), author of *Masters of Deceit* — 180 76 122 173 74 53

R. Came forth, as from obscurity — 143 41 124 178 69 95 134

S. Sailing vessels first built in colonial America — 55 96 145 161 17 82 71 19 / 51

T. Oscar-winnng 1959 song by S. Cahn & J. Van Heusen (2 wds.) — 92 105 160 147 185 140 121 62 / 68

U. Seriatim (3 wds.) — 87 43 132 98 23 184

V. 1947 film notable for Richard Widmark as a sadistic killer (3 wds.) — 50 35 73 11 39 176 164 100 / 65 6 61

W. 1924 comedy by [illegible]ge Kelly (hyph. after *The*) — 170 157 181 123 90 28 106

X. Attachment, love, [illegible]ment — 72 18 136 174 110 179 44 29 / 24

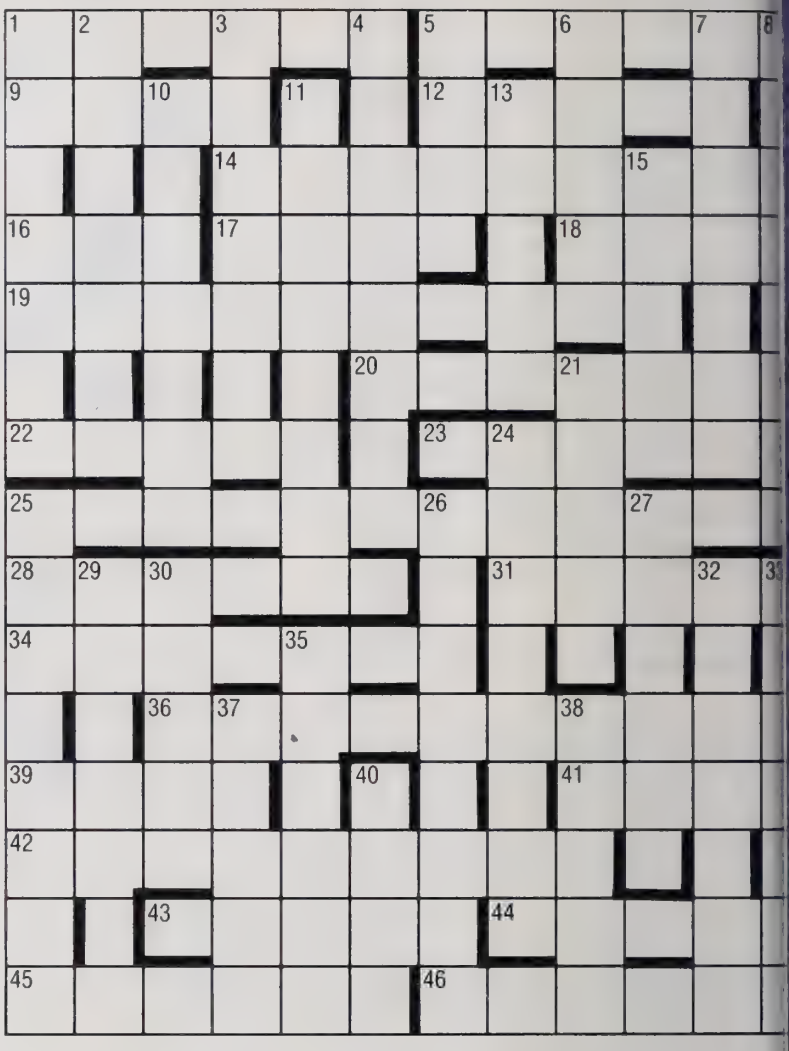
PUZZLE

What's My Line?

by E. R. Galli and Richard Maltby Jr.

Each of the six unclued Across lights (diagram entries) is related in the same way to one of the six unclued Down lights.

Clue answers include four proper nouns, a trade name and an acronym among them. Several of the unclued lights are uncommon words, as are several others in the diagram (such as 12A, 34A, 43A, 25D). The solution to last month's puzzle appears on page 79.



Across

1. During Mass, the lady is cleansed (6)
5. He sells New Deal in Puerto Rico (6)
9. European sports car could be fatal with time (4)
12. Evil jinni—I'm half-scared by it (5)
14. Suspects water spray causes corrosion (9)
16. Riding horse requires firm backside initially (3)
17. Official's staff came unglued (4)
18. Way of moving central piece out of chess opening (4)
19. *See 1 Down (10)*
20. *See 32 Down (7)*
22. Fires rifles (5)
23. Circle crowded Danish city (6)
25. *See 13 Down (12)*
28. This could be the way nag sounds! (6)
31. Selection from Mussorgsky rejected as lacking refinement (5)
34. Cueing cast again, pursuing English of good breeding (7)
36. *See 6 Down (10)*
39. Secret police once disrupted group after purge of Right (4)
41. Coat going to seed? It's a piece of outerwear I love (4)
42. *See 24 Down (9)*
43. Not many, one hears, notice signal flare (5)
44. Lumbers around back of garden and pants (5)
45. *See 10 Down (6)*
46. Big display of Spanish lace (6)

Down

1. *See 19 Across (7)*
2. Singer who's not too high on a Pennsylvania town (7)
3. Overplay one's part on faux bed for swingers (7)
4. Dance with Latin, or turn yellow perhaps (8)
5. The crown shows the beginnings of benevolent authority (4)
6. *See 36 Across (5)*
7. The phone company enrages more than one outfit (7)
8. Museum worker going through pictures to reregister (8)
10. *See 45 Across (7)*
11. Doctor delays including iodine with short medical procedures (8)
13. *See 25 Across (5)*
15. Protested in a way that's material (5)
21. When dry, dropped leads for electrical unit (5)
24. *See 42 Across (8)*
25. Hen coop ruined by bit of dandelion and goosefoot (8)
26. See match at sea for big cutters (8)
27. Stroller understood about passenger vehicle (6, *hyph.*)
29. He leaves manipulating to rogue (7)
30. Loving meal with mouth open (5)
32. *See 20 Across (7)*
33. Messy place, lady . . . is husband in? (7)
35. Turned on by vast, endless celestial phenomena (5)
37. Prearranged, one way or the other! (5, *hyph.*)
38. Choral arrangement dropping hit song (5)
40. Employer sure is harried (4)

Contest Rules: Send completed diagram with name and address to "What's My Line?" *Harper's Magazine*, 666 Broadway, New York, N.Y. 10012. If you already subscribe to *Harper's*, please include a copy of your latest mailing label. Senders of the first three correct solutions opened at random will receive one-year subscriptions to *Harper's Magazine*. Winners' names will be printed in the January 1991 issue. Winners of the September puzzle, "Quadrants," are Barbara A. Brooks, Van Nuys, California; Pat Whitehead, Waldwick, New Jersey, and Leo [illegible]burn, [illegible].

1 mg. tar, 0.1 mg. nic.



10 packs of Carlton have less tar than 1 pack of these brands.



17 mg. tar	15 mg. tar	17 mg. tar	12 mg. tar	15 mg. tar
1.1 mg. nic.	1.0 mg. nic.	1.1 mg. nic.	0.9 mg. nic.	1.0 mg. nic.

U.S. Gov't. Test Method confirms of all king soft packs:

Carlton is lowest.

SURGEON GENERAL'S WARNING: Quitting Smoking Now Greatly Reduces Serious Risks to Your Health.

King Size Soft Pack: 1 mg. "tar", 0.1 mg. nicotine.
Lowest of all brands: Ultra Carlton: less than 0.5 mg. "tar", less than 0.05 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC method.

© The American Tobacco Co. 1990

DEWAR'S PROFILE:

KRIS KRINGLE

HOME: The North Pole.

AGE: Ageless.

PROFESSION: President and CEO, World Gift Distribution Network.

HOBBY: "When you only work one day a year, you need a lot of 'em."

LAST BOOK READ: The Book of Lists, David Wallechinsky, et al.

LATEST ACCOMPLISHMENT: Determining who's been naughty or nice.

WHY I DO WHAT I DO: "There'd be a lot of unhappy people if I didn't."

PROFILE: Jovial, ubiquitous, philanthropic. "He travels fastest who travels alone."

QUOTE: "Merry Christmas to all, and to all a good night."



©1990 SCHENLEY IMPORTS CO., N.Y., NY • 43.4% ALC./VOL.

To give the gift of Dewar's, call 1-800-4-DEWA

December

Leon Wieseltier, Church and State in East

3 9042 0234937 1 8

DECEMBER 1990
$2.50

HARPER'S



QUESTIONS OF CONQUEST
What Columbus Wrought, and What He Did Not
By Mario Vargas Llosa

FUNDS FOR THE ENFEEBLED
The NEA Wrangle: A No-Win Situation for Artists
By Vince Passaro

RESTRUCTURING YESTERDAY'S NEWS
The Russians Write a New History
By Eric Foner

BURLINGAME
NOV 26 1990
LIBRARY

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN:

s

94010
BURLINGAME CA
480 PRIMROSE RD
BURLINGAME PUBL LIB
HP BRL7P1480P099
#125E ********** 5-DIGIT 94010
DEC 90
01490005
HARP 1
00#84

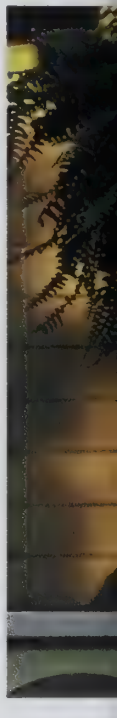
Kerrey,

wages of war

RON LORY *is an autoworker, a father of three and a lifelong St. Louis baseball fan. He and his family have strong ties to the Midwest. Here, he tells why, despite the risks, he uprooted his family and left a secure job to come help build the brand new Saturn cars in Spring Hill, Tennessee.*

"...I'm a St. Louis boy, and my wife is a St. Louis girl. I raised my family there and worked at a car plant thirty miles out.

I enjoyed what I was doing, but you reach a point in life when you look at the future and decide to do something for no other reason than just believing it's right.



For me, Saturn was the chance to make a difference.

To prove I have a mind and that I'm not just a pair of hands.

I wouldn't have moved my family four hundred miles just to fail. Then have to pack them up and move again.

My wife had to leave a house she loved. A nice three-bedroom with a full basement and a patio in the back.

My 16-year-old was convinced we were

© 1991 Saturn Corporation

ruining her life. Her first serious romance, and all. I wouldn't have made the move unless the whole family said 'Let's go for it,' and my daughter knew it. So she decided to try. You know, I'm really proud of her for that.

Funny story. When I first heard about Saturn, I came home and we started hauling out



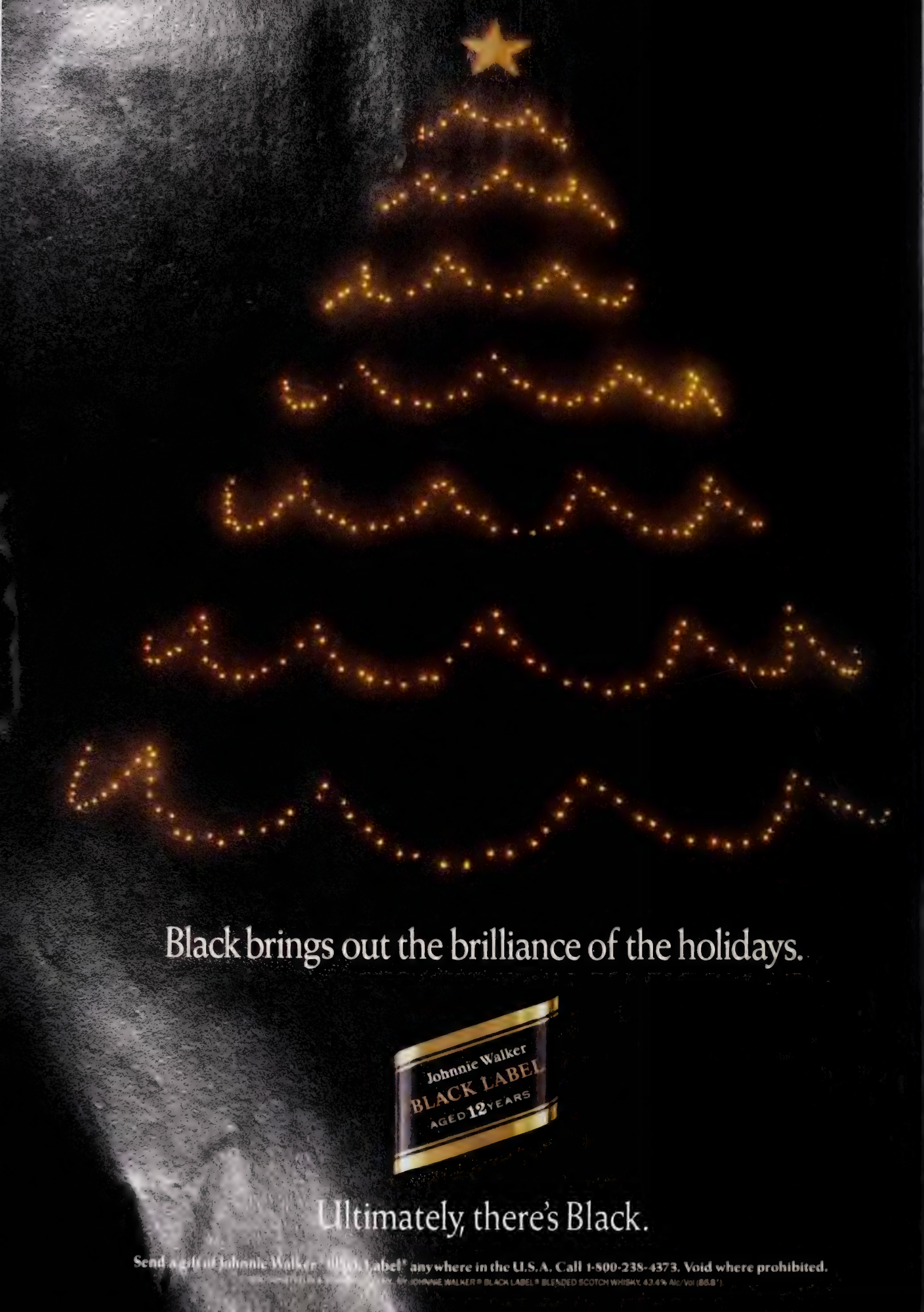
the maps, looking for Spring Hill. 'Where's Spring Hill?' Sure enough, it's right in the middle of the fold and we couldn't find it.

Now, can you imagine trying to talk a couple of teenagers into moving to a town that's smaller than their high school?..."

SATURN.

A DIFFERENT KIND of COMPANY. A DIFFERENT KIND of CAR.

If you'd like more information about Saturn and our new sedans and coupe, please call us at 1-800-522-5000.


Black brings out the brilliance of the holidays.
Johnnie Walker
BLACK LABEL
AGED 12 YEARS
Ultimately, there's Black.
Send a gift of Johnnie Walker® Black Label® anywhere in the U.S.A. Call 1-800-238-4373. Void where prohibited.
JOHNNIE WALKER® BLACK LABEL® BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY. 43.4% Alc/Vol (86.8°).

HARPER'S

FOUNDED IN 1850 / VOL. 281, NO. 1687
DECEMBER 1990

Letters 4
Wall Street brokers and the S&Ls — *Richard M. Fuscone, L. J. Davis*

Notebook 10
Acceptable opinions — *Lewis H. Lapham*

Harper's Index 15

Readings 17
"The Loneliness of the Military Historian" — *a poem by Margaret Atwood*
Why *Are* We in the Gulf? — *Senator Bob Kerrey*
Propositions for a Postcommunist World — *Leon Wieseltier*
A Punt Is a Pass Is a Kick — *Gertrude Stein*
A Kind of Magnificence — *Gordon Lish*
"The Rapture of the Athlete Assumed into Heaven" — *a play by Don DeLillo*
And . . . — *Frank Sinatra, No Face, Society for Secular Armageddonism*

Essay 45
QUESTIONS OF CONQUEST — *Mario Vargas Llosa*
What Columbus wrought, and what he did not

Story 54
LADIES AND GENTLEMEN: — *Joyce Carol Oates*

Criticism 60
FUNDS FOR THE ENFEEBLED — *Vince Passaro*
The NEA wrangle: A no-win situation for artists

Moscow Letter 70
RESTRUCTURING YESTERDAY'S NEWS — *Eric Foner*
The Russians write a new history

Acrostic 79 *Thomas H. Middleton*

Puzzle 80 *E. R. Galli and Richard Maltby Jr.*

Cover: Photograph by John Running

Harper's Magazine is owned and published monthly by Harper's Magazine Foundation, 666 Broadway, New York, New York 10012. Allen Austill, Chairman. Copyright ©1990 by the Harper's Magazine Foundation. All rights reserved. The trademark *Harper's* is used by Harper's Magazine Foundation under license and is a registered trademark owned by Harper & Row Publishers, Inc. The trademark *Harper's Index* is a registered trademark owned by the Harper's Magazine Foundation. Printed in the U.S. Second class postage paid at New York, New York, and at additional mailing offices. Second class postage paid at Mississauga, Ontario. POSTMASTER: Send all address changes to *Harper's Magazine*, Post Office Box 1937, Marion, OH 43305. SUBSCRIPTIONS: $[illegible] per year in the U.S. and possessions, add $2 other foreign, add $20 per year. Send orders to *Harper's Magazine*, P.O. Box 1937, Marion, OH 43305, or call (800) 347-6969, Canada (614) 382-3322, M-F, 8 A.M.–4:30 PM, Eastern time. Allow [illegible] CHANGE OF ADDRESS: Please provide both address from last issue and new address. Allow six weeks advance notice. SUBSCRIPTIONS must be made in writing to *Harper's Magazine*, 666 Broadway, New York, NY 10012. *Harper's Magazine* will not [illegible] manuscripts that have not been preceded by a written query. *Harper's* will consider unsolicited fiction. Unsolicited poetry will not [illegible] manuscripts will be considered unless they are accompanied by a self-addressed, stamped envelope.

HARPER'S

Editor
Lewis H. Lapham
Executive Editor
Michael Pollan
Senior Editors
Gerald Marzorati, Jack Hitt
Managing Editor
Ellen Rosenbush
Art Director
Deborah Rust
Associate Editors
Charis W. Conn, Ilena Silverman, Colin Harrison
Assistant Editors
Elliott Rabin, Paul Tough
Assistant to the Editor
Ann K. Stern
Interns
Matthew Butcher, Noah Green, Randi S. Rose

Contributing Editors
L. J. Davis, Mark Edmundson, Darcy Frey, Francisco Goldman, Vicki Hearne, Craig S. Karpel, Barry Lopez, Peter Marin, George Plimpton, Bob Shacochis, Earl Shorris, Jacqueline Simon, Eric Treisman, Philip Weiss, Tom Wolfe
Washington Editor
Christopher Hitchens

John R. MacArthur, *President and Publisher*

Vice President and General Manager
Jeanne Dubi
Vice President, Corporate and Public Affairs
Ellen Ryder
Vice President, Circulation
Lynn Carlson
Circulation Manager
Judith Brienza
Assistant to the Publisher
Diane Kraft
Receptionist/Advertising Assistant
Noreen Assing
Staff
Joseph Malits, Frank DiBartolo

ADVERTISING SALES
666 Broadway, New York, New York 10012
(212) 614-6500
Vice President, Advertising Director
Mary Anne Malley
Account Representatives
Evan Green, *West Coast Manager*
Debra Goldberg, Kenneth Nova
Advertising Coordinator, Andrea Walker
Advertising Assistant, Ann Clifford

LETTERS

Causes of the S&L Crisis

We share L. J. Davis's outrage ["Chronicle of a Debacle Foretold," September] over the S&L scandal. But he is just plain wrong when he links the scandal to brokerage firms' participation in the brokered CD market. His passage on brokered CDs, which forms a critical part of his analysis, is riddled with inaccuracies and distortions, and is fundamentally misleading.

Davis's primary error is confusing so-called hot-money brokers with full-service investment firms such as Merrill Lynch. We were not contacted for comment, but we would have welcomed the opportunity to explain how responsible brokers work. Such a discussion would have avoided major errors that perpetuate misunderstandings about the S&L crisis and that place the blame squarely where it is least deserved.

There is a significant difference between the deposit brokerage business of Merrill Lynch and that of hot-money brokers. For example:

Our customers are *retail* depositors, not "big money" investors. Deposits brokered by Merrill Lynch average $25,000, far less than the maximum insurable limit of $100,000 that typifies hot-money CDs. And 30 percent of our CDs are in retirement-plan accounts.

Our average CD maturity period is *two to four years*. CD maturity periods offered by hot-money brokers typically are thirty days.

We put our own capital at risk by making a secondary market in CDs issued through us. And the CDs held by us in the secondary market are uninsured. Hot-money brokers take no such risk.

In our role as an investment bank, we help financially prudent banks and thrifts match assets and secure longer-term funds by issuing retail CDs through our branch network. Hot-money brokers, on the other hand, engage in "deposit splitting," the practice of seeking the highest possible rates on federally insured deposits for "big money" investors.

We broker CDs for banks and thrifts only after they pass both our own rigorous credit-review process and a separate independent credit analysis. Hot-money brokers conduct no analysis but simply chase the highest rate, irrespective of the financial condition of the issuing institution.

In 1988 and 1989, the average spread to Treasury yields for all maturities of all retail CDs issued through us was within 27 basis points (approximately one quarter of one percentage point), hardly an above-market rate. At the same time, the average "high yield" six-month CD rate, the longest maturity likely to be used by hot-money brokers, was 125 basis points (one and one quarter of a percentage point) above the Treasury yields.

In addition, former treasury secretary Donald T. Regan, whom the article refers to as "the father of the brokered deposit," left Merrill Lynch to become treasury secretary in January 1981. Brokered CDs were permitted by deregulation only after March 1982. Perhaps Davis confuses brokered CDs with Merrill Lynch's very popular Cash Management Account

Harper's Magazine welcomes Letters to the Editor. Short letters are more likely to be published, and all letters are subject to editing. Letters must be typed double-spaced; volume precludes individual acknowledgment.

(IA), which *was* developed during
an's stewardship.
ocusing on the source of funds, as
article does, misses the point.
C chairman William Seidman has
, "Losses in banks do not occur by
ue of the source of deposit liabili-
, but rather from the quality of
ns and investments made with
se funds."
tarting five years ago, Merrill
ch has been telling both houses of
ngress and the bank regulators
ut abuses associated with improper
of brokered deposits, and has urged
slation to limit access of weak
ository institutions to brokered
osits. The provisions of the Finan-
Institutions Reform, Recovery,
l Enforcement Act (FIRREA), en-
ed by Congress last year, have pro-
ited undercapitalized thrifts from
epting brokered deposits. These
visions are consistent with our
35 recommendations and have sig-
icantly curtailed hot-money
kers' participation in brokered
osits.
Rather than being part of the prob-
n we have been part of the solu-
n, helping financially prudent
nks and thrifts attain funds at the
west costs available and stabiliz-
g regionally volatile deposit bases,
ile providing our customers with
portunities for safe, competitive
vestments.

chard M. Fuscone
hairman
errill Lynch Money Markets Inc.
ew York City

J. Davis's response:

I fear that Richard Fuscone's de-
ription of the sound and prudent
oney brokerage managed by his firm
ll come as a sensational surprise to
e federal examiners who discovered
less than $198,511,000 in Merrill
nch–brokered funds in Charles H
eating's egregiously mismanaged
ncoln Savings and Loan, whose
ilure is scheduled to cost the long-
ffering taxpayers in excess of $2 bil-
on. Those self-same taxpayers will
nd scant comfort in the fact that
errill Lynch's rigorous credit review
omehow failed to discover that Lin-
oln, under Keating's mana

SAVE ON A EUROPEAN MASTERPIECE. PICK IT UP IN EUROPE.

Depending on the model you choose, you can save thousands of dollars on a new Saab. Buy it here. Pick it up in any of 14 European cities. Then drive through Europe in style and comfort in a new Saab like our big, luxurious 9000 CD Turbo.

We'll ship your Saab home, free, from any of 4 European ports. Or, if you prefer, for a small fee we'll ship it from any of 24 other cities. For details, write to: International and Diplomat Sales, Saab Cars USA, Inc., P.O. Box 697, Orange, CT 06477. Or call 203-795-2100.

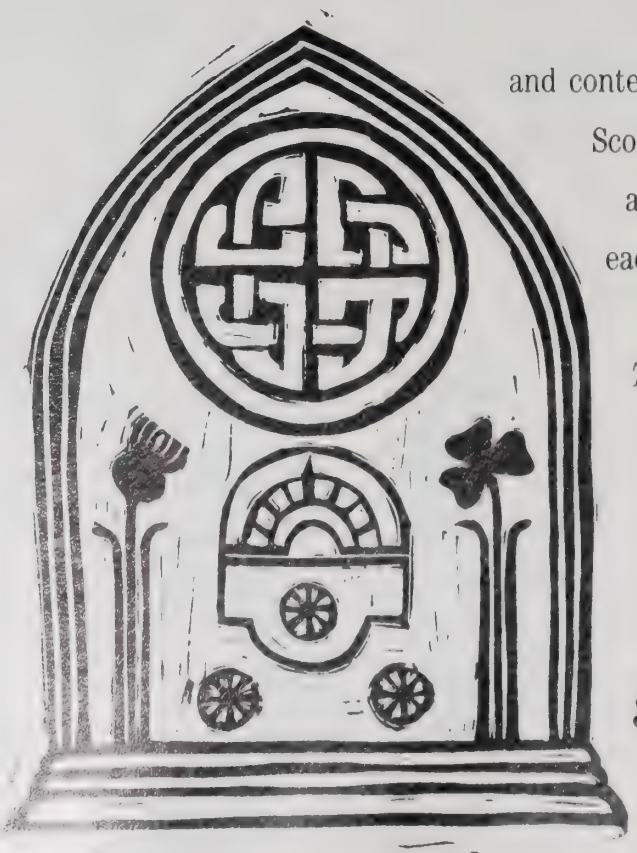
SAAB

WE DON'T MAKE COMPROMISES. WE MAKE SAABS.

© 1990 Saab Cars USA Inc



Come all ye gentle muses, combine and lend an ear.



The best traditional and contemporary music from Scotland, Ireland, Wales and Brittany is yours each week on National Public Radio's *The Thistle & Shamrock.* Check with your public radio station for broadcast time.

the Thistle & Shamrock

had broken not only every promise it made as a condition of the initial Keating purchase but every promise to reform its wastrel ways, including a promise to reduce its dependence on such brokered funds as Merrill Lynch provided. In the government's estimation Lincoln was, in fact, a criminal operation. As for Fuscone's attempt to kick some daylight between his firm and the hot-money brokers, his are distinctions without much difference, and the differences that exist do not redound to Merrill Lynch's credit. It does not inspire much joy, for example, to learn that Merrill Lynch left its money—including the widow and orphan money in its custody—in such institutions as Lincoln for a staggering two years, meaning that the Charlie Keatings of the world had a full twenty-four months to play fast and loose with the funds, as indeed they did, to the subsequent impoverishment of the national treasury.

As for Merrill Lynch's change of heart on the subject of brokered deposit abuse, these are glad tidings. Fuscone has evidently forgotten that in 1983, Merrill Lynch ran one of the most memorable dog-and-pony shows ever seen in Washington, D.C. The subject of the loud and costly public presentation was the wonders of brokered deposits.

Last, I experience no confusion when it comes to Donald Regan's role as the so-called father of the brokered deposit. No less a figure than the respected chairman of the U.S. House of Representatives Committee on Banking, Finance, and Urban Affairs, Henry B. Gonzalez (Dem., Tex.), speaks frequently of Regan's role in that capacity. Regan is the father of the brokered deposit, and every person knowledgeable about the S&L crisis knows it as surely as there is snow in the Himalayas—mountains whose awesome height doesn't even begin to rival the catastrophic pile of debt erected by, among others, the venerable firm of Merrill Lynch.

L. J. Davis's article is as good a short explication of the purposeful looting of the S&Ls as any I've rea However, Davis neglects to menti how much of the FDIC's and FSLI payout moneys are going to wealt investors who played the greedy ga of "hot money": bundling billions dollars belonging to big-money inv tors into $100,000 parcels that w then moved from bank to bank o daily basis in search of the highest yields.

While I'm resigned to the idea th some of my tax dollars are going to wasted by the government in order salvage a number of banks and reste stability to the banking system, I ca not abide the notion of my and oth working Americans' tax dollars goi to the wealthy hot-money playe The clear intent of the legislation tablishing the FDIC and the FSL was to protect ordinary worki Americans who had put their lifetir savings in trust with the S&Ls a thrifts, not to obviate the risk f wealthy American and foreig investors.

It would be acceptable public po



to have an ex post facto change in rules of FDIC and FSLIC payouts that instead of insuring deposits of to $100,000 per account and alving an unlimited number of acnts per person, the policy would to pay out a maximum of $100,000 Social Security number. This uld involve a breach of promise by government, at least in regard to FDIC, but I can listen only with iron heart to the pleas and threats the affected affluent (and their nuerous flacks and hired hands) about e sanctity and inviolability of a govnment promise. As Davis shows, in e past dozen years wealthy, assetning America has manipulated th the public debate and our govnment for its own immense fincial benefit, and to an extent precedented in this century. Its blicly stated rationale—that we all nefit from the rich having more oney because the result would be an panding economy for everyone—s been shown to be utterly false. stead, we have sick, debt-ridden industries and an embarrassing distribution of income that is increasingly skewed in the manner of Third World countries.

The complete absence of the hot-money issue in the public debate over the S&L crisis shows that nothing has changed in the past dozen years in our government's and media's incurious, lazy, gagged, and self-censored approach to money issues in the body politic. And if a catastrophe of the magnitude of the S&L and thrift crisis hasn't changed this, then what disaster could?

Daniel N. White
Austin, Tex.

L. J. Davis is to be commended on his tale of the Icarus-like fate of the savings and loan industry. What continually has escaped the microscope in all but a few journalistic examinations of the S&L crisis is, in fact, the role of federal deposit insurance as the primary cause of the debacle. Meanwhile, the media, under the usual influence of Congress, focuses on making Charles Keating a household name—as if he is the real enemy.

Had Congress in the late 1970s represented the interests of the many at the expense of the few, federal deposit insurance would have been replaced by some variation of what is now called the cross-guarantee concept, under which the banking industry both regulates and insures itself. Briefly, this concept calls for all banking institutions (thrifts and commercial banks alike) to enter into a cross-guarantee contract that is issued by an ad hoc syndicate of five or six guarantor institutions, each with its own individual contract issued by a separate syndicate of guarantors. The result is a banking industry insured by *its own capital resources and earning power*—a reserve of considerably greater financial strength, despite the losses of the past decade, than the overdrawn federal checking account.

Having spent the past several years with the now dissolved FSLIC, I regularly had the opportunity to be re-





Penguins, albatrosses, whales, and seals living amidst

WILD ICE

Antarctic Journeys

Ron Naveen, Colin Monteath, Tui De Roy, and Mark Jones

With a foreword by HRH The Prince Edward

In the tradition of great traveler/naturalist books, four intrepid explorers and internationally renowned photographers vividly and comprehensively present the Antarctic's environment and wildlife. The book argues passionately that the world's Deep South—the loneliest, most hostile, most breathtakingly beautiful landmass on earth—should be kept forever wild.

175 color illus. 224 pp.
Cloth: 0-87474-395-8 $29.95

Available at fine bookstores

Smithsonian Institution Press
Dept. 900
Blue Ridge Summit, PA 17294-0900
800/782-4612 • 717/794-2148

A pen of unsurpassed luxury, now finally within your reach. . .

Gold Dart™ Fountain Pen by Rodell-7 only $69.95*

But read this ad for an even better deal!



• *The Companion Gold Dart™ Retractable Ballpoint Pen* has the same luxury finish. It costs only $49.95, and only $29.95 if purchased together with the Fountain Pen. $99.90 for the full set. The "3-for-2" deal is also available for the Ballpoint Pen and for the combination.

Of the great pens of the Rodell-7 line none approaches the *Gold Dart*™ in the luxury of its execution. The pen is sheathed in finely striated metal, micron 14-k gold-plated, for a lifetime of luxury, ease of use, and writing enjoyment. Like all nibs in the Rodell-7 line, that of the *Gold Dart*™ is made in West Germany. It is heavily gold-plated and topped with an iridium point. It provides silky smooth, effortless writing—the pen literally appears to float across the paper. And because iridium is among the noblest of metals, it will virtually never wear out, no matter how much you use it. For ease of use and convenience, the *Gold Dart*™ comes with dual ink supply: pump converter and replaceable cartridges. The most remarkable thing about the *Gold Dart*™ *Fountain* Pen is its amazingly low price. Look at European or American gold-plated pens and you will find them at $300 or more. The *Gold Dart*™ though at least equivalent to those pens in quality and performance, costs only $69.95. But we have an even better deal. ***Buy two for $139.90, and we'll send you a third one, with our compliments—absolutely FREE!*** Now enjoy a whole new experience in writing, treat yourself to a thing of beauty, high style and luxury, and order your *Gold Dart*™ *Fountain Pen(s)* today!

FOR FASTEST SERVICE, ORDER
TOLL FREE (800) 882-3050
24 hours a day, 7 days a week
Please give order #**5100A597** for Gold Dart Fountain Pens, #**5101A597** for Gold Dart Ballpoint Pen and #**5104A597** for the Gold Dart Sets (Fountain Pen and Ballpoint Pen). If you prefer, mail check or card authorization and expiration date. We need daytime phone for all orders and return clerk for charge orders. Add shipping/insurance: $6.95 for one, $8.95 for three. Add sales tax for CA delivery. You have 30-day return and one-year warranty. We do not refund shipping charges.

since 1967
haverhills®
131 Townsend Street, San Francisco, CA 94107

vulsed by the dirtbag S&L operator whose heads are now sought by angr taxpayers. I, too, have fallen victin to mob mentality; I, too, want justice Yet despite its moral appeal, confin ing fraudulent and witless thrif operators to a few years at a reso penitentiary will not minimize th possibility of another federal bailou of my present employer, the FDIC. A long as Congress, through its influ ence over the media, diverts publi attention from the real issue of deposi insurance reform, the words of th prophetic few will continue to fall o deaf ears, and journalists such as L. J Davis will again weave similar tales o the melted wings of the commercia banking industry without ever reveal ing the identity of that deadly sun.

David O. Mercer
Alexandria, Va.

L. J. Davis misstates the Depart ment of Justice's record in investigat ing the S&L rip-off artists.

As Attorney General Dick Thorn burgh has testified before Congress there is not a major savings and loa case that is not under investigation b the Federal Bureau of Investigation The 7,000 referrals Davis mention are often duplicates—in one instance a single criminal case arose out of mor than 600 referrals—or involve minc cases, such as a teller slipping a twenty dollar bill into his or her pocket.

If Davis had inquired of the Depart ment of Justice, he would hav learned that in the last twenty-tw months the department has convicte 316 persons on major bank frau charges. Furthermore, more tha three quarters of those convicted hav received prison terms.

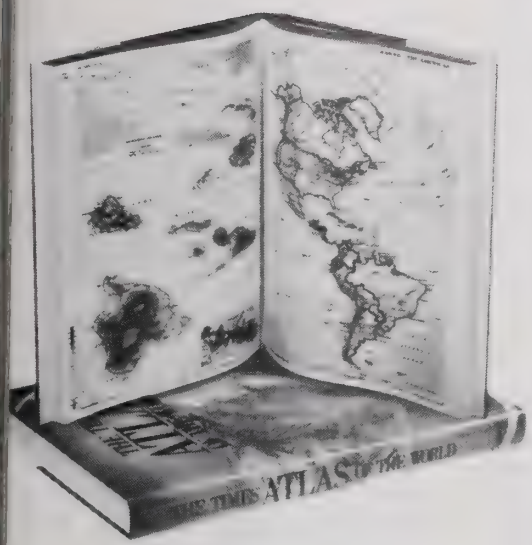
That, I suggest, is proof of actior And the department's effort is fa from being wrapped up. We antic pate that it will take another five yea to prosecute all of the savings an loan crooks. But with a doubling o our resources and task forces i twenty-seven cities across the natior we are up to the task.

James G. Richmond
Special Counsel for Financial Institution Fraud
U.S. Department of Justice
Washington

PERMANENT PLEASURES

Choose one of these fine works and save up to $245.

You simply agree to buy 4 books within the next 2 years.



The Times Atlas of the World Seventh Comprehensive Edition

for **$29.95** (Pub. price $149.95)

"The best atlas now available in English." —*The New York Times.* The only atlas printed in 8 colors for clear reading of geographic and political features. This volume contains 292 pages of color maps and a 277-page index with over 200,000 entries which include longitude and latitude—a feature not offered in other atlases. Size: 18" x 12". Pages: 520.



Masters of Art

for **$39.95** (Pub. prices total $299.25)

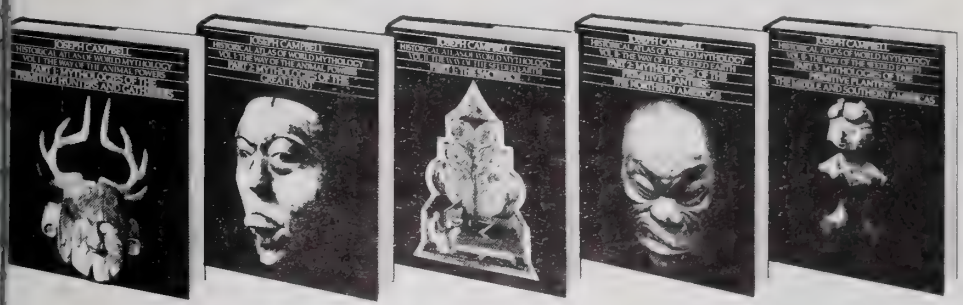
For lovers of fine art, this glorious, fifteen-volume library is like a dream come true. Each handsomely bound book highlights the work of one of the world's greatest artists and features approximately 40 magnificent color plates, dozens of black-and-white illustrations and an extensive introductory text by a renowned art historian.



Heritage of Music

for **$22.95** (Pub. price $195)

This magnificent four-volume set—unmatched in the authority of its writing and the beauty of its 2100 illustrations—presents an encyclopedic history of music from the Middle Ages to the present. For music lovers, it's like having the liner notes of your dreams.



Joseph Campbell's Historical Atlas of World Mythology

for **$29.95** (Pub. prices total $250)

his masterwork—the culmination of Campell's brilliant career—traces the saga of umankind's spiritual awakening. In five lavhly illustrated volumes, Campbell shows ow our ancestors lived and what they elieved, shedding new light on who we are and where we come from. Insightful, illuminating, challenging, the *Historical Atlas of World Mythology* is a vibrant introduction to the past—and to the mind of one of this century's greatest thinkers. 99 4-color maps; 1,152 photographs and drawings.



The Encyclopedia of Philosophy

for **$24.95** (Pub. price $225)

Regarded as the most comprehensive encyclopedia of philosophy ever published, this superb set—compiled in collaboration with the world's foremost philosophers—encompasses aspects of ancient, medieval, modern, Eastern and Western thought. The four volumes represent an essential aid for students and a rewarding reference source.

acts About Membership. As a member you will receive ne *Book-of-the-Month Club News*® 15 times a year (about very 3½ weeks). Every issue reviews a Selection and ore than 150 other books, which are carefully chosen by ur editors. If you want the Selection, do nothing. It will be hipped to you automatically. If you want one or more ther books—or no book at all—indicate your decision on ne Reply Form and return it by the specified date. *Return Privilege:* If the *News* is delayed and you receive the election without having had 10 days to notify us, you may eturn it for credit. *Cancellations:* Membership may be iscontinued, either by yo fter you have bought 4 ad avings and choices like th here book lovers belong.

BOOK-OF-TH

Book-of-the-Month Club, Inc., P.O. Box 8803, Camp Hill, PA 17011-8803 © 1990 BOMC

Check one box only.

- ☐ 946. Times Atlas of the World $29.95
- ☐ 916. Masters of Art $39.95
- ☐ 917. Ency. of Philosophy $24.95
- ☐ 921. Heritage of Music $22.95
- ☐ 934. Hist. Atlas of Mythology $29.95

Please enroll me as a member of Book-of-the-Month Club and send me the item I have checked at left, billing me for the appropriate amount, plus shipping and handling charges. I agree to buy four more books during the next two years. A shipping and handling charge is added to each shipment.

A067-12-0

Name _____ 0-64

(Please print plainly)

Address _____ Apt. _____

City _____

State _____ Zip _____

Prices shown are U.S. prices. Outside the U.S. prices are generally higher. All orders subject to approval.

NOTEBOOK

Acceptable opinions

By Lewis H. Lapham

It is only shallow people who do not judge by appearances.

—Oscar Wilde

Reading the letters to the editor of *Harper's Magazine* over the course of this past autumn I noticed that a fair number of correspondents at some of the nation's leading universities remarked on the limits imposed on their freedom of speech. They mentioned the routine disappearance of words once possessed of a clear or plain meaning, and they observed that almost every statement on almost any subject was obliged to conform to a standard of inoffensive generality not dissimilar from the one pertaining in the second year of nursery school.

Apparently all is not well within and behind the walls of academe, and if I can believe the reports from inside the citadel, the range of acceptable intellectual opinion has been reduced to so small a compass as to bear comparison to the wingspan of a moth. The inhibitions reveal themselves as matters of inflection: a discreet pause or a small hesitation in the voice, suggesting that a current of unexamined thought might all too easily carry somebody too far downriver onto the shoals of sexual or racial insult. Freedom of expression is contingent upon the circumstances, and everybody must remember what is phallocentric and who is Eurocentric or Afrocentric and when it is politic to remain silent. Some professors allow the use of the word "mankind" as a synonym for the human race; other professors insist on the term "humanity" or "humankind." The deconstructions in progress in most literature departments let loose the critic's wrecking balls against the plaster facade of what was once known (erroneously) as Western Civilization. The debris of an antique tradition litters the floor of the library (broken busts of Shakespeare and Dickens and Pope), and on the scaffolding of a new criticism (postmodern and ideologically correct), authors recently arrived from points east and south raise the brightly colored flags of multiculturalism. So also with the study of history, which, on closer inspection, so often proves to be little more than the idle boasting of a callow English poet or a blood-stained Spanish conquistador.

In deference to my age and occupation, several of the correspondents undertook to explain the work in progress with reference to H. L. Mencken, who was also a magazine editor and known for his objection to cant. They weren't sure whether Mencken's name was still posted among the company of approved authors, but they were certain that it would be inadvisable to teach his thought and writing to a class of unformed sophomores still too young to tell the difference between their enemies and their friends.

I can understand why. Mencken was never a man to take too seriously the pieties of the age (his own or any other), and although I often hear it said that the public conversation would be much improved by Mencken's sardonic return, I expect that the mourners who regret his absence would find ever better reasons to regret his presence. Mencken had an unfortunate habit of saying that African Americans (to whom he referred as "Moors") do not think as clearly (or at least along the same lines) as Protestant or Catholic Americans; that homosexuality constitutes a mental disorder rather than a sexual preference; that women, no matter how well-meaning or enraged, simply cannot make art or law. None of these opinions would be welcomed with much enthusiasm on the op-ed pages of the nation's better newspapers. Neither would they be deemed appropriate for an appearance at Yale or Stanford universities.

Beyond the walls of the academy the argument about free speech is as noisy and confused as the bidding in the pit of a commodities exchange. Nobody knows who can say what to whom, or when, or under what circumstances, but almost everybody has some kind of point to make, either by smearing himself with chocolate or by classifying his night sweats as works of performance art. The city of Cincinnati brings charges of obscenity against an exhibition of sadomasochistic photographs; in Boston a female sportswriter denounces a violent display of male genitalia (by football players in a locker room) as an act of bourgeois aggression; in Florida the police arrest the owner of a record store for selling the songs and lyrics of 2 Live Crew; in New York a newspaper columnist makes the mistake of shouting a racial epithet in an almost

pty newsroom, and his editors send n home to wash out his mouth with p.

But within the cloister of the acad- y the stillness seems to be as hodox as it is complete. My corre- ndents explained that as many 137 of the nation's universities nong them Yale and Stanford) ve promulgated guidelines meant protect the faculty and students m what is known as "verbal harass- nt." Vaguely phrased in the lan- age of legal abstraction, the idelines inhibit rather than en- urage free expression because they ce speech and symbolic gesture in same category of objects as the e iron, the nightstick, and the ncheon.

Wary of reprisal, and sick of trans- ing their thought into the language bureaucracy, several correspon- nts asked if I could provide them th a set of opinions on which they uld rely without fear of being ought up on charges before the iversity provost: safe, cross-dis- plinary opinions, welcome in all classrooms and convenient to all occasions. Over a period of weeks I made sporadic notes, and by early fall I had compiled a brief dictionary of acceptable opinions certain to offend nobody. As follows:

ARABS : As changeable as the weather or the sea. Most of them are murderous bandits, but some of them make generous gifts to the university library. At the moment they are renting the United States Army.

BOOK REVIEWING: Criminal occupation, like the drug trade or the traffic in twelve-year-old girls. Quote Lichtenberg, "A book is a mirror; if an ass peers into it, you can't expect an apostle to look out."

BUDGET REFORM: Noble cause.

CIGARETTE, CIGARETTE SMOKING: Assaults with a deadly weapon. Wax indignant.

CLASS: Agitator's word, meant to incite campus unrest. Make a modest joke. "The only class that really concerns me is physics class."

CLASSICS: Burdensome and irrelevant. They come dragging the weight of the past.

DEFICIT (THE): More terrible than nuclear weapons.

ELITISM: Admirable only among athletes, surgeons, and divorce lawyers. Otherwise a repulsive proof of chicanery and corruption. Deplore it.

ENVIRONMENT: Delicate as the shell of a hummingbird's egg. Must be protected at all costs. Impossible to exaggerate its importance or say too much in its favor. Without it, humankind is lost.

ETHNIC: Synonym for *integrity.*

FEELINGS: Proofs of virtue. Authentic emotion demonstrates the justice of one's cause or the truth of one's art.

FEMINISM: Difficult word. Avoid it.

FREEDOM OF SPEECH: Volatile and dangerous substance, similar to Mace. Far too much of it in the hands of the wrong people.

GRAMMAR: Arbitrary rules of literary

New fitness prescription for the '90s.

Add strength to your life.

ooking, feeling and being he best you can be.

NordicTrack has just introduced the Nordic Fitness hair, a revolutionary concept that allows you to add trength training to your exercise program, and helps ou achieve Balanced Fitness — the new fitness tandard for the '90s.

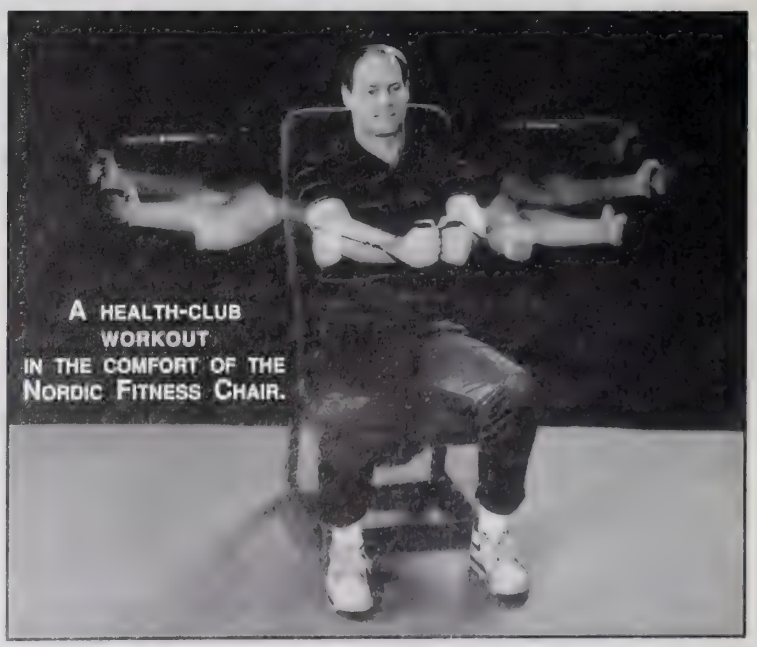
The Nordic Fitness Chair will change he way you look, and the way ou think about fitness.

You work against isokinetic resistance to tone, trengthen and condition the muscles in your upper ody. The Nordic Fitness Chair enriches your life by llowing you to develop your muscle coordination and ontrol and by improving your personal performance.

6 exercises. 3 times a week. That's all it takes.

The Nordic Fitness Chair's "Basic 6 [illegible] akes only minutes a da[illegible] will fit into even the busiest s[illegible]

Balanced Fitn[illegible] within easy r[illegible]



NORDICFITNESSCHAIR™
from NordicTrack

Call or write for a **Free Video** & Brochure

Call 1-800-848-7786 Ext. 874L0

N[illegible]ic Track, a CML Company, 141 Jonathan Blvd. N., Dept. 874L0, Chaska, MN 55318

What if Rembrandt had run out of funds?



We could be missing out on a masterpiece. Support the arts.

Bell Atlantic
We're More Than Just Talk.

cedure subservient to a sexist po-cal agenda.

RASSMENT: Always vicious. Racist sexist tactic associated with nine-nth-century British imperialism. nounce it.

TORY: Complicated form of socio-choanalytic therapy. We all in-t our own ancestors. "The past is a tume trunk."

MELESS (THE): Debtors stuck with bill for the criminal extravagance the Reagan administration.

MOSEXUAL: Difficult word. Avoid

AEL: Subject of discussion tempo-ily closed for repairs.

TERARY CRITICISM: The true politics the age.

TERATURE: Regional dialect spoken university English departments and ative-writing classes. Unintelligi-e to the philistines in the New York blishing business.

ARXISM: Ancient religion, like Mithraism. Popular in the early twentieth century among the urban poor.

MINORITIES: Always in the right.

NATIONALISM: Momentous question. The alpha and omega of the post–Cold War world.

NEW YORK TIMES: Bellwether of safe, cross-disciplinary opinion. All the critics in the paper's employ carry cards verifying the purity of their blood and their urine.

OBSCENITY: Exists in the eye of the beholder. Say, patiently and condescendingly, "One man's *Mona Lisa* is another man's dirty postcard."

OZONE: Precious substance, like charisma. Never enough of it.

POSTMODERN: Important phrase. It can be used to describe sun-dried tomatoes, Czechoslovak novelists, Karen Finley, and the Democratic Party.

PRIVILEGES: Monocultural advantages belonging to people whom one doesn't like. Despise them. (*See* RIGHTS.)

RACIAL EPITHETS: Forbidden except when spoken by a member of an oppressed minority.

RIGHTS: Monocultural advantages belonging to oneself or one's friends. Sacred. (*See* PRIVILEGES.)

SEX: Advertising gimmick. Best confined to the telephone.

TAXES: Rich people never pay any.

TELEVISION NEWS: The cause of all our sorrows.

WAR: Phallocentric. Condemn it.

WHALES: Infinitely wise. "If only we could speak to them, think what tales they might tell."

WHITE MEN: All suspect. They invented poverty and the thumbscrew.

WOMEN: Members of the world's largest and most deprived minority. Otherwise indistinguishable from men.

VICTIMS: Always and forever innocent. Embrace them.

HE WITH THE MOST FAT LOSES

Stay ahead of the competition.

Climbing the corporate ladder takes energy, stamina, and strength. Its a well known fact that exercise is not only beneficial for the body, but also for the mind. Three 20 minute workouts per week on the **Fitness Edge**™ will give you more energy, help you stay alert and relieve stress. You'll feel the difference almost immediately both on the job and at home.

The **Fitness Edge** provides a great non-impact aerobic and anaerobic workout, building strength and cardiovascular fitness through lateral motion – the principle movement in your favorite sports, such as tennis, golf, basketball and skiing

Guaranteed to improve [illegible] performance!



Call now for details

30 day home trial Call Toll-Free 1990

1-800-225-9669 x323

Name Phone

Address

City State Zip

Scientific Sports Systems

503 Seaport Ct. Port of Redwood City CA 94063 (415) 363 8880



Bombay® Sapphire™ Gin. 47% alc./vol. (94 Proof)
100% grain neutral spirits. © 1999 Carillon Importers, Ltd., Teaneck, N.J.

HARPER'S INDEX

Number of new businesses that have been started in Poland this year : 175,000
Number of businesses that have folded : 147,000
Chances that a Pole's favorite TV program is *Dynasty* : 1 in 4
Percentage change, since 1989, in U.S. investment in foreign stocks and bonds : +68
Percentage change, since 1989, in foreign investment in U.S. stocks, bonds, and Treasury securities : –80
Number of times Japanese banks have raised the prime interest rate in the last 18 months : 6
nber of shares of stock in their own companies that oil- and gas-industry executives have sold since August : 1,130,000
ercentage of Americans who do not know that the United States supplied arms to Iraq during its war with Iran : 73
Percentage of all hostages held by Iraq who are from Third World countries : 98
Portion of the 115 armed conflicts worldwide that are civil wars : 9/10
Number of free gas masks the Israeli government plans to distribute to Israeli citizens and visitors this year : 4,500,000
Amount the Israeli government plans to charge Palestinians in the Occupied Territories for a gas mask : $20
Minimum amount each Soviet family emigrating to Israel this year received in Israeli government subsidies : $11,000
Estimated percentage of Soviet immigrants to Israel this year who are professionals : 55
Number of the 206 endowed professorships at M.I.T. that have been funded by Japanese companies : 21
Price of a gold-plated refrigerator from the Mitsukoshi department store in Tokyo : $6,181
Price, in zlotys, of a "saddle of love" from Intersex, a newly opened sexual-novelty shop in Warsaw : 724,000
Estimated chances that a Catholic priest in the United States is sexually active : 1 in 2
Members of the Christian Motorcyclists Association : 33,805
Number of meditators meditating at once it takes to affect world affairs, according to Maharishi Mahesh Yogi : 7,000
Phone number for the hot line of the Society for Secular Armageddonism, in San Francisco : 673-3666 (see page 22)
Average number of Christmas cards received by an American household each December : 26
Market value of three French hens : $15
Of seven swans a-swimming : $7,000
Amount Americans spend each year on birdseed : $1,100,000,000
Amount the U.S. government lent Brazil last year to build a highway through the Amazon rain forest : $20,000,000
Number of curbside frog ramps in the streets of Stevens Point, Wisconsin : 4
Winning distance in a guitar-throwing contest held in Baton Rouge, Louisiana, last July, in feet : 89
Average number of American blacks who have moved to the South each day since 1986 : 349
ercentage of blacks in the New York City area who would have to move for the races there to be evenly distributed : 80
Average amount of time that a black American waits for a kidney transplant, in months : 13.9
Average amount of time a white American waits, in months : 7.6
Number of the 26 human bodies frozen in the hope of being brought back to life that are in California : 24
Estimated amount a $10,000 Individual Reanimation Account will yield in 2090 : $219,976,130 (see page 27)
Price of pectoral implants for a man, from Dr. Brian Novack of Beverly Hills, California : $6,500
Average score Americans give themselves on a one-to-ten scale of looks : 6.5
Percentage of 8- to 12-year-old boys who agree that "a cool haircut makes a kid cool" : 50
Rank of TV viewing, [illegible] activities Americans spend the most leisure time engaged in : 1, 2, 3
Number of television pilots broadcast in September that contained the word "suck" : 4

October 1990. Sources are listed on page 78
a registered trademark.

1990 Peugeot Motors of America, Inc.



1991 405 models from $15,300 to $21,700.* Call 1-800-447-2882. In Canada 1-416-566-1900. *MSRP. Excludes tax, title, options, registration and destination charges.

How you see the Peugeot 405 S depends on how you look at it.

A glance will probably note the leather seats, but miss the two densities of foam used to eliminate seat springs which transmit road vibration. It might take in the six speaker anti-theft AM/FM cassette stereo system, but miss the hydraulic-powered anti-lock braking system.

A more discerning eye will see Peugeot's passion for building cars which do not sacrifice any one element for another, but aim to provide the optimum balance of all aspects of the car.

Something which, if you haven't yet experienced, you are certain to appreciate.

READINGS

[Poem]

THE LONELINESS OF THE MILITARY HISTORIAN

By Margaret Atwood. From the September 14–20 issue of the Times Literary Supplement, *published in London. Atwood's story "Death by Landscape" appeared in the August 1990 issue of* Harper's Magazine.

Confess: it's my profession
that alarms you.
This is why few people ask me to dinner,
though Lord knows I don't go out of my way to
be scary.
I wear dresses of sensible cut
and unalarming shades of beige,
I smell of lavender and go to the hairdresser's:
no prophetess mane of mine
complete with snakes, will frighten the
youngsters.
If my eyes roll and I mutter,
if my arms are gloved in blood right up to the
elbow,
if I clutch at my heart and scream in horror
like a third-rate actress chewing up a mad scene,
I do it in private and nobody sees
but the bathroom mirror.

In general I [illegible]
women should [illegible]
should not weigh tactics impartially,
or evade the word *enemy*,
or view both sides and denounce nothing.
Women should march for peace,
or hand out white feathers to inspire bravery,
spit themselves on bayonets
to protect their babies,
whose skulls will be split anyway,
or, having been raped repeatedly,
hang themselves with their own hair.
These are the functions that inspire general
comfort.
That, and the knitting of socks for the troops
and a sort of moral cheerleading.
Also: mourning the dead.
Sons, lovers, and so forth.
All the killed children.

Instead of this, I tell
what I hope will pass as truth.
A blunt thing, not lovely.
The truth is seldom welcome,
especially at dinner,
though I am good at what I do.
My trade is in courage and atrocities.
I look at them and do not condemn.
I write things down the way they happened,
as near as can be remembered.
I don't ask *why* because it is mostly the same.
Wars happen because the ones who start them
think they can win.

In my dreams there is glamour.
The Vikings leave their fields
each year for a few months of killing and
plunder,
much as the boys go hunting.
In real life they were farmers.
They come back loaded with splendor.

The Arabs ride against Crusaders
with scimitars that could sever
silk in the air.
A swift cut to the horse's neck
and a hunk of armor crashes down
like a tower. Fire against metal.
A poet might say: romance against banality.
When awake, I know better.

Despite the propaganda, there are no monsters,
or none that can be finally buried.
Finish one off and circumstances
and the radio create another.
Believe me: whole armies have prayed fervently
to God all night and meant it,
and been slaughtered anyway.
Brutality wins frequently,
and large outcomes have turned on the
invention
of a mechanical device, viz. radar.

True, sometimes valor counts for something,
as at Thermopylae. Sometimes being right,
though ultimate virtue by agreed tradition
is decided by the winner.
Sometimes men throw themselves on grenades
and burst like paper bags of guts
to save their comrades.
I can admire that.
But rats and cholera have won many wars.
Those, and potatoes
or the absence of them.
It's no use pinning all those medals
across the chests of the dead.
Impressive, but I know too much.
Grand exploits merely depress me.

In the interests of research
I have walked on many battlefields
that once were liquid with pulped
men's bodies and spangled with burst
shells and splayed bone.
All of them have been green again
by the time I got there.
Each has inspired a few good quotes in its day.
Sad marble angels brood like hens
over the grassy nests where nothing hatches.
(The angels could just as well be described as
vulgar,
or *pitiless,* depending on camera angle.)
The word *glory* figures a lot on gateways.
Of course I pick a flower or two
from each, and press it in the hotel
Bible, for a souvenir.
I'm just as human as you.

But it's no use asking me for a final statement.
As I say, I deal in tactics.
Also statistics:
for every year of peace there have been four
hundred
years of war.

[Speech]

WHY *ARE* WE IN THE GULF?

From a speech by Senator Bob Kerrey, Democrat of Nebraska, delivered on the floor of the Senate on September 19.

The war that formed George Bush began because of Adolf Hitler. The Allied effort was successful because the evil of Hitler and his plan became clear to Americans as the war progressed. We were convinced of the need for the sacrifice required to wage it. At the moment of victory we rejoiced and wept and were thankful to be alive and free. This sense of gratitude was fundamental for a generation of Americans who knew what they had accomplished but could not possibly brag about it.

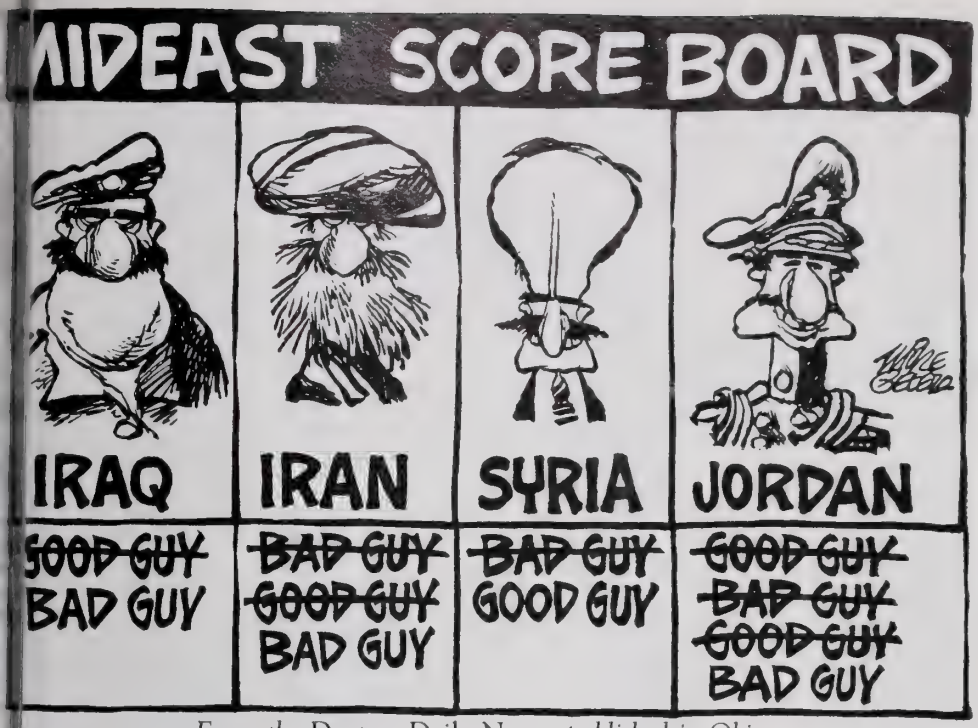
The war that formed me began because of a need to contain communism. We failed in that war because in the end our leaders did not adequately convince the American people that Ho Chi Minh was a threat requiring our prolonged sacrifice.

I had hoped that we in this nation could act differently in the Persian Gulf than we did in Vietnam. Now I am not so sure. I am profoundly uneasy about the instant deployment of more than 100,000 American troops that was sold to the American people on the false premises that Saddam Hussein is Adolf Hitler, that our way of life is at clear and present danger, that we have as much at stake as we did in World War II.

The scope of the threat invoked by the President does not seem to be reflected in the attitude of many of the soldiers in Saudi Arabia who were shouting at General Colin Powell during his September visit: When do we get to go home? I am angry at Colin Powell for failing to see that his own troops—professional, loyal, capable—do not possess the clear and essential understanding of why they have been called to battle.

What is missing in this conflict is the grim-faced attitude of a people who really believe that the United States, or at least a strategic asset of unquestionable importance, is at risk. Missing is the conviction that we must fight *with* our lives because we are fighting *for* our lives. Although the President says that this is the first post–Cold War test of our mettle, it simply, honestly, does not feel like it.

One of the most disturbing arguments we hear today is that if we do not defang Hussein now, he will be back in a few years to do the



From the Dayton Daily News, *published in Ohio.*

same thing. The assumption here is that we should remove with force what we have never in earnest attempted to remove through other means. Recall that not long ago our Commerce Department was cabling "Hooray for you!" to American entrepreneurs seeking to export nuclear-weapons technology to Iraq.

What is needed in this crisis, above all, is honesty. Our actions in the Gulf should not exceed the scope of informed public consent and informed public support. Americans, neither ignorant nor gullible, are aware that our official policy until very recently backed Iraq. The President owes our troops and our people a clear discussion of our interests—one that squares our past policies with our current goals. The memory of the American people is strong enough to recognize when the truth about our recent history has been sacrificed to the cause of persuasion. Our understanding is subtle enough to know that not all alarms deserve to be broadcast at the same piercing volume. Our men and women in uniform are dear enough that we owe them our last full measure of candor before we ask them for their last full measure of devotion.

Just imagine what it would have been like if the President had addressed the American people in early August with such candor. Imagine if he had informed us not only of Iraq's brutality against Kuwait but also of the extent of our previous complacency toward the growing threat of Iraq's military force. Imagine if he had told us of the need to [illegible] a new world order but also explained [illegible] that new world order is and why we must be willing to fight for it. Such a straightforward discussion of the crisis would have generated public support with a difference—the difference between the silent assent of public-opinion polls and the active support of an informed people.

The President recently announced his decision to sell Saudi Arabia twenty billion dollars' worth of arms. [In October the Bush administration, under pressure from Congress, reduced the size of the request.] This idea has obvious appeal: An arms sale will bring money into our economy. The United States finished the 1980s with its superiority in arms manufacturing intact, and Saudi Arabia—its coffers bulging with six billion dollars a month in new money since the world's economic embargo of Iraq—is an arms salesman's notion of heaven: a customer who hates credit.

But this arms sale should be voided by a congressional veto. There are a number of reasons why, but the most important is that it is simply wrong. The new world order described vaguely by the President surely does not mean a continuation of the old practice of selling weapons to the enemy of our enemy. Saudi Arabia's King Fahd is opposed to Saddam Hussein just as Saddam Hussein was opposed to Khomeini. Thus, King Fahd qualifies for the largest arms sale in the history of man's conduct in such activities. More commendable, I believe, as an example of national behavior in President Bush's new world

[Guarantee]

OUR GRADUATES ARE GUARANTEED LITERATE

This certificate will be distributed to all graduating seniors in the Fort Zumwalt School District in Missouri next spring. Students are encouraged to show the document to prospective employers when applying for jobs.

The Fort Zumwalt School District offers to the employer of the bearer of the Fort Zumwalt High School diploma the guarantee that the individual possesses the appropriate math, reading, and communication skills to perform the job for which he or she has been employed. If the employer finds that the employee does not have these skills, the Fort Zumwalt School District will refer the employee to the St. Charles County Community College Academic & Career Enhancement Center for instruction and remediation in the deficit areas. Any cost incurred will be borne by the Fort Zumwalt School District.

This guarantee is effective for three years from the date on the high school diploma.

order is the action taken by the Czechoslovak foreign minister, Jiri Dienstbier, who withdrew his country from the international arms bazaar, offering this as his justification: It is wrong. Mr. Dienstbier is right.

Twenty billion dollars is a lot of money, especially for an economy struggling to keep its head above the recessionary waters swirling around us. However, we should be careful—very careful—not to let our foreign policy be completely dominated by the concerns of those who sell oil and weapons. Money stuck in our eye blinded us to the moral danger of Saddam Hussein in the first place, and we should not let it blind us to new dangers now.

Some who are arguing for the military option in the Middle East are unable to see any other possibility. At one level, I agree: Saddam Hussein will not respond to kind words and obsequious agreement such as he enjoyed from the United States prior to his invasion of Kuwait. He will not yield to our moral objectives—withdrawal from Kuwait, domestic human rights, demilitarization, and democracy—unless he hears the footsteps of our military force.

Yet policymakers in the United States dare not delude themselves into thinking that we do not need to debate what we are doing and to state our disagreements where they exist. A failure to do this—a simple and blind acceptance of everything the President as commander in chief does—will lead to bad policy and the potential loss of clear public support for what we are doing.

For this is our first post–Cold War use of force. If the American people discover that we have not taken appropriate care, then our mettle will have been tested and found wanting.

Fortunately, the potential is still there for us to recognize the importance of candor; the folly of sending ever more arms to this volatile region; the inherent power of the internationally coordinated response we have helped impose; and the real possibility of building a new world order as the President describes. In short, the potential is still there to pursue a successful settlement to this conflict without the nagging sense that something is missing.

[Manual]

WITCH-HUNTING IN HIGH SCHOOL

From "Investigation and Surveillance," a chapter in Occult Crime Control: The Law Enforcement Manual of Investigation, Analysis, and Prevention, *by William Edward Lee Dubois. The manual is the textbook for the National Association of Chiefs of Police home-study program for law-enforcement officials on satanic cult and ritualistic crime investigation. Dubois identifies several categories of satanists; the most common are "Self-styled Satanists," usually "unpopular" male high school students, whose "concepts of how to worship come from a variety of sources including books, videos, heavy-metal songs, and general population assumptions about satanic worship."*

Investigation of a satanic group suspected of criminal activity puts you on the ragged edge of violating citizens' rights. Be careful.

If you think there is a problem with Self-styled Satanists in your community—and there almost certainly is; the situation is epidemic—start with the schools. Take samples of satanic symbols into the schools and see if administrators and teachers have seen them on clothing, as graffiti, as doodles, as art-class assignments, or on jewelry. Get the names of the juveniles associated with the symbols. Find out who they hang around with. Check their English-class es-

TEXACO AND THE MET

50TH ANNIVERSARY

1940-1990

On Saturday afternoon, December 7, 1940, Americans turned on their radios to hear a live broadcast of the Metropolitan Opera performing *Le Nozze di Figaro* sponsored by Texaco. This historic broadcast inaugurated a tradition that is still going strong.

Over the past 50 years, Texaco has been proud to bring you the immortal stars of the Met, the most distinguished productions in opera history and the greatest music ever composed. Tune in as Texaco and the Metropolitan Opera begin their second half-century of live radio broadcasts.



says to see what they write about.

Don't limit yourself to the high schools. More and more, middle schoolers are becoming involved in Self-styled Satanism, and even second graders have drawn inverted pentagrams on their desks. Remember, however, the younger the children involved, the more likely they are to be victims, not practitioners. Check with school and public librarians to see which books from call number 133 (occult subjects) are missing or overdue. Get the name of the last person who checked out the book. Also, many libraries still use cards that every borrower has to sign. A quick glance at this card in the back of the book will tell you who has checked out the book in the last year or so. Jot down the names; they could prove useful.

Compile a list of all juveniles displaying the trappings of Self-styled Satanism. Acquire a copy of the school yearbook, which will provide you with mug shots of all the juveniles on the list. When they violate criminal codes—and they will—prosecute rigorously to the fullest extent possible.

This is not overreacting. Juveniles are traditionally given a break "the first time." You cannot do this with Self-styled Satanists. Letting them "off" proves to them what they believed all along: Satan will get them off the hook. The crime will be more serious, perhaps deadly, the next time around.

If you are a street officer and you encounter juveniles who are displaying the trappings of satanism and engaging in even minor breaches of the law, do not counsel and release. Take them downtown.

If you are with the district attorney's office, prosecute. If you are with juvenile probation, recommend taking the case—no matter how minor—to court. If you are a judge, give the maximum sentence.

This sounds harsh, but it is the only way. Most of these kids can be salvaged, but any sign of weakness on the part of the system will be disastrous. It will strengthen their religious convictions and their belief that the system is weak and Satan is strong.

You must teach them that this is not the case. When they feel the system is strong and Satan is weak, they often abandon their whole belief system. They feel it has been proven false. One incarcerated juvenile later told his friends that he prayed to Satan to get him out of jail and "the fucker wasn't there."

Early signs of future serious criminal activity can best be classified as terrorist activity in the form of threats and harassment—usually taking the form of notes, first aimed at fellow students, then at unpopular teachers.

Often each of the members of a Self-styled Satanist group will write a part of the threatening note. Get handwriting samples from all suspects and send the note and samples to your crime lab.

Follow up quickly and take action forcefully. What is normally considered harmless juvenile activity is not harmless when Self-styled Satanism is involved. Left unchecked, the level of Self-styled Satanic criminal activity increases almost exponentially. Threatening notes in lockers can lead to dead bodies in less than six months.

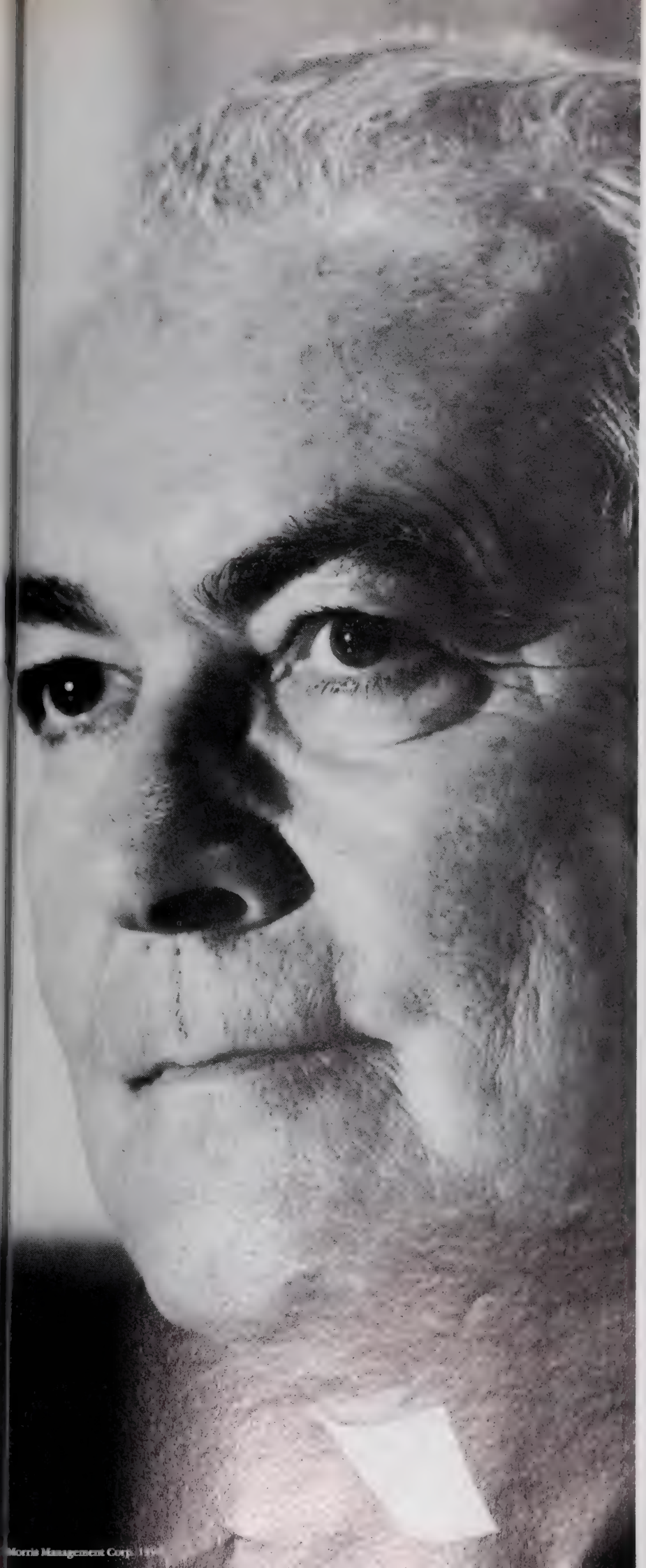
[Recorded Message]

DIAL-A-BUMMER

Below is the message heard by callers to the telephone hot line of Doom, the Society for Secular Armageddonism in San Francisco. The society, whose phone number is (415) 673-3666, has received more than 10,000 calls since September.

You have reached the hot line of Doom for news and information related to the coming apocalypse. This is a service of the organization Doom, the Society for Secular Armageddonism, a nonreligious group dedicated to promoting public awareness of the coming end of the world. We believe the apocalypse is at hand, and the reasons for that belief are overwhelming: chemical and biological weapons, nuclear proliferation, deforestation, the greenhouse effect, ozone depletion, acid rain, the poisoning of our air and water, rising racism, massive species loss, toxic waste, the AIDS pandemic, the continuing population explosion, encroaching Big Brotherism, and at least a thousand points of blight. These aren't just conversation topics for yuppie cocktail parties; they're grade A, unadulterated harbingers of destruction, 100 percent bona fide specters of doom, and they're all proof that we don't need God to end it for us. The coming end will be a strictly do-it-yourself apocalypse.

This message has been a short introduction to our group and point of view. Our future messages will profile specific global threats and refer callers to groups resisting these threats. So leave a message if you like and stay tuned to this hot line for further information. And most importantly, do something now to help stave off our coming doom. As the poet Virgil put it, *Horresco referens*, "I shudder at the very thought of it."



"The unfinished business of the Bill of Rights..."

REVEREND THEODORE M. HESBURGH, C.S.C.
PRESIDENT EMERITUS
UNIVERSITY OF NOTRE DAME

"We tend to forget that the Bill of Rights was not a reality for many people before the Civil Rights laws of the mid-60's.

"A century earlier, President Lincoln signed the Emancipation Proclamation. But slavery didn't really end for another 100 years.

"The fact is that the Bill of Rights did not automatically guarantee life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness for all Americans. We have had to enlarge our freedoms, promote human dignity, and eliminate injustice during all the 200 years of the Bill of Rights.

"The ideal is there, but the reality has always needed enlarging. It still does."

Philip Morris Companies Inc.

KRAFT GENERAL FOODS · MILLER BREWING COMPANY · PHILIP MORRIS U.S.A.

Join Philip Morris Companies Inc. in support of the National Archives' celebration of the 200th anniversary of the Bill of Rights.

Morris Management Corp. 1991

[Press Release]

HOW 2 LIVE GREW

From a press release distributed in September by Columbia Records along with promotional copies of Wake Your Daughter Up, *the first album by the rap group No Face.*

"Not all women are bitches," says "Shah" Shawn Trone, one half of the stupid fresh Queens, New York, rap duo No Face. "Only those that want half my money."

There should be plenty of dough to go around once the twosome's debut, *Wake Your Daughter Up,* hits the street. Included are such surefire PMRC [Parents' Music Resource Center] faves as the anthemic "We Wants to Fuck," "Spanish Fly," "Stole My Shit," and the soon-to-be-classic "Fake Hair Wearin' Bitch," featuring a cameo appearance by fellow X-plicit hip-hoppers 2 Live Crew.

"It's just the day-to-day stuff that people experience," says Shah's partner, Mark Sexx, about the group's raunchy subject matter. "We're speaking from things that've happened to us in our lives. It's not meant to be taken seriously."

So free your bourgeois morality, folks, and your ass is sure to follow. Dig on "We Wants to Fuck," with its homage to the Parliament classic "We Got the Funk." "I think 'we wants to fuck' is what George Clinton *really* wanted to say anyway," insists Shah.

"Fake Hair Wearin' Bitch" is about what happens when a woman puts on a wig. "Around the way, they be cool to you," complains Shah, "but that night at a club, they put on some hair and contacts and they don't know you no more."

The guys deal with a variety of society's ills, including, on "Under the Subway," the homeless. The song details the lives of the denizens of the New York underground to the tune of "Under the Boardwalk." "What tees us off," says Mark, "is that the service went down and the fare went up."

"At the Movies" is the feeling you get when you're all comfortable in your seat and some dummy gets up to buy popcorn. "Socially Speaking" disses Axl Rose, Tipper Gore, South Africa, crack dealers, and "muthafuckas that talk a lot of shit and don't make good records." "Stole My Shit" tells the story of a guy who gets his girlfriend ripped off by his own sister.

No Face is confident that its music will be heard, despite the problems that groups like 2 Live Crew have been experiencing from the forces of censorship. But No Face don't feel like being symbols either. They just wanna get on with what they do.

"It's not like we're joining a crusade," says Mark. "We're not political figures. We done this shit because it was funny."

"We don't tell people to rape or kill nobody," Shah chimes in.

"I don't think people are gonna listen to No Face and think, 'Mark and Shah says to go knock on the bitch's door at three in the morning to get some pussy,'" Mark insists.

"But," Shah concludes, "it might work if they do."

[Letter to the Editor]

THE CHAIRMAN, TO THE BORED

From a letter to the editor by Frank Sinatra, in the September 16 Los Angeles Times.

When I saw your story today about George Michael, "the reluctant pop star," my first reaction was that every morning when he wakes up he should thank the good Lord for having all that he has.

I don't understand a guy who lives "in hopes of reducing the strain of his celebrity status." Now that he's a smash performer and songwriter at twenty-seven, he wants to quit doing what tons of gifted youngsters all over the world would shoot grandma for—just one crack at what he's complaining about.

Come on, George. Loosen up. Swing, man. Dust off those gossamer wings and fly yourself to the moon of your choice and be grateful to carry the baggage we've all had to carry since those lean nights of sleeping on buses and helping the driver unload the instruments.

And no more of that talk about "the tragedy of fame." The tragedy of fame is when no one shows up and you're singing to the cleaning lady in some empty joint that hasn't seen a paying customer since Saint Swithin's Day. And you're nowhere near that; you're top dog on the top rung of a tall ladder called Stardom, which in Latin means "thanks to the fans who were there when it was lonely."

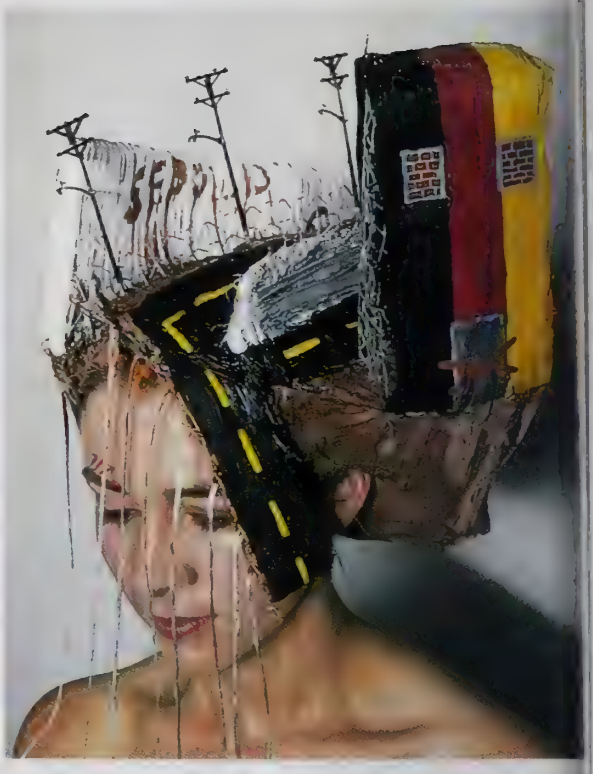
Talent must not be wasted. Those who have it—and you obviously do, or today's article would have been about Rudy Vallee—those who have talent must hug it, embrace it, nurture it, and share it, lest it be taken away as fast as it was loaned to them.

Trust me. I've been there.

Frank Sinatra


FILTER CIGARETTES
Marlboro
Marlboro





"The Bride's Lighthouse" (left) and "Berlin Wall" (right) by Terry Niedzialek. Niedzialek, a former hairdresser, uses tempera, clay, Styrofoam, wire, twigs, cement, and Tenax hair gel, among other materials, to make her "hair montages." She works both with wigs and directly on women's heads, her own included. The wigs and photographs of the "live" montages will be exhibited at the Rose Lehrman Arts Center in Harrisburg, Pennsylvania, next February.

[How-to]

BECOMING A DREAM GIRL

From the training manual for operators of 970-LIVE, a phone-sex service in New York City. Operators, who are called Dream Girls, are paid six dollars for each call they handle. The cost of a thirty-minute call is $19.95.

TO START A CONVERSATION

"What's on your mind?"

"What would you like to talk about?"

"What do you do for fun?"

"What are you doing right now?"

Remember: Never initiate sex. Let the caller start phone intimacy.

WAYS TO KEEP CALLERS INTERESTED

Tell them crazy fantasies: Jell-O, honey, travel, ice cream, lesbian love, orgies.

If conversation stays clean, tell them an interesting story: movies, TV, books, etc.

Make it sound like it really happened. *Insist* that it happened!

When your time is up ("Sorry, tiger, but your Dream Girl has to go") be sure to say, "Call right back and ask for me."

TWO PHONES

Make conversations coincide. [Operators often speak to two callers simultaneously. They are encouraged to have both callers listening to them at the same time; often, however, they must flip back and forth between calls.] NEVER address the callers in the plural. ("So, *guys*" or "Oh, you *both* sound so good!") Keep phone flipping to a minimum.

If you have a situation where you can't talk to both callers at the same time (one wants non-sex conversation, the other wants a domination fantasy), there are still ways to induce conversation so that you can talk to one and listen to the other:

Normal (straight non-sex conversation): Ask the caller, "What do you look like in detail?" "What are the kinds of things you like to do?" "Tell me a story about your life. . . . I want to get to know you better!"

Sex (graphic, intimate conversation): Ask the caller, "Tell me your wildest fantasy!" "What would you do to me if I were there?" "What is the craziest sexual act you were ever involved in?"

Domination: All domination calls should get priority. If, however, you get a master on the phone, he will spend a great deal of time telling *you* what to do. So you can flip over and talk to the other caller. Of course, pay attention to the

first caller so that you can say, "Yes, master! No, master!" and generally beg him for mercy.

PROFESSIONALISM

Do not talk to *anyone* besides a caller when taking a call.

Always be bubbly, sexy, interesting, and interested in each individual caller.

Remember, *you* are not your character on the phone.

CREATE DIFFERENT CHARACTERS

Start with one that resembles the ideal woman.

Move on to bimbo, nymphomaniac, mistress, slave, transvestite, lesbian, foreigner, or virgin.

If caller wants to speak to someone else, don't waste time being insulted. *Be* someone else. You should be creative enough to fulfill *anyone's* fantasy.

[Brochure]

VERY LONG-TERM INVESTMENTS

From "How Rich Will You Be?" a brochure distributed by the Reanimation Foundation, an investment fund based in Vaduz, Liechtenstein. The foundation offers investment accounts for individuals who plan to have their bodies frozen at death in the hope that they can be brought back to life in the future. An Individual Reanimation Account requires a minimum balance of $10,000.

Q: How long will it take for me to be reanimated?

A: Experts predict that in 50 to 150 years medical science will develop the technology to bring suspended patients back to life. How long it will take for you to be reanimated will depend on how well you're suspended and on your physical condition at the time you're suspended.

Q: If it takes a hundred years until I'm reanimated, how much money will I receive?

A: If you assume a conservative average annual rate of return of 8 percent on your investment, the amount of money you will receive if you are reanimated in a hundred years is as follows: If you invest $100,000, you will receive $219,976,130. If you invest $10,000,000, you will receive $21,997,613,000.

Q: Who will be managing my money?

A: A major [illegible] with an excellent reputation for safe and [illegible]

Q: But what al[illegible]

Q: Will I be worth less in a hundred years?

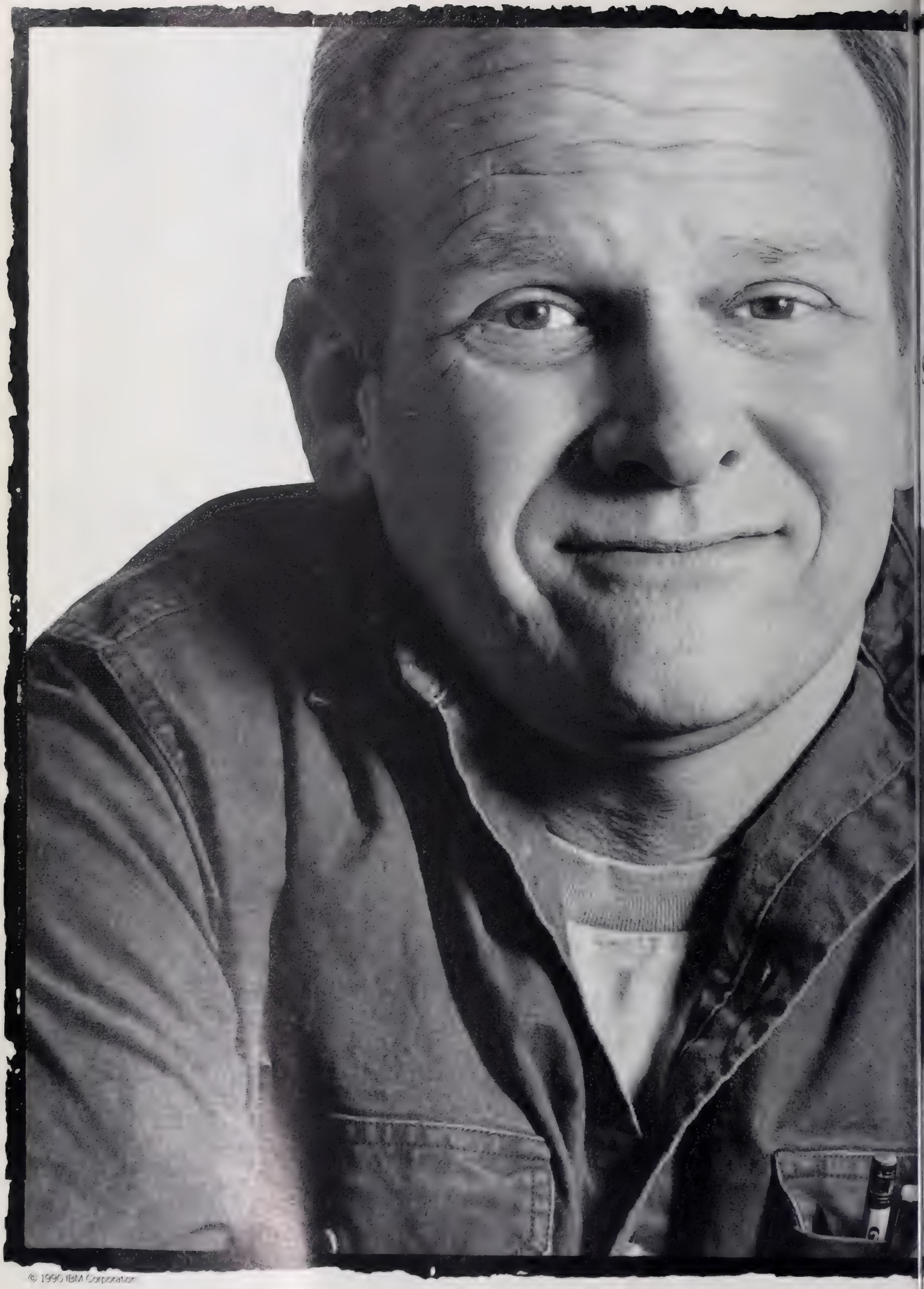
A: No. In a hundred years, your money will be worth more than today because of advances in science and technology. A hundred years ago a millionaire could buy relatively little with his money. Today even the modest sum of $10,000 can buy you an automobile, a color television set, and an airplane trip to Europe. A hundred years ago, the wealthiest person on Earth couldn't buy the kind of medical care available to anyone on welfare today. In a hundred years, you'll be able to buy youth and perfect health for centuries, super intelligence, super strength,

[List]

HARD TIME

From the list of schools participating in the Traffic Violator School Program in Orange County, California. Judges in California have the option of sentencing drivers convicted of minor traffic violations to attend an eight-hour class in traffic safety; last year, 1,200,000 Californians were sentenced to the classes. After their sentencing, the drivers receive this list from the California Department of Motor Vehicles; from it they choose the school they will attend. To attract students, many schools—which charge each student twenty-five dollars—offer enticements such as food and humorous instruction. In September the California legislature passed a law allowing judges to remove a school's name from the list if it is deemed "unprofessional."

A Laff'n Learn Comedy Traffic School
Br-Ake Ya Up Funny Comedians Traffic School
Cash Discount Schools Thru-out County
Cheap School
Comedians Plus—Learn from Us Traffic School
Comedy-Magic Traffic School
D-Rive U Silly Funny Comedians Traffic School
Free Pizza School—Good Food/Comedy
Great Comedians for Less Money
Kayvon T.V. School
Laughs Extensive Plus Comprehensive
Less Stress 4U/Humor 2/Snax/Funfilms
Lettuce Amuse U Comedy School
Lifesavers Entertains U Day & Nite Traffic School
Lunch N Learn at Fine Restaurants
S-Mile N Giggle Funny Comedians Traffic School
Whee-L Make U Laff! Great Comedians
World Famous Improv-Isation



© 1990 IBM Corporation

"The idea of computers in the factory used to scare the daylights out of me. Now I run one."



"I figured I'd get burned either way—computers show up and I get fired, or computers don't show up and the plant closes down.

"But what happened is, they retooled the plant and while that was going on they sent me to school, to an IBM-sponsored course at the community college.

"Here are two things I learned. I learned a new job that's better than my old one. And I learned that our plant won't be boarded up any time soon."

Yes, you can teach old factories new tricks, and CIM (Computer Integrated Manufacturing) is one of them. CIM coordinates the manufacturing process, from design to distribution, as a single system. Needless to say, it can make our economy more competitive.

And yes, we'll have to teach people some new tricks, too. That's why IBM sponsors CIM education for students and workers at over 70 colleges and universities across America.

To learn more about CIM and IBM's commitment to CIM education, write [illegible] at IBM, P.O. Box 3974, Dept. 972, Peoria, IL 61614.

IBM®



TO SEND A GIFT OF ABSOLUT® VODKA (EXCEPT WHERE PROHIBITED BY LAW) CALL 1-800-243-3787.
PRODUCT OF SWEDEN. 40 AND 50% ALC/VOL (80 AND 100 PROOF). 100% GRAIN NEUTRAL SPIRITS. © 1990 CARILLON IMPORTERS, LTD., TEANECK, N.J.

super good looks, and trips to distant worlds throughout the galaxy.

Q: What will I have to pay for these things?

A: Probably not very much. History has shown that improvements in technology produce increasingly better products for less and less money. In a hundred years there will be utterly fantastic products—such as miniature cell-repair machines that could restore people to life, health, and youth—which may cost very little.

[Speech]

PROPOSITIONS FOR A POSTCOMMUNIST WORLD

From "Some Observations on the Revival of Nationalism and Religion," a talk given by Leon Wieseltier at a conference on "The 20th Century: The Experience of Freedom" held in Mexico City in September. The conference was sponsored by Vuelta *magazine, a Mexico City monthly edited by Octavio Paz. Wieseltier is literary editor of* The New Republic.

Not the end of history but the resumption of history has been the result of communism's collapse in the Soviet Union and in Eastern and Central Europe. The artificial stability of tyranny and empire has given way to turbulent revivals of nationalism and religion. The subterranean is now aboveground, and turns out never to have been very far below the surface. There are enormous differences, of course, among the eruptions in the various states and societies of the East. And yet they have enough in common to justify speaking generally, even a little too generally, about them. The revival of nationalism and religion, moreover, is not confined only to the late communist universe; the death of God was an overrated event elsewhere too, as was the death of the nation. In the East and the West, modernity is constantly being surprised by the magnitude of the continuities with what it condescendingly calls the "pre-modern world." And so the following generalizations may shed a little light on the situation even in societies that never suffered totalitarian pains. Without generalizations, neither nationalism nor religion is possible.

On this subject, I feel [illegible] tionary things [illegible] celebration [illegible] passing of [illegible] am not comfortable with the discussion of nationalism and religion in the same breath. Though they are being revived together in the newly free societies of Eastern and Central Europe, they are very different phenomena. I do not mean only that nationalism was godless in its origins, that it was historically one of the most powerful instruments of that necessary, incomplete, and overestimated process we call "secularization." My discomfort with the easy association of nationalism and religion is not only scholarly; it is also emotional. I believe that nationalism and religion bring out the worst in each other; that the closer they come to each other, the more dangerous and the less defensible they each become; that what is most precious in nationalism is not its resemblance to faith and what is most precious in religion is not its service to the group. The separation of nationalism and religion is not merely an analytical duty. It is also an ethical one.

I propose, for the discussion of the revival of nationalism and religion in the postcommunist world, one axiom and three propositions.

My axiom is that human beings have roots, but they are not plants.

Both nationalism and religion are expressions of the certainty, historical and spiritual, that we have not created ourselves, that we have sources, and that those sources have something to do with the meaning of our lives. It is one of the most beautiful ironies of the recent emancipations in the East that people have expressed their right of self-determination by insisting that we are, nationally and religiously, already determined.

But we are not *only* determined; we are also free. Unlike the animals and the angels, we have the capacity to resist our determinations, to transform them. We are in the power of our origins, but they are also in our power. It is a human failure to tear up your roots, but it is also a human failure to luxuriate in them.

I agree with Czeslaw Milosz that "it is a great privilege to receive a heterogeneous education." The experience of heterogeneity is not a threat to national and religious traditions; it is their way of avoiding their own decadence. I have studied the consequences of deracination in the history of my own people, the Jewish people; and yet I insist that deracination is not the only danger. There is also the danger of overracination.

1. My first proposition is that we are witnessing, in the East, the death of what might be called the coercive universalisms.

Those coercive universalisms came in two kinds, one philosophical and the other political. Philosophically, the coercion took the form of

materialism, or rather, of the radical materialism that denied the role of the spirit in human affairs. Politically, the coercion took the form of empire—of the Soviet occupation of Eastern and Central Europe.

The revival of nationalism and religion in Eastern and Central Europe represents, of course, a triumph of the particular over the universal. But it is not *only* that. The overthrow of communism took place also in the name of universal principles. Coercive universalism is not the only sort of universalism there is. There is also the votive universalism that happily sees the common human denominator beneath the enormous cultural differences. The force of the argument against communism was not primarily that it was an outrage against Polish or Lithuanian or Armenian dignity, but that it was an outrage against human dignity.

Intellectually, no greater danger awaits the newly emancipated societies of the postcommunist world than a facile rejection of universalism *in toto*. The disgust with universalism is easy to understand: The victims of Marxist materialism and Soviet imperialism have paid an obscenely high price. But those societies are not only at the end of one story, they are also at the beginning of another. Now that national and religious roots have been revealed again, it is time to think carefully about their proper place in a liberal order.

2. My second proposition is that the relationship between nationalism and democracy has been an extremely troubled one. The nationalism that helped to establish democracy has often turned against it.

I am not saying that a nationalist democracy or a democratic nationalism is impossible. I am saying, rather, that they are possible only as a result of great skepticism and great vigilance.

There exists a permanent philosophical tension between the ideal of collective self-determination and the ideal of individual self-determination. According to the former, it is preferable, from the standpoint of legitimacy, for every nation to have a state and for every state to conform to a nation. The individual should live with the group, which is one of the essential conditions of his or her fulfillment; and life outside the group should be experienced, in some sense, as exile, as a problem in need of a solution. Minorities should, of course, be tolerated; but toleration is a very weak form of respect, and it has a way of failing.

According to the ideal of individual self-determination, by contrast, a man or woman can live anywhere, and among anybody, he or she wishes. The state is composed not of brothers and sisters, but of citizens. Though religious and cultural traditions must live in some real relationship to their source, they are portable, like languages. Minorities are not imperfections in the polity, tolerable interferences with the organic life of the nation or the state; they are the very test of the nation-state's moral validity. Above all, perhaps, alienation is not a punishment or a disgrace; it is a privilege. It has its own uses, its own dignity.

Nationalism is eschatological; democracy is patient. Nationalism prefers history; democracy prefers politics. Nationalism dreams of the future; democracy enjoys the present. Nationalism redeems the group; democracy redeems the individual (and it hates the word "redeem"). Nationalism demands authenticity; democracy demands diversity. Nationalism challenges the universal with the particular; democracy corrects the particular with the universal.

Are these hopeless contradictions? Sometimes they are, sometimes they are not. They are certainly real contradictions, and reason enough for clear thought and careful action. And so I would propose, as a crude general rule for societies in transition from universalism to particularism, that democracy is generally more hospitable to nationalism than nationalism is to democracy.

Yes, democracy—that is, an open society in which people and symbols move freely—can pose a threat to inherited identities. It can distract them, fracture them, partially erase them. For that reason it is the responsibility of particular cultures in a pluralist society to teach their children well. A pluralist society will not impede them in their efforts. But it is important to remember—and here I refer again to the experience of the Jews—that the threat of assimilation is much preferable to the threat of pogrom. In the end, shutting up one's culture in one's house will not make it safe or rich; it will only make it feeble.

3. My third proposition is that the relationship between religion and democracy is even more troubled than the relationship between nationalism and democracy.

Let me be perfectly clear. I do not mean to say that religion has never served as a spur to democracy; no American can say that, at least honestly. Nor do I mean to say that religion has been the source of all, or most, human suffering. In this century, certainly, atrocities have been committed in the name of God *and* by the godless, by mullahs *and* by commissars, to defend faiths *and* to destroy them. The evil impulse in man seems rather unmoved by the distinction between the sacred and the profane, and battens nicely upon both. Religion is not the slippery slope to totalitarianism, even if it is true that



From Amber Waves of Grain, *a book of aerial photographs of American farms by Georg Gerster, with text by Joyce Diamanti, published by Harper Weldon Owen. The Arizona farmland pictured above is planted in alfalfa (dark green) and wheat (light green). The brown fields are being prepared for cotton. Gerster lives in Zurich.*

totalitarian mentalities and totalitarian institutions have precedents in religious ones.

And yet it is a central feature of every religion based on a revelation that it believes itself to be in the exclusive possession of the truth. No amount of tolerance within a religious tradition can diminish the centrality of this feeling of exclusiveness. And this feeling of exclusiveness is the undemocratic feeling par excellence.

Democracy is a polytheistic thing. Perhaps that is why many believers are confused by it or unhappy within it. Religion provides the absolutes with which one may (as in the recent communist world) resist other absolutes; and it is easier to fight absolutes with absolutes. When the fight is over, however, absolutism remains. For all the help that religion has given democracy in eighteenth-century America or twentieth-century Russia, surely absolutism is not democracy's most trustworthy friend.

I do not think that religion should be banished from politics because religion is false. That is the old, shallow, and occasionally murderous argument of the radical Enlightenment, for which many contemporary liberal societies are paying dearly in political and cultural confusion. I think that religion should be banished from politics *whether or not it is true or false*, because a democratic politics is based not on truth but on justice. In a democracy, neither the nonbeliever must let belief alone and the believer must inhibit the political dimensions of his belief. The atheist must expand and the theist must contract.

It is sometimes argued that religion is necessary for politics because religion is the source of morality. This is often a cynical argument, made by people who believe in religion but not in God. In any case, religion is not *the* source of morality; it is *a* source of morality. It has often been a source of immorality, too. For the purpose of social peace, Kant will do just fine; and nothing that transpired at Auschwitz or Kolyma makes Kant look bad.

A final point. Those who insist on bringing religion into politics, in the East or the West, are no friends of religion. Politics damages religion as much as religion damages politics. The recent revivals of religion around the world have resulted in a terrible politicization of it. The still, small voice has been drowned out by the hectoring of the holy agitator. Militancy has replaced humility. Solidarity has overwhelmed solitariness. Action has raced ahead of contemplation. Is it really not obvious, even to the believer, that faith should flee power because power will deform it? For the real business of belief, for the investigation of what is not seen and does not pass, there are anyway not enough hours in the day or days in the year.

[Cultural Study]

THE CRUX OF TOAST

From "About the House: Cultural Studies," by Arthur Asa Berger, in the Summer 1990 issue of Et cetera, *a quarterly published by the International Society for General Semantics in San Francisco. Berger is the author of* Signs in Contemporary Culture: An Introduction to Semiotics.

The existence of the toaster implies the existence of sliced bread. For that is what one uses in a toaster. And sliced bread itself implies a certain kind of bread: bread that has a particular form or shape most practical for slicing.

The toaster is part of a system and only has significance relative to the wrapped, pan-made, thin-crusted bread that can be used in it. One problem with this bread is that it is very soft and spongy. Siegfried Giedion, in *Mechanization Takes Command,* has described this bread as neither bread nor cake but something halfway between the two.

This does not mean that we do not have other kinds of bread. We do, but generally they cost more than the standard loaf of white or wholegrain bread. These "touched by human hands" breads tend to be ethnic—French, Italian, Jewish, Russian—and are generally slightly irregular in shape, often having a crust.

Mechanized and standardized bread is no longer a product with an irregular shape; it is a highly rationalized product designed to maximize profit for the baker. Consumers had to be "taught" to like this kind of bread, and it was, no doubt, part of the process of "Americanization" that many ethnic groups underwent, a way to repudiate one's ethnic identity and non-Americanness.

This kind of white bread may be the perfect product for the middle classes, standing midway, as they do, between the upper classes and the working classes. Their bread, if Giedion is right, is midway between traditional bread and cake (neither one nor the other). Toast may suggest, unconsciously, a transformation to a higher status. The working classes eat their crusts of bread; the elites "take toast and tea."

But what *is* toast—the product of a process or the process itself? That is, does bread become toast (and change its identity somehow) or do we toast bread and thereby only modify its character slightly? Is toast bread that has been processed (toasted) or fundamentally changed (made into toast)?

Obviously, we start off with a piece of bread —and for our purposes, let us assume that we have the standard loaf of sliced pan bread with its thin crust. The question is whether we end up with a variation of the piece of sliced bread or with something that is wholly different. In terms of the dynamics of American culture, I would suggest that we would like to think that toast is something different from bread per se. We believe in the power of change and in our ability to change our circumstance and status.

Ultimately, the toaster is an apology for the quality of our bread. It attempts, heroically, to transform the semisweet, characterless, "plastic" packaged bread that we have learned to love into something more palatable and more manageable. Perhaps our handling this bread and warming it up gives us a sense that the bread now has a human touch to it, is not an abstract, almost unreal product. The toaster represents a heroic attempt to redeem our packaged bread, to redeem the unredeemable. But the toaster is doomed to the continual repetition of Adam and Eve's Fall, for an unregenerate bread cannot be saved. Every piece of toast is a tragedy.

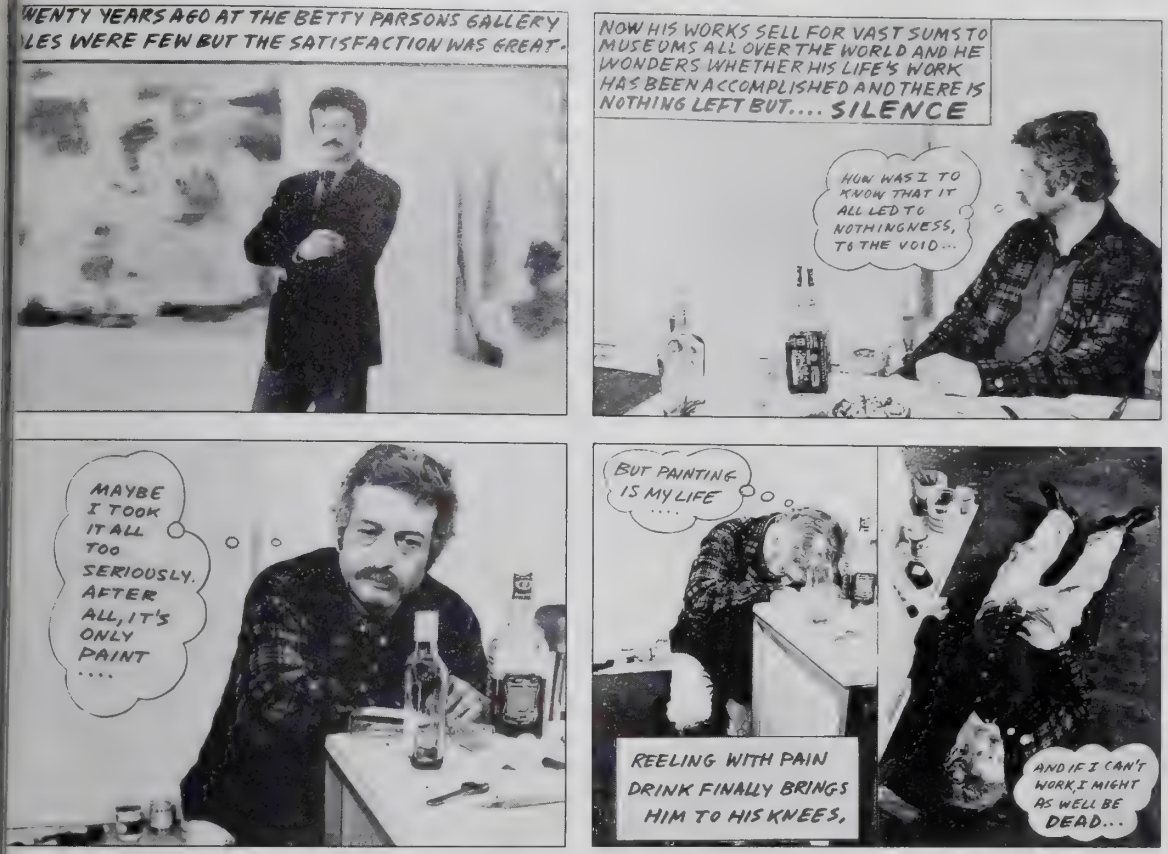
[Script Synopses]

TOMORROW'S BLOCKBUSTERS

From the Spring 1990 Hollywood Producers Story Directory, *published in Los Angeles. For $100, a writer can list a film-script synopsis in the directory, which is then "exposed to 3,000 producers and 200 literary agents who are actively looking for new material." According to the publisher, 30 percent of the writers who have appeared in the directory have received "positive calls from producers and agents." The directory, which is updated quarterly, contains more than 250 entries.*

My *Four Hundred Children, Part II* (Comedy)
By John Martin. Bad Nauheim, West Germany.

Sperm-bank abuser and "Father of 400 Children" Dr. Marcus Beam faces five years in jail unless he comes up with $100 million he owes in penalties and child support. Banned for life from working with human patients, evil Dr. Beam turns his genius for creation to floral gene-splicing. Result: a giant Super Tree, fast-growing, self-seeding, planet-saving! Rewards: the Nobel Prize, royalties, no jail! How the Beam Tree grows into a planet-killing super pest, and how we all are spared—thanks to the efforts of simpleminded, lovable twin brother Oliver—will make a movie screaming for another sequel.



rom The Story of Calvin Stoller: The Last Abstract Expressionist, *by Michael Train, published by Grand Street ooks in New York City. Train, who appears as Calvin Stoller in the book, is a painter living in New Jersey.*

A Christmas Meadow (Fantasy)
By Normand Lessard. Newington, Connecticut.

An elderly couple encounter a blizzard in the White Mountains while en route to their daughter's house and go off the road through trees, finally stopping near a meadow. The man is hurt; they have no heat and will soon die of exposure. While the old man is unconscious, the old lady encounters a family of woodchucks (animated) that decorate a Christmas tree before her eyes from beneath the snow. Wonderful and magical moments appear, containing love, sadness, and understanding between parent and child. Later they are saved from strange happenings between the Christmas tree and the heavens above.

For Adults Only (Drama)
By Lawrence Monaco. Los Angeles, California.

The day-in, day-out monotony of a thirteen-year-old marriage leads to the sexual frustration of one middle-class Chicago couple whose experiments with their unorthodox therapist's marital prostitution games lead them to the limelight of underworld prostitution and slavery, as the wife is abducted, forcing the husband to submerge [illegible] nearly at the expense

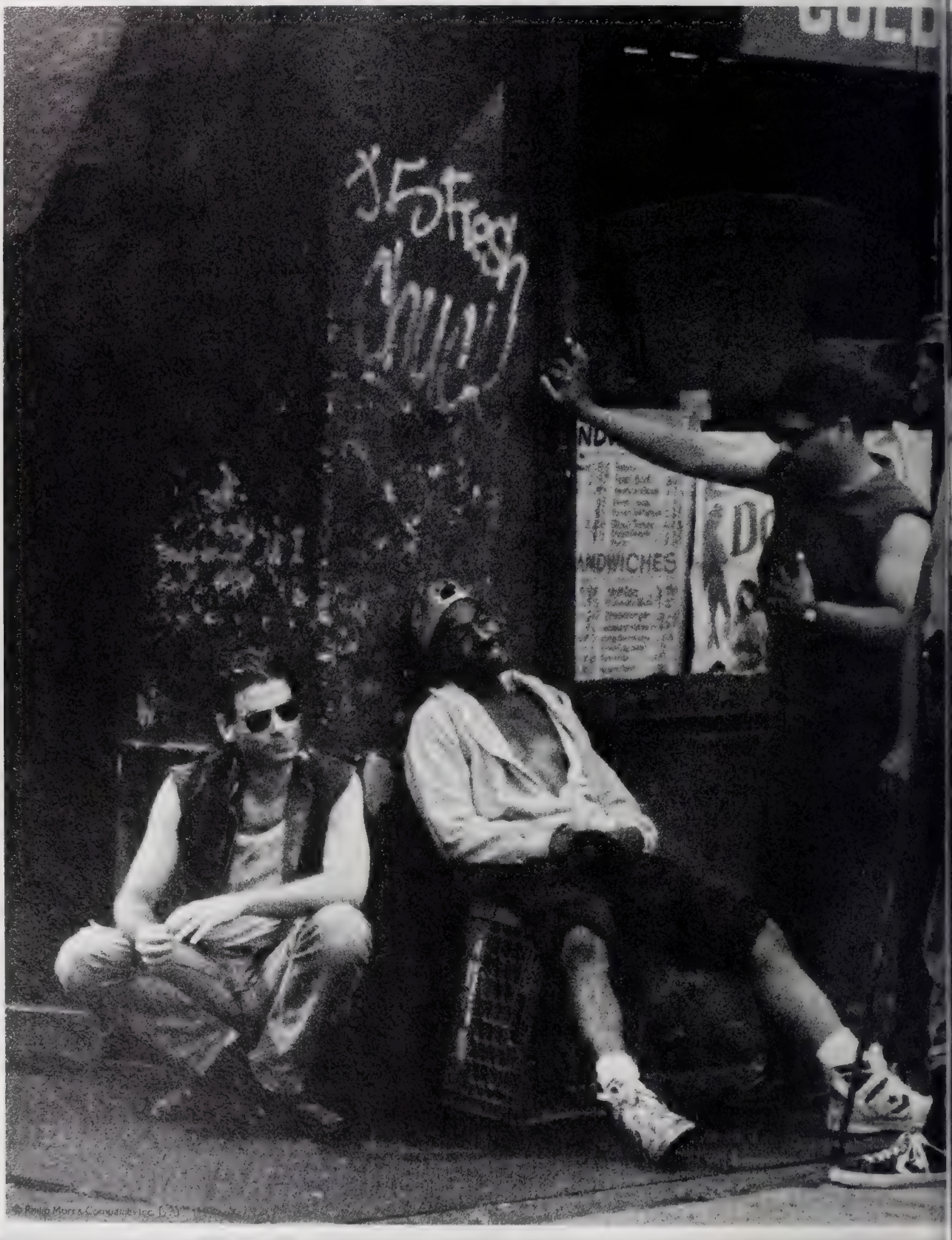
and appreciate the one thing he regretfully took for granted as they narrowly return to the obscurity of their lives.

Because She Came from Atlanta (Drama)
By John O'Flaherty. County Cork, Ireland.

Gail Savana, a beautiful young hotel receptionist, rejected by local television, is advised by a guest to try New York. She and Tessa, a black girl who works for Dr. Savana, study karate and hitchhike to New York. Sex fiends are overcome along the journey. Failure haunts them. Their money runs out. Tessa breaks down, so Gail sends her back to Atlanta. In her quest to make money in an unseemly way, Gail is discovered, clicks in a TV commercial and movie, is loved by a young director, and returns to a civic reception and marriage. What follows stuns and numbs Atlanta.

The God of the Jungle (Action-Adventure)
By Joseph Vitale. Lindenhurst, New York.

They say the war put him over the edge. The army knows he's a madman, but they look the other way. Headhunter, a sadistic killer, blames three soldiers for the brutal deaths of his men by a Vietnamese hooker. His sick mind quickly plots revenge. Kidnapping the weakest of the


35¢ Fresh
ANDWICHES



BEFORE THE STRIVE PROGRAM THIS WAS THEIR ONLY HOPE FOR A CORNER OFFICE

Hopelessness. It's the number-one cause of unemployment in inner-city neighborhoods.

It's not a lack of jobs but a lack of self-esteem. Due to such things as a shortened education. Or a language barrier. Or a lack of appropriate role models.

However, we at Philip Morris Companies Inc. found some hope. Oddly enough it was located in a housing project surrounded by crime, drugs and family violence. It's called STRIVE: a job training/job placement program for the disadvantaged.

STRIVE is there for the people who believe they have little or no hope of ever joining the productive work force. And through some very unconventional techniques, STRIVE improves their overall presentation, restores their self-image and helps them realize their strengths and capabilities.

What's more, STRIVE then places them somewhere they never dreamed possible—in a real job.

Philip Morris Companies Inc. appreciates what STRIVE is doing for the disadvantaged. Not to mention the labor force. And we're proud to support their efforts. If you'd like to do the same, you can write to: STRIVE/East Harlem Employment Service, 173 East 112th St., New York, N.Y. 10029. Or call: (212) 369-5500.

PHILIP MORRIS COMPANIES INC.

Kraft General Foods • Miller Brewing Company
Philip Morris USA • Philip Morris International Inc.

three soldiers, Headhunter uses him as bait to lure the other two into his world of death and destruction.

[Interview]

A PUNT IS A PASS IS A KICK

From the transcript of a radio interview with Gertrude Stein in the Fall issue of The Paris Review. *The interview, conducted by NBC reporter William Lundell, was broadcast on November 12, 1934; Stein had recently returned to the United States from Paris after an absence of thirty-one years. Stein was given the questions in advance; she wrote out her responses and read them over the air. The interview transcript, which had never before been published, was discovered recently by Steven Meyer, a graduate student, in the Beinecke Library at Yale University.*

INTERVIEWER: Will you explain the passage from *Four Saints in Three Acts* about the pigeons on the grass that begins, "Pigeons on the grass alas. Pigeons on the grass alas. Short longer grass short longer longer shorter yellow grass," and ends up, "Lily Lily Lily let Lily Lucy Lucy let Lily. Let Lucy Lily."

STEIN: That is simple I was walking in the gardens of the Luxembourg in Paris it was the end of summer the grass was yellow I was sorry that it was the end of summer and I saw the big fat pigeons in the yellow grass and I said to myself, pigeons on the yellow grass, alas, and I kept on writing pigeons on the grass, alas, short longer grass short longer longer shorter yellow grass pigeons large pigeons on the shorter longer yellow grass, alas pigeons on the grass, and I kept on writing until I had emptied myself of the emotion. If a mother is full of her emotion toward a child in the bath the mother will talk and talk and talk until the emotion is over and that's the way a writer is about an emotion.

INTERVIEWER: But how is the reader supposed to know what you are thinking about?

STEIN: The reader does know because he enjoys it. If you enjoy you understand if you understand you enjoy. What you mean by understanding is being able to turn it into other words but that is not necessary. To like a football game is to understand it in the football way.

INTERVIEWER: You saw the Yale-Dartmouth game a week ago Saturday, didn't you? Did you understand that in the American way or the football way or how?

STEIN: In the American way. The thing that interested me was that the Modern American in his movements and his actions in a football game so resembled the red Indian dance and it proves that the physical country that made the one made the other and that the red Indian is still with us. They just put their heads down solemnly together and then double over, while on the sidelines the substitutes move in a jiggly way just like Indians. . . . Then they all get down on all fours just like Indians.

INTERVIEWER: But those jiggles are warming-up exercises.

STEIN: It doesn't make any difference what they are doing it for, they are just doing it, like the way the Indian jiggles in the Indian dance and then there is that little brown ball they all bend down and worship.

INTERVIEWER: But the idea in that is to get the ball across the goal line.

STEIN: But don't you suppose I know that, and don't you suppose the Indians had just as much reason and enjoyed their dancing just as much?

INTERVIEWER: Perhaps so.

[Letter]

A KIND OF MAGNIFICENCE

From an introductory letter sent last summer by Gordon Lish to students enrolled in his fall fiction-writing workshop. Students pay $2,400 each to attend twelve weekly sessions, which are held in Manhattan apartments. Lish is the editor of The Quarterly, *an editor at Knopf, and the author of several novels.*

It is absolutely unacceptable to me that this term not prove to be our most heroic yet. Everything points to the gathering in of amazements. Happy news comes to me from Louisa Ermelino, whose first novel has been placed with St. Martin's, and from Jennifer Allen, Patricia Lear, and Amy Hempel. It happens that a number of old-timers are (if only quondam) teachers of fiction writing now—by my quick count, Yannick Murphy, Peter Christopher, Mark Richard (newly confirmed pal of, ye gods, Jackie O.), Jennifer Allen, Ted Pejovich, Amy Hempel, and Diane Williams. Anyway, all the more reason why the source of their "anxiety of influence" must again redouble his efforts if he is to keep surpassing himself, a requirement, you have my word, he pledges himself to meet.



PEACE. THE GRANDEST WISH OF ALL.

...ibited by law) call 1-800-243-3787
Product of France. Made with fine cognac brandy 40% alc/vol (80 proof). ©1990 Carillon Importers, Ltd., Teaneck, NJ.

We'd like to recycle the think at



Before.

Contrary to public opinion, plastics are among the easiest materials to recycle.

In South Carolina, one company is recycling 100 million pounds of used plastic soft drink bottles a year into carpet yarn, flower pots, toys, and fiberfill for ski parkas.

In Chicago, another company is recycling 2 million plastic milk jugs a year into "plastic lumber" for decks.

In Tennessee, another company is recycling plastic beverage containers into bathtubs and shower stalls.

The recycling of plastics is rapidly catching on. Recycling is transforming used plastics into a "natural resource" that can be used to produce many new products. Recycling is a critical issue as America grapples with its growing solid waste problem.

Our landfills are filling up.

We dispose of 160 million tons of garbage a year. In the past 10 years, our landfills have decreased from about 18,500 to 6,000. Within 5 years 2,000 more will close.

In their haste to find solutions some policymakers propose to ba plastics. The fact is, plastics make u less than 8% by weight of our solic waste, and although naturally light in weight, only about 20% by volur when compressed in a landfill.

If plastic packaging is banned the need for packaging won't go away. The idea is to replace plastic with biodegradable materials. Studies show, however, that degra-

ink at plastics can't be recycled.



© 1990 Amoco Chemical Company

After.

dation is so slow in today's landfills so as to almost not exist.

How Amoco Chemical is helping.

At Amoco Chemical, we believe all recyclable materials should be recycled—glass, metals, paper and plastics—in addition to source reduction, waste-to-energy incineration and landfilling when appropriate.

Amoco Chemical is sponsoring a recycling program in New York State demonstrating that used, polystyrene foam food service containers from schools and restaurants can be recycled into insulation board for commercial construction, cafeteria trays and home and office products.

We're participating in a consortium with other major plastics manufacturers which will support construction of regional polystyrene recycling plants.

We're encouraging the start-up of new recycling efforts, helping to find better ways to collect and sort recyclables, and helping to create markets for recycled plastics products.

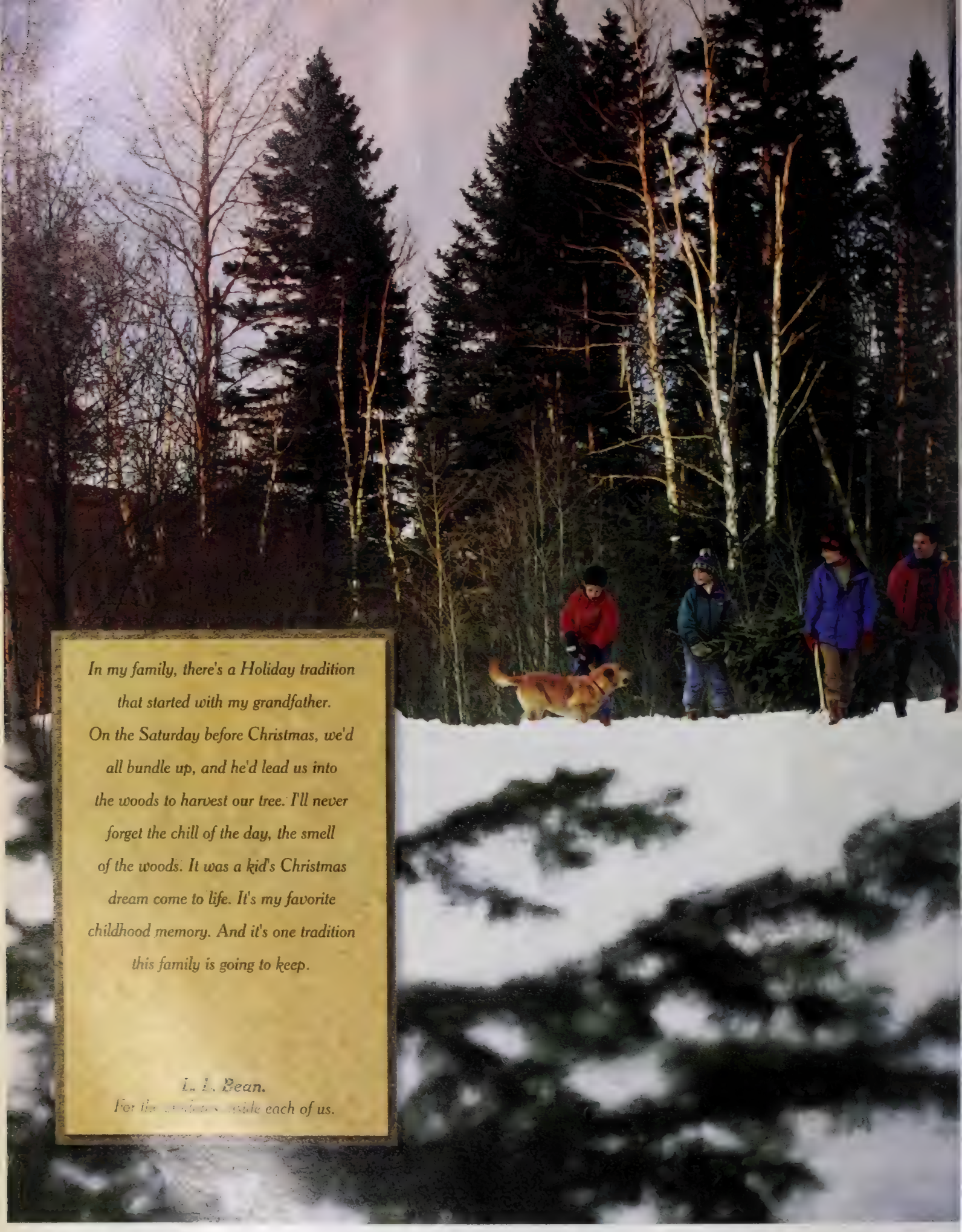
At Amoco Chemical, we believe the more we recycle, the more we'll bring a huge problem down to size.

For a free copy of "Recycling. Do It Today For Tomorrow," call 1-800-727-0017. Or write Amoco Chemical, Recycling, 200 East Randolph Drive, Chicago, IL 60601.

Recycling.
Do It Today For Tomorrow.

AMOCO

Amoco Chemical



In my family, there's a Holiday tradition that started with my grandfather. On the Saturday before Christmas, we'd all bundle up, and he'd lead us into the woods to harvest our tree. I'll never forget the chill of the day, the smell of the woods. It was a kid's Christmas dream come to life. It's my favorite childhood memory. And it's one tradition this family is going to keep.

L. L. Bean.
For the outdoors inside each of us.

For 78 years, L. L. Bean has offered durable, practical products for men and women who love the outdoors.
Our catalog includes active and casual apparel, footwear, equipment and accessories.
All fully guaranteed and honestly priced. If you'd like a copy, please call ***1-800-543-9071*** *anytime.*

L.L.Bean®
FREEPORT, MAINE

© L. L. Bean, In

Newcomers could not possibly know how arduous, how taxing an experience awaits them. Much is going to be asked of you—and altogether aptly, necessarily—for the profit that can come to you from these classes is great beyond measure. If you cannot meet the basal test of decent relations with those who travel this distance with you, then resign now—because much, much more than the merely basal is going to be expected of you, else there can be no learning in the grand degree that is the justification for the fame of these classes. In other words, boys and girls, be nice, be of clean heart and high mind. But if you cannot be, beat it—*now.* Because you are on the point of taking your place in an undertaking not anything like what you have ever before essayed—this you can depend on! It is, in the opinion of some, a kind of magnificence, this class—and it confers, many claim, a kind of magnificence upon those who have managed to make their way from start to finish. Swell. On the point of the practical, classes begin on 18 and 20 September. There are, I remind you, twelve meetings, each beginning at six sharp and ending no earlier, sometimes later, than midnight. The Tuesday class convenes at Christine S.'s; the Thursday class at Sally T.'s, sites within a half-block of each other. Sometime in the course of the first Thursday class someone (Mary B.?—you are designated, Mary), at an appropriate late hour, will please remind me to remark on taxi sharing and the like. On this point, by the bye: *no questions,* not during the course of the class. If you have a question whose content is just too burdensome for you to schlepp home, ask your question *after* class. Ditto, please understand, the making of observations. Meaning, people are paying an exorbitant fee and, in certain instances, even more exorbitant costs for the business of traveling to us and taking digs. These expenditures are embraced for the purpose of one's being present for the teacher's teaching—and for solely this. Please believe that your question will very likely be superannuated by statements I will, when the occasion properly calls for it, make. I have been teaching fiction writing for thirty years. *I know how to do my job. I need no one's help in doing it.* Not to fret: You will have the chance to show off every inch of your knowing by virtue of the literary artifacts you will be creating from it. Learning, acquiring a new set of behaviors, is a monstrously challenging task: Everything must be made to abet its happening. Therefore: *no questions, no interruptions.* Sit. Listen. Do this as best you are able (you will, mark me, get better and better at it) and you will surely observe my doubling back and doubling back and, each time that I do so, my bringing greater and greater exposition and exactitude to everything that has already been said—so that I might heighten the force of your revelations and elevate them to more sophisticated (read "ironic") terms. Please make the most unbreachable contract with yourself to be present for class right on the stroke of the clock; as old-timers will tell you, the first hour or two often find me at the zenith of my inspiration and usefulness—as does the last hour. Gigantic good can come to you that might otherwise not—if you are not there. Christine's place, Sally's place, it goes without saying that they must, when we have gone away from them, exhibit no evidence that we had ever been in them. Please to take particular pains to police the locus where you stuck yourself down to sit away the hours. No snippets, no jibbie-jibbies left behind you, yes? Yes, yes, you may, of course, use the potty—but watch Gordon and ask yourself, does he? Well, as you wish, as you wish—but please wish to see that there is much to be said for demanding of yourself that *outward sign* and discovering that, my God, you *can* exhibit it, as witness the literary marvels to issue from Peter Christopher and from others who have shown themselves able to practice an Olympian restraint. Ditto for things one might nibble, might sip. Do it if you wish—but, again, look around you and see: Does Lish? And since, reduced to its simplest formulation, the goal of your labors should be to overtake Lish . . . Well, the inference is yours to draw, yes? On the other hand, who would dare to deny that it was her big bottle of water that made the crucial moral difference to Jennifer Allen? Look, do as you must—but be willing to wonder, perhaps for the first time, *what you really must.* A further word



"Habla español?"

From In Health, *published in Sausalito, California.*

on courtesies to be paid to Christine and Sally: The lobbies of their buildings will be best used if kept empty of us when we are waiting around for the starting bell or, after midnight, are up to our routine lollygagging. (Are newcomers surprised to hear that people actually want to hang around after their having already logged in *six* or more *hours* of such activity? Just wait!) Okay, that's it and that's it—save for me to say please be thrilled for what you are about to do. It is a brave prospect, incommensurate with the ordinary acts of your life and potentially susceptible of raising up from you nothing less than the occult, the strange, the unprecedented, the unexampled, the fabulous—namely, a work of art, an artifact worthy of history's notice. Oldtimers know that I will stop at nothing to manage this immense ambition. To be sure, I feel more robust than ever, having at last shipped off the novel I had been failing to wrestle into the harness these last cruel years. I am stronger for that accomplishment, all the stronger to lift you up and carry you over the top—if you will only let yourself be lifted and carried. Listen to me—whatever your life is, there can be an excellence in it, a garden of achievement that no jealous god can drive you out of and whose walkways, however narrow, can keep you safe and steady on your course for all the rest of your given days. Soon, then, and be well—GORDON

[Play]

THE RAPTURE OF THE ATHLETE ASSUMED INTO HEAVEN

By Don DeLillo. This play was performed in April at the American Repertory Theatre, in Cambridge, Massachusetts, as part of a festival of one-minute plays. It also appeared in the Fall issue of The Quarterly. *DeLillo's story "The Runner" appeared in the September 1988 issue of* Harper's Magazine.

TENNIS PLAYER, a man in his early twenties
INTERVIEWER, an older man or woman

The TENNIS PLAYER, *all in white, falls to his knees at the moment of triumph—head thrown back, eyes closed, arms raised, one fist clenched, the racket in the other hand. He is frozen in this pose, his body glowing in strong light, with darkness all around.*

At the sound of the INTERVIEWER*'s voice, the* TENNIS PLAYER *begins to rotate as if on an axis, completing a single 360-degree turn in the course of the play.*

The INTERVIEWER *carries a hand mike and walks out of the darkness about five seconds after he begins speaking. He circles the* TENNIS PLAYER, *moving in the opposite direction, stopping occasionally, making as many revolutions as the monologue allows.*

INTERVIEWER: How special it must feel, Bobby, finishing off a career in this fashion, it must feel like a culmination you could only dream of years ago, growing up without a role model, without a high school on a hill, using a borrowed racket that smelled of someone else, it must feel like a vindication, an affirmation, winning the big one at last, the one that's eluded you all these years and in all these ways until today, playing before the Queen, the King, the Jack, the Ace, growing up without a blond girl in a Buick, without a girl with long and tawny legs who rocks beside you on the porch swing, coming from behind to win the match they said you'd never win, the doubters and skeptics, the pundits, the clever little men with bad bodies, how sweet it must be to reach your goal at last, so many disappointments, so much sorrow, growing up without sideburns or a personal savior, totally missing the point of rock and roll, undersized and out of breath but determined to prevail, it must feel like a restoration, an eternalization, growing up without a mom in flat-heeled shoes, finding a racket in the bracken and taking it to bed, obsessed, depressed, a boy without a girl in a blue Buick, how transforming it must feel, a blond girl with a tawny body slightly shiny in the moonlight, answering your critics at last, the naysayers and doomsayers, the gloom purveyors, the nihilists and realists, playing before the Queen Mother, the Gay Father, the Battered Wives, tell us quickly how it feels, growing up without a junior year abroad, so many failures, so much sadness, we're desperately eager to hear, it must feel like a permutation, a concatenation, growing up without a girl in a tawny field, a sunlit blond in a summer dress who lets you put your hand, who lets you touch, who says shyly in the night, growing up without an old covered bridge nearby, how super it must feel to achieve your biggest thrill as an athlete on the last day of your life, to know the perfection of the body even as your skin loses heat and energy and hair and nails, and now we're all enfolded in your arms, you are the culture that contains us, we're running out of time, so tell us quickly, time is short, tell us now.

The INTERVIEWER *fades into shadow before he finishes speaking.*

The TENNIS PLAYER *completes his rotation.*

He remains motionless in intense white light for five seconds.

Black. ■

QUESTIONS OF CONQUEST

What Columbus wrought, and what he did not

By Mario Vargas Llosa

In Madrid not long ago, a shadowy group calling itself the Association of Indian Cultures held a press conference to announce that its members (it was not clear who these men and women might be) were preparing to undertake, in Spain and also throughout Latin America, a number of acts of "sabotage." It is, of course, a sad fact of life that in a number of Latin American countries—in Spain as well—the planting of bombs and the destruction of property continue to be perceived by some as a means of achieving justice, or self-determination, or, as in my country, Peru, the realization of a revolutionary utopia. But the Association of Indian Cultures did not seem interested in seizing the future. Their battle was with the past.

What are to be sabotaged by this group are the numerous quincentennial ceremonies and festivities scheduled for 1992 to commemorate the epochal voyage nearly 500 years ago of Columbus's three small caravels. The Association of Indian Cultures believes that the momentous events of 1492 should in no way be celebrated; and although I have yet to hear of other persons willing to make the point through subversion, I do know that the group will not lack for sympathizers.

The question most crucial to these individuals is the oldest one: Was the discovery and conquest of America by Europeans the greatest feat of the Christian West or one of history's monumental crimes? It is a question they ask rhetorically and perhaps will answer with violence. This is not to say that to discuss what could have happened as opposed to what did happen is a useless undertaking: Historians and thinkers have pondered the question since the seventeenth century, producing wonderful books and speculations. But to me the debate serves no practical purpose, and I intend to stay out of it. What would America be like in the 1990s if the dominant cultures were those of the Aztecs and Incas? The only answer, ultimately, is that there is no way to know.

I have two other questions, both having to do with the conquest, and I happen to think that an honest and thoughtful discussion of them is as timely and urgent as any others one could pose just now about Latin Amer-

Mario Vargas Llosa's latest novel, In Praise of the Stepmother, *has just been published by Farrar, Straus & Giroux. This essay is adapted from* A Writer's Reality, *a collection of his lectures to be published this month by Syracuse University Press.*

WHY HAVE THE POSTCOLONIAL REPUBLICS OF THE AMERICAS FAILED SO MISERABLY TO IMPROVE THE LIVES OF THEIR INDIAN CITIZENS?

ica. First: How was it possible that cultures as powerful and sophisticated those of the ancient Mexicans and Peruvians—huge imperial cultures opposed to the scattered tribes of North America—so easily crumb when encountered by infinitesimally small bands of Spanish adventure This question is itself centuries old, but not academic. In its answer may the basis for an understanding of the world the conquest engendered chronically "underdeveloped" world that has, for the most part, remain incapable of realizing its goals and visions.

The second question is this: Why have the postcolonial republics of Americas—republics that might have been expected to have deeper broader notions of liberty, equality, and fraternity—failed so misera to improve the lives of their Indian citizens? Even as I write, not o the Amazonian rain forests but the small tribes who have managed fo long to survive there are being barbarously exterminated in the name progress.

To begin to answer these questions, we must put down our newspap and open the pages of the books that allow us to see close up the era wh the Europeans dared to venture to sea in search of a new route to India its spices, and happened instead on an unspoiled continent with its o peoples, customs, and civilizations. The chronicles of the conquest form astonishingly rich literature—a literature at once fantastical and tr Through these books we can rediscover a period and a place, much as readers of contemporary Latin American fiction disco the contemporary life of a continent. In their own way, early chroniclers were the first Magical Realists.

The historian who mastered the subject of the discovery and co quest of Peru by the Spaniards better than anyone else had a tragic sto He died without having written the book for which he had prepared hi self his whole life and whose theme he knew so well that he almost gave impression of being omniscient. His name was Raúl Porras Barrenech He was a small, pot-bellied man with a large forehead and a pair of b eyes that became impregnated with malice every time he mocked someo He was the most brilliant teacher I have ever had.

In the big old house of San Marcos, the first university founded by Spaniards in the New World, a place that had already begun to fall into irreparable process of decay when I passed through it in the 1950s, Por Barrenechea's lectures on historical sources attracted such a vast numbe listeners that it was necessary to arrive well in advance so as not to be outside the classroom listening together with dozens of students litera hanging from the doors and windows.

Whenever Porras Barrenechea spoke, history became anecdote, gestu adventure, color, psychology. He depicted history as a series of mirrors t had the magnificence of a Renaissance painting and in which the det mining factor of events was never the impersonal forces, the geographi imperative, the economic relations of divine providence, but a cast of c tain outstanding individuals whose audacity, genius, charisma, or con gious insanity had imposed on each era and society a certain orientati and shape. As well as this concept of history, which the scientific histo ans had already named as romantic in an effort to discredit it, Porras B renechea demanded knowledge and documentary precision, which none his colleagues and critics at San Marcos had at that time been able to equ Those historians who dismissed Porras Barrenechea because he was int ested in simple, narrated history instead of a social or economic interpre tion had been less effective than he was in explaining to us that cruc event in the destiny of Europe and America—the destruction of the In Empire and the linking of its vast territories and peoples to the Weste world. This was because for Porras Barrenechea, although history had have a dramatic quality, architectonic beauty, suspense, richness, an wide range of human types and excellence in the style of a great ficti

hing in it also had to be scrupulously true, proven time after time. rder to be able to narrate the discovery and conquest of Peru in this Porras Barrenechea first had to evaluate very carefully all the wit- and documents so as to establish the degree of credibility of each one m. And in the numerous cases of deceitful testimonies, Porras Bar- nea had to find out the reasons that led the authors to conceal, mis- ent, or overclaim the facts; knowing their peculiar limitations, those s had a double meaning—what they revealed and what they ted.

forty years Porras Barrenechea dedicated all his powerful intellectual y to this heroic hermeneutics. All the works he published while he was constitute the preliminary work for what should have been his mag- opus. When he was perfectly ready to embark upon it, pressing on assurance through the labyrinthine jungle of chronicles, letters, testa- s, rhymes, and ballads of the discovery and conquest that he had read, sed, confronted, and almost memorized, sudden put an end to his encyclopedic information. As lt, all those interested in that era and in the men lived in it have had to keep on reading the old far unsurpassed history of the conquest written American who never set foot in the country but sketched it with extraordinary skill—William ott.

zzled by Porras Barrenechea's lectures, at one I seriously considered the possibility of putting ture aside so as to dedicate myself to history. Por- arrenechea had asked me to work with him as an ant in an ambitious project on the general histo- Peru under the auspices of the Lima bookseller ublisher Juan Mejía Baca. It was Porras Barrene- s task to write the volumes devoted to the con- and emancipation. For four years I spent three s a day, five days a week, in that dusty house on na Street in Lima, where the books, the card in- s, and the notebooks had slowly invaded and de- ed everything except Porras Barrenechea's bed the dining table. My job was to read and take s on the chronicles' various themes, but princi- the myths and legends that preceded and fol- d the discovery and conquest of Peru. That rience has become an unforgettable memory for Whoever is familiar with the chronicles of the discovery and conquest merica will understand why. They represent for us Latin Americans the novels of chivalry represent for Europe, the beginning of literary on as we understand it today. The tradition from which sprang books *One Hundred Years of Solitude,* Julio Cortázar's short stories, and the s of the Paraguayan novelist Augusto Roa Bastos, books in which we xposed to a world totally reconstructed and subverted by fantasy, start- ithout doubt in those chronicles of the conquest and discovery that I and annotated under the guidance of Porras Barrenechea.

he chronicle, a hermaphrodite genre, is distilling fiction into life all ime, as in Jorge Luis Borges's tale "Tlon, Uqbar, Orbis Tertius." Does mean that its testimony must be challenged from a historical point of and accepted only as literature? Not at all. Its exaggerations and fan- s often reveal more about the reality of the era than its truths. Aston- ng miracles from time to time enliven the tedious pages of the *Crónica ilizada,* the exemplary chronicle of Father Calancha; sulfurous outrages e from the male and female demons, fastidiously catechized in the Indi- illages by the extirpators of idolatries like Father Arriaga, to justify the stations of idols, amulets, ornaments, handicrafts, and tombs. This

THE CHRONICLES OF THE CONQUEST ARE THE ROOTS FROM WHICH SPRANG BOOKS LIKE *ONE HUNDRED YEARS OF SOLITUDE* AND THE SHORT STORIES OF JULIO CORTÁZAR



graphs courtesy American Museum of Natural History

WHAT IS THE PROFOUND EXPLANATION FOR THAT DEFEAT FROM WHICH THE INCA POPULATION NEVER RECOVERED? THIS WAS NOT A PRIMITIVE SOCIETY MADE UP OF BARBARIC TRIBES



teaches more about the innocence, fanaticism, and stupidity of the ti
than the wisest of treatises.

As long as one knows how to read them, everything is contained in th
pages written sometimes by men who hardly knew how to write and w
were impelled by the unusual nature of contemporary events to try to co
municate and register them for posterity, thanks to an intuition of t
privilege they enjoyed, that of being the witnesses of and actors in eve
that were changing the history of the world. Because they narrated th
events under the passion of recently lived experience, they often rela
things that to us seem like naive or cynical fantasies. For the people of t
time, this was not so; they were phantoms that credulity, su
prise, fear, and hatred had endowed with a solidity and vital
often more powerful than beings made of flesh and blood.

The conquest of the Tawantinsuyu—the name given to the Inca E
pire in its totality—by a handful of Spaniards is a fact of history that ev
now, after having digested and ruminated over all the explanations,
find hard to unravel. The first wave of conquistadores, Francisco Piza
and his companions, was fewer than 200, not counting the black slav
and the collaborating Indians. When the reinforcements started to arriv
this first wave had already dealt a mortal blow a
taken over an empire that had ruled over at le
twenty million people. This was not a primitive so
ety made up of barbaric tribes, like the ones the Spa
iards had found in the Caribbean or in Darién, bu
civilization that had reached a high level of soci
military, agricultural, and handicraft developme
that in many ways Spain itself had not reached.

The most remarkable aspects of this civilizatio
however, were not the paths that crossed the fo
suyus, or regions, of the vast territory, the temples a
fortresses, the irrigation systems, or the complex a
ministrative organization, but something about whi
all the testimonies of the chronicles agree. This ci
lization managed to eradicate hunger in that immen
region. It was able to distribute all that was produc
in such a way that all its subjects had enough to e
Only a very small number of empires throughout t
whole world have succeeded in achieving this fe
Are the conquistadores' firearms, horses, and arm
enough to explain the immediate collapse of this In
civilization at the first clash with the Spaniards? It
true the gunpowder, the bullets, and the charging
beasts that were unknown to them paralyzed the In
ans with a religious terror and provoked in them t
feeling that they were fighting not against men b
against gods who were invulnerable to the arrows and slings with whi
they fought. Even so, the numerical difference was such that the Quech
ocean would have had simply to shake in order to drown the invader.

What prevented this from happening? What is the profound explanati
for that defeat from which the Inca population never recovered? The a
swer may perhaps lie hidden in the moving account that appears in t
chronicles of what happened in the Cajamarca Square the day Pizarro ca
tured the last ruler of the empire, Inca Atahualpa. We must, above a
read the accounts of those who were there, those who lived through t
event or had direct testimony of it.

At the precise moment the Inca emperor is captured, before the batt
begins, his armies give up the fight as if manacled by a magic force. T
slaughter is indescribable, but only from one of the two sides. The Spa
iards discharged their harquebuses, thrust their pikes and swords, a

rged their horses against a bewildered mass, which, having witnessed capture of their god and master, seemed unable to defend itself or n to run away. In the space of a few minutes, the army, which defeated Prince Huáscar, the emperor's half brother, in a battle for rule, and which dominated all the northern provinces of the empire, disintegrated like ice in warm water.

The vertical and totalitarian structure of the Tawantinsuyu was without doubt more harmful to its survival than all the conquistadores' firearms l iron weapons. As soon as the Inca, that figure who was the vortex ard which all the wills converged searching for inspiration and vitality, axis around which the entire society was organized and upon which ended the life and death of every person, from the richest to the poor- was captured, no one knew how to act. And so they did the only thing y could do with heroism, we must admit, but without breaking the 01 taboos and precepts that regulated their existence. They let themves get killed. And that was the fate of dozens and perhaps hundreds of lians stultified by the confusion and the loss of leadership they suffered en the Inca emperor, the life force of their universe, was captured right ore their eyes. Those Indians who let themselves be knifed or blown up o pieces that somber afternoon in Cajamarca Square lacked the ability make their own decisions either with the sanction of authority or indeed inst it and were incapable of taking individual initiative, of acting with ertain degree of independence according to the changing circumstances. Those 180 Spaniards who had placed the Indians in ambush and were w slaughtering them did possess this ability. It was this difference, more an the numerical one or the weapons, that created an immense inequal- between those civilizations. The individual had no importance and virlly no existence in that pyramidal and theocratic society whose nievements had always been collective and anonymous—carrying the gintic stones of the Machu Picchu citadel or of the Ollantay fortress up the epest of peaks, directing water to all the slopes of the cordillera hills by ilding terraces that even today enable irrigation to take place in the most solate places, and making paths to unite regions separated by infernal ographies.

A state religion that took away the individual's free will and crowned the thority's decision with the aura of a divine mandate turned the Tawansuyu into a beehive—laborious, efficient, stoic. But its immense power s, in fact, very fragile. It rested completely on the sovereign god's shoulrs, the man whom the Indian had to serve and to whom he owed a total d selfless obedience. It was religion rather than force that preserved the ople's metaphysical docility toward the Inca. It was an essentially politil religion, which on the one hand turned the Indians into diligent serints and on the other was capable of receiving into its bosom as minor ds all the deities of the peoples that had been conquered, whose idols re moved to Cuzco and enthroned by the Inca himself. The Inca religion s less cruel than the Aztec one, for it performed human sacrifices with a rtain degree of moderation, if this can be said, making use only of the cessary cruelty to ensure hypnosis and fear of the subjects toward the vine power incarnated in the temporary power of the Inca.

We cannot call into question the organizing genius of the Inca. The eed with which the empire, in the short period of a century, grew from its cleus in Cuzco high in the Andes to become a civilization that embraced ree quarters of South America is incredible. And this was the result not nly of the Quechua's military efficiency but also of the Inca's ability to rsuade the neighboring peoples and cultures to join the Tawantinsuyu. nce these other peoples and cultures became part of the empire, the baucratic mechanism was immediately set in motion, enrolling the new rvants in that system that dissolves individual life into a series of tasks nd gregarious duties carefully programmed and supervised by the gigantic

THOSE INDIANS WHO LET THEMSELVES BE BLOWN UP INTO PIECES LACKED THE ABILITY TO MAKE THEIR OWN DECISIONS EITHER WITH THE SANCTION OF AUTHORITY OR INDEED AGAINST IT

THE COLONIAL SOCIETY WOULD GIVE WAY, AS THE INCA CULTURE COULD NOT, TO THE CREATION OF THE INDIVIDUAL AS THE SOVEREIGN SOURCE OF VALUES BY WHICH SOCIETY WOULD BE JUDGED

network of administrators whom the Inca sent to the farthest borders. F
ther to prevent or to extinguish rebelliousness, there was a system call
mitimaes, by which villages and people were removed en masse to faraw
places where, feeling misplaced and lost, these exiles naturally assumed
attitude of passivity and absolute respect, which of course represented t
Inca system's ideal citizen.

Such a civilization was capable of fighting against the natural elemer
and defeating them. It was capable of consuming rationally what it pr
duced, heaping together reserves for future times of poverty or disast
And it was also able to evolve slowly and with care in the field of knov
edge, inventing only that which could support it and deterring all th
which in some way or another could undermine its foundation—as, f
example, writing or any other form of expression likely to develop indivi
ual pride or a rebellious imagination.

It was not capable, however, of facing the unexpected, that absolu
novelty presented by the balance of armored men on horseback who a
saulted the Incas with weapons transgressing all the war-and-peace patter
known to them. When, after the initial confusion, attempts to resist sta
ed breaking out here and there, it was too late. The complicated machine
regulating the empire had entered a process of decomposition. Leaderle
with the murder of Inca Huayna Capac's two sons, Huáscar and Atahualp
the Inca system seems to fall into a monumental state of confusion a
cosmic deviation, similar to the chaos that, according to the Cuzcan sage
the Amautas, had prevailed in the world before the Tawantinsuyu w
founded by the mythical Manco Capac and Mama Ocllo.

While on the one hand caravans of Indians loaded with gold and silv
continued to offer treasures to the conquistadores to pay for the Inca's re
cue, on the other hand a group of Quechua generals, attempting to org
nize a resistance, fired at the wrong target, for they were venting their fu
on the Indian cultures that had begun to collaborate with the Spaniar
because of all their grudges against their ancient masters. At any rat
Spain had already won the game. Rebellious outbreaks were always loc
ized and counterchecked by the servile obedience that great sectors of th
Inca system transferred automatically from the Incas to the new maste

Those who destroyed the Inca Empire and created that country call
Peru, a country that four and a half centuries later has not yet managed
heal the bleeding wounds of its birth, were men whom we can hardly a
mire. They were, it is true, uncommonly courageous, but, contrary to wh
the edifying stories teach us, most of them lacked any idealism or high
purpose. They possessed only greed, hunger, and in the best of cases a ce
tain vocation for adventure. The cruelty in which the Spaniards took pri
and the chronicles depict to the point of making us shiver, was inscribed
the ferocious customs of the times and was without doubt equivalent
that of the people they subdued and almost extinguishe
Three centuries later, the Inca population had been reduc
from twenty million to only six.

But these semiliterate, implacable, and greedy swordsmen, wh
even before having completely conquered the Inca Empire were alrea
savagely fighting among themselves or fighting the pacifiers sent again
them by the faraway monarch to whom they had given a continent, repr
sented a culture in which, we will never know whether for the benefit
the disgrace of mankind, something new and exotic had germinated in th
history of man. In this culture, although injustice and abuse often favor
by religion had proliferated, by the alliance of multiple factors—amo
them chance—a social space of human activities had evolved that was ne
ther legislated nor controlled by those in power. This evolution wou
produce the most extraordinary economic, scientific, and technical deve
opment human civilization has ever known since the times of the caveme
with their clubs. Moreover, this new society would give way to the creati

he individual as the sovereign source of values by which society would judged.

Those who, rightly, are shocked by the abuses and crimes of the const must bear in mind that the first men to condemn them and ask that y be brought to an end were men, like Father Bartolomé de Las Casas, o came to America with the conquistadores and abandoned the ranks in er to collaborate with the vanquished, whose suffering they divulged h an indignation and virulence that still move us today.

ather Las Cases was the most active, although not the only one, of se nonconformists who rebelled against the abuses inflicted upon the ians. They fought against their fellow men and against the policies of ir own country in the name of a moral principle that to them was higher n any principle of nation or state. This self-determination could not have been possible among the In- or any of the other pre-Hispanic cultures. In these tures, as in the other great civilizations of history eign to the West, the individual could not morally estion the social organism of which he was a part, cause he existed only as an integral atom of that orism and because for him the dictates of the state uld not be separated from morality. The first culture interrogate and question itself, the first to break up e masses into individual beings who with time dually gained the right to think and act for themves, was to become, thanks to that unknown exere, freedom, the most powerful civilization in our rld.

It seems to me useless to ask oneself whether it was od that it happened in this manner or whether it uld have been better for humanity if the individual d never been born and the tradition of the antlike cieties had continued forever. The pages of the ronicles of the conquest and discovery depict that cial, bloody moment, full of phantasmagoria, hen—disguised as a handful of invading treasure nters, killing and destroying—the Judeo-Christian dition, the Spanish language, Greece, Rome, the naissance, the notion of individual sovereignty, d the chance of living in freedom reached the shores of the Empire of the Sun. So it was that we as Peruvians were born. And, of course, the Bolivians, Chileans, Ecuadoreans, Colombians, and others.

IN THE PRE-HISPANIC CULTURES, THE INDIVIDUAL COULD NOT MORALLY QUESTION THE SOCIAL ORGANISM OF WHICH HE WAS A PART



Almost five centuries later, this notion of individual sovereignty still an unfinished business. We have not yet, properly speaking, seen the ght. We in Latin America do not yet constitute real nations. Our conmporary reality is still impregnated with the violence and marvels that ose first texts of our literature, those novels disguised as history or histori- books corrupted by fiction, told us about.

At least one basic problem is the same. Two cultures, one Western and odern, the other aboriginal and archaic, hardly coexist, separated from ch other because of the exploitation and discrimination that the former ercises over the latter. Our country, our countries, are in a deep sense ore a fiction than a reality. In the eighteenth century, in France, the ame of Peru rang with a golden echo. And an expression was then born: *e n'est pas le Pérou*, which is not as rich and exaordinary as its legendary [illegible]. Well, *Le Pérou n'est pas le Pérou*. never was, at least for the majority of its inhabitants, that fabulous country of legends and fictions but rather an artificial gathering of men from fferent languages, customs, and traditions whose only common denomi-

PERHAPS THERE IS NO REALISTIC WAY TO INTEGRATE OUR SOCIETIES WITHOUT ASKING THE INDIANS TO PAY A HIGH PRICE: RENUNCIATION OF THEIR CULTURE, LANGUAGE, AND BELIEFS

nator was having been condemned by history to live together witho knowing or loving one another.

Immense opportunities brought by the civilization that discovered an conquered America have been beneficial only to a minority, sometimes very small one; whereas the great majority managed to have only the nega tive share of the conquest—that is, contributing in their serfdom and sacr fice, in their misery and neglect, to the prosperity and refinement of th westernized elites. One of our worst defects, our best fictions, is to believ that our miseries have been imposed on us from abroad, that others, f example, the conquistadores, have always been responsible for our prob lems. There are countries in Latin America—Mexico is the best exam ple—in which the Spaniards are even now severely indicted for what the did to the Indians. Did they really do it? We did it; we are th conquistadores.

They were our parents and grandparents who came to our shores an gave us the names we have and the language we speak. They also gave the habit of passing to the devil the responsibility for any evil we do. In stead of making amends for what they did, by improv ing and correcting our relations with our indigenou compatriots, mixing with them and amalgamatin ourselves to form a new culture that would have bee a kind of synthesis of the best of both, we, the wes ernized Latin Americans, have persevered in th worst habits of our forebears, behaving toward the In dians during the nineteenth and twentieth centurie as the Spaniards behaved toward the Aztecs and th Incas, and sometimes even worse. We must remembe that in countries like Chile and Argentina, it was du ing the republic (in the nineteenth century), n during the colony, that the native cultures were sy tematically exterminated. In the Amazon jungle, an in the mountains of Guatemala, the exterminatin continues.



It is a fact that in many of our countries, as in Peru we share, in spite of the pious and hypocritical indig enous rhetoric of our men of letters and our polit cians, the mentality of the conquistadores. Only i countries where the native population was small nonexistent, or where the aboriginals were practicall liquidated, can we talk of integrated societies. In th others, discreet, sometimes unconscious, but very e fective apartheid prevails. Important as integration i the obstacle to achieving it lies in the huge economi gap between the two communities. Indian peasants live in such a primitiv way that communication is practically impossible. It is only when the move to the cities that they have the opportunity to mingle with the othe Peru. The price they must pay for integration is high—renunciation their culture, their language, their beliefs, their traditions and customs and the adoption of the culture of their ancient masters. After one genera tion they become mestizos. They are no longer Indians.

Perhaps there is no realistic way to integrate our societies other than b asking the Indians to pay that price. Perhaps the ideal—that is, the prese vation of the primitive cultures of America—is a utopia incompatible wit this other and more urgent goal—the establishment of societies in whic social and economic inequalities among citizens be reduced to human, rea sonable limits and where everybody can enjoy at least a decent and free life In any case, we have been unable to reach any of those ideals and are still as when we had just entered Western history, trying to find out what we ar and what our future will be.

If forced to choose between the preservation of Indian cultures and the

mplete assimilation, with great sadness I would choose modernization of Indian population, because there are priorities; and the first priority is, course, to fight hunger and misery. My novel *The Storyteller* is about a y small tribe in the Amazon called the Machiguengas. Their culture is ve in spite of the fact that it has been repressed and persecuted since Inca es. It should be respected. The Machiguengas are still resisting change, their world is now so fragile that they cannot resist much longer. They e been reduced to practically nothing. It is tragic to destroy what is still ng, still a driving cultural possibility, even if it is archaic; but I am afraid shall have to make a choice. For I know of no case in which it has been sible to have both things at the same time, except in those countries which two different cultures have evolved more or less simultaneously. But where there is such an economic and social gap, modernization is possible only with the sacrifice of the Indian cultures.

One of the saddest aspects of the Latin American culture is that, in ntries like Argentina, there were men of great intelligence, real idealis, who gave moral and philosophical reasons to continue the destruction Indian cultures that began with the conquistadores. The case of Domin- F. Sarmiento is particularly sad to me, for I admire him very much. He s a great writer and also a great idealist. He was totally convinced that e only way in which Argentina could become modern was through westnization; that is, through the elimination of everything that was nonestern. He considered the Indian tradition, which was still present in the untryside of Argentina, a major obstacle for the progress and modernizan of the country. He gave the moral and intellectual arguments in favor what proved to be the decimation of the native population. That tragic stake still looms in the Argentine psyche. In Argentine literature there an emptiness that Argentine writers have been trying to fill by importing erything. The Argentines are the most curious and cosmopolitan people Latin America, but they are still trying to fill the void caused by the struction of their past.

This is why it is useful for us to review the literature that gives testimony the discovery and the conquest. In the chronicles we not only dream out the time in which our fantasy and our realities seem to be incestuous- confused. In them there is an extraordinary mixture of reality and fanta-, of reality and fiction in a united work. It is a literature that is totalizing, the sense that it is a literature that embraces not only objective reality t also subjective reality in a new synthesis. The difference, of course, is at the chronicles accomplished that synthesis out of ignorance and naeté and that modern writers have accomplished it through sophisticaon. But a link can be established. There are chronicles that are especially aginative and even fantastic in the deeds they describe. For instance, the scription of the first journey to the Amazon in the chronicle of Gaspar de rvajal. It is exceptional, like a fantastic novel. And, of course, Gabriel arcía Márquez has used themes from the chronicles in his fiction.

In the chronicles we also learn about the roots of our problems and the allenges that are still there unanswered. And in these half-literary, half-storical pages we also perceive—formless, mysterious, fascinating—the omise of something new and formidable, something that if it ever turned to reality would enrich the world and improve civilization. Of this promwe have only had until now sporadic manifestations—in our literature d in our art, for example. But it is not only in our fiction that we must rive to achieve. We must not stop until our promise passes from our eams and words into our daily lives and becomes objective reality. We ust not permit our countries to disappear, as did my dear teacher, the storian Porras Barrenechea, without writing in real life the definite masrwork we have been preparing ourselves to accomplish since the three ravels stumbled onto our coast. ■

I WOULD BE IN FAVOR OF ASSIMILATION AND MODERNIZATION, BECAUSE THE FIRST PRIORITY IS TO FIGHT HUNGER AND MISERY

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN:

By Joyce Carol Oates

Ladies and gentlemen: a belated but heartfelt welcome aboard our cruise ship S.S. *Ariel;* it's a true honor and a privilege for me, your captain, to greet you all on this lovely sun-warmed January day—as balmy, isn't it, as any June morning back north? I wish I could claim that we of the *Ariel* arranged personally for such splendid weather, as compensation of sorts for the, shall we say, somewhat rocky weather of the past several days, but, at any rate, it's a welcome omen indeed and bodes well for the remainder of the cruise and for this morning's excursion, ladies and gentlemen, to the island you see us rapidly approaching, a small but remarkably beautiful island the natives of these waters call the "Island of Tranquillity"—or, as some translators prefer, the "Island of Repose." For those of you who've become virtual sailors with a keen eye for navigating, you'll want to log our longitude at 155 degrees east and our latitude at 5 degrees north, approximately 1,200 miles north and east of New Guinea. Yes, that's right! We've come so far! And as this is a rather crucial morning, and your island adventure an important event not only on this cruise but in your lives, ladies and gentlemen, I hope you will quiet just a bit—just a bit!—and give me, your captain, your fullest attention. Just for a few minutes—I promise! Then you will disembark.

As to the problems some of you have experienced: Let me take this opportunity, as your captain, ladies and gentlemen, to apologize, or at least to explain. It's true, for instance, that certain of your staterooms are not *precisely* as the advertising brochures depicted them; the port holes are not quite so large, in some cases th portholes are not in evidence. This is not th fault of any of the *Ariel* staff; indeed, this ha been a sore point with us for some years, a mat ter of misunderstandings and embarrassment out of our control, yet I, as your captain, ladie and gentlemen, offer my apologies and my pro foundest sympathies. Though I am a bit you junior in age, I can well understand the specia disappointment, the particular hurt, outrage and dismay that attend one's sense of havin been cheated on what, for some of you, prob ably, is perceived as being the last time you'll b taking so prolonged and exotic a trip. Thus, m profoundest sympathies! As to the toilets tha have been reported as malfunctioning, or out o order entirely, and the loud throbbing or "trem ors" of the engines that have been keeping som of you awake, and the negligent or even rud service, the over- or undercooked food, th high tariffs on mineral water, alcoholic bever ages, and cigarettes, the reported sightings o rodents, cockroaches, and other vermin o board ship—perhaps I should explain, ladie and gentlemen, that this is the final voyage o the S.S. *Ariel,* and it was the owners' decision and a justifiably pragmatic decision, to cut bac on repairs, services, expenses, and the like. La dies and gentlemen, I am sorry for your incon venience, but the *Ariel* is an old ship, bound fo dry dock in Manila and the fate of many a veter an seagoing vessel that has outlived her time God bless her! We'll not see her likes again, la dies and gentlemen!

Ladies and gentlemen, may I have some qui et? *Please?* Just five minutes more, before th stewards help you prepare for your disembark

Joyce Carol Oates's latest book is a novel, Because It Is Bitter and Because It Is My Heart, *published by E. P. Dutton.*

nt? Thank you.
es, the *Ariel* is bound for Manila next. But
e no fear: You won't be aboard.
adies and gentlemen, *please*. This murmur-
and muttering begins to annoy.
Yet, as your captain, I'd like to note that,
d the usual whiners and complainers and the
plain bad-tempered,
gratifying to see a
nber of warm, friend-
hopeful faces; and to
w that there are men
l women determined
njoy life, not quibble
l harbor suspicions.
nk *you*!)
Now to our business at
d: Ladies and gentle-
n, do you know what
have in common?
You can't guess?
You *can* guess?
No? Yes?
No?
Well—yes, sir, it's true
t you are all aboard the
S. *Ariel;* and yes, sir—
use me, *ma'am*—it's
tainly true that you are
of "retirement" age.
hough "retirement"
s come to be a rather
gue term in the past de-
le or so, hasn't it? For
e youngest among you
in your late fifties—
e result, I would guess,
especially generous
rly-retirement pro-
ams; and the eldest
ong you are in your
d-nineties. Quite a
nge of ages!)
Yes, it's true you are all
nericans. You have ex-
nsive cameras, even, in
me cases, video equip-
ent for recording this
outh Seas adventure;
u have all sorts of
pical-cruise paraphernalia, including some extremely attractive bleached-straw hats; some you have quite a supply of sun-protective lotions; and most of you have a considerable quantity, and variety, of pharmacological supplies. nd quite a store of paperbacks, magazines, rds, games, and crossword puzzles. Yet there is he primary thing you have in common, ladies nd gentlemen, which has determined your presence here this morning, at longitude 155 degrees east and latitude 5 degrees north; your fate, as it were. Can't you guess?

Ladies and gentlemen: *your children.*

Yes, you have in common the fact that this cruise on the S.S. *Ariel* was originally your children's idea; and that they arranged for it, if you'll recall. (Though you have probably paid for your own passages, which weren't cheap.) Your children, who are "children" only technically, for of course they are fully grown, fully adult; a good number of them parents themselves (having made you proud grandparents—yes, haven't you been proud!); these sons and daughters, who, if I may speak frankly, are *very*



ustration by David Johnson

tired of waiting for their inheritances.

Yes, and *very* impatient, some of them, *very* angry, waiting to come into control of what they believe is their due.

Ladies and gentlemen, please!—I'm asking for quiet, and I'm asking for respect. As captain of the *Ariel,* I am not accustomed to being interrupted.

I believe you did hear me correctly, sir. And you too, sir.

Yes, and you, ma'am. And *you.* (Most of you aren't nearly so deaf as you pretend!)

Let me speak candidly. While your children are in many or at least in some cases genuinely fond of you, they are simply impatient with the prospect of waiting for your "natural" deaths. Ten years, fifteen? Twenty? With today's medical technology, who knows, you might outlive *them*!

Of course it's a surprise to you, ladies and gentlemen. It's a *shock.* Thus you, sir, are shaking your head in disbelief, and you, sir, are muttering just a little too loudly, "Who does that fool think he is, making such bad jokes!" and you, ladies, are giggling like teenage girls, not knowing what to think. But remember: Your children have been living lives of their own, in a very difficult, very competitive corporate America; they are, on the face of it, "well-to-do," even affluent; yet they want, in some cases desperately need, *your* estates—not in a dozen years but *now.*

That is to say, as soon as your wills can be probated, following our "act of God" in these tropical seas.

For, however your sons and daughters appear in the eyes of their neighbors, friends, and business colleagues, even in the eyes of their own offspring, you can be sure that *they have not enough money.* You can be sure that they suffer keenly certain financial jealousies and yearnings. And who dares calibrate another's suffering? Who dares peer into another's heart? Without betraying anyone's confidence, I can say that there are several youngish men, beloved sons of couples in your midst, ladies and gentlemen, who are nearly bankrupt; men of integrity and "success" whose worlds are about to come tumbling about their heads—unless they get money, or find themselves in the position of being able to borrow money against their parents' estates, *fast.* Investment bankers, lawyers, a college professor or two—some of them already in debt. Thus, they decided to take severe measures.

Ladies and gentlemen, it's pointless to protest. As captain of the *Ariel,* I merely expedite order

And you must know that it's pointless to express disbelief or incredulity; to roll your eyes, as if *I* (of all people) were a bit cracked; to call ou questions or demands; to shout, weep, sob, beg rant and rave, and mutter, "If this is a joke i isn't a very funny joke!" "As if my son/daughte would ever do such a thing to me/us!"—i short, it's pointless to express any and all of th reactions you're expressing and have been ex pressed by other ladies and gentleme on past *Ariel* voyages to the South Sea

Yes, it's the best thing, to cooperate. Yes, i an orderly fashion. It's wisest not to provoke th stewards (whose nerves are a bit ragged thes days—the crew is only human, after all) into u ing force.

Ladies and gentlemen, these *are* lovely azur waters, exactly as the brochures promised! Bu shark-infested, so take care.

Ah yes, those dorsal fins slicing the waves just beyond the surf—observe them closely.

No, we're leaving no picnic baskets with yo today. Nor any bottles of mineral water, Perrie water, champagne.

For why delay what's inevitable? Why, cruel ly, protract anguish?

Ladies and gentlemen, maybe it's a simpl thing, maybe it's a self-evident thing, but cor sider: You are the kind of civilized men an women who brought babies into the world nc by crude, primitive, anachronistic *chance* but b systematic *deliberation.* You planned your fu tures, you planned, as the expression goes, you parenthood. You are all of that American ecc nomic class called upper-middle; you are edu cated, you are cultured, you are stable; nearl without exception, you showered love upo your sons and daughters, who knew themselve practically in the cradle, to be privileged. Th very best, the most exclusive nursery schools– private schools—colleges, universities. Exper sive toys and gifts of all kinds, closets of cloth ing, ski equipment, stereo equipment, racin bicycles, tennis lessons, riding lessons, sno keling lessons, private tutoring, trips to the Ca ribbean, to Mexico, to Tangier, to Tokyo, t Switzerland, junior years abroad in Paris, i Rome, in London. Yes, and their teeth wer perfect, or were made to be; yes, and they ha cosmetic surgery if necessary or nearly nece sary; yes, and you gladly paid for their abortion or their tuition for law school, medical schoo business school; yes, and you paid for their wed dings; yes, and you loaned them money "to ge started," certainly you helped them with the mortgages, or their second cars, or their chi dren's orthodontist bills. Nothing was too goo or too expensive for them, for what, ladies an gentlemen, would it have been?

And, always, the more you gave your son and daughters the more you seemed to be hol

Jacques Chirac, Lothar de Maizière, and Felipe González would like to have a word with you.

In French. In German. And in Spanish.

Now that you know the basics of a foreign language, join the thousands of business leaders, educators, professionals, and diplomats who are improving their language fluency and having fun with *Champs-Elysées®, Schau ins Land®,* and *Puerta del Sol®.*

In lively monthly editions, you'll meet famous chefs, fashion designers Nobel laureates, actors and entertainers, even heads of state and royalty. You'll join in the fun at traditional festivals and celebrations, visit interesting towns and out-of-the-way places, and get a European perspective on the news.

phrases are highlighted in bold in the text and explained in a vocabulary section prepared by expert linguists.

Listen at home, while jogging, or on the way to work. You'll be amazed how quickly your language skills improve.

Champs-Elysées® FRANCE

La France en cassettes!

Whether it's monitoring the changing fortunes of France's political factions or counting calories with pastry chef Gaston Lenôtre, top-rated French radio and television personality Georges Lang serves up programs that are upbeat and endlessly fascinating.



You'll even hear some of today's best European music—pop, jazz, and old favorites.

Each 60-minute edition comes on an audio-cassette, accompanied by a word-for-word transcription of all the spoken segments and song lyrics. To help you learn as you listen, difficult words and

—I've subscribed as a means of brushing up on my French prior to travel, and I've found Champs-Elysées *to be absolutely invaluable—I only wish I'd had something like this while I was in school!*

A.M., Reno, Nevada

GERMANY

Schau ins Land®

Deutsch aktuell aus erster Hand!

With reunification now complete, Germany must deal with numerous domestic issues, as well as the challenges of European integration. Join Axel Fitzke and his team of correspondents as they provide continuing, first-hand accounts of the events shaping German-speaking Europe.

—[Schau ins Land] *is proving to be the perfect way to maintain and improve my German skills. The way you choose different contributors is excellent. Some of the dialect is really challenging but that's great.*

R.L., Evergreen, Colorado

Puerta del Sol® SPAIN

Su puerta al mundo hispánico.

Host Iñaki Gabilondo is undoubtedly Spain's most popular radio and television journalist. In programs that feature numerous interviews with policymakers and trendsetters, he explores the rich traditions and new directions in Spain and Latin America.

—I expected [Puerta del Sol] *to be good; it is far better than I had hoped. Your materials, both tape-recorded and written, are a magnificent accomplishment... They combine entertainment with instruction on a world-class level of quality. Iñaki Gabilondo is the epitome of perfect pronunciation and style.*

K.P., Albuquerque, New Mexico

MONEY BACK GUARANTEE

Subscribe now and receive 11 monthly editions, including the combined June–July issue, for just $118. Or, try 5 editions for $69. If you're not completely satisfied with your first program, call for a full refund.

FOR FASTER SERVICE, ORDER BY CREDIT CARD
1-800-824-0829

Send check or money order to Champs-Elysées, Inc
Dept HR5 • Box 158067 • Nashville, TN 37215
PLEASE RUSH ME MY FIRST EDITION OF
Champs-Elysées (French) *Puerta del Sol* (Spanish)
☐ *Schau ins Land* (German)
5 editions ($69) 11 editions ($118)
☐ Study supplement ($20) ☐ Study supplement ($44)
Tennessee residents add 7.75% sales tax
Name
Address
City/State/Zip

Ask about our new Italian program!

© Champs-Elysées, Inc

ing in reserve; the more generous you displayed yourself the more generous you were hinting you might be, in the future. But so far in the future—when your wills might be probated, after your deaths!

Ladies and gentlemen, you rarely stopped to consider your children as other than *your* children—as men and women growing into maturity, distinct from you. Rarely did you pause to see how patiently they were waiting to inherit their due—and then, by degrees, how impatiently. What anxieties besieged them, what nightmare speculations? For what if you squandered your money on medical bills? Nursing-home bills? The melancholic impedimenta of age in America? What if—worse yet!—addlebrained, suffering from Alzheimer's disease (about which they'd been reading suddenly, it seemed, everywhere), you turned against them? Disinherited them? Remarried someone younger, healthier, more cunning than they? Rewrote your wills, as elderly fools are always doing?

Ladies and gentlemen, your children declare that they want only *what's theirs.*

They say, laughingly, *they* aren't going to live forever.

(Well, yes: I'll confide in you, off-the-cuff, in several instances it was an *in-law* who looked into the possibility of a cruise on the S.S. *Ariel;* your own son or daughter merely cooperated, after the fact, as it were. Of course, that isn't the same thing!)

Ladies and gentlemen, as your captain, about to bid you farewell, let me say: I *am* sympathetic with your plight. Your stunned expressions, your staggering-swaying gait, your damp eyes, working mouths—"This is a bad joke!" "This is intolerable!" "This is a nightmare!" "No child of mine could be so cruel, inhuman, monstrous," etc.—all this is touching, wrenching to the heart, altogether *natural.* One might almost say *traditional.* Countless others, whose bones you may discover, should you have the energy and spirit to explore the "Island of Tranquillity" (or "Repose"), reacted in more or less the same way.

Thus, do not despair, ladies and gentlemen, for your emotions, however painful, are time-honored; but do not squander the few precious remaining hours of your life, for such emotions are futile.

Ladies and gentlemen: The "Island of Tranquillity" upon which you now stand shivering in the steamy morning heat is approximately six kilometers in circumference, ovoid in shape, with a curious archipelago of giant metamorphic rocks trailing off to the north, a pounding hallucinatory surf, and horizon, vague, dreamy, and distant, on all sides. Its soil is an admixture of volcanic ash, sand, rock, and peat; its jungle i terior is pocked with treacherous bogs quicksand.

It *is* a truly exotic island! But most of you w quickly become habituated to the ceasele winds that ease across the island from seve directions simultaneously, air as intimate a warmly stale as exhaled breaths, caressing, n cotic. You'll become habituated to the ubiq tous sand fleas, the glittering dragonflies wi their eighteen-inch iridescent wings, the n merous species of snakes (the small quicksilv orange-speckled baja snake is the most venor ous, you'll want to know); the red-beaked ca nivorous macaw and its ear-piercing shrie bullfrogs the size of North American jackra bits; 200-pound tortoises with pouche thoughtful eyes; spider monkeys as playful children; tapir; tarantulas; most colorful of a the comical cassowary birds with their bo heads, gaily hued wattles, stunted wings—the ungainly birds whom millions of years of evol tion, on an island lacking mammal-predato have rendered flightless.

And orchids: Some of you have already n ticed the lovely, bountiful orchids growing e erywhere, dozens of species, every imaginab color, some the size of grapes and others the si of a man's head, unfortunately inedible.

And the island's smells—are they fragranc or odors? Is it rampant fresh-budding life jungle-rancid decay? Is there a difference?

By night (and the hardiest among you shou survive numerous nights, if past history pr vails) you'll contemplate the tropical moon, different from our North American moor hanging heavy and luminous in the sky like a overripe fruit; you'll be moved to smile at th sport of fiery-phosphorescent fish frolicking i the waves; you'll be lulled to sleep by the din insects, the cries of nocturnal birds, your ow prayers perhaps.

Some of you will cling together, like terrifie herd animals; some of you will wander off alon dazed, refusing to be touched, even comforte by a spouse of fifty years.

Ladies and gentlemen, I, your captain, spea for the crew of the S.S. *Ariel,* bidding yo farewell.

Ladies and gentlemen, your children hav asked me to assure you that they *do* love you— but circumstances have intervened.

Ladies and gentlemen, your children hav asked me to recall to you those years when the were, in fact, *children*—wholly innocent as yo imagined them, adoring you as gods.

Ladies and gentlemen, I now bid farewell t you as children do, waving good-bye not onc but numerous times, solemn, reverential— good-bye, good-bye, good-bye.

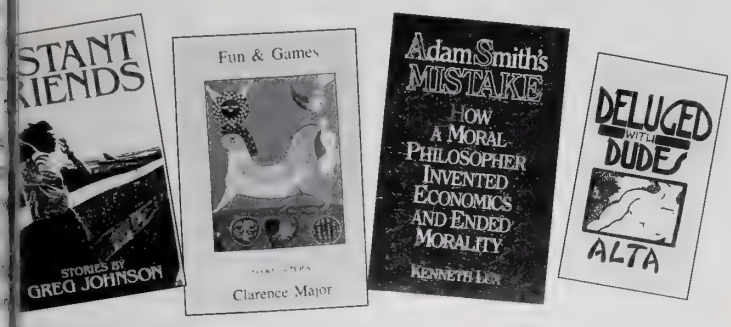
FURTHER READINGS

BOOKS OF SPECIAL INTEREST TO *HARPER'S* READERS

ncy Hanks of Wilderness Road: A Story of Abraham coln's Mother, by Meridel Le Sueur. "The language in this ount of a plain simple woman 'not much sung about, but one ose long evening dreams and noonday work went into the mak- of us all,' simply sings. First published in 1949, and happily ilable again."—*The New York Times Book Review.* Illustrated Dina Redman, for ages 8 and up. Holy Cow! Press. Clothbound, 0.95. Distributed by The Talman Company.

berty Under Siege, American Politics: 1976–1988, by alter Karp. An intense and dramatic story of what has happened American politics since the Fourth of July, 1976. "Against the oral and intellectual squalor of the Reagan administration, Karp es to the defense of the hope of a democratic republic. He tells e story of a government gone sick with ambition, dishonesty, and ar, making his citizen's arguments in a language bright with rce eloquence."—Lewis Lapham. Hardbound, $9.95. Available ly from *Harper's Magazine,* Promotion Department, 666 Broad- ay, New York, N.Y. 10012. Please send check or money order.

eluged With Dudes, by Alta. What happens when an articu- e and passionate woman decides to help herself to the men who ake themselves available? In this ribald collection of true en- unters, Alta shares some of her favorite stories—and men—with r readers. From the student in Madrid to the poet in Berkeley, e sketches her friends and lovers with humor and appreciation. Not since Dorothy Parker have we had a woman writer with the nfidence to treat sex with such lightness and wit."—Julia Vino- ad, author of *The Book of Jerusalem.* 115 pages. $8.95. Shame- ss Hussy Press.



istant Friends, by Greg Johnson. A collection of eleven stories chly varied in subject matter, from a young boy's encounter with e local "crazy lady" to the final performance of a female imper- onator devoured by "her" fans. "Tense families at the breaking oint; people trapped inside self-preserving illusions inhabit the otally convincing stories in this striking debut collection."—*Pub- shers Weekly.* "*Distant Friends* will break your heart."—Mary ood. 200 pages. Cloth, $17.95. Ontario Review Press. Distribut- d by George Braziller, Inc.

Deliberate Speed: The Origins of a Cultural Style in the American 1950s, by W. T. Lhamon Jr. Dramatically reinterpreting the culture of the 1950s—from bebop to Jackson Pollack, TV to *Brown v. Board of Education*—Lhamon shows how the decade's art, ideas, movements, technological innovations, and distinctive lore captured America, turning the nation onto a new, and continuing, course. 304 pages. Cloth, $19.95. Smithsonian Institution Press.



Outlines of Romantic Theology, by Charles Williams. Edited by Alice Mary Hadfield. Written in 1924 but never before published, this book by Charles Williams—novelist, Inklings member, and friend of C. S. Lewis and J.R.R. Tolkien—argues that human romantic love can enhance our appreciation of the divine. Williams' biographer Alice Mary Hadfield has annotated the text and provided an introduction and sequel; also included here is Williams' *Religion and Love in Dante: The Theology of Romantic Love,* originally published in 1924 but long out of print. 113 pages. Cloth, $14.95. Wm. B. Eerdmans Publishing Co.

Adam Smith's Mistake: How a Moral Philosopher Invented Economics and Ended Morality, by Kenneth Lux. "A welcome antidote to the celebration of greed that marked the 1980s"—Barry Schwartz, author of *The Battle for Human Nature.* Adam Smith, author of *The Wealth of Nations,* saw self-interest as the driving motivation of human affairs. Demonstrating that self-interest has led to social strife, ecological damage, and the abuse of power, this book envisions a society in which benevolence rather than greed can become the basis of economic life. Paperback, $12.95. Shambhala Publications, Inc.

Fun & Games: Short Fictions, by Clarence Major. "A tour de force; a gathering of short fiction that has extraordinary technical and emotional force . . . pushes the form to its contemporary limits."—Russell Banks. "Eighteen stories that explore the intricacies of love, sexuality and urban life . . . a sumptuous feast."—*The New York Times Book Review.* Nominated for L.A. Times Critics' Choice and ALA Notable Books Award. Holy Cow! Press. Clothbound, $15.95. Distributed by The Talman Company.

opies of books advertised in "Further Readings" (except **Liberty Under Siege,** which may be ordered direct from *Harper's Magazine*) may be found at the following bookstores: **Albuquerque, NM:** Salt of the Earth Book [illegible] 842-1920. **Ann Arbor, MI:** Borders Book Shop, 303 South State St. 48104, (313) 668-7652. **Atlanta, GA:** Borders Book Shop, 3655 Roswell [illegible]. **Berkeley, CA:** Cody's Books, 2454 Telegraph Ave. 94704, (415) 845-7852. **Buffalo, NY:** Talking Leaves, 3144 Main St. 14214, (716) 837-8554. **Cambridge, MA:** [illegible] Ave. 02146, (617) 661-0494. **Chicago, IL:** Barbara's Bookstore, 1350 N. Wells St. 60610, (312) 642-5044. **Flint, MI:** Young & [illegible] 232-0620. **Knoxville, TN:** Davis Kidd Booksellers, 2104 Cumberland Ave. 37916, (615) 524-3184. **Lexington, KY:** [illegible] Booksellers, Mall at Lexington Green, 3199 Nicholasville Rd. 40503, (606) 273-2911. **Louisville, KY:** Hawley Cooke Booksellers, 3024 Bardstown Rd. 40205, (502) 456-6668. **Memphis, TN:** Davis-Kidd Booksellers, 397 Perkins Extended 38117, (901) 683-9801. **Nashville, TN:** Davis-Kidd Booksellers, 4007 Hillsboro Rd. 37215, (615) 385-2645. **New York, NY:** [illegible] Book Booksellers, 450 Columbus Ave. 10024, (212) 787-6300. **Portage, MI:** John W. Rollins Bookseller, 6414 South Westedge 49002, (616) 323-3800. **St. Paul, MN:** [illegible] Books St. Paul, 55 Grand Ave. 55105, (612) 222-2711. **Seattle, WA:** Elliot Bay Book Company, 101 S. Main St. 98104, (206) 624-6600. **Toledo, OH:** Thackeray's [illegible] 3301 W. Central Ave. 43606, (419) 537-9259. **Washington, DC:** Chapters, A Literary Bookstore, 1512 St. N.W. 20005, (202) 347-5495.

FUNDS FOR THE ENFEEBLED

The NEA wrangle: A no-win situation for artists

By Vince Passaro



After months of bluster, the U.S. House of Representatives passed a bill in early October reauthorizing the National Endowment for the Arts, with only mild admonitions against the funding of obscene or blasphemous art. Similar "compromise" legislation, as it was known, was expected to make its way through the Senate, but did not. Fearing that a conservative filibuster over arts funding could thwart attempts to reach final agreement on the overall budget for 1991, the Senate leadership put off the matter of NEA reauthorization until next year. It is clear there will be an NEA: Moneys to fund the agency for 1991—with or without so-called content restrictions remains unsettled as I write—were appropriated. It is clear too that the NEA is one issue that is not going away.

Last winter and on through the spring, when the names of Andres Serrano, Robert Mapplethorpe, and Karen Finley dominated front pages and radio call-in shows, the issue did appear to be resolved: Either a reauthorized NEA would be saddled with legislative restrictions on the content of federally funded works of art so thoroughly objectionable to artists as to leave the agency without a constituency, or the NEA, as the agency's most vigorous opponents demanded, would be abolished outright.

The House compromise legislation was crafted to meet the minimal demands of the NEA's Capitol Hill opponents. It sidestepped the issue of content restriction by requiring any NEA-funded artist convicted of violating local obscenity laws—an unlikely prospect for art with a government imprimatur—to give back the grant money. Artists would be further policed by having to file far more detailed proposals. There were also to be new rules about how the "peer" panels of artists that judge the NEA's grant applications would be constituted (fewer unruly artists and complaisant arts officials and more "lay persons," a category no one bothered to define) and rules about how the endowment's staff, especially the chairman, would more strictly oversee the grant-making process.

Although the new legislation, coming on top of the unpleasant publicity of the last year and a half, virtually guaranteed that "controversial" artists and projects would routinely be denied funding, it was accepted by the NEA and its supporters, and was interpreted by the media as a significant victory for American artists and their supporters. The editorial page of the *New York Times*, for example, described the House compromise as a "welcome light," and will no doubt do the same next year, when the bill will likely be reintroduced and the NEA battle once again joined.

Yet there are a few artists, myself included, who found the new light not welcome at all. As a writer of fiction, a teacher, and a critic, with a Master of Fine Arts degree and a gov-

Vince Passaro's fiction has appeared in this magazine and other publications.

Illustration by Barry Blitt

nent grant under my belt, I am no nger to the process that the NEA's porters were struggling to defend. for me, the battle to salvage the A has for some time felt already It has never been simply a fight aintain a government agency and rules by which it has functioned a quarter century. It has been a t that put at stake our very contion of ourselves as artists. The dese of our right to be funded, no ter what our work contains, has ed us to make the authority and aning of our art subservient to role as *professionals:* properly ooled, properly credentialed, and perly constructive members of soty. The victory sought in October to be sought again next year begs neither to art nor freedom but to fessionalization. The fight is ultitely a fight to maintain a crucial ng on the artist's ladder to success, government grant.

The debate over the NEA chalges our now cherished notion that world of the arts, like a business, st grow to survive. Growth takes nding. And although its own appropations are rather small, the NEA htly sees itself as having been a talyst over the past two decades for e creation of a very large system of blic and private arts patronage. In cal year 1989, $153 million in NEA ants generated private support of .4 billion and roughly $500 million related funding from state and local encies. Add to this another $6 bilon in private support not directly ed to NEA grants and you have an billion industry.

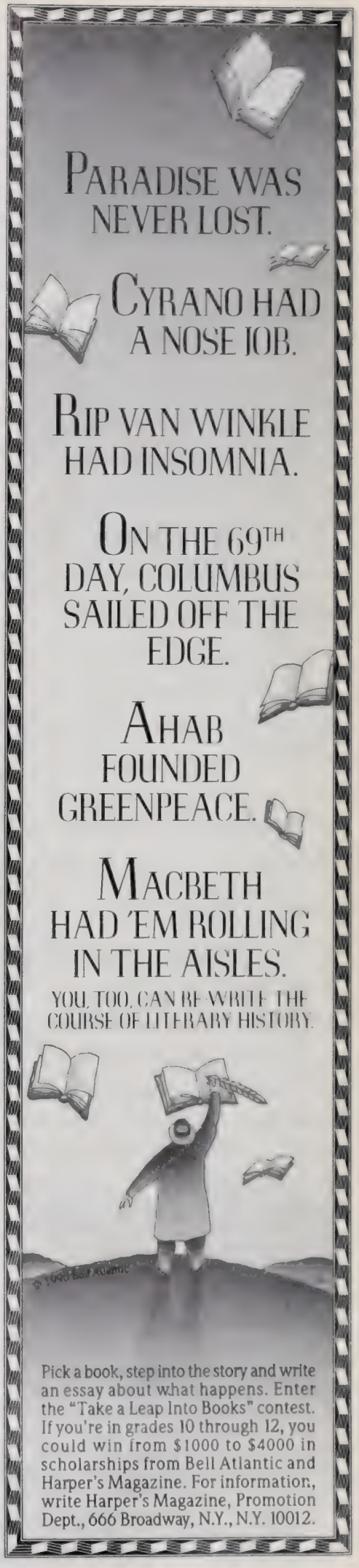
As the NEA is fond of pointing out, nce its inception in 1965 the numr of professional choruses in the nited States has grown from 10 to ; symphony orchestras, from 110 230; dance companies, from 37 to ore than 250; nonprofit theaters, om 56 to more than 420; opera comnies, from 27 to 120. There is no ecific data on writers, but *The Interational Directory of Little Magazines d Small Presses,* which began as a in pamphlet in 1965, has swollen a near-thousand-page catalogue, d many journals report a volume of bmissions far surpass- rculation.

But of all the areas of growth, the most important and most mind-numbing has been the increase in state and local arts agencies, with an attendant swelling in the ranks of "arts administrators" needed to run them, from 65 to more than 3,000. One of the NEA's own programs funds the training of this new breed of "arts management" professional, with grants and internships at the NEA's offices in Washington.

No one can doubt that more artists' work can be seen and more artists are able to continue their work because of the encouragement and financial support this expanded institutional structure has given them. Many small cities, poor urban areas, and rural outposts have been exposed to cultural events that wouldn't have reached them before.

But not once during the NEA controversy have I encountered a sustained examination of the debate's deeper meanings. Beneath the effort to save the NEA there have lurked two false and, I think, very damaging assumptions: that more art is better art, and that better art requires a government in order to persist. There was something terribly hollow this past year about all those cries for freedom. Who among the NEA's prominent defenders volunteered to take responsibility on those occasions when art fails, in the language of the compromise legislation, to "reflect the nation's rich cultural heritage" or "foster mutual respect"? Who among them publicly longed for the moment when a work of art—isolated, dominating, and undemocratic—would actually matter?

It is one thing to argue that government ought to play a role in the protection of older works of art and the exhibition of works from an existing repertoire. When funding is provided, for instance, for the restoration of a sixteenth-century painting or for a new production of *Aida,* the assertion that quality increases as more dollars are spent might well be justified—although even here there are dangers. Such government funding, I suspect, encourages the current brit- environment in which high art is mechanically distant and the great





MĀNOA

A Pacific Journal of International Writing

Outstanding U.S. fiction and poetry with the best from Asia and the Pacific

John Updike, Joyce Carol Oates, Tim O'Brien, Carolyn Kizer, Ann Beattie, Ron Carlson, Alberto Ríos.

Fall: W.S. Merwin on nature and art, a rare interview with Ai, nonfictional fiction by Tom Farber, new Korean fiction and poetry, Kim Uchang on "Art and Politics in Korea." Forthcoming: Indonesia, Alan Cheuse on reviewing, Fred Chappell on poetry. A winner 1990 AAUP design competition.

"The inauguration of a genuinely significant magazine," T.R. Hummer, *The New England Review;* "Most impressive," *The Bloomsbury Review;* "Poised to develop into a top quality forum," Gabriella West, *San Francisco Review of Books*

Mānoa, University of Hawaii Press, Journals Dept, 2840 Kolowalu St., Honolulu, HI 96822

USA/Canada: $12/yr, $21.60/2yrs, $28.80/3yrs

Questions? Call (808) 956-8833

artist someone safely dead.

But when it comes to funds to "produce" art—a term NEA chairman John Frohnmayer has used to describe his agency's mission—the potential benefits are less clear. Money in itself does not "corrupt" the artist—such a formulation is simplistic, especially considering that the amount of government funding available to any one artist is minuscule. Nor is there any evidence that individual artists feel beholden to the institutions that fund them—in fact, that they do *not* feel obligated to pen hymns and paint pictures doing their country proud is, in large part, what brought about the NEA controversy.

Under the aegis of the NEA, however, there has developed a system of institutionalized patronage—from government, corporations, foundations, and universities—that encourages artists to move from one fellowship, award, and teaching post to the next. More and more energy is poured into meeting the requirements of this system. And more and more art is produced, except that often it is art designed not for the larger public but for colleagues, grant-making panels, and small, well-versed audiences: art in a bottle.

Despite all the recent NEA-driven expansion, it is hardly possible to claim that the painting, sculpture, literature, drama, or music of the past twenty-five years in the United States has had the public impact of that of the twenty-five years preceding. In these years of unheralded growth, never has more new art been experienced by more people with less effect. Some would blame this development on the decline of cultural literacy or on television. But part of the blame surely lies with the arts patronage infrastructure—a machine so capacious that almost any artist, even one of intense commitment or opposition, can readily be absorbed by it.

Even more dangerous is the presumption that, should the NEA cease its operations, all those literary magazines, dance companies, theaters, and opera houses producing or displaying new works of art would fold up shop. A practicing artist instinctively knows that this can hardly be true. There was art before the NEA and there would be art after it. There i better testimony to the power of NEA bureaucracy than the harrov new article of faith that art exists because of the system that support The government-led arts patror system has been in place long eno for several generations of artists those who care about art to h known only its economies. The damental belief that no other eco my is imaginable points to a situat no artist wants to contemplate—t our knowledge of the essential me ings behind our impulse to make the transcendent vision and the d to communicate it which toget form that quality we *call* art, could disappearing.

From the outset of the debate o the NEA, politicians and religic leaders on the Right—for reasons doubt insincere, bullying, and s promoting—have put before the pu lic an argument that has as its impli foundation the idea that art has r meaning. The organized response the artistic community has insisted the opposite—advancing, in a vari of guises, the proposition that t content of individual works of art irrelevant. There is simply no logic basis for arguing, as the NEA's su porters did last summer, that an ins tution, public or private, should fu art that attacks its values or sees its as that institution's enemy, unless o takes it for granted that what t artwork is saying *doesn't really matt* Because this argument couldn't made openly, twisted versions of emerged—such as the absurdly se defeating boast that only "a handfu of the 85,000 grants the NEA h awarded have been controversial ar that none of the rest bothered an one. In other words, art is for artist *No one else pays attention to this stu Senator, and you shouldn't either.*

While everyone in the arts comm nity deplored the actions of Senat Jesse Helms and his crew, few a knowledged that almost every arti the politicians and ministers were d nouncing became more famous ar had their art reach a wider audienc than they ever thought possible b fore. The idea that artists might *wa* a larger and more engaged audienc has been missing from the debat

rely. Art in America has been rived not only of its power but sibly of its intention to have a d significance. This situation was le clear the day New York City formance artist Karen Finley—se vision springs from a deep inct for political and sexual oppo-n, but who has spent her career king mostly before lower Manhat- audiences made up of people in know—wept because those she lors had finally paid attention to and forced the NEA to turn down 1990 grant.

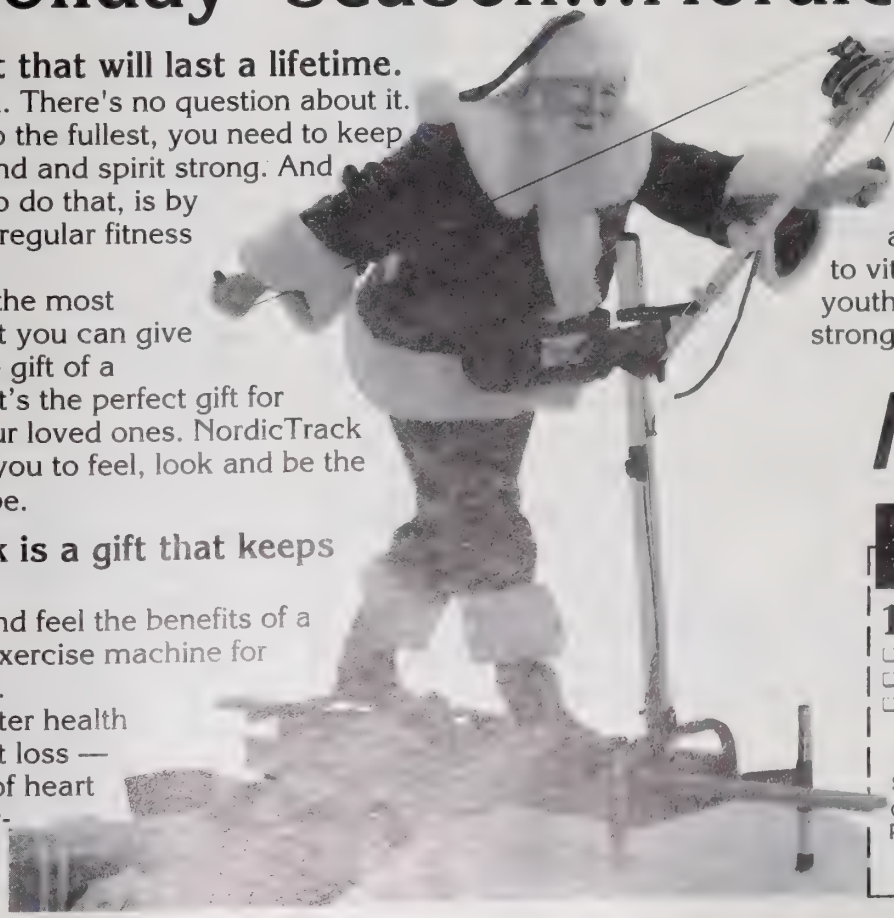
Finley, who dares to expose her y onstage and use it in discomfort-ways, was the victim of many per-al attacks and cruel lies, and no bt these were painful. But the pic-e her reaction and those of other sts involved in the controversy sented is one in which the associ-n of art with actual personal risk, with the intention of artists to ch beyond the upper echelons of ir professional specialties to alter consciousness of their culture and their time, has utterly vanished. In the meantime, the collection of arts bureaucrats who lead the struggle to save the NEA betray any remnant claims American artists might make for credibility or authority. Cries of censorship and demands for artistic freedom notwithstanding, the strategy of the supporters of the NEA has been oriented exclusively toward the preservation of a privilege rather than the defense of an idea.

Over the past year and a half there have been moments when it was possible to mistake the terms of the discussion about the fate of the NEA for those of a debate about art. The rage of the legislators and religious leaders and the trembling pleas of the artists seemed to throw before the public a familiar battle—dating back to the Scopes trial at least, or perhaps even to the trial of Socrates—between the bottomless ignorance of repression and the uncontainable freedom of the mind.

It was in June of this year, on a trip to Washington, D.C., that a different story offered itself to my consciousness. The occasion was the first public meeting of an entity known, with almost Orwellian obliqueness, as the Independent Commission. This was a panel of arts bureaucrats of long standing whose charge was to determine what, if any, changes would be needed in the ways the NEA reviews its applications and awards its grants. Such commissions are a time-honored and expensive buck-passing procedure applied by Congress whenever issues of actual substance threaten to intrude on the world of everyday politics. The Independent Commission's work was scheduled to be done by September, in time for the long-delayed vote in Congress on whether the NEA ought to be reauthorized and how its moneys ought to be appropriated, and its findings indeed turned out to be those that governed the House's compromise legislation.

One of the consistent motifs of the arts-endowment controversy has been the conviction that arts bureaucrats

Give the gift of good health this holiday season...NordicTrack.



ve the gift that will last a lifetime.

Good health. There's no question about it. enjoy life to the fullest, you need to keep ur body, mind and spirit strong. And e best way to do that, is by tablishing a regular fitness ogram.

That's why the most eaningful gift you can give s year is the gift of a rdicTrack. It's the perfect gift for urself or your loved ones. NordicTrack ables all of you to feel, look and be the st you can be.

rdicTrack is a gift that keeps n giving.

You'll see and feel the benefits of a rdicTrack exercise machine for ars to come.

Achieve better health rough weight loss — ducing risk of heart sease, hyper-nsion and steoporosis.

Discover how NordicTrack can change your life forever.

NordicTrack workouts also reduce stress, and lead to vital health and a general youthful feeling that come from a strong heart and total-body fitness.

NordicTrack® A CML Company

Send for FREE VIDEO & Brochure!

1-800-328-5888 Ext. 200L0

❑ Please send me a free brochure
❑ Also a free video tape ❑VHS ❑BETA
❑ Send me the free *NordicTrack "Fitness At Home"* catalog.

Name _____
Street _____
City _____ State ____ Zip ____
Phone ( ) _____

141C Jonathan Blvd. N.,
Chaska, MN 55318

HERE AT EAGLE POND



Donald Hall

"[In] this lovely book — as fine as its predecessor — New Hampshire has found its champion." — *Kirkus Reviews*

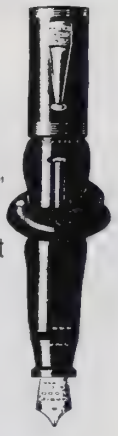
Praise for SEASONS AT EAGLE POND

"Hall evokes rural New England as eloquently as any living writer." — *Washington Post*

"Rich and sensuous, anecdotal and funny . . . You don't have to live in New Hampshire to appreciate Donald Hall's superb essays." — *Detroit News*

TICKNOR & FIELDS
215 Park Avenue South
New York, New York 10003

"I want to howl and foam at the mouth" —Joseph Conrad



WRITER'S BLOCK
Zachary Leader

What is "writer's block?" Who coined the term, and why? Can a writer be "blocked" and still keep writing? When does a problem with writing—the sort most writers encounter—become a "block?" Here is the first book to explore a phenomenon that is widely talked about but little understood.

"What is one to do on a day when thoughts cease to flow and proper words won't come? One cannot help trembling at this possibility."—**Sigmund Freud**

$26.95

CREATIVITY AND MADNESS
New Findings and Old Stereotypes
Albert Rothenberg, M.D.

In an extensive exploration of the psychology of creativity, Harvard's Albert Rothenberg overturns some common misconceptions about creativity—particularly that it is closely linked to such "aberrations" as psychosis, self-destructiveness, and alcoholism. Rothenberg finds instead that creative thought processes are both highly adaptive and supremely "normal."

$22.95

The Johns Hopkins University Press
701 West 40th Street, Suite 275, Baltimore, Maryland 21211
Available at your bookstore or call **1-800-537-5487.**

and artists are natural allies shar
the same interests and goals. T
NEA and other arts groups ma
tained repeatedly through the ea
months of the debate that the end
ment had done nothing wrong
awarding the controversial grants t
had stirred such ire; they warned
the dangers of censorship and remi
ed critics of the tonic effects of a v
federal program for the arts in a f
society. Thus it came as something
a surprise to me, on that warm Wa
ington morning, to observe that
commission and almost all the N
personnel who testified before
seemed to be exclusively concern
with what had gone wrong—i.
people actually taking notice of t
art the endowment supported—a
how to fix it, thereby restoring a
miliar and comfortable silence.

The first witness was a nervo
looking man named Randol
McAusland, the NEA's acting dep
chairman for programs. McAusla
is in many ways the perfect Washir
ton man, with a thin neck, a Da
Stockman haircut, and an appare
lack in his speech of any trace of fe
ing or imagination. He addressed t
questions, which all concerned t
"problems" of the NEA, in the der
language of military procurement.
assured the commission that t
NEA, without so much as a hint
legislative direction, was already bu
establishing "new procedures"
"prevent the reoccurrence of some
the problematic grants" made in t
previous year. He spoke of "pr
screening" and "postscreening" of a
plicants, of a "two-step process"
which "subgrantees" would be "cycl
back in second-stage review."
talked about the need for "good da
to-day information" on "the bac
ground of the grantees," employi
"a sophisticated state-of-the-art da
base system." This way, he explaine
a quick computer search could reve
if an applicant had had "problems"
the past.

Sound a little scary? Like a v
electronic blacklist for artists? N
to members of the Independent Co
mission. Later in the summer t
general counsel for the endowme
revealed that the first steps towa
McAusland's dream data bank h

n proposed: a panel to investigate charges brought by *any* "responsi- party" about possible obscenity in work of artists applying for or re- ving NEA money.

What about "flagging the problem nts"? McAusland was asked. "Does staff do it or leave it to the coun- " (The National Council on the s, a board of presidential appoin- s, advises the NEA chairman on nts and procedures.)

"We take the initiative," McAus- d said firmly. Later he explained w NEA staffers would be taking "a re active role in the panels and viding information and context grant-making." In other words, EA staffers would be on hand, and lls (sorry, "lay persons") would be ught in to "balance" the voting, so t the peer review panels would ow whom the NEA would accept d whom it would not, and act cordingly.

"Do you believe this monitoring tem can work effectively without strictive language?" McAusland s asked.

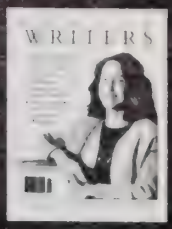
"I believe it can, yes," he answered.

What the commission essentially eded to hear was an assurance that e NEA was ready to accomplish hat its critics wanted without the ss of face that overt legislative strictions would bring. With cAusland's eager affirmations, the mmission's work was done, though r the sake of form, testimony agged on through the rest of the day and into several more meetings later in the summer.

The struggle over the reauthorization of the NEA began obscurely in e spring of 1989. The first muffled lleys were fired by the Reverends onald Wildmon, through a direct- ail campaign, and Pat Robertson, ith his television program *The 700 lub*; both expressed their outrage hat the photograph by Andres Ser- no entitled "Piss Christ"—in which crucifix appears in a brilliantly urky yellow aura that happens to be errano's urine—had been included n an exhibition funded by the NEA t the Southeastern Center for Con- emporary Art in Winston-Salem, North Carolina. Their efforts generated first hundreds and eventually thousands of letters to the NEA and to Congress. In May of that year, Senator Alfonse D'Amato denounced the exhibition on the floor of the Senate, dramatizing his disgust by tearing up the show's catalogue and dropping it at his feet. Soon, Senator Helms and other vocal conservatives on Capitol Hill joined the anti-NEA chorus. It was, they realized, a no-lose issue.

It was also a very minor one. None of the congressional hoo-ha drew much outside attention at the time. It took a move of particular spinelessness to get the arts controversy off the ground, one that came in mid-June 1989, when the Corcoran Gallery in Washington, to avert criticism it predicted would ensue in Congress over upcoming appropriations for the arts endowment, canceled a show, then about to open, of the photographs of Robert Mapplethorpe. Mapplethorpe was a much-praised photographer who had died of AIDS-related causes only a few months before. His photographs are known for a harmonious surface composition and an eye for provocative contrasts, which he sometimes applied to the world of whips-and-leather homosexuality. NEA funding for the Mapplethorpe show was minimal: $30,000 for a large retrospective, organized by the Institute of Contemporary Art in Philadelphia, to appear in some half dozen cities over the next two years.

The Corcoran's savvy board, which had hauled in $1.6 million in NEA moola (plus $7 million in matching grants) for their gallery over the past several seasons, and which was taking part in the mania for museum expansion by preparing to launch a fund-raising drive to increase their endowment sixfold, had been "monitoring" the rumblings in Congress about the NEA with the sweat-stained anxiety of air-traffic controllers on a heavy day at O'Hare. They showed their keen appreciation for the hermetic [illegible] for fear someone might not like it. "If [illegible]



OF WRITERS BY WRITERS FOR WRITERS

Subscribe to *Poets & Writers Magazine*, and six times a year you'll receive news of publishing opportunities and upcoming grants and awards, essays by and interviews with poets and fiction writers, reports of literary activities around the country and abroad, announcements of literary prize winners, and classifieds that list everything from jobs to house rentals.

"*Poets & Writers Magazine* is the most continuously successful means for American writers and poets to stay in touch with each other. The sense of community it gives to those who care for and write our literature remains inspiring and invaluable."

–William Styron

1 year $18. 2 years $32. Send check or money order to the address below. American Express orders accepted by phone, fax or mail. Call or write for foreign rates.

Poets & Writers Magazine,
72 Spring Street, Dept. H2
New York, NY 10012.
(212) 226-3586. Fax (212) 226-3963.

Make a life or death decision.

Support the right of the terminally ill to die with dignity. Call for information.

THE HEMLOCK SOCIETY

1-800-247-7421

P.O. Box 11830
Eugene, OR 97440



Want to brush up on a foreign language?

With Audio-Forum's intermediate and advanced materials, it's easy to maintain and sharpen your foreign-language skills.

Besides intermediate and advanced audio-cassette courses—most developed for the U.S. State Dept.—we offer foreign-language mystery dramas, dialogs recorded in Paris, games, music, and many other helpful materials. And if you want to learn a new language, we have beginning courses for adults and for children.

We offer introductory and advanced materials in most of the world's languages: French, German, Spanish, Italian, Japanese, Mandarin, Greek, Russian, Portuguese, Korean, Swedish, etc. – 191 courses in 56 languages.

Call 1-800-225-5400 for FREE 36 page catalog, or write:

AUDIO-FORUM®
Room 2108, 96 Broad Street,
Guilford, CT 06437 (203) 453-9794

Did you know that a matamata can be found in Cambridge?



It lives on the pages of the desktop ***Cambridge Encyclopedia***.

You can find this South American reptile, with 30,000 other entries, in **Cambridge**.

The Cambridge Encyclopedia represents the combined work of 100 leading scholars and specialists from around the globe.

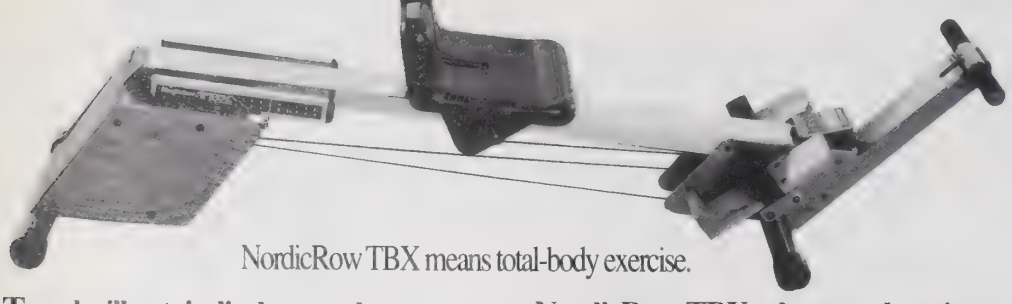
And 75,000 cross-references, a 128-page Ready Reference section, and 1,500 pages make the affordable ***Cambridge Encyclopedia*** unique.

The Cambridge Encyclopedia is the perfect gift for your favorite student, your favorite executive, and of course, yourself.

Find it at better bookstores.
Published by
Cambridge University Press

New from NordicTrack...

There's never been a total-body aerobic exerciser like this before.



NordicRow TBX means total-body exercise.

Treadmills, stairclimbers and stationary bikes don't give you half the workout of NordicRow TBX.
You don't just work your legs, as on treadmills, stairclimbers and stationary bikes; with NordicRow TBX you strengthen and tone all the major muscles in your upper *and* lower body. You get *twice* the workout.

NordicRow TBX advances the science of personal adjustability and comfort.
- **Revolutionary back stress management system** for proper posture and weight load distribution, maximum lower back support, and *comfort*
- **Split-resistance settings** for individualized upper and lower body workouts

Try NordicRow TBX in your own home for 30 days with no risk or obligation!
CALL TODAY!

The same innovative design and quality workmanship you've come to respect from NordicTrack.

NordicRow TBX™ BY NORDICTRACK

FREE VIDEO AND BROCHURE Call **1-800-468-4491** ext. 747L0
NordicTrack, A CML Company or write: NordicTrack, 141 Jonathan Blvd. N., Dept. 747L0, Chaska, MN 55318

coran chairman David Lloyd Kre
"it is detrimental to the Corcora
to every other art institution."

Of course, the Corcoran's h
profile cave-in did not obviate
NEA's contribution to the Ma
thorpe exhibition; it merely *p*
cized it. From then on, the how
upright legislators would not c
across the land. In July Sen
Helms, no doubt with an eye tra
ahead on the difficult reelection
tle he was forced to wage this fall
troduced an amendment to the NI
1990 appropriations bill prohibi
the endowment from funding
scene or indecent materials, inc
ing but not limited to depiction
sadomasochism, homoeroticism,
exploitation of children, or indi
uals engaged in sex acts . . . ." Thi
would be very difficult to find, sa
novel written in the latter half of
century that does not at some poin
another depict individuals engage
sex acts no one pointed out to
Senate, which passed the bill hanc
The Helms amendment (later
vised, but not much, and adopte
the full Congress) also banned
endowment from funding "mate
which denigrates the objects or bel
of the adherents of a particular r
gion or nonreligion"—the identifi
tion of this latter group, *the adhere*
of a particular nonreligion, being
only truly great new concept to h
emerged thus far from the NEA aff
though as yet no one has fully
plored its potential applications.

Among critics of the Hel
amendment on Capitol Hill, o
Senator Daniel Patrick Moynihan
derstood the real strategic failure
the legislation, a failure the artis
community has been loath to
knowledge or exploit. "If we start s
ing that something horrendous h
happened," Senator Moynihan co
mented, "we'll be giving them [i.
artists] power they don't have." As
turned out, he had nothing to fear;
was a power no one in t
arts community wanted.

Part of the problem facing the NE
in the summer of 1989 was the lack
a permanent chairman. Frank Ho
soll had resigned that February aft
an eight-year reign, and during t

t of the storm the agency was ined by an acting chairman, Southern, who obviously did ave the necessary clout to posi- the NEA at the correct angle st the high political winds. In une the *New York Times,* recog- g this risk, called upon the Pres- t to appoint "a courageous, nitted and knowledgeable new man."

hat the arts community got in- was John Frohnmayer. Frohn- r, a Portland lawyer, veteran of Oregon State Arts Commission, self-avowed ally of freedom of ex- ion everywhere, had been sworn nly a few weeks before he canceled irst grant—to the Artists Space ery in New York City for a group bition of artworks having to do AIDS. His reason, he said, was the catalogue for the show was "political" in its criticism of var- leaders for their failure to combat AIDS epidemic. This raised a l of protest from all sides—from Left, for canceling a grant for "po- al" reasons, and from the Right, the NEA having funded such a litical" show in the first place. nmayer then proclaimed that it n't really been politics that had le him rescind the grant but an sion of the artistic focus" in the w from the one that had been pro- ed for funding. He soon after rein- ed the grant, claiming that his use he word "political" had been construed.

n fact, politics has always been y much what the NEA is about, it has been Frohnmayer's job to ke the politics of the NEA conform hose currently obtaining in Wash- ton. (Why this refiguring of the A did not happen during the Rea- years is a complicated story hav- to do mostly with the Right being busy with strictly *political* issues— Soviet Union, Nicaragua, tax- —to focus on cultural ones. With Cold War over and with much of welfare state dismantled, new en- ies had to be found, and culture s one of them.)

When the NEA was first proposed, der President John Kennedy, he t the agenda of government in- lvement in the arts rather bluntly: "If we are to be among the leaders of the world in every sense of the word, this sector of our national life cannot be neglected or treated with indifference." President Lyndon Johnson, under whom the arts endowment and its sister agency—the humanities endowment—were created, called the arts "part of the pursuit of American greatness." And Richard Nixon, whose administration began the pattern of huge increases in the endowment's appropriations in the 1970s—he is said to have believed it was a way of mollifying Eastern liberals and Jews—intoned that the NEA "should, *within prudent limits,* foster artistic and cultural expression which stands close to the center of the American effort to nourish freedom in the world." (Emphasis added.)

As George Garrett, a novelist with a longtime association with the NEA, wrote convincingly this past summer in the right-wing journal *Chronicles,* throughout the Sixties and Seventies the NEA was dominated by the Left. The problem, beginning in the Eighties, was that while the arts establishment remained predominantly, if somewhat meekly, leftist, the government that fed it had shifted perceptibly to the right. The fight over the NEA has not been an effort, as some would say, to politicize the agency but an attempt to correct its politics, a fact made clear by John Frohnmayer from his first days in office. Unfortunately, the effort to adjust the politics of government support for the arts also entails drawing attention to the forbidden truth that politics were there in the first place.

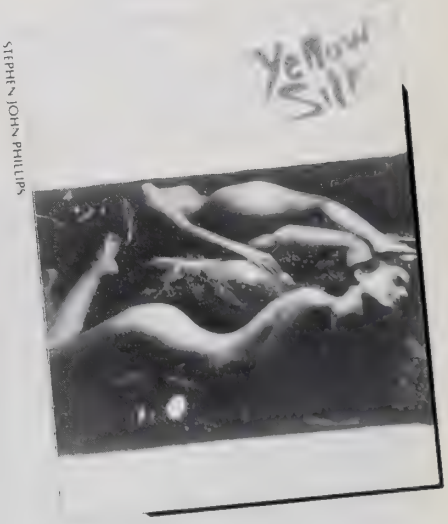
While Frohnmayer was telling all in the media and the arts community who would listen that he deplored congressional restrictions and supported the NEA's right to fund whom it pleased, he was acting to assure the Right that, as he put it to Pat Robertson during an appearance on *The 700 Club,* "this is a new ball game, a new administration." One of his first acts as chairman was to instruct program directors to pass along to him any 1989 grant recommendations that might contain controversial material (even though the Helms restrictions applied only to 1990 grants). The program directors duly complied.

"If you've been searching for something to enhance the sensual side of your life... Yellow Silk offers fiction, poetry, art, reminiscences, and reviews of material that celebrate the erotic in a way that manages to be both tasteful and juicy. The writing ranges from earthy and funny to tender and thoughtful, and the art is exquisite. Highly recommended."

Neshama Franklin
Medical Self-Care

Yellow Silk

JOURNAL OF EROTIC ARTS



"All persuasions; no brutality."

William Kotzwinkle • Marge Piercy • David Mamet • Susan Griffin • Octavio Paz • Lee Comme • W.S. Merwin • Mayumi Oda • Eric Gill • Marilyn Hacker • William Packard • Judy Dater • Robert Silverberg • Ntozake Shange • Ivan Argüelles • Jane Hirshfield • Gary Soto

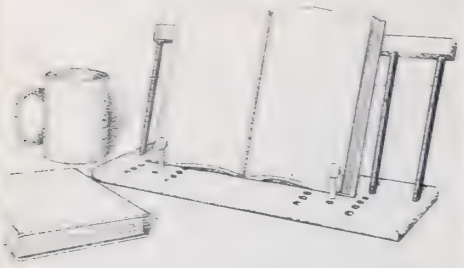
YS, P.O. Box 6374 Albany CA 94706
$24/year • Quarterly

NAME

ADDRESS

OUTSIDE U.S. ADD $6 SURFACE
$20 AIR PER YEAR U.S. FUNDS

Gifts for Readers



How nice it is to have a heavy book held open for you, especially by this handsome oak bookstand. We designed this bookstand for hardbacks and large books. Move its ball-topped wooden pegs to adjust the book's angle and keep pages back. Please specify natural or black lacquered dowels. Base measures 5-1/2 by 14 inches. Made in the USA.

Oak Stand **$30** plus **$3.25** shipping.



Rich tan leather on top, page-gripping suede on the bottom with lead weights stitched in between. It sounds simple, but no imitations compare with Mr. Barenholtz's original bookweights.

Bookweight **$19** plus **$3.25** shipping.

MC/VISA/AMEX/Check
Money-Back Guarantee • Catalog on Request
Add 6% sales tax to Florida shipments
800-544-0880 or 407-276-4141

LEVENGER™
Tools for Serious Readers
975 S. Congress Ave., Code HOB1, Delray, FL 33445

SENILE FELINES

A DESK CALENDAR
OF PALINDROMES FOR
1991

***pal·ən·dróm*-(n) a word, verse, or sentence that reads the same backward or forward.**



Egad, an adage!

Written by **WILLIAM IRVINE**
Illustrated by **STEVEN GUARNACCIA**

HBJ

A Harvest/HBJ Original
Harcourt Brace Jovanovich
Available at bookstores everywhere

Driving comfort you've never experienced before, with...

Posturizer™ Beaded Car Seat only $29.95*

But read this ad for an even better deal!



• *The Posturizer™ fits every car or truck seat. It attaches with strong rubber straps. The seat comes in two colors—tan or black, to match the interior of any car.*

Driving should be fun. It should be exhilarating and relaxing. But it won't be anything like that at all if your clothes cling to your body, if your back hurts, and if you ache all over and feel uncomfortable after a long drive. That happens when it's hot in the car, of course. But even at normal temperatures, you usually feel quite wrung out after even a couple of hours of driving. The commute turns out to be the toughest part of the day. The *Posturizer™ Beaded Car Seat* solves the problem. It's constructed of hundreds of individually polished hardwood beads. They roll gently with every move of your body, soothe out stress and tension. The seat's yielding rigidity gives lumbar support and prevents backache and fatigue. You'll arrive at your destination as fresh and rested as when you left.

We are the exclusive by-mail distributors of this useful automotive accessory. That's why we can offer it to you for just $29.95. But we have an even better deal: ***Buy two for $59.90, and we'll send you a third one, with our compliments—absolutely FREE!*** With this practical and very helpful automotive accessory there is no longer any reason why you should get to your destination wrinkled, sweaty, aching, and fatigued. Remember: Driving should not be be a punishment, it should be fun. The *Posturizer™ Beaded Car Seat* will *make* it fun. Get yours today!

FOR FASTEST SERVICE, ORDER
TOLL FREE (800) 882-3050
24 hours a day, 7 days a week
Please give order #4260A596 for the black, or #4261A596 for the tan Posturizer™ Beaded Car Seat. If you prefer, mail check or card authorization and expiration date. We need your daytime phone number for all orders and issuing bank for all charge orders. Add shipping/insurance: $6.95 for one; $8.95 for three. Add sales tax for CA delivery. You have 30 day return and one year warranty. We do not refund shipping charges.

For quantity orders (100+), call Ernest Gerard, our Wholesale/Premium Manager at (415) 543-6570 or write him at the address below.

since 1967
haverhills®
131 Townsend Street, San Francisco, CA 94107

Also without legislative obligati
Frohnmayer established (and te
ciously retained, despite pleas e
from the Independent Commiss
and the National Council on t
Arts) the infamous obscenity ple
—a statement, containing langu
from the Helms restrictions, that
recipients of federal arts grants had
sign. And when the peer review pa
for theater recommended grants to f
performance artists, including Ka
Finley, whose work had already be
spotlighted by endowme
critics, he rejected them

The real struggle surrounding t
NEA is about legitimacy, about t
money, prestige, and privilege (t
privilege, mostly, of obtaining m
money and prestige) that a cadre
professional artists has enjoyed as a
sult of government benediction. E
the pursuit of privilege is its own fo
of repression. By a curious formu
that obtains in this country, social
gitimacy gained always means perso
al authority lost. The higher o
climbs on the American social ladd
the less one is able truly to speak on
mind, or even have a mind of on
own to speak. The extremes of th
system are most visible in politics: N
one is less able to speak freely on a
issue than the president. Each of h
beliefs is forged by a cautious comm
tee; every statement is buffered
qualifiers and drags a long tail of co
rections from his staff.

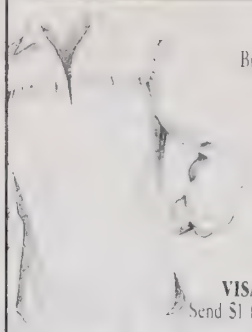
The greatness of American art h
always resided in its independenc
There was, until lately, no acaden
here, no official art to smother th
voices of our most significant mu
cians, painters, sculptors, and write
a substantial portion of whom we
uneducated madmen and antisoci
cranks. This spirited American voi
has been almost eradicated (wh
would even recognize it now?), a
what we've replaced it with—in its e
fects, if not its conception—is und
niably minor. And I think the NE
has played a significant role in th
process. The endowment's fosteri
of professionalization and growth m
be a form of "censorship" more effe
tive than men of Al D'Amato's a
Jesse Helms's limited imaginatio
could devise.

n authentic "arts" machine of the
ent size, guzzling up $8 billion or
e of public and private funds every
ve months, demands an impossi-
y: an enormous supply of first-rate
To question art's quality, to dis-
inate between one work and an-
r and to delve into the potential
nings of each, is to winnow out
amount of first-rate art—and thus
hreaten the economy of the sys-
. Squelching this impulse to make
ments is where the interests of
arts bureaucrats and the officially
tioned artists converge. Together
must silence the rabble, which,
reasons possibly selfish and insin-
, has dared nevertheless to hint
the system is false and the art it
duces unsatisfying. Silencing the
ics, of course, means silencing art
lf. And that, in fact, may be the
em's largest intention.

No one believes that impoverish-
nt, alienation, or organized repres-
is necessary for the production of
l and lasting works of art. That is a
gerous romance. But it is also
omance to think that large-scale
ding of the arts necessarily repre-
ts a golden age or that such fund-
is above politics.

What I am arguing for, ultimately,
change not so much in what artists
out in what they believe. The nec-
ry selfishness of being an artist
ans, when it comes to money, get-
g one's snout into whatever trough
kes itself available. But the mo-
nt we pass from merely cashing in
ctually believing that government
ney is necessary and deserved is a
gerous moment indeed, when we
at risk the independence and au-
rity that make art something more
n stirring decoration for the halls
fashion and power. What strikes
as sad in the ongoing struggle to
vage and "correct" the NEA is the
ortunity offered and refused for a
xamination of the orthodoxies of
recent past. Why not cease con-
ing our checkbooks for a moment
measure the health of our vision
recollect the source of our true
ver? For the real and terrifying
dom of art doesn't come from leg-
tors and it doesn't come from
mmittees. It comes from the limi
chaos of our hearts.

DEVA Buccaneer Shirt



FOR MEN & WOMEN

Buckle your swash [illegible] shirt with gathered [illegible] back yokes. Wear it [illegible] in soft, fine, smooth finished pure cotton. Dusty Rose, Royal Blue or White. State height, weight, bust chest measurement (up to 48").

$29 ppd. and guaranteed.

VISA/MC call 1-800-222-8024.

Send $1 for fabric samples and catalogue of 40 styles (Free with order)

DEVA, a cottage industry
Box HALO, Burkittsville, MD 21718

INTERNS WANTED

Harper's Magazine is accepting applications from college students and graduates for its internship program. Interns serve full-time on an unpaid basis for three to five months and get practical experience in critical reading and analysis, research, fact-checking, and the general workings of a national magazine. Each intern works with an editor on one section of the magazine, takes part in the creation of the Harper's Index, and is encouraged to generate ideas, read widely, and approach problems creatively. For further information and an application, call: 212-614-6500.

Cricket
the magazine for children

. . . is for very special children who are curious about their world, who love to read, who have adventurous minds and active imaginations . . .

children just like yours!

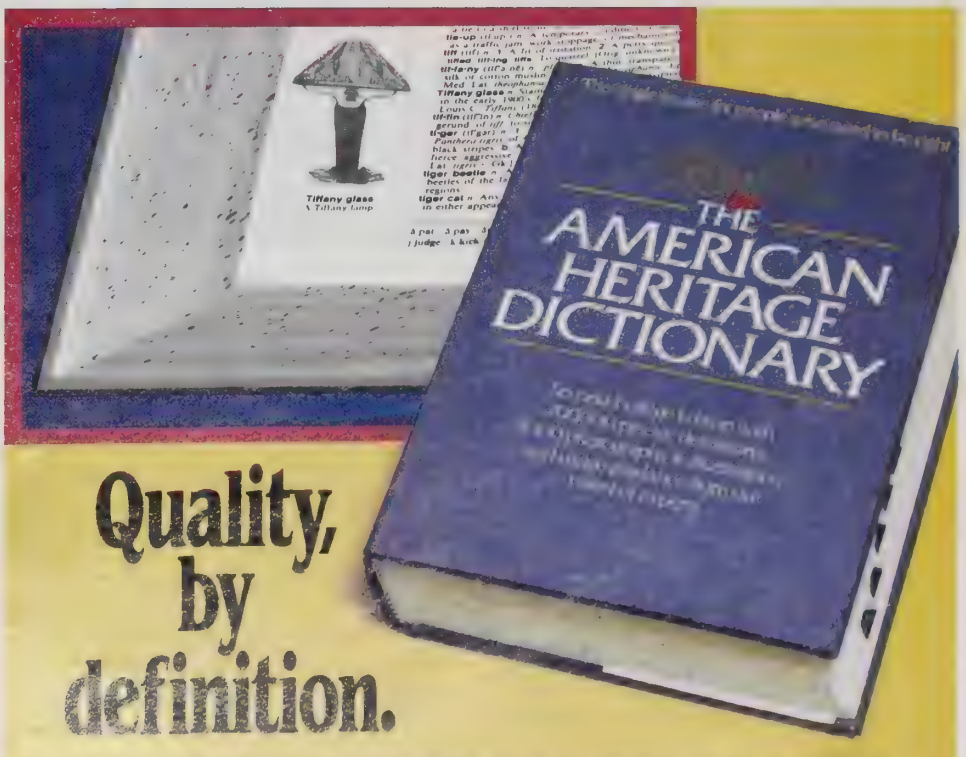


A fine literary magazine for children this monthly has no living peers Unfortunate, indeed, are those who pass through the years of 6 to 12 unacquainted with CRICKET
-BOOKLIST

$14.95 for an EIGHT-ISSUE TRIAL subscription. Send no money. We will bill you later. *Save over $15.00 off the regular twelve-issue price!* Order now by calling toll free or by sending us the coupon below.

Name _____
Address _____
_____
City, State, Zip _____

1-800-BUG PALS (1-800-284-7257, Ext. 5C)
CRICKET, Box 52933, Boulder, CO 80322
5HMR5



Quality, by definition.

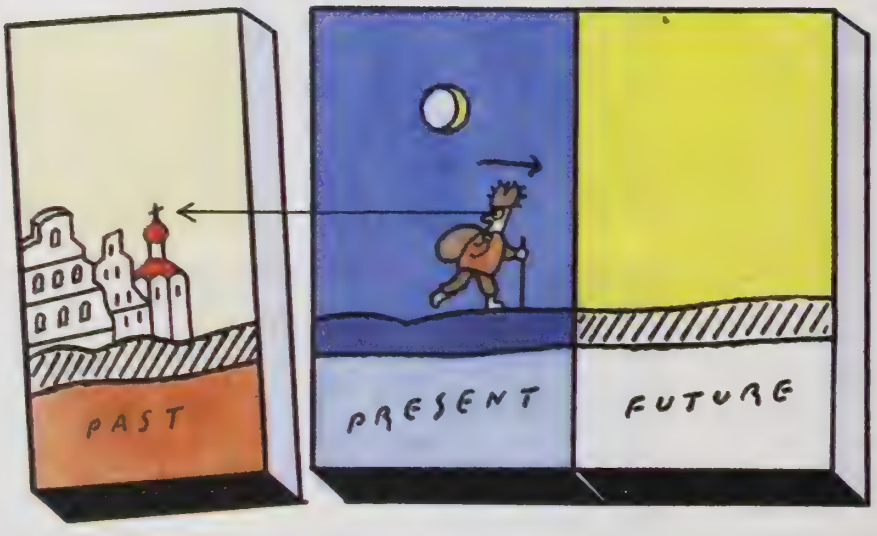
Just as a Tiffany lamp defines quality in art nouveau, quality in a dictionary is defined by its definitions. Only THE AMERICAN HERITAGE DICTIONARY provides usage notes from a panel of experts to guide you to the correct usage, and enlivens its definitions with thousands of photographs.

Houghton Mifflin Company

RESTRUCTURING YESTERDAY'S NEWS

The Russians write a new history

By Eric Foner



Among Moscow's more fascinating exhibitions last spring was a small show at the Donskoy Monastery about Solovki, an island in the icy seas off Archangel. Settled in the fifteenth century by Russian monks, who built a thriving community on the rocky, desolate terrain, Solovki became famous, or infamous, as a penal colony. The former monastery was first occupied by opponents of the czarist regime; then the whole island became a camp for Soviet political prisoners. Today, Solovki is a tourist attraction.

Five years into the Gorbachev era, the Soviet Union finds itself completely rewriting its own history, and the Solovki exhibit, twice extended because of popular demand, illustrated the new thinking that has begun to reshape the Russian past. The exhibit explained, in loving detail, how the monks beat back the sea, dug irrigation canals, and achieved economic self-sufficiency. The island's use as a prison camp before 1917 was passed over with only the briefest mention, but the presentation of the 1920s and 1930s was unflinching—letters, photographs, and personal belongings of the artists, scientists, poets, and political dissenters who perished at Solovki. The show exemplified the current nostalgia among educated people for prerevolutionary days as well as the simultaneous reluctance to confront the unpleasant aspects of czarist society and the obsessive need to fill in the blank pages in the history of the Soviet era.

I had arrived in the Soviet Union at the beginning of February to teach nineteenth-century American history at Moscow State University. Early in my visit, a Soviet colleague remarked that the U.S.S.R. is the land of the "unpredictable past" where historical judgments shift, often abruptly, in the prevailing political winds. Of course, history everywhere is political, in the sense that contemporary problems and values profoundly affect accounts of the past, but rarely has history been so malleable as in Gorbachev's Soviet Union. *Glasnost* (intellectual openness) provoked challenges to established verities in every corner of Soviet life. Simultaneously, under the slogan of *perestroika* (restructuring), Soviet authorities embarked on a series of reforms intended to transform the country's political and economic structure.

A new future requires a new past. To legitimize these far-reaching changes, the press and public officials now paint the history of the Soviet era in the blackest hues, reclassifying every top leader between Lenin and Gorbachev as either criminal or incompetent. In high schools, textbooks on Soviet history have been scrapped, new ones have yet to appear, and last year final examinations in history were canceled altogether. The same struggle to keep up with new revelations is evident in other

Eric Foner, DeWitt Clinton Professor of History at Columbia University, recently returned from four months as Fulbright Lecturer in American History at Moscow State University. His most recent book, Reconstruction: America's Unfinished Revolution, *won both the Bancroft and Parkman awards.*

Illustration by Maris Bisho

ues where history is presented. Then I visited Moscow's popular Museum of the Red Army, the rooms on the 1930s were closed. The exhibit, I was told, needed to be revamped to account for newly released documents revealing how Stalin's purges of high-ranking officers contributed to the military disasters of 1941. One glasnost-inspired alteration had already taken place: A group portrait of the general staff in 1945 had been replaced by a painting of American and Soviet soldiers meeting at the Elbe.

The collapse of established assumptions and previously unquestioned paradigms has produced an intellectual crisis. The demise of communist regimes in Eastern Europe and the crisis in the Soviet economy have thrown into question Marxist ideas that previously were the basis of historical scholarship—that history is evolving in a predetermined direction, that capitalism is declining and socialism is on the rise, that class struggle is the motive force of historical change.

"The old historical science has collapsed," remarked E. B. Chernyak, a leading "methodologist" (that is, an expert in what we would call theories of history) at Moscow's prestigious Institute of World History. But slowly and chaotically, a new history is emerging—a history interesting, provocative, and no less "political" than the old.

At the institute, for example, several research projects are under way that reflect the "new thinking" of the Gorbachev era. One group has embarked on a study of the role of "great men" in historical change; another has adopted "civilization" as its key category for future study, replacing the Marxist "social and economic formation" and promising far greater attention to culture, religion, and other noneconomic aspects of historical development. Paralleling Gorbachev's desire to locate the U.S.S.R. within a "common European home," scholarly projects are being launched in cooperation with historians from Western Europe aimed at identifying the features Soviet history shares with that of the West. (Such "Eurocentrism" stands in striking contrast to the multicultural thrust of mu[illegible] rent historical thinking in the United States and pointedly ignores the distinctiveness of the U.S.S.R.'s vast non-European population.)

The lexicon of scholarly discourse has itself changed. "Class" and "progress" are out, and during my four months in Moscow I never heard a mention of "imperialism." The concept of "revolution" is being rethought —turned on its head, really. Chernyak's view is that revolutions (like the French and the Russian) that attempt to abolish the existing order entirely should be deemed less radical than "organic revolutions" (like the American), which build on existing institutions rather than destroying them. The reason? By reducing future social conflict, revolutions of the second sort create more favorable conditions for economic growth.

At the same time, the traditional Marxist distinction between "bourgeois" and "socialist" ideologies has given way to a search for "universal human values" (another Gorbachev byword, which seems oddly ahistorical, since it denies the significance of time and place in establishing moral standards). These universal values have yet to be clearly defined, but thus far they bear a remarkable resemblance to features commonly associated with American life: respect for individual rights, constitutional limits on the powers of government, a high standard of living, even market relations and protection for private property (in the Soviet Union, usually referred to as "individual property" so as not to offend adherents of the "old thinking"). This love affair with America can lead to some remarkable conclusions. Since a socialist society is one that fully embodies "universal values," one scholar has proposed, the United States is actually more socialist than the Soviet Union.

Economic crisis has a way of inspiring a search for utopias abroad. In the 1930s many American intellectuals found theirs in a Soviet Union apparently immune to the Great Depression's ravages. Russians have long viewed the United States as a country where all the qualities supposedly absent from their own society could be found. For decades, the press limited reporting to America's ills: poverty, homelessness, racism, unemployment. Today, criticism is out of fashion; America has become the land of liberty and prosperity of our imagination. Writing in *Moscow News*, one historian declared that since Jefferson's Declaration of Independence, Americans have valued "freedom of the individual over everything else"—a statement that certainly would have surprised Jefferson's hundred slaves, to say nothing of the millions freed only by the Civil War.

As Soviet-American relations are transformed, a new account of the American experience is replacing the traditional interpretation. Nikolai Bolkhovitinov, perhaps the Soviet Union's leading scholar of American history, recently chided his colleagues for persistently misrepresenting the American Constitution. In his view, the Constitution, far from reflecting the outlook of the eighteenth-century bourgeoisie, as previous Soviet scholars would have it, embodied "universal human ideals," especially the concept of a "law-based state."

Given their country's history, it is not difficult to understand the appeal to Soviets of a "law-based state," and one with fully stocked supermarkets to boot. But the new view of the United States is as one-dimensional as the one it is supplanting. Americans in Moscow today often find themselves reminding Soviet friends that our history has its own complement of mistakes and crimes, and that our present is not universally rosy.

At Bolkhovitinov's invitation, I delivered a talk at the Institute of World History on blacks and the American Constitution. I discussed how the Founding Fathers had written protections for slavery, such as the obligation to return fugitives, into the document; how even free blacks had enjoyed few legal rights before the Civil War; and how it had taken almost a century for the promise of emancipation and Reconstruction to begin to be fulfilled.

Nothing I said would have seemed particularly controversial to American historians. But my talk was not, shall we say, greeted with enthusiasm. Listeners praised my research but seemed puzzled by my "oppositional" stance. One historian commented

OXFORD
FLORIDA STATE UNIVERSITY
SUMMER PROGRAM

The prestige. The tradition. The unsurpassed academic quality. Spend Summer '91 living the Oxford experience at historic Christ Church. Study in residence with Oxford tutors ... earn course credits ... take field trips to famous sites ... get to know England in a way few outsiders can. June 30-July 20 and July 21-Aug. 10, 1991. Please write, call, or FAX for more information on this outstanding program designed especially for adults.



OXFORD PROGRAM
Florida State University
Center for Professional
Development, R-55
Box R
Tallahassee, FL
32306-2027
Phone 904-644-7551
FAX 904-644-2589

THE BEST FILMS YOU NEVER SAW.

Now you can rent or purchase VHS videotapes by mail. Over 1,200 hard-to-find quality films are available, including ***Pixote, Camille Claudel,*** and ***In the Realm of the Senses.***

Our library includes foreign and independent films, limited release features, Hollywood classics, cult favorites and documentaries.

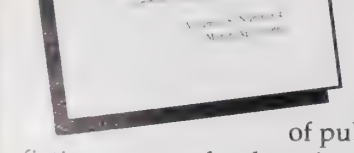
It's simple and inexpensive. Makes a great gift. Phone or write for free information and list of films.

1-800-258-3456
Home Film Festival®
P.O. Box 2032, Scranton, PA 18501

ATTENTION
COLLEGE STUDENTS

Harper's Magazine is looking for college students to help with a promotional effort on college campuses. We are offering a complimentary one-year subscription to students who can give approximately one hour of their time. For more information, contact: Judy Brienza, Circulation Manager, Harper's Magazine, 666 Broadway, 11th Floor, New York, New York 10012. (212) 614-6508.

THE LITERARY MAGAZINE BY CHILDREN



"The New Yorker of the 8 to 13 set."
MS. MAGAZINE

"The subtle power and incredible sensitivity behind these stories written by youngsters is difficult to describe."
HOME EDUCATION MAGAZINE

STONE SOUP, now in its 19th year of publication, is a bi-monthly collection of fiction, poetry, book reviews, and art by children. Printed on quality paper, with color art throughout and an Activity Guide in every issue, STONE SOUP both entertains and inspires young readers. Frequent features include writing by Navajo children and art by Soviet children.

STONE SOUP is published five times a year, every two months from September to June.

☐ 2 yrs. $38 ☐ 3 yrs. $52
Bill my ☐ VISA ☐ MC
Card #
Exp. Date
Signature

Name
Address
City, State, Zip
☐ Please send a gift card.
Gift from

P.O. BOX 83, SANTA CRUZ, CA 95063: 1-800-447-4569

that although he did r
my interpretation, it w
viet scholars to hear suc
my "take" on the subje
lessly eccentric. Anot
that my rather bleak a
economic condition of
in the 1980s seemed at
current Soviet interpr
Reagan years, which s
all Americans, includ
having improved mark
harsher reaction when
same lecture in Tbilisi
scholar of American
chided me for leaving
that much of our raci
caused by black wome
six or seven children
white taxpay
them."

The same disenchan
the previous orthodoxy
for a new past was evide
students. In my first
marked that the semest
the rise of the market,
secession, and the proc
reconstruction—held p
vance for today's Soviet
luck, I added, the U.S.
nineteenth-century Am
ter and avoid a civil war
week when I lectured o
can secession crisis, L
clared its independence.
response, I pointed out
like Lincoln's: A unio
how constructed, coul
mantled without the co
members.

To my surprise, n
thirty-odd students supp
nia's right to leave the S
Indeed, they viewed wit
equanimity the very real
their country's dismemb
cially if this could be
without bloodshed. No
press regret about the re
Eastern Europe and th
cline of the U.S.S.R.
great power. One stud
Gorbachev should take
Russia's policy after its
Crimean War, which
country's profound soc
nomic backwardness: T
should retire from the w

aion and put its own house
go
vitably, my students read
w history through the prism
r vn desires. On their final ex-
ounstance, nearly all professed
cbn for Abraham Lincoln,
dey saw as a pragmatist guided
ti "common sense." Their
s ogical Lincoln, who lacked
ld political and moral con-
lywould be unrecognizable to
lerican historians today. The
G of a generation of Soviet
tsoured on ideology, he em-
teir yearning for intellectual
pical moderation after nearly
w of war and social upheaval.
n their own history, my stu-
tared the current obsession
ıting missed opportunities
s not taken in the Soviet
mely, the focus of this search
nd backward. Three years ago
alew Economic Policy (NEP)
turly 1920s was praised as a
ble economic program than
e m of centralized planning
trol instituted by Stalin.
icis widespread interest in Ni-
oharin, Lenin's colleague and
ient of Stalin's policy of col-
caion, who envisioned a more
mpath to socialism. And long-
hd avant-garde painters like
u Malevich and Alexandra
oreived major exhibitions. A
ase was drawn between Lenin's
n Stalin's later tyranny.
o, while Lenin is still widely
ns a kind of George Washing-
e, the line between the 1920s
ly 1930s is gradually eroding.
walking with a graduate stu-
ier the university, I saw a post-
exhibition of Liubov Popova,
sturned-constructivist painter
early revolutionary period.
oiexpressed admiration for her
y companion launched into a
gainst Popova's entire mod-
ieneration. Not only did a
ald or Mayakovski support the
sm, but their avant-garde art
sed the old Russian culture of
ays. That so many of these
ere silenced in the 1930s or
a Stalin's purges apparently
difference.
s Bukharin, three years ago a

You deserve a factual look at. . .

Israel and the Media

Are current events in Israel getting fair coverage?

In December of 1987, an Israeli civilian was stabbed by Arabs in the Gaza territory, administered by Israel. On the following day, four Gaza Arabs were killed by an automobile driven by an Israeli. The two events were totally unrelated. Yet, the rumor spread that the Arab deaths were revenge murders by the Israelis. Rioting broke out and spread into Judea-Sumaria (the "West Bank"), also administered by Israel. It was the beginning of the "intifada," which still goes on. The media have covered and continue to cover this uprising extensively. Are they doing it fairly?

What are the facts?

■ The conflict between the Israeli government and the Arabs in the areas administered by Israel, the so-called "intifada," is essentially a minor regional one. It does not compare in scope, in violence and in the number of people killed or injured to the many other conflicts going on in the world right at this time, such as the conflict between the Basques and Spain; between Catholics and Protestants in Northern Ireland; and between Moslems, Hindus and Sikhs in India. And there are many more. Just as with the Arab-Israel conflict, no easy or early solution seems at hand.

■ Yet, while the "intifada" is only one of many regional conflicts, the volume of its coverage in the media has made it appear to be a major world event. There are over 250 press and t.v. reporters accredited in Israel, a tiny country the size of New Jersey and with only half the population of New Jersey. This large media contingent is second only in number to that of Washington and Moscow—and less than that of such key news centers as London, Paris, Bonn, New Delhi, Peking or Tokyo. Naturally, all of these reporters must produce daily stories in order to justify their presence. This results in much journalistic overkill. *The Washington Post*, for instance, reports in an internal audit that. . .during a 5-month period in 1988, they published over 300,000 words on the "intifada," more than two articles daily, one-quarter of which appeared on the front page. That was the most intense coverage by the *Post* of any continuing story. In contrast, when in one day, 65 Shi'ites were killed in one of the brotherly battles in neighboring Lebanon, the *Post* gave that only 600 words, in an article on page 15.

■ But it isn't just the intensity of coverage that casts serious doubt about the fairness of the media. It's primarily the slant that is being given to the news, both in the print media and on television. Television, especially, thrives on "action bites," short dramatic scenes with potential to get the viewer involved. For instance, we see over and over again pictures of teenage boys throwing rocks at Israel soldiers, and the soldiers chasing those teenagers with guns and clubs. That inevitably creates the impression of Israel as the bully or the Goliath, and of the "Palestinians" as defenseless Davids. The opposite is true, of course. Israel is a beleaguered country surrounded by implacable enemies, who incessantly plot its destruction. The "intifada" is part of that never-ending war.

■ The media do not show the hundreds of Israeli soldiers and civilians who have been grievously wounded and in some cases killed by rocks and gasoline bombs. They do not show the Arabs setting countless arson fires, in which over 25,000 acres of forest—every tree having lovingly been planted by hand—have been destroyed. They do not show the attacks on Jewish farms, the wanton destruction of industrial and public service facilities, the fire bombing of hundreds of buses, and the ruthless killing of livestock. They do not show the PLO terror aimed at the "Palestinians" themselves. In the last seventeen months of the "intifada" dozens of Palestinian Arabs have been murdered by the PLO, hundreds injured, many critically. This campaign of intimidation has increased since Yasir Arafat allegedly renounced terrorism.

■ In the few cases in which fuller coverage of the conflict was attempted on t.v., such coverage usually did turn out to be more "show-biz" than serious reporting. ABC's reportage "Six Days Plus Twenty Years" was so blatantly anti-Israel in tone that Arab countries rushed to use it as a propaganda film. Peter Jennings on ABC insistently perpetuates the odious comparison of Israel with South Africa. T.V. interviews with people in the territories invariably show reasonably middle class intellectuals and professionals with whom the American viewer can identify—never the arsonists, the bus bombers and the throwers of Molotov cocktails. The occasional Israeli spokesman that gets trotted out is almost always a member of the radical left or of the so-called "Peace Now" movement, quite unrepresentative of mainline Israeli thinking.

The media do not give the "intifada" fair coverage. It's partly the sheer volume of the coverage, which gives this minor regional conflict perceived importance that it doesn't have. It also lies in the persistent anti-Israel slant that permeates the reporting in all media. Finally, the media, almost without exception, focus on the immediate "drama" and do not explore the history and background of this conflict. The most important point, always omitted, is that the conflict between Israel and the "Palestinians" is not the core problem in the area. The core problem is the unremitting obsession of the Arab states to destroy Israel, their refusal to make peace with it, or to lift the economic boycott against Israel—regardless of what disposition may ultimately be made of the "West Bank." Israel, more even than other beleaguered pro-Western nations, is the target of disinformation and unfair reporting. Largely because it is a dependable friend and ally of the United States, the Jewish state is another victim of the "blame America first" bias in the media.

This ad has been published and paid for by

FLAME

Facts and Logic About the Middle East

P.O. Box 590359 ■ San Francisco, CA 94159

FLAME is a tax deductible, non profit educational 501(c)(3) organization. Its purpose is the research and publication of facts regarding developments in the Middle East and exposing false propaganda that might harm the interest of the United States and its allies in that area. Your tax-deductible contributions are welcome.

Yes, I want to help in the publication of these ads and in clarifying the situation in the Middle East. I include my tax-deductible contribution in the amount of

$ _____. H/22

My name is _____

I live at _____

In _____ State _____ Zip _____

Mail to: FLAME, P.O. Box 590359, San Francisco, CA 94159

HARPER'S MAGAZINE

Statement Required by 39 U.S.C. 3685 showing the ownership, management and circulation of *Harper's Magazine*, published monthly (twelve issues per year). Date of filing: September 13, 1990. Publication No. 514-410. Annual subscription price: $18.00.

Complete mailing address of known office of publication: 666 Broadway, New York, NY 10012.

Complete mailing address of headquarters of general business office of Publisher: 666 Broadway, New York, NY 10012.

Publisher: John R. MacArthur, 666 Broadway, New York, NY 10012; Editor: Lewis H. Lapham, 666 Broadway, New York, NY 10012; Managing Editor: Ellen Rosenbush, 666 Broadway, New York, NY 10012.

Known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 percent or more of the total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities: None.

Changes during the preceding twelve months in the purpose, function, and nonprofit status of the Harper's Magazine Foundation and the exempt status for Federal income tax purposes: None.

Extent and nature of circulation.

	Average number of copies each issue during preceding twelve months	Actual number of copies of single issue published nearest to filing date
A) Total number of copies printed	278,772	279,521
B) Paid circulation		
1) Sales through dealers and carriers, street vendors, and counter sales:	35,005	37,816
2) Mail subscription.	182,308	185,346
C) Total paid circulation:	217,313	223,162
D) Free distribution by mail, carrier, or other means (samples, complimentary, and other free copies):	4,155	3,531
E) Total distribution:	221,468	226,693
F) Copies not distributed.		
1) Office use, left over, unaccounted for, spoiled after printing:	3,264	1,245
2) Returns from news agents:	54,040	51,583
G) Total.	278,772	279,521

I certify that the statements made by me above are correct and complete
(Signed) John R. MacArthur



LIBIDO

Erotica For People Who Like To Read

Sample issue $6

- Quarterly -

In the U.S. $20

Elsewhere $30

(For surface mail. For Airmail add $20 to Europe and $30 to Asia, Australia and South America.)

P.O. Box 146721, Chicago, IL 60614

SOLUTION TO THE NOVEMBER PUZZLE

W	A	S	H	E	D	P	E	D	L	A	R	
A	L	F	A	D	I	A	F	R	I	T	E	
T	T	A	M	I	S	T	R	U	S	T	S	
C	O	B	M	A	C	E	U	G	A	I	T	
H	O	R	O	L	O	G	I	S	T	R	O	
E	N	I	C	Y	L	U	T	H	I	E	R	
S	A	C	K	S	O	O	D	E	N	S	E	
C	O	S	T	E	R	M	O	N	G	E	R	
H	O	A	R	S	E	A	G	R	O	S	S	
E	U	G	E	N	I	C	G	Y	C	T	T	
N	T	A	P	O	T	H	E	C	A	R	Y	
O	G	P	U	V	U	E	R	A	R	I	L	
P	O	E	T	A	S	T	E	R	T	N	I	
O	E	F	U	S	E	E	L	O	N	G	S	
D	R	A	P	E	R	S	P	L	A	S	H	

NOTES FOR "WHAT'S MY LINE?"

Unclued professions (ACROSS) were linked to their products (DOWN): HOROLOGIST/WATCHES, LUTHIER/STRINGS, COSTERMONGER/FRUIT, APOTHECARY/DRUGS, POETASTER/DOGGEREL, DRAPER/FABRICS. ACROSS: 1. WA(SHE)D; 5. P(EDLA, anagram)R; 9. ALFA(t), anagram; 12. AFR(aid)-IT; 14. MIST-RUSTS; 16. CO-B(ackside); 17. MACE, anagram; 18. GA(mb)IT; 22. SACKS, two meanings; 23. O-DENSE; 28. HOARSE, "horse" & Lit; 31. GROSS, hidden in reverse; 34. E-UGENIC (anagram); 39. OGPU(r), anagram; 41. ARIL, hidden; 43. FU("few")-SEE; 44. LO(. . . N)GS; 46. SP-LASH. DOWN: 2. ALTO-ON-A; 3. HAM-MOCK; 4. DISCO-L-OR; 5. PATE(rnalism); 7. AT(&)T-IRES; 8. RESTORER, hidden; 11. D(I)ALYSE(anagram)-S; 15. SAT IN; 21. (w)HEN-(d)RY; 25. CHENOPO(anagram)-D(andelion); 26. MACHETES, anagram; 27. GO(CAR)T; 29. OUTGOER, anagram; 30. AGAPE, two meanings; 33. STY-L-IS-H; 35. NO(reversal)-VAS(t); 37. PUT-UP, reversal; 38. CAROL(h), anagram; 40. USER, anagram.

SOLUTION TO NOVEMBER DOUBLE ACROSTIC (NO. 95). BARBARA BARTLETT: THE SHIKSA. Christmas is a time of reckoning for the film community: Backs are scratched; palms greased; obeisance paid to those currently, if precariously, in power ... debts paid off. People who have everything outdo themselves for those who have more.

CONTEST RULES: Send the quotation, the name of the author, and the title of the work, together with your name and address, to Double Acrostic No. 96, *Harper's Magazine*, 666 Broadway, New York, N.Y. 10012. If you already subscribe to *Harper's*, please include a copy of your latest mailing label. Entries must be received by December 8. Senders of the first three correct solutions opened at random will receive one-year subscriptions to *Harper's Magazine*. The solution will be printed in the January 1991 issue. Winners of Double Acrostic No. 94 are Morgan Pattison, Cheswick, Pennsylvania; Paul Abrahams, Deerfield, Massachusetts; and Russell Walsh, Minneapolis, Minnesota.

colleague told me that a biography
him by American scholar Steph
Cohen was "the most popular book
Moscow." Today, he went on, no o
cares about Bukharin or, for th
matter, the NEP. The hero of the m
ment is Peter Stolypin, prime min
ter from 1906 until his assassinati
in 1911, who oversaw the brutal
pression of the democratic moveme
of 1905 but then instituted a refo
program that included peasant prop
etorship and equality before the la

The "Stolypin alternative," it
now said, might have "saved" Russ
from revolution. One student insist
that czarist society was well on th
way to transforming itself peaceful
from an economically backward a
tocracy into a modern, democrati
capitalist society when its progre
was suddenly and inexplicably abor
ed by the Bolshevik revolution. Wit
out 1917, he continued, devising a
implausible imaginary history for h
country, the Russian monarchy wou
have tranquilly surrendered its pow
and assumed a purely symbolic role,
in today's England.

Even accomplishments of which a
Soviets can be justly proud, such
the defeat of the Nazis in World W
II, evoked little enthusiasm from m
students. One of the U.S.S.R.'s mo
popular holidays is May 9, the ann
versary of the German surrender
1945. This is when the parade of mil
tary hardware, erroneously associate
in the Soviet Union with May Day
takes place and when groups of veterar
gather to sing, dance, and remember

May 9 was a beautiful spring da
this year, and I took my daughter t
Gorky Park and the square outside th
Bolshoi Theater to see the veteran
gatherings. I found the experience a
fecting and somewhat sad. To my su
prise, no young people took part i
the celebrations. When I asked a stu
dent about this, he remarked, "M
generation has no interes
in May 9."

The rethinking of history, I rea
ized, has opened a deep fissur
between the generations. Filtere
through memory, history gives mean
ing to people's experiences. For mil
lions of older citizens, the struggle
—at fearsome cost—to wrest a back

d country into modernity and re- the Nazi invaders remain the tral events of their lives. The ht light now illuminating the dark ers of Soviet history, they sense, asting other parts—their parts— shadow. They too crave a new , but one that encompasses suc- es as well as failures, the sacrifices lealistic men and women as well as strous crimes. They deeply resent ing their ideals, struggles, and omplishments forgotten or, worse l, dismissed by the media and nger generation as pointless. "I my life has been wasted," one life- g communist remarked to me.

This older generation does not re the nostalgia for czarist days v fashionable among critics of the sting order. But at Moscow State, ny students (themselves mostly m privileged families) lavished ise on the high standard of prerev- tionary culture and the excellence elite prerevolutionary education, nenting the downward "leveling" both in the Soviet period. At the ne time, they managed to overlook most glaring weaknesses of czarist iety—widespread illiteracy, social quity, economic backwardness, d political bankruptcy. Indeed, this ing portraits of Czar Nicholas II d his family were quickly sold out at main university building. (A stu- nt managed to locate one for my ing-away present.)

Such nostalgia is an enemy of true torical understanding, since it re- es portions of the past while ignor- g others. But as a wholesale ection of the present, nostalgia can ve as a powerful mode of protest. In hteenth-century England, the idea the "Norman yoke"—that Anglo- xon England was democratic and alitarian until William the Con- eror in 1066 imposed an aristo- atic tyranny—helped inspire the ovement for political reform and so- al justice. Today, this kind of radi- l nostalgia is especially powerful in e Soviet Union's restive republics.

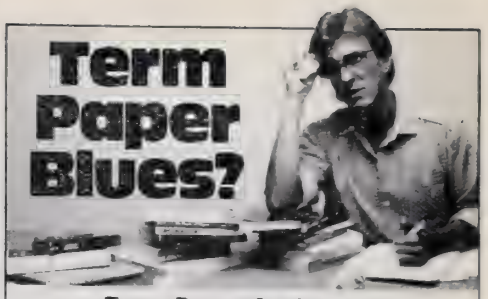
During my stay, I managed to visit llinn and Tbilisi, the capitals, re- ectively, of Estonia and Georgia. A edieval trading port on the Baltic, llinn enjoys a prosperity Musco- tes can only envy (and, indeed, the city swarms with Russians who come to shop for the jewelry, food, and clothing hard to find elsewhere in the U.S.S.R.). Nationalism is flourishing, complete with its own version of history. Time and again I heard the period between the two world wars—when Estonia, Latvia, and Lithuania enjoyed independence—referred to as a golden age. (The authoritarianism and pro-German sentiment of the independent Baltic States are forgotten.)

Partly because Soviet troops in 1989 killed some twenty pro-independence demonstrators in Tbilisi, the rethinking of history is even more sweeping here than in Estonia. Visible symbols of Soviet rule have all but disappeared. At the Georgia State Museum, which traces the region's history from the days of the Stone Age, the section covering the period after 1921 was closed, as if the last seven decades could somehow be erased. With one exception, every statue of Lenin in Tbilisi has been pulled down. The most popular historical shrine is now a huge cross in front of the city hall, commemorating those killed a year ago.

As in Estonia, I heard numerous remarks about how Georgia's citizens, when independent, had enjoyed universal peace and prosperity. Not being an expert on the republic's past, I was surprised to learn that Georgia, for centuries a part of the czarist empire, in the modern age had enjoyed exactly four years of independence—from 1917 to 1921.

"A society cannot live or develop normally," said Soviet historian Yuri Afanasyev, "without knowing where it came from and what it is." Sometimes, as in Stalin's Soviet Union or the early-twentieth-century United States (where historians rewrote the American past to justify the denial of blacks' rights as citizens, such as arguing that the failure of Reconstruction was proof that blacks were incapable of participating in government), history serves mainly to rationalize the status quo. History can degenerate into nostalgia for an imaginary golden age or inspire a utopian quest to erase the past altogether. And it can force people to think differently about their

Continued on page 78



Term Paper Assistance

Catalog of 19,278 research papers

Order Catalog Today with Visa/MC or COD

Toll Free Hot Line **1-800-351-0222**

California & Canada: (213) 477-8226

Monday - Friday 10 am - 5 pm (Pacific time)

Or send $2.00 with coupon below

Our 306-page catalog contains detailed descriptions of 19,278 research papers, a virtual library of information at your fingertips. Footnote and bibliographic pages are free. Ordering is easy as picking up your phone. Let this valuable educational aid serve you throughout your college years

EXAMPLES OF CATALOG TOPICS. . .

15759-WORK RELATED STRESS Ways to minimize and manage stress, emphasizing human relations and environmental approaches. 9 footnotes. 7 bibliographies. 6 pages

15842-GROUNDWATER CONTAMINATION Origins, types, economic, political, health aspects. Proposed solution based on cost/benefit analysis of social capital. 12 footnotes. 8 bibliographies. 8 pages

Research Assistance also provide custom research and thesis assistance. Our staff of 75 professional writers, each writing in his field of expertise, can assist you with all your research needs

QUALITY GUARANTEED!

RA Since 1970

RESEARCH ASSISTANCE
11322 Idaho Avenue, Suite 206-XR
West Los Angeles, California 90025

Please rush my catalog. Enclosed is $2.00 to cover postage

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State ____ Zip _____

Predict SAT* scores for 7, 8 or 9th graders.

Don't wait until grade 12. College is too important. Learn where your child stands today and have time to work on weaknesses. Call today.

1-800-442-7728

Testing private independent school children for over 30 years

Secondary School Admission Test Board

*Not College Board. No endorsement implied

CLASSIFIED

ART

House portraits: Pen and ink from photo. Matted and framed to your liking; $185. Free shipping, 100 percent guaranteed. SASE for free brochure to A.P. Nichols, 7601 South Arbory Lane, Laurel, Md. 20707.

LITERARY SERVICES

Looking for a publisher? Learn how you can have your book published, promoted, and distributed. Send for free booklet: HP-2, Vantage Press, 516 W. 34th Street, New York, N.Y. 10001.

Manuscript critique/editing service. "Writer's Network"—free brochure. Wordsmiths, P.O. Box 1373, Brooklandville, Md. 21022.

Celo Valley Books will produce your books professionally and economically. One percent of profits to charity. Write: 346 Seven Mile Ridge Road, Burnsville, N.C. 28714.

BUSINESS OPPORTUNITIES

Let the government finance your small business. Grants/loans to $500,000. Free recorded message: (707) 449-8600. KW6.

Home typing. Hand addressing. Excellent income. Write: National, Box 104-HM, Island Park, N.Y. 11558.

Entrepreneurs. Unlimited income. Six months from now you'll be glad you called this number: (916) 325-2772 (recorded message).

Read books for pay. No experience necessary. (900) 847-7878 (99 cents/min.), or write: PASE-LB1, 161 Lincolnway, North Aurora, Ill. 60542.

BOOKS

Manuscripts wanted, all types. Publisher with 70-year tradition. (800) 695-9599.

Canadian Books: Used, out-of-print, paperbacks, hardbacks. Any Canadiana, Arctic, or sea books. Wells Group, 958 Page Avenue, Victoria, B.C. V9B 2M6, Canada.

Obtain your books (new or in-print) easily, pleasantly, reliably—with one soothing call to Minnesota. Tell us what you need; we ship immediately or will special-order. Gringolet Bookstore, Minneapolis, Minn. (800) 468-4347.

Old-book scout locates out-of-print books. Write: Greenmantle, P.O. Box 1178HP, Culpeper, Va. 22701.



The Professional Oppression of America. A new book. Information: P.O. Box 1956, Beaufort, S.C. 29901.

Anarchist Cookbook. Available again: $22, postpaid. Barricade Books, Box 1401-E, Secaucus, N.J. 07096.

Bookstore holiday shopping from your comfortable home or office. Discount of 25% on current national bestsellers; 15% off backlist, audio, video, and large-print books. Visa/MC. Dragon River Enterprises. (800) 228-6334.

Secular humanist literature. Outstanding selections. Reasonable prices. Catalogue, $2. Independent Publications, Box 102, Ridgefield, N.J. 07657.

Booklover's smorgasbord. Free catalogue. Iron Kettle Books, Hancock Road, Williamstown, Mass. 01267.

VACATION RENTALS

Getaway weekends—Winnipesaukee, waterfront, year-round. Will mail video. (617) 721-1266.

Hawaiian Islands—Molokai, Kaluakoi resort. Polynesian studio with kitchen. $50 per night. (800) 225-7978 or (800) 950-5541.

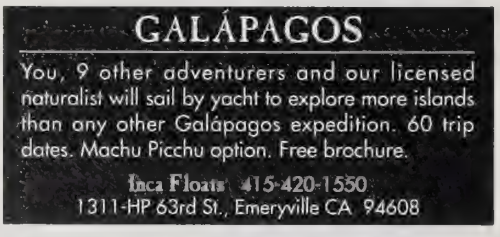
GENEALOGY

Irish genealogy. Write: Hibernian Research Ltd., 22 Windsor Road, Dublin 6, Ireland. Call (353) 1-966-522 (24 hours).

TRAVEL

Itinerary planning for the independent traveler. We design trips anywhere to your specifications and budget. Recommendations for routes, hotels, sightseeing, and more. Write or call for free planning guide. Travel Design Associates, 299 Riverside Drive, New York, N.Y. 10025. (212) 222-2743.

Adirondack Mountains, cross-country ski vacations. Write: Garnet Hill Lodge, Box H, North River, N.Y. 12856. (518) 251-2444.



ASSOCIATIONS

Knighthoods for gentlemen, honors for ladies. Brochure, $3. Nobilitat-H, 316 Edward Street, Victoria, B.C. V9A 3E6, Canada.

Bertrand Russell Society. Information: HM, RD 1, Box 409, Coopersburg, Pa. 18036.

EMPLOYMENT

Jobs in Japan. Send SASE. Larsen, 200 West Aero, #4, Payson, Ariz. 85541

Get paid for reading books: $50 to $100 per book. Write: Calco Publishing, Dept. C-66, 500 South Broad, Meriden, Conn. 06450.

GIFTS

The Library Game: $5.98. Ages 5 and Great Christmas gift. Free catalogue. A Games, Box 810, Birmingham, M 48012.

Penis poster (23″×35″) depicts 12 ar penises (man to whale). Scientific no $10 ppd. to Poster K, Box 673, Bloon ton, Ind. 47402.

Bolivian Indian dolls, handmade Chris gift, $30. Photo: Send $2. 10010 Dic Bethesda, Md. 20814.



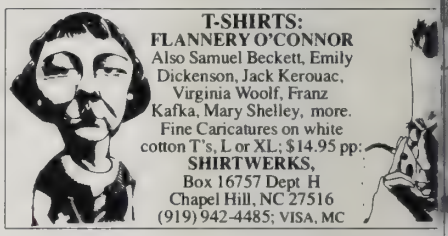
MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS

Flutes/panpipes: 250 varieties. Many cultures. Catalogue, $3. Lew Price, Bo (R), Garden Valley, Calif. 95633.

OUT-OF-PRINT BOOKS

Caxton Booksearch. Box 709, Sister Wis. 54234. Please send phone/address wants. (414) 854-2955.

MERCHANDISE



Looking for ASMAT bags? Guatem santos? Sentani sago bowls? Unique arti our specialty. Illustrated catalogue, $3. address: Thresher's Semi-Tropic Et graphic, 1811 Hether Street, Austin, 78704.



Christmas harp music cassette: $11, paid. MacPhail, 11500 Westwood Bo vard, #1616, Orlando, Fla. 32821.

CLASSIFIED RATES. Minimum ten words. One time, $2.20 per word; three times, $2.10 per word; six times, $2.00 per word; twelve times, $1.85 per w Telephone numbers count as two words, as do box numbers. ZIP codes count as one word. CLASSIFIED DISPLAY: Minimum one inch. One time, $13 column inch, three times, $12 per column inch, six times, $120 per column inch; twelve times, $105 per column inch. The closing for classified copy i first of the month, two months prior to issue date. Prepayment is required. Make checks payable to *Harper's Magazine* and send to Harper's Classified, Broadway, New York, N.Y. 1001 Include telephone number on all correspondence. Address inquiries to Andrew Walko, Classified Advertising Man

s very colorful 100% Cotton Power T is Guaranteed to get attention! 20% of the profits go to
THE FUND FOR ALASKA
which fights the opening of the Arctic National Wildlife Refuge and protects wildlife. Makes a GREAT CHRISTMAS GIFT for all of your environmentally concerned friends.
Buy 5, get one free!
Only $15.00 + $2.00 — S/H per shirt
mediate Delivery! Please specify Med., Lg., or XL
ct Action—Box 21743—Charleston, S.C. 29413-1743
ONT
BACK

alized memo pads with your photo. e gift idea. Send for free brochure. rontiers, P.O. Box 35, La Mirada, 90637–0035.

YOU SING THE HITS
BACKGROUND TRACKS with removable vocals
Exact recreations of the hits. OVER 4,000 SONGS
BE A STAR!
Chrome cassettes and lyrics included
Easy to use and great fun too.
Send for FREE full-color catalog. Write to POCKET SONGS Dept. FF Box 229 Irvington, NY 10533

r stamps, 24 characters and spaces per irst line, $3.50; additional lines, $1.25 four lines maximum. Send request to t Impressions, P.O. Box 21343-H, ake City, Utah 84121. Print clearly.

PURE NEW WOOL
ARUBA ... AUSTRALIAN HEEPSKIN SLIPPERS & OTS. SO SOFT & WARM.
or write: Qwaruba Shearling Footwear
ox 51135, Seattle, WA 98115 (206) 365-5717

name in Japanese on parchment suitor framing, $15. Word in Japanese on ment (love, etc.), $10; on T-shirt, Yumiko, 250 Northeast 107th Street, i, Fla. 33161.

DISM LIFESTYLE:
FAMILY RECREATION
European Videos
$2 + sase for infopak:
NAT-FAM (HA)
Box 838, Venice, CA 90294

PUBLICATIONS

People. Marxist biweekly since 1891. months/$1, one year/$4. *The People* Box 50218, Palo Alto, Calif. 94303.

t pact of Christopher Columbus re- adherence to his Jewish heritage. Illus- , scholarly, authentic documentation. $6 to JAM, Box 5371, Brownsville, 78523.

Proof Jesus fictional. Scholarly proof Flavius Josephus created fictional Jesus, Gospels: $5. For details send SASE to Abelard, Box 5652-H, Kent, Wash. 98064.

Wallpaper Reproduction News. Tri-yearly, $15. Free sample copy. Box 187, Lee, Mass. 01238.

Supernatural cloud. Nuclear warfare—Earth's spin displacement on Texas coast, $1. D. Neider, P.O. Box 5162, San Antonio, Tex. 78201.

Seasons. Quarterly newsletter for busy people who entertain at home. Menus, recipes, wines, style, and talk. $10 annually; single issue, $3. Write: DPH, Box 375, Old Westbury, N.Y. 11568.

In A Nutshell. Light verse by an octogenarian; $6 postpaid. Theresa Schwat, 208 Miriam Parkway, Elmont, N.Y. 11003.

Travel to France... without your passport!
Subscribe to the JOURNAL FRANCAIS D'AMÉRIQUE, America's largest selling French language newspaper. News, politics, travel, books, cinema and much more . . . tout en français.
24 times a year for only $35!
•1 year (24 issues) for $35
To order, call 1-800-272-0620 or write to: Journal Francais d'Amérique Rm. 114-2, 1051 Divisadero St. San Francisco, CA 94115

BOOKPLATES

American Artists of the Bookplate: 1970–1990. An illustrated directory of modern artists. To suit the needs of institutions and individuals. Cambridge Bookplate, Box 340, Cambridge, Mass. 02238.

HEALTH

Fountain of youth. Get rid of bags, wrinkles, jowls. Isometric face-lift regimen tightens, firms; reverses, slows aging signs. Complete. Illustrated. Now only $5.90. Check or M.O. to Whitney Ltd., 8936 W. 31st Street, Brookfield, Ill. 60513.

EDUCATION

Study Chinese at home. Free brochure. Write: AICS, Box 453, Charles Town, W. Va. 25414.

Bachelor's, Master's, Doctorate. Guide to colleges offering nonresidential degree programs through independent home study. Accredited, economical, accelerated programs. Credit given for prior accomplishments and work experience. Free detailed brochure. Write: Doctor John Bear, P.O. Box 826-H1, Benicia, Calif. 94510.

Research papers: 18,278 papers available—all academic subjects. Rush $2 for 306-page catalogue. Custom writing also available. Research, 11322 Idaho, No. 306HB, Los Angeles, Calif. 90025. Toll-free hotline: (800) 351-0222; in Calif., (213) 477-8226.

Spanish in Guatemala. Box 40148, Albuquerque, N.M. 87196. (505) 243-3196.

Teach English in China. One-year position, includes stipend, housing, possible air ticket. C[illegible] 6474.

European licentiate in arts or science and postgraduate courses including doctoral degrees by research. For prospectus send $9 to European Program, Somerset University, Ilminster, Somerset TA19 OBQ, England.

SPEAK FRENCH OR ANY LANGUAGE AS U.S. DIPLOMATS DO!
Self-study audiocassette courses developed for U.S. State Dept. now at savings up to 60%! Call or write for FREE catalog 1-800-722-6394.
AUDIO-LANGUAGE INSTITUTE®
516 Fifth Avenue. Dept.H11Suite 507, NY. NY 10036

Glasnost and the Global Village, February 19–22, 1991. Four days of wide-ranging discussion on the "new world" after glasnost. Scholars, business leaders, politicians, and youth discuss politics, economics, communications, culture, and ecology. Thirty to sixty Soviets include Korotich, Pozner, Stankevich, Dziuba, Pinadyshev, Paylychko. Some satellite. Inquiries to Glasnost, York University, Toronto M3J 1P3, Canada. (416) 736-5870. Fax: (416) 736-5103.

Speak a Foreign Language Like a Diplomat!
Learn on your own with audio-cassette courses used by U.S. State Dept. Programmed for easy learning. 47 languages in all. Comprehensive. Call or write for free catalog. 1-800-243-1234
AUDIO-FORUM® Dept. 653 Guilford, CT 06437

Fully approved university degrees. Economical home study for Bachelor's, Master's, Ph.D., fully approved by the California Superintendent of Public Instruction. Prestigious faculty counsels for independent study and life-experience credits (5,000 enrolled students, 400 faculty). Free information: Richard Crews, M.D. (Harvard), President, Columbia Pacific University, Dept. HRPD, 1415 Third Street, San Rafael, Calif. 94901. Toll free: (800) 227-0119; in Calif., (800) 552-5522 or (415) 459-1650.

COMPUTER PROGRAM

WISDOM OF THE AGES
First electronic book to give PC users easy access to timeless knowledge from over 1,000 great minds-Eastern & Western. Focuses 6561 sparkling quotes, sayings & ideas-some quite rare-in many ways. Helps users act, write & speak better, learn more in less time.
Only $79.00 - 30 day money back guarantee.
MCR Agency, Inc. 1-800-767-6797
6116 Merced Ave. #81H 9am to 7pm PST
Oakland, CA 94611 Fax 415-444-6561

PERSONALS

Extraordinary psychic counselor, energy healer, and problem solver. Telephone appointments. Randal Clayton Bradford. (213) 820-5281 or (213) REALITY. Visa/MC/AmEx.

Asian girls. Information $1. J.W., P.O. Box 2329, Jakarta, Pusat, Indonesia.

Shalom Singles. Connects Jewish singles interested in the arts, sports, travel, books, public affairs, etc. Nationwide. P.O. Box 1827, Germantown, Md. 20875. (800) 695-SHALOM.

Condoms by mail. Avoid condom purchase anxiety syndrome (CPAS). Write for free color brochure or send $4 for discreetly packaged samples. Money-back guarantee. Allegro Specialties, Box 21881, Baton Rouge, La. 70894.

CLASSIFIED

Meet Thai women: 16-page, 100 color-photo catalogue, $5. Thai Ladies, Box 11495 (H), Honolulu, Hawaii 96828. (808) 734-0099.

Artistic Connections—linking single lovers of the arts across the nation. Music, art, film, literature, dance, drama, photography. Write: AC, Box 116, Chatham, N.J. 07928.

Scandinavia, USSR, Europe: Worldwide correspondence for bright, savvy, unattached professionals (since 1980). Scanna, P.O. Box 4-HP, Pittsford, N.Y. 14534. (716) 586-3170.

Idealistic, SWF. English professor, 43. Tall, dark-eyed beauty. Responsible. Political. Loves dancing and tennis. Nonsmoker. Seeks counterpart with similar values. Send recent photo to STE. 217A, 2796 Harbor, Costa Mesa, Calif. 92626.

Beautiful Pacific ladies seek sincere gentlemen for love, marriage. Free photo brochure. Simpatica. (800) 421-4686, afternoons.

Traditional single ladies. Correspondence, marriage. Dignified presentations since 1984. Asian Experience, Box 1214JA, Novato, Calif. 94948. (415) 897-2742.

Message dreams are possible. Dream booklet gives practical guidelines in asking for and interpreting such dreams. One person's experiences humbly offered for examples. $20. Heaven's Gift Inc., Suite 103, Box 176, Lancaster, N.Y. 14086.

Classical Music Lovers' Exchange. Nationwide link between unattached music lovers. Box 31, Pelham, N.Y. 10803. (800) 233-CMLS.

Meet women worldwide. Free 32-page catalogue. America's most respected correspondence service. Cherry Blossom, 190 HR Rainbow Ridge, Kapaau, Hawaii 96755. (808) 961-2114, anytime.

Single Booklovers gets cultured singles of all ages acquainted. Established 1970. Nationwide. Write: Box 117, Gradyville, Pa. 19039, or call (215) 358-5049.

Cultured singles, nationwide. Older women/younger men; younger women/older men. Send LSASE to Anachron, Box H-326, New York, N.Y. 11367.

Asian women desire romance. Overseas, sincere, attractive. World's no. 1 service. Free details, photos. Sunshine International Correspondence, Box 5500-NA, Kailua-Kona, Hawaii 96745. (808) 325-7707.

Meet beautiful women. We supply photos, names, and addresses. Send for free details. Merit, Box 74758-H, Los Angeles, Calif. 90004.

Meet Christian singles. Nationwide. Phone or mail introductions. No fee, donations only. Write: Box 90-20-WE, Van Nuys, Calif. 91409.

At the Gate. Meet singles sharing values on peace, ecology, personal growth, and human rights. Free details. Box 09506-HP, Columbus, Ohio 43209.

Asian ladies. Free catalogue. Hundreds of photos, names, and addresses. Sapphire International, Box 2018, Madison Station, New York, N.Y. 10159.

Japanese women seek friendship/marriage. Other Orientals too. Pacific Century Correspondence, 110 Pacific 208K, San Francisco, Calif. 94111. (816) 924-1668.

Singles—upbeat parties. Eleventh year. Friendly Manhattan homes. (718) 875-3878.

How to meet and marry a pretty Filipino lady. A complete guide. Free details: Dept. H., 329 Harvey Drive, Glendale, Calif. 91206.

Thai women seek Mr. Right through correspondence. Thai Club, Miami, Fla. 33233-0974H.

WM, widowed physician, northcentral U.S.A. Zestful 60s, 5'8", 153 lbs., wise and wholesome. Blend of European culture and American accomplishments with urban refinements and country earthiness. Seeking a slender, vibrant, authentic Caucasian or Oriental soulmate for an enticing and enlivening relationship. Reality requisites: unencumbered, relocatable, and a lover of home, health, art, and nature's splendors. Age 48 and up. Bio/address and returnable photo, please. Box 777, *Harper's Magazine*, 666 Broadway, New York, N.Y. 10012.

GOURMET

Caribbean delicacies. Ten recipes, $5. Box 3021, Portland, Ore. 97208.

Chocolate-flavored fortune cookies with your own message/logo. They're delicious. Individually wrapped. International Cookie Company, P.O. Box 12432, Oakland, Calif. 94612.

Easy Bakhlava!
Armenian/Middle Eastern Recipes
EASY BAKHLAVA, HUMMOS, STUFFED GRAPELEAVES, TABOULEH, SHISH KEBAB, PILAF, and much more!
for over 20 nutritious and tasty recipes, send $5.00 to
S Maranjian, P O Box 574, Watertown, MA 02272-0574

MISCELLANEOUS

Inventions, ideas, new products. Presentations to industry. National exposition. (800) 288-IDEA.

Acrosticians Club. Free *Acrostics Network*, details, puzzles. Mock, 1030-A Delaware, Berkeley, Calif. 94710.

New Zealand needs qualified immigrants. Details free: P.O. Box 29057, Auckland, New Zealand.

Continued from page 75

society by bringing to light unplea truths. In today's Soviet Union, tory plays all these roles. It is easie course, to dismantle an old vis than to assemble a new one, but if torians succeed in providing this t bled country with a common sens its past, they will have done as m as legions of radicals, secessioni and populists to project the So Union into a new future.

December Index Sources

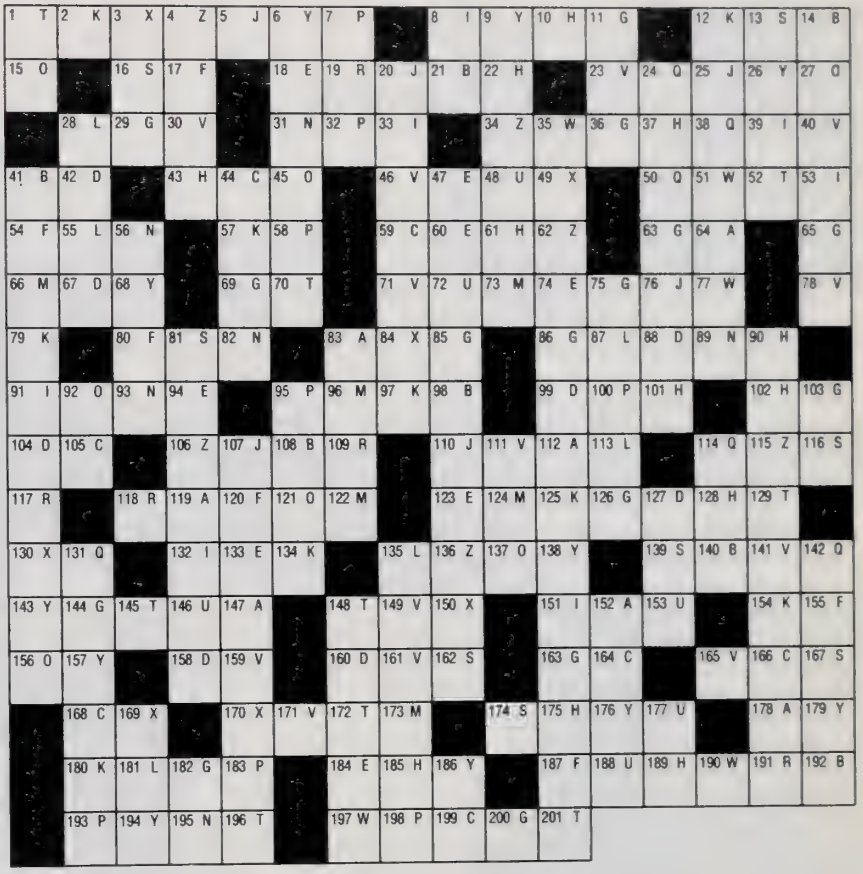
1,2,3 *Gazeta International* (W saw); **4,5** U.S. Department of C merce; **6** Bank of Japan (New Y City); **7** Invest/Net (North Mia Florida); **8** Times Mirror Center the People and the Press (Washi ton); **9** Associated Press (New Y City); **10** Carter Center of Em University (Atlanta); **11** Isr Consulate (New York City); **12** *York Times* (Jerusalem); **13,14** Isr li Consulate (New York City); M.I.T. (Cambridge, Massac setts); **16** Mitsukoshi departm store (Tokyo); **17** Intersex (W saw); **18** *A Secret World: Sexua and the Search for Celibacy*, by A. Richard Sipe (Brunner/Mazel, N York City); **19** Christian Motor clists Association (Hatfield, Ark sas); **20** Maharishi Internatio University (Fairfield, Iowa); Doom, the Society for Secular mageddonism (San Francisco); Hallmark Cards (Kansas City, M souri); **23,24** J. Patrick Bradl Provident National Bank (Philad phia); **25** U.S. Office of Migrat Bird Management (Arlington, V ginia); **26** Inter-American Develo ment Bank (Washington); **27** C Hall (Stevens Point, Wisconsi **28** Ziegler Music (Baton Rou Louisiana); **29** U.S. Census Bure **30** Douglas S. Massey, University Chicago; **31,32** U.S. Office of t Inspector General (Baltimore); Alcor Foundation (Riverside, Ca fornia); **34** Reanimation Found tion (Vaduz, Liechtenstein); **35** B an Novack (Beverly Hills, Calif nia); **36** Roper Organization (N York City); **37** *Sports Illustrated Kids* (New York City); **38** Univers of Maryland Survey Research Ce ter (College Park); **39** Jay Mart *Rolling Stone* (New York City).

DOUBLE ACROSTIC NO. 96

by Thomas H. Middleton

The diagram, when filled in, will contain a quotation from a published work. The numbered squares in the diagram correspond to the numbered blanks under the WORDS. The WORDS form an acrostic: The first letter of each spells the name of the author and the title of the work from which the quotation is taken.

The letter in the upper right-hand corner of each square indicates the WORD containing the letter to be entered in that square. Contest rules and the solution to last month's puzzle appear on page 74.



CLUES

A. Fine, rather stiff fabric with a sheen — 83 119 152 64 147 178 112

B. 1872 satirical romance by Samuel Butler — 21 14 98 108 192 140 41

C. Worrying, troubling; causing continual discomfort — 166 59 199 105 44 164 168

D. Denial — 104 88 42 160 99 127 158 67

E. Seaport in Norfolk, Eng. — 47 184 60 18 123 74 94 133

F. Boxing in which kicking is also permitted — 80 54 187 155 120 17

G. Haughty, contemptuous, arrogant (4 wds.) — 69 126 63 29 11 86 144 103 75 200 65 163 36 182 85

H. Extremely close (3 wds.) — 128 175 61 90 37 189 22 185 101 10 102

I. Minimally pied (hyph.) — 91 33 8 132 151 39 53

J. Stopped (naut., 2 wds.) — 76 25 20 5 110 107

K. Short-lived, transitory — 125 154 2 134 12 79 97 57 180

L. Touched quickly and gently — 87 28 55 113 181 135

M. Ancient two-handled jar with a narrow base — 96 173 124 43 73 122 66

N. Cloth sample — 31 82 93 195 89 56

O. Is violently agitated or disturbed — 156 121 137 27 92 15 45

P. Occupies — 198 58 100 32 95 193 7 183

Q. Failed strike, in fishing — 131 38 50 24 114 142

R. Smocks — 117 19 118 109 191

S. Experienced persons (2 wds.) — 13 174 167 16 81 116 162 139

T. "My oblivion is a very Antony, / And I am all ____," says Cleopatra — 148 196 70 129 172 1 201 145 52

U. Once more — 188 153 146 48 177 72

V. Inflexibly just or severe, as a judge — 171 111 23 30 165 141 149 161 71 78 40 159 46

W. Right to ownership — 35 190 77 197 51

X. Chorines, e.g. — 84 169 130 170 3 150 49

Y. Vicissitudes (3 wds.) — 26 138 176 6 194 68 186 179 143 9 157

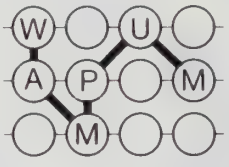
Z Cap. of the Dodecanese Islands — 4 62 115 106 136 34

PUZZLE

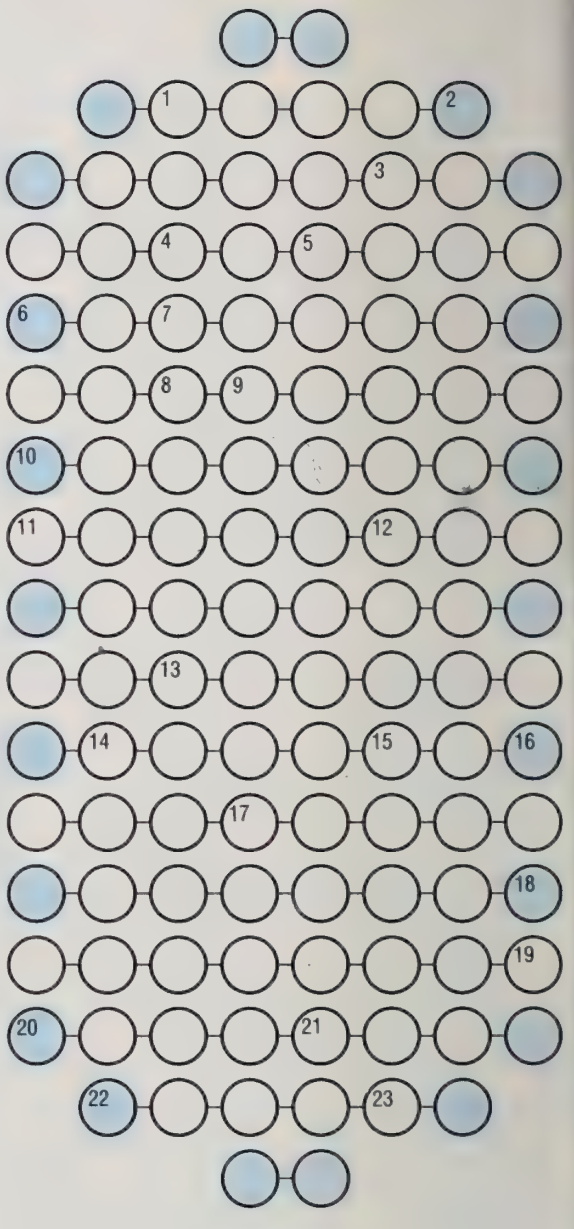
Wampum

by E. R. Galli and Richard Maltby Jr.

This piece of wampum is made of seventeen rows of beads. Fifteen of the rows contain the name of a North American Indian tribe in the white beads; the tribe names are clued separately, and the solver must determine in which row each goes. The other set of clue answers is used to tie together the rows of beads. Beginning in the appropriately numbered bead, enter each connecting word by moving from row to row, up or down, either vertically or diagonally, as in the example here. The solver should draw in the connecting lines between beads. No connecting word crosses another, or itself, and each bead is used in one (only) connecting word. The letters in the colored beads are: BDDDFFGKKLLLMNNNOOSTUX.



Among the answers to the connecting words are two proper names and a combining form. The solution to last month's puzzle appears on page 74.



Tribes

A. Tribe to move slowly, endlessly (4)
B. Tribe boast (4)
C. Tribe goes one by one, I'd assumed (6)
D. Tribe needs bit of hominy during fast (6)
E. Tribe head captures leaders of Indian Union (6)
F. Tribe gives back a measure of power to Ohio (6)
G. Tribe returns to Havana, ends being dispossessed (6)
H. Tribe seen dancing around (6)
I. Tribe rejects a chap—a Catholic (6)
J. Tribe was first to go West with understanding (8)
K. Tribe needs time to make milestone (8)
L. Tribe shows how new West must be obliterated repeatedly (8)
M. Tribe male captured by Cochise is missing (8)
N. Tribe princess is retiring as announced (8)
O. Tribe I question about returning gold Sioux almost returned (8)

Connecting Words

1. Part of eye care of each succeeding nurse (6)
2. Poor drainage beginning to stunt flowers (9)
3. Yippee! A husband is taken into court (5)
4. All of the stocks rise high (4)
5. English writer gives wife almost anything (5)
6. Light and warmhearted, the French (6)
7. One with a bow, but not her bow (3)
8. Partially renovated, sort of pear-shaped (5)
9. Landing place along the Seine almost makes one shudder (4)
10. Having a bubbly nature, reverse of Irving (5)
11. Copper went faster with a horn? (6)
12. Carbon, by extension, has edited form for small organic units (6)
13. For principal, the broker's collateral is heartless (4)
14. What's noticed about finish of polish! (5)
15. Noble matter (5)
16. Spare list (4)
17. Do this for senior member: ache (3)
18. Swat a bee in cap (6)
19. Put further from mind (6)
20. Indian corn in piles and jars (6)
21. Old pharaoh, Egypt's first, is surrounded by hacks (6)
22. Cookie monster's lead: a timeless cartoon (8)
23. What person would need work to give a hoot (3)

Contest Rules: Send completed diagram with name and address to "Wampum," *Harper's Magazine*, 666 Broadway, New York, N.Y. 10012. If you already subscribe to *Harper's*, please include a copy of your latest mailing label. Senders of the first three correct solutions opened at random will receive one-year subscriptions to *Harper's Magazine*. Winners' names will be printed in the February 1991 issue. Winners of the October puzzle, "See 24 Across," are Owen Thomas, Bloomington, Indiana; Ashley Cole, Brooklyn, New York; and Paul McCully, Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania.



For people who like to smoke...



LIGHTS BOX

BENSON & HEDGES
because quality matters.



ights Men. Box: 10 mg "tar," 0.8 mg nicotine—Reg. Box: 11 mg tar," 0.9 mg nicotine av. per cigarette, by FTC method.

SURGEON GENERAL'S WARNING: Quitting Smoking Now Greatly Reduces Serious Risks to Your Health.

© Philip Morris Inc 1990

DEWAR'S PROFILE:

KRIS KRINGLE

HOME: The North Pole.

AGE: Ageless.

PROFESSION: President and CEO, World Gift Distribution Network.

HOBBY: "When you only work one day a year, you need a lot of 'em."

LAST BOOK READ: The Book of Lists, David Wallechinsky, et al.

LATEST ACCOMPLISHMENT: Determining who's been naughty or nice.

WHY I DO WHAT I DO: "There'd be a lot of unhappy people if I didn't."

PROFILE: Jovial, ubiquitous, philanthropic. "He travels fastest who travels alone."

QUOTE: "Merry Christmas to all, and to all a good night."



©1990 SCHENLEY IMPORTS CO., N.Y., NY • 43.4% ALC/VOL

To give the gift of Dewar's, call 1-800-4-DEWAR'S